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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

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SEPTEMBER, 1907 — FEBRUARY, 1908

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His Excellency Fletcher Proctor, Governor of Vermont

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVII

SEPTEMBER, 1907

NUMBER 1

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH NEW ENGLAND?

III

VERMONT, THRIFTY AND INCORRUPTIBLE, A MODEL STATE

By FRANK PUTNAM



MAGAZINE - WRITERS who go to Vermont may as well leave their muck-rakes at home. There is n't any muck in Vermont. The Green Mountain State is firm and clean from the heart out. She was born with a chip on her shoulder, and she has it there yet. She has n't made extraordinary gains in population; her present total is about one-half that of St. Louis, or one-third that of Greater Boston — say 350,000. But it's a population of as high a grade as any in America. The "sturdy yeomanry" of colonial days is still doing business in Vermont. She had not the aristocratic traditions of her sister State, New Hampshire; she was never ruled by Hall and Kirk. Her rulers were her farmers, her mechanics, and her hunters, plain producers and fighting men, aware of their rights and able at every turn in the road to maintain them. To-day there is the greatest possible contrast between the temper and spirit of the people of the two neighboring commonwealths — New Hampshire's, coldly indifferent or shrewdly suspicious of the stranger within the gates; Vermont's, cordially receptive

and hospitable in a delightful blending of the Western and the Southern manners.

Your man, or social group, that lives aloof from the common life is sure to become insular and provincial. On the other hand, your man or social group that lives along the highway of war, where hospitality is a plain necessity and courtesy frequently prevents hostilities, is pretty sure to develop just those admirable qualities that endear Vermonters to the visitor. Vermont, moreover, lies between New York and New Hampshire,—social groups of different origins and characteristics,—and she has taken from both something of their best, while surrendering little or none of her own especial quality of sturdy self-reliance. Vermont, in a word, is the Iowa of the East. Out West, in my boyhood, they used to say that Iowa was the Vermont of the West. You can play that equation either way, and it will work out.

Vermont, like Texas, set up in business as a free and independent republic. The difference was that Texas was recognized formally by the United States, and elected chief administrators who were officially known as presidents. Vermont for a dozen years had the substance of independence, treated as a



Lieutenant-Governor Prouty and his clerks

free State with both the United States and the mother government of Great Britain at the same time, on equal terms, and finally (1791), as she had all the time intended to do, she won her way into the American federation of sovereign States as an equal, despite the jealous opposition of New Hampshire and New York. Few schoolboys in the West and South know it, but Ethan Allen's brother Ira was as clever with his pen, and with his statesman's brain behind the pen, as Ethan was with gun and sword. They were a great team, and it would be hard to say which of the two men is the more honored in Vermont to-day. Ethan has the monuments, but students of the State's history pay highest tribute to his quieter brother's diplomacy and unflagging patriotism.

How Vermont Suggests Kentucky

I think that Vermont reminds me more of Kentucky — historically — than of any other State. Her founders were coonskin-cap men, handy with the rifle and the axe, keen in barter, and able in debate where

their State's vital interests were concerned. Like Kentucky, Vermont has always been a "border" State, across which flowed in turn the tides of war and trade. Like Kentucky, Vermont is best known to the world at large for her pretty girls and her fine horses. Like Kentucky again, Vermont sent many thousands of her hard-riding, straight-shooting, deep-drinking, ardently amorous sons westward to populate the new commonwealths carved out of the Mississippi Valley. Vermonters in Iowa and Kentuckians in Missouri are next-door neighbors to this day. And they're right good people, the same as their fathers before them. The Vermonters in Iowa are still voting for Abe Lincoln, and the Kentuckians in Missouri are still voting for Jeff Davis — stubborn tribes, both of them; good friends now because they knew how to be square enemies when they had vital differences of opinion that could be settled only on the field of honor.

Vermont's Morgans have given a hardier strain to Kentucky's thoroughbreds, and the thoroughbreds of Kentucky, through long cross-breeding, have lent a spright-



Speaker Cheney and his staff

lier grace and a glossier coat to the shaggy, thick-limbed Morgan horses of Vermont.

Some Things Vermont Has Given Us

The melancholy political conditions of Maine and New Hampshire had made me pessimistic concerning New England. "If Vermont is as bad," I thought, "I don't want to know it. The State that gave us the Morgan horse, Ethan Allen, maple sugar, George Dewey, Clark of the Oregon, and the Green Mountain Boys; the State that first abolished human slavery; the State that sent to my little home town in Iowa the noblest public-school teacher that I have ever known;—that State may have fallen upon evil days, but if so, I'd rather not find it out."

I soon learned better.

Vermont has a large Legislature — thirty senators and two hundred and forty-four representatives. Senators are chosen on the basis of population. Each city and town has one representative. The executive department is like that of the Western States,—

there are elective heads of the several State departments, but there is no governor's council. Vermont had a council in her early days, but it was recognized to be a fifth wheel, and was soon removed. The genius of Vermont, like the genius of Japan, is the genius of common sense, and the shortest path to the desired result most commends itself to the Vermont mind. There is an inequality in the fact of the city of Burlington, with twenty thousand inhabitants, having no more voting strength in the State Assembly than the smallest township; but such is the degree of intelligent general interest in public affairs in the State that this inequality has not worked out evil results, as in Rhode Island. There is no political boss in Vermont. The Green Mountain State may have the semblance of political ring rule,—I was told it had,—but it rests lightly upon her people; and their habit of tossing it aside in case of need proves that they still enjoy what they fought for in the State's infancy,—the *substance* of political freedom.

That is one of the ways in which Vermont differs from its neighbor.



Statue of General Lafayette in the State University yard at Burlington

The Very Light "Rule" of the Proctors

In New Hampshire I was told that "the Proctors rule Vermont" just as firmly as the Boston & Maine rules New Hampshire. Not so. The Proctors would be the last men on earth, even in their most secret thoughts, to make any such affirmation. Senator Redfield Proctor and Governor Fletcher Proc-

tor, his son, are aware that their leadership rests upon an intelligent interpretation of what the State wants, and an active effort to satisfy that desire. They know that if they tried for a minute to jam distasteful legislation down the throats of Vermont voters their own shrift would be short and their finish most unhappy. Senator Proctor did try to deliver Vermont's delegates to the



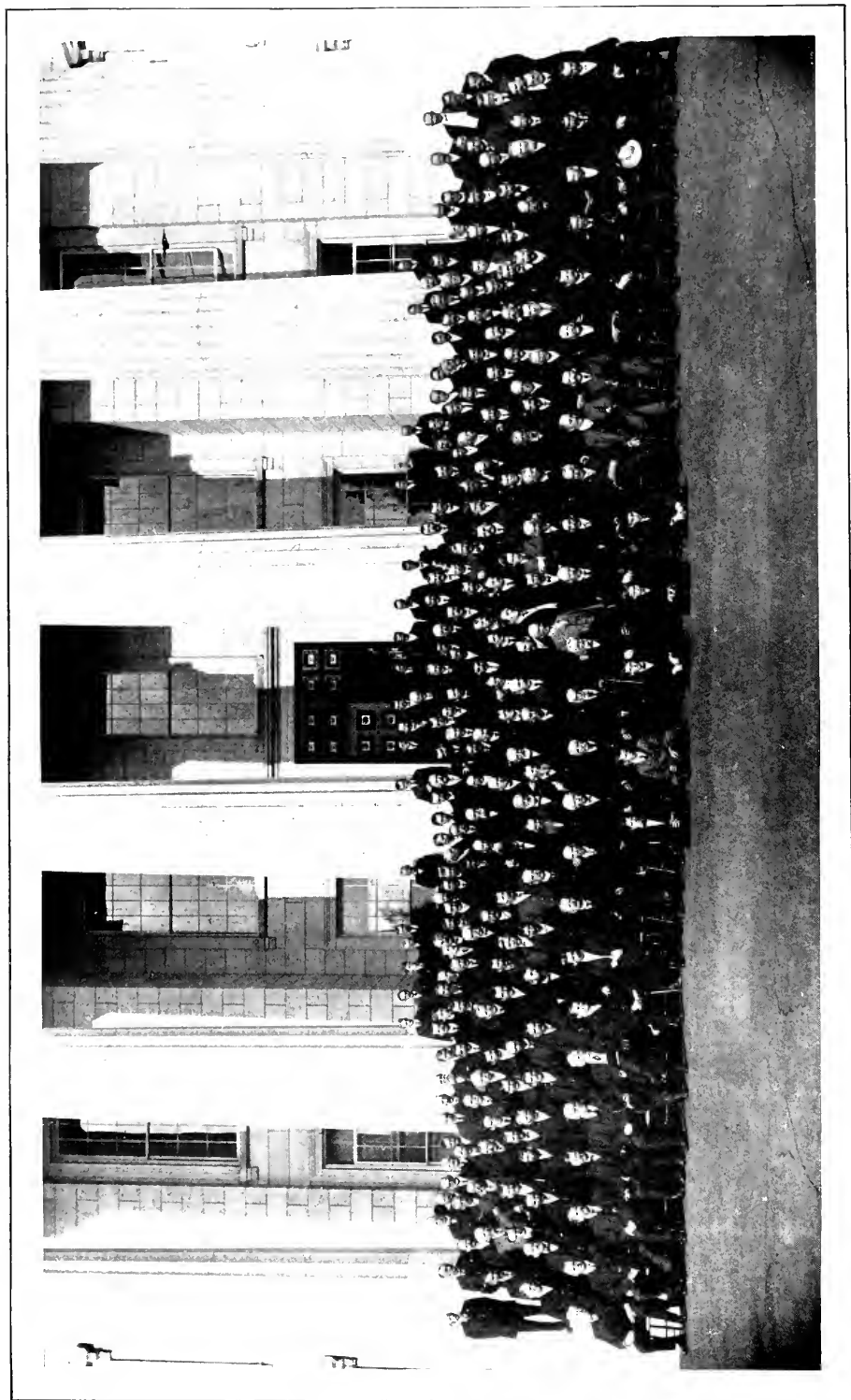
Snow-roller at work in front of the Pavilion House, Montpelier; in Vermont the snow is too deep to be ploughed aside, so they roll it down to make good winter roads

National Republican Convention in 1896 to his friend Tom Reed of Maine. Very likely he thought his people would prefer to support the big New Englander for the presidency. But United States Judge Martin and a few other party leaders believed that William McKinley best represented the political desires of the State, and they proved without much difficulty that they were right. Senator Proctor is an old man and a political philosopher. He shed no vain tears. He was satisfied to know that his people were satisfied. Nor did he strain himself to secure the election of his son to the governorship. He knew the temper of his State. He knew that any open attempt to elevate his son, contrary to the desire of the people, would not only not succeed, but would react against

himself. So when Fletcher Proctor ran for Governor, the senator, his father, went fishing. I suspect that he, knowing the quality of the boy,—fifty-odd now, but still a boy inside,—had no doubt of the result.

There was opposition within the party. Percival W. Clement, the owner of *The Rutland Herald* (which journal, by the way, performs a useful service to the State by maintaining an attitude of independent if not always quite candid criticism of party leaders and party measures), made the race against Mr. Proctor as an independent candidate, endorsed by the Democratic party of the State. In the contest that followed Fletcher Proctor proved himself as good a campaigner as his father.

"How does it happen that the Proctors,



Vermont House of Representatives, 1906, grouped on Capitol steps

father and son, hold the highest offices in Vermont's gift?" I asked of one of their political opponents.

"Brains," he replied, sententiously. "And Governor Proctor's a good fellow — an all-fired good fellow. It was hard to work against him, when you knew him, and a good deal harder to vote against him. A good many of us did n't." Maybe that explains his majority of fourteen thousand and over. Anyway, it explains the undisputed fact that his administration has so far been the best that Vermont has had in many years.

Where Vermont Leads all the States

At the session of the Legislature in the fall of 1906, under the leadership of Governor Proctor, Vermont, first of all the States, followed the lead of the Federal government in railway and pure-food legislation. The railroads sent up big lobbies, equipped with all the usual arguments and inducements, and, to quote the phrases of a native, "They tried their darnedest to beat the Governor's bills, but got licked at every point."

The Legislature created practically a new railway commission, making it a court of record with power to hear and try all complaints, to summon witnesses and command the production of records and documents, under pain of fine, or imprisonment for contempt if need be. In a word, Vermont got what President Roosevelt is trying to get for the nation, — a railway commission that has power to regulate rates and stock issues and control the management of the privately owned public highways.

The commission is of three members — and these following sections from the law creating the commission show how generous were the powers conferred upon it; how closely in line with the program for the national railway commission outlined in the speeches and messages of President Roosevelt:

SEC. 2. The Governor shall, during the session of the General Assembly of 1906, with the advice and consent of the Senate, appoint three persons as members of said board, who shall hold their offices as follows: one, whose term of office shall end November 30, 1908; one whose term of office shall end November 30, 1910; and one whose term of office shall end November 30, 1912.

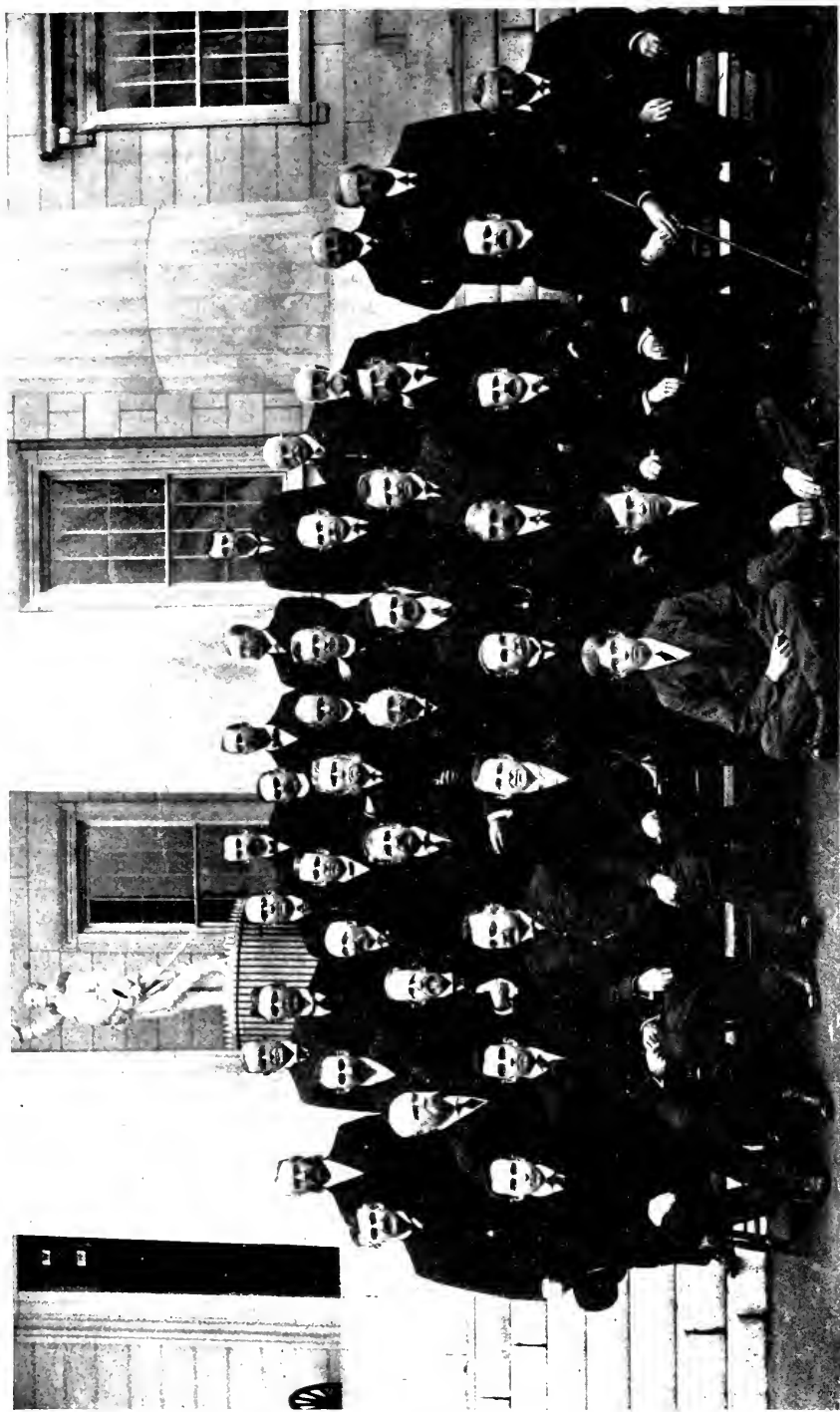
SEC. 8. Said board shall have the powers of a

court of record, both at law and in equity, in the determination and adjudication of all matters over which it is given jurisdiction. It may render judgments, make orders and decrees and enforce the same by any suitable process issuable by courts of law and equity in this State. It shall have an official seal on which shall be the words, "State of Vermont. Board of Railroad Commissioners. Official seal."

SEC. 23. All summonses issued by said board for any party to appear and answer any original petition or complaint pending before the board shall be served like writs of summons, and at least twelve days before the return day thereof. Said board shall have jurisdiction on due notice to hear, determine, render judgment, and make orders and decrees in all matters provided for in the charter of any railroad corporation or in the statute of this State, and shall have like jurisdiction in all matters respecting:

- I. The crossings of one railroad by another.
- II. All highway grade-crossings and signs, signals, gates, or flagmen at the same.
- III. The location, sufficiency, and maintenance of proper depots or stations.
- IV. The construction and maintenance of proper fences, cattle-guards, and farm crossings.
- V. The maintenance of the tracks, frogs, switches, gates, signals, culverts, bridges, and other structures of wood or iron over openings, and rolling stock and equipments so as to accommodate the public and be operated with safety and in compliance with law.
- VI. The connections, time and times of connection, between connecting roads for the accommodation of the travelling public and the transportation of merchandise.
- VII. *The issue of stock, mortgage bonds, or the issue of other securities in order to prevent overcapitalization.*
- VIII. Tolls and rates when unreasonable or in violation of law.
- IX. The manner of operating railroads and conducting the business thereof so as to be reasonable and expedient and to promote the security, convenience, and accommodation of the public and to prevent violation of law and unjust discrimination, usurpation, or extortions.
- X. The organization of railroad corporations by voluntary association.

Appeals from the judgments of the commission are to the State Supreme Court, but the commission's decrees are not to be suspended during the hearing of such appeals, except by a special order of the higher court. Railroad superintendents are required to report to the commission in writing, immediately, every accident resulting in loss of life or injury to any person, and every collision and derailment. If such accident results in loss of life or serious injury to a passenger, such report shall be given by telegraph. The provision by which any ten freeholders of any county can hale a railroad before the commission for the hearing



The State Senate of Vermont, 1906. Statue of Ethan Allen in the background, on the Capitol portico



Representative D. J. Foster, of the first district, Vermont, who is talked of for Governor

of complaints makes it impossible for the roads to stifle complaint by controlling public attorneys, which is the too common practice in some other States not a thousand miles from Vermont.

The members of the Vermont Railroad Commission are John W. Redmond, of Newport, chairman; Eli H. Porter, of Wilmington, and S. Hollister Jackson, of Barre—all good men, of sound common sense and some special fitness for their work, and in

themselves a guarantee that the new rule will amply protect the rights of the public,—whether passengers, shippers, or investors,—without doing injustice to the non-resident capitalists who own and manage the State's public highways.

It is worthy of note that Vermont, the State that first led the way out of chattel slavery, now leads the way out of the newer and hardly less galling politico-industrial slavery that has been laid upon all the



University Place, showing Billings Library and Williams Science Hall in middle of the line

States by the private owners of the public highways of trade and travel. Hats off to Vermont!

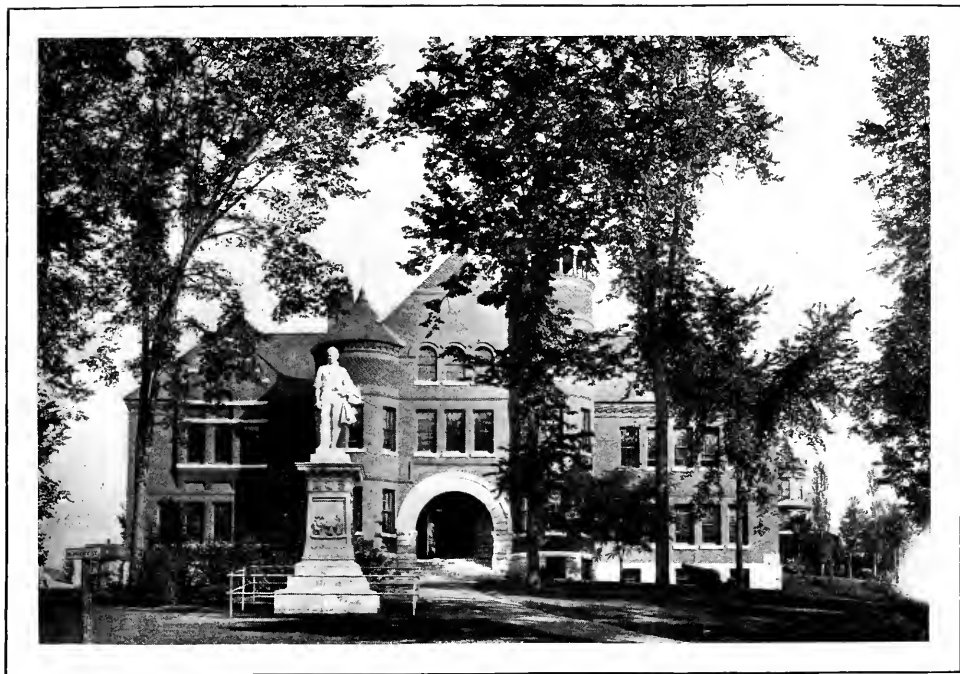
Progress That Represents Sound Thought

Governor Proctor's program of progressive legislation last fall embraced, besides railway regulation and pure-food laws lining the State up with the ideals of President Roosevelt, the creation of a large permanent public-school fund, and the regeneration of the State's dirt highways. It included a plan for higher taxation of corporations, the authorization of a nursery for forest seedlings at the State Agricultural College (with a view to guiding the reforestation of waste lands in the State), the improvement of superintendence of public schools, and a wide range of other beneficent measures. And all of them were written into law.

In alluding to these measures and others of like character as forming the Governor's program, I do not mean to indicate that Governor Proctor dragooned, or tried to dragoon, an unwilling Legislature into pass-

ing them. In fact, he probably did not walk far, if at all, in advance of the desires of the majority of the members of the Legislature. Vermont (always keenly alert to modern development, for all of her apparent geographical isolation and the little that the rest of the country hears about her) has felt for a decade the ferment of new ideas, and has been preparing to do just what she did in the fall of 1906. The Legislature now in office represents, on the whole, Vermont's highest grade of citizenship. Its leaders and its rank and file alike, with few exceptions, came up to the capital resolved to do just what they did, and the arguments of special interests fell on deaf ears. They were not only with the Governor in all his measures, but they would have enacted these measures, or most of them, without his assistance and leadership. These new laws, therefore, are not the freak conceptions of a few radical politicians. They represent the matured thought of the State, and they will be enforced by a strong public sentiment behind them.

There again Vermont differs from some other well-known States.



Barre High School; Burns statue in the foreground. Barre has the largest Scottish Clan in America

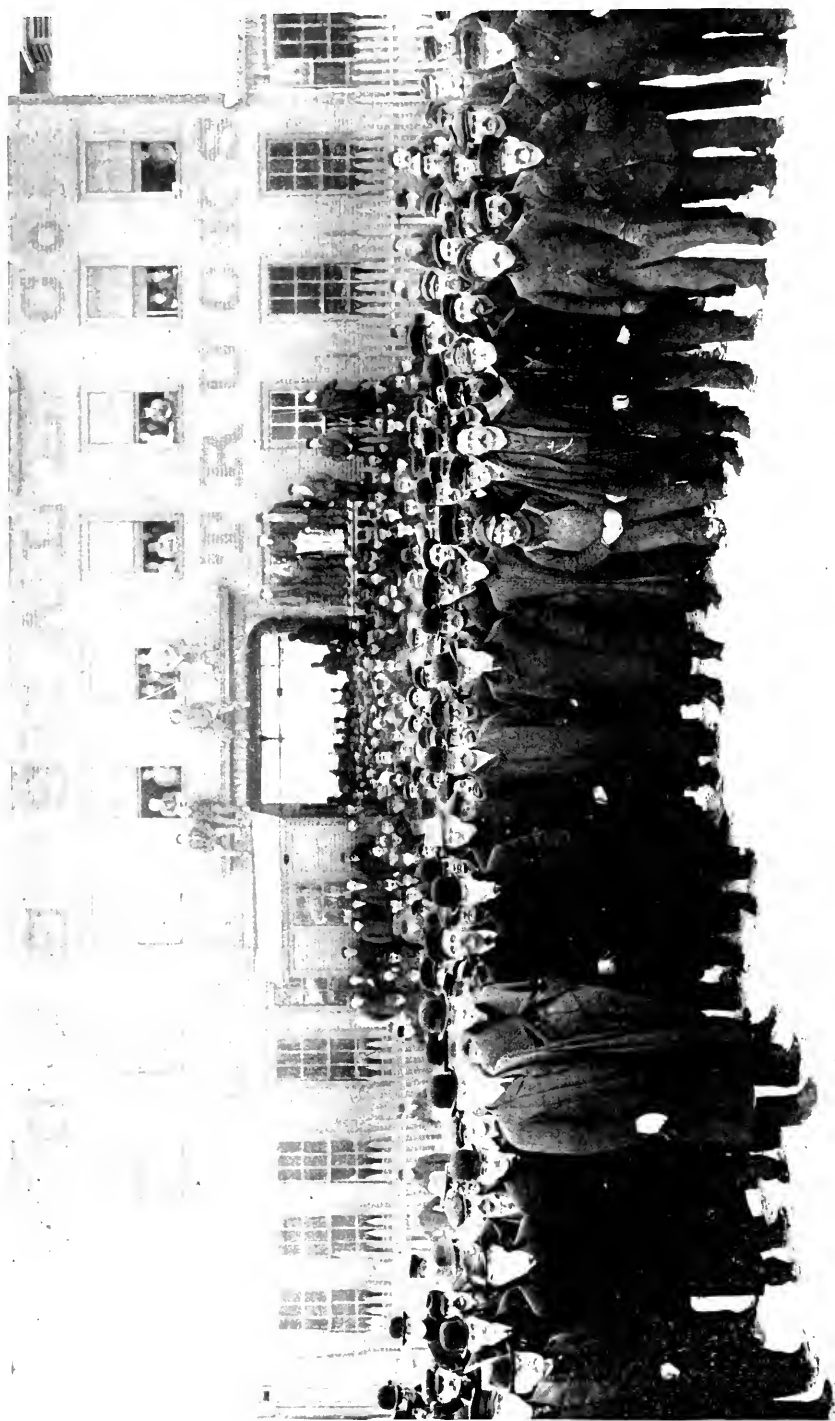
An Actual Step Toward Reforestation

I saw the promise of great future gains for the State in the little nursery for forest seedlings at the State Agricultural College in Burlington. There is a growing feeling in Vermont that the State ought to buy and reforest large tracts of land, once farmed in a frugal fashion, now abandoned to scrub timber. There are few land-owners who can afford to plant pine seedlings on their ground and sit down to wait thirty years for returns. The State could do this, easily enough, and could in this way get a very large revenue in later years. At any rate, the State is now preparing to show how wild land can be reforested, economically and profitably; and in this, again, Vermont is showing the way to New Hampshire and Maine, States which have an equal or even greater interest in the reforestation of wild lands. Texas and Wisconsin and Louisiana, Minnesota and Michigan and Mississippi, can all learn something greatly to their advantage by looking over this new work of the State of Vermont.

Mr. L. A. Jones, president of the For-

estry Association of Vermont and botanist at the Vermont Agricultural Experiment-station, said:

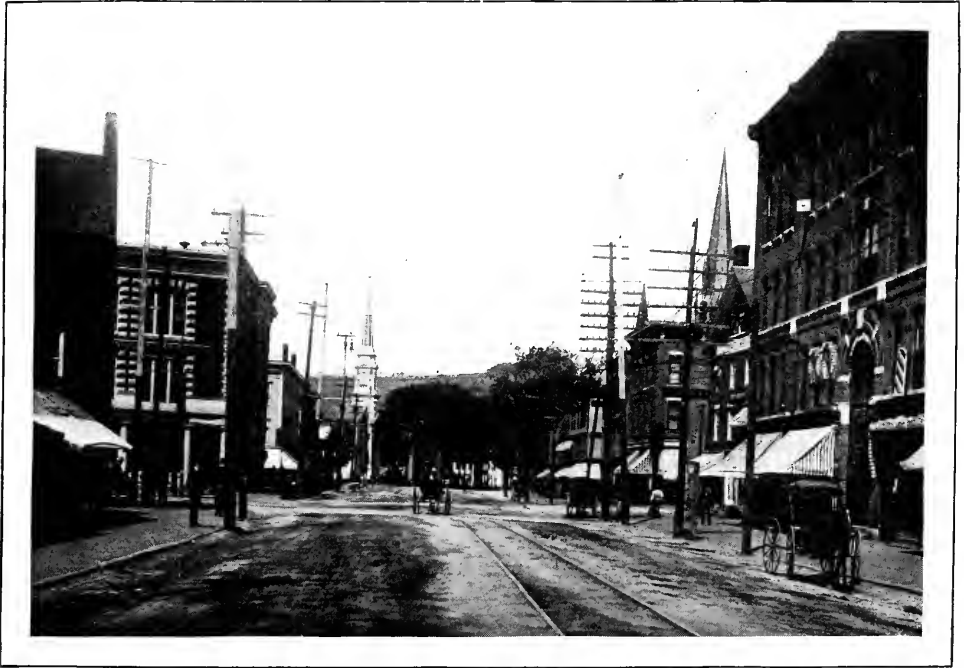
"Until a few years ago there was no public interest whatever in the subject and no practical steps being taken. Foreseeing the importance of the right kind of forestry development in a State where two-thirds of the acreage is at present growing trees or nothing, and where this proportion is bound to increase, a number of public-spirited persons started the Forestry Association. This Association has succeeded in creating and directing the public sentiment favorable to forestry development in the State. It has secured the enactment of fairly satisfactory laws concerning forest fires and fire-wardens. It has secured the appointment of a Forestry Commissioner, who is one of the members of the State Board of Agriculture, the first incumbent being Hon. Ernest Hitchcock, of Pittsford; the present one being Hon. Arthur M. Vaughan, of Randolph, Vermont. The chief duty of the Commissioner is to administer the State fire laws; second, to direct the educational campaign which is carried on largely through



The men who make Howe Scales, at Rutland, for shipment all over the world

the Board of Agriculture meetings. Finally, and most important, the Forestry Association secured the passage by the last Legislature of a small appropriation, to be continued annually for five years, to the Agricultural Experiment-station for the maintenance of a State Nursery. This nursery is to grow and distribute at — as near as can be computed — the actual cost of production such seedlings of forest trees as it considers best suited for reforestation in this State. The Station and the State For-

"There is no regularly appointed State Forester in Vermont as yet, the responsibility for the leadership in this work resting with the Botanical Department of the University, and a non-resident forestry expert (Mr. C. R. Pettis, New York State Forester, who is in charge of the New York work in the Adirondacks) is employed as consulting Forester. It is hoped that we may be able very soon to employ a State Forester to carry on the educational and experimental work in the State. This will



Main Street, Montpelier

estry Commissioner are to furnish along with the seedlings such advice and practical directions as to the planting and care of the same as are needed. This law was passed last winter. As a result, requests were received this spring for five times as many seedlings as the State Nursery was able to furnish, and requests are already on file for nearly as many as are now on hand for distribution next spring. The policy will be to distribute these in small lots, so that as large a number as may be will have an opportunity to experiment with their use.

be the next aim of the Forestry Association; and following that we believe that there will be a tendency to set aside certain areas of land as State Forest reserves."

Corporation taxes now pay all the expenses of the State. There has been no direct State tax in Vermont for four years, and Governor Proctor tells me there is n't likely to be any for some years to come. The new law on corporation taxes will, he says, increase the State's revenue from that source by twenty-five per cent,—a very considerable addition from a source in many States a negligible factor.



View of part of the town of Proctor, showing Governor Proctor's house in the centre

Building Up the Public Schools

The law creating a permanent public-school fund utilizes for a beginning the \$240,000 returned by the national government to the State in settlement of Civil-War claims, the Huntington Fund, and the United States deposit money — in all, nearly a million and a quarter. It is the purpose to create a fund of \$2,000,000, the income of which shall be used to help support public schools in districts where such support is most needed.

Another wise act was that one which appropriates State money to aid in the centralization of rural schools and to equalize educational advantages, to the end that no child born in Vermont shall be denied full educational opportunities.

The act "to provide for better local superintendence of the public schools" pledges liberal State aid to towns that may unite in employing a superintendent to guide and shape the work of their public schools. I cited to Governor Proctor the case of three adjoining towns that had hired a Harvard man to superintend their schools, the town agreeing to pay him \$900 a year. The Governor told me that in such case the superintendent would get an even larger amount from the State. The minimum of salary of such superintendents is fixed at \$1,250. Governor Proctor graduated at Amherst College. He has been a close student of the educational system of Massachusetts, and wishes his own State to attain the same high standard.

State Superintendent Stone said that up to June 1, 1907, nineteen supervision districts had been formed, making seventy-seven towns and five corporations that had accepted the provisions of the new supervision law. He added: "This number far exceeds our expectations and shows a greater acceptance the first year of the new system than any other State.

"Concerning work for the future, I will say that our program is to awaken a larger interest in industrial education, especially along the lines of elementary agriculture for the country schools and manual training for the cities, and to increase the efficiency and patronage as much as possible for our professional schools. The new superintendents have no jurisdiction whatever over the parochial schools. Our State law, how-

ever, requires the parochial schools to give their children the same education that is offered children in the public schools."

The Vermont State Grange, the favorite organization of the farmers, has done much to promote this progressive legislation. It is non-partisan, but politicians have learned that the grangers know how to get what they want for the State, and the grange's influence is accordingly large.

Three Railroad Interests in the State

Vermont's railroads are in several different sets of hands. The Central Vermont, with general offices at St. Albans, in a vast station that makes the traveller wonder if he is n't drawing into Boston, is operated by the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada under a long lease. The Boston & Maine and its subsidiary Maine Central have a small mileage east of the Green Mountain range, that divides the State into two nearly equal parts. The Rutland road, owned by the New York Central, dominates the country west of the mountains, and makes that half of the State tributary to New York rather than to Boston. The Rutland road has a connecting line across the mountains from Rutland to Bellows Falls on the Connecticut, fifty-five miles, and we were just ten minutes less than three hours in making that run, in a train composed of three or four freight cars and a mixed car comprising a compartment for smokers, one for non-smokers, and an express and baggage room.

The Central Vermont is probably out of reach of the men who are trying to centralize all the New England railroads under one management. So, too, is the Rutland road. Chances are that Vermont, for most of her railroad mileage, will remain outside the all-New England system which Mr. Mellen of the New Haven, backed by the Pennsylvania, is endeavoring to create. It is easier for the State to control several small lines than it would be to control one big system whose headquarters were outside of the State; but the lack of the efficiency and close connections that could be got if all the Vermont roads were under one control must continue to hamper the industrial development of the State to some extent.



Ethan Allen Club, Burlington, Vermont

Mr. Clement, the Aristocratic Rebel

Mr. Clement, who has twice been a candidate for Governor in revolt against the regular ticket put up by his party, and who may again make the race in 1908, formerly owned most of the stock of the Rutland road. The story is told — though Mr. Clement emphatically denies it — that he seized a particularly favorable moment in the road's history to unload it, at a high price, upon his friend, W. Seward Webb, who married a daughter of one of the Vanderbilts. At any rate, Mr. Webb, finding that he had bought an unprofitable property, found it convenient to turn it over to the Vanderbilts, who incorporated it into their own great system, the New York Central, where it rests to-day.

Neither by lowly birth nor by natural democracy is Mr. Clement especially fitted to appeal successfully for the votes of the horny-handed. He is a fighter, and most red-blooded men like a fighter; but there his vote-winning qualifications appear to end. And the list is n't long enough so far to make him Governor.

Building Up the Marble Industry

Both Clement and Proctor are builders. Mr. Clement put his energy into the Rutland road, which has done a valuable development work for the State, if it has n't made its present owners rich. Governor Proctor succeeded to the management of the Vermont Marble Company, taking his father's place as president when the latter entered the United States Senate. The company at that time employed a thousand hands. It now hires three thousand, and its business has grown in proportion. Federal buildings in Vermont are all, or all of the later ones, constructed of Proctor marble. I have known men so eager to find fault that they would insinuate the use of political pull in this selection of Proctor marble for federal buildings. Such a man would have to mourn all by himself in Vermont. People up there are properly grateful to the Proctors for building up a tremendous industry, that adds millions to the wealth of Vermonters every year. And they will tell you that Vermont marble is so far superior to other American marble that all of the govern-



Residence of Dr. W. Seward Webb, Shelburne, Vermont

ment's buildings ought to be made of it. You will notice that city and county buildings in Vermont, when not of brick, are of granite. The State is quite as proud of her granite quarries and her fine brick clay as of her marble-beds.

Vermont's Foreign Citizens the Best

But let us return to our politicians.

Neither Mr. Clement nor Mr. Proctor has a labor record that is quite satisfactory to the unions. Mr. Clement's is said to be "especially bad," from the union standpoint, back in the past. The union's criticism of the Proctors seems based upon the fact that the organizers have never been able to unionize the workmen in the Proctor marble quarries as the workmen of the granite quarries of Barre and elsewhere have been unionized. The fact is, the Proctors take pretty good care of their men. They have no trouble. Wages are lower than in the unionized granite quarries, but other conditions, supplied by a shrewd and unassuming benevolent paternalism (hospital, library, schools, a company store that di-

vides profits among its patrons, etc.) seem to have the effect of making the marble-workers satisfied with their somewhat lower wages. The five or six thousand granite-workers get a minimum day's wage of \$3, for eight hours' work. The union leaders of Rutland, which is the capital of the marble district, tell me the three thousand workmen employed by the Vermont Marble Company, the Proctors' property, are divided into a thousand skilled workmen who receive an average of \$2.25 a day and two thousand unskilled workmen who average \$1.25 a day. Their day is ten hours long. Governor Proctor told me these figures were not correct, but he did not give me any figures to set in their place.

The Scotch and a high grade of Italians supply most of the labor in the granite quarries, whose central point is Barre; in the marble quarries most of the foreign labor is Hungarian, Polish, and Slavonic. The granite quarrymen average \$3.50 a day, exceeding the minimum wage, and as a result Barre is one of the most prosperous cities of its size in New England. The Scotsmen of Barre work hard, draw good pay,



Senator Dillingham

live well, play golf on a nine-hole course for the sport of it, and are an element that any American community would be proud to welcome to its citizenship. The foreigners at Proctor and in the other marble quarry towns of Vermont are little if any less industrious, thrifty, and orderly. They send to their old homes in Europe hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, which brings a constant stream of new-comers to join them.

The Swinging of the Pendulum

Before the Civil War Vermont was mainly devoted to manufacturing. In almost every town in the State there were from one to a dozen factories. The inventive genius of the old Yankee stock there had full swing. The men of this stock, true to Vermont tradition, no sooner heard of a fight than they wanted to get into it. They did get into it, with the result that the constructive

and administrative brains were shot out of hundreds of Vermont's little factories. The men who had made them did not come back from the front — or came back to find conditions so changed that success in the former fields was no longer possible. Farming became the mainstay of the State, and so continued until recent years. During the last two decades, and particularly since 1900, manufacturing and quarrying have been going rapidly up grade once more in Ver-

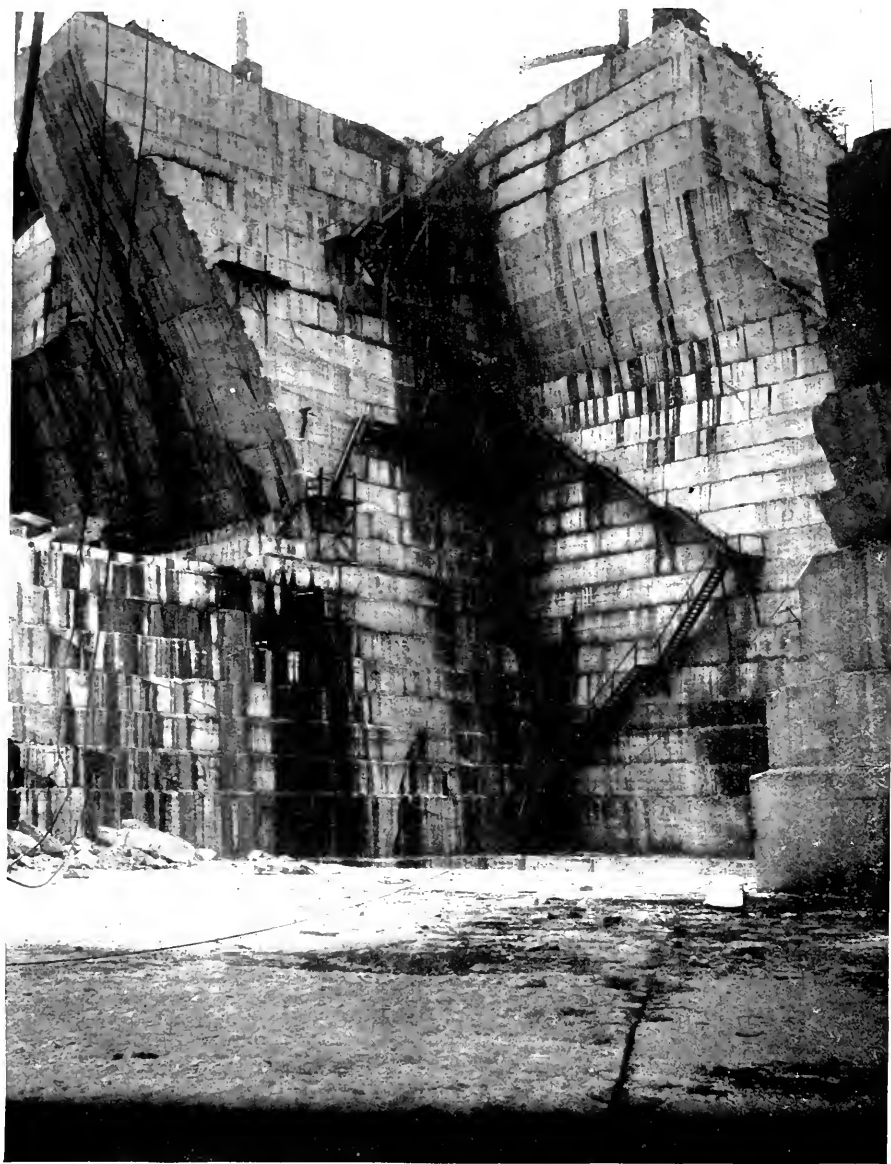
lege, and heard of others in use in Vermont — a modification of the machine invented and first made commercially practicable by the late Modestus Joseph Cushman, a young Iowan, descendant of the first preacher who arrived on this continent. Vermont fruit is another big item — apples especially; but, like the farmers of Maine and New Hampshire, those of Vermont have not yet learned how to coöperate to market their fruit to the best advantage.



A Vermont country road on a winter night

mont. The agricultural interest now engages not more than a third of the people of the State; but that third earns more than a very much larger number of farmers earned a dozen years ago. Vermont farmers are specializing — the dairy's milk, butter, and cheese form the biggest single item of profit for the farms. The business is being put on a better, more scientific basis every year. Here is where Iowa, Wisconsin, and other Middle-Western States had something to teach their Eastern neighbors. I found an automatic cow-milker installed at the farm of the New Hampshire Agricultural Col-

The fact that there are less than half a hundred young men taking the agricultural course, as against nearly five hundred in the literary, scientific, engineering, and medical colleges of the university, indicates that farming does not strongly appeal to young Vermont. Yet it is possible for a youth who means business to go through the four years' course at the Agricultural College without spending a cent more than he can earn there; and at the end of his course, if he has any business capacity, he is practically sure of a good job as farm superintendent or as expert in some one of the federal government's



Interior of a marble-quarry at Proctor, showing how the white stone is sawed out in layers, and how the workmen reach the pit

many agricultural activities, at a salary anywhere from a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars a year. It seems to me the boys of Vermont are overlooking a good thing right here.

The Sources of the State's Wealth

After agriculture, which remains the chief single industry in Vermont, the granite, marble, slate, soapstone, and limestone

quarries employ the largest number of hands of any of the State's activities. The granite quarries are located at Barre, which has a hundred firms and companies engaged in the granite trade: at Montpelier, Northfield, Hardwick, Woodbury, South Ryegate, Groton, Calais, West Concord, and West Danville. Marble quarries are worked at Proctor,—the seat of the largest company, the Vermont Marble Company,—at West Rutland, Middlebury, Dorset, East Dorset, Pittsford, and Fowler. Poultney is the chief centre of the slate-quarrying. Slate is taken out also at Castleton, Fair Haven, Hydeville, Northfield, Pawlet, West Pawlet, and Wells. Soapstone is quarried at Weatherfield and Chester Depot, and limestone quarries are at Isle La Motte. Vermont's mineral operations are capable of further large development.

There are one hundred and seventy-five creameries and thirty-five cheese factories in operation, and twenty-three firms manufacturing farm machinery and implements. General machinery and machine specialties are made in twenty-two factories, distributed among a dozen cities. Fourteen cities and towns have iron-foundries. Pulp-mills operate in ten places, completing the destruction of the State's forests. Cotton-goods manufacturing is done in but four cities, but woollen goods and knit goods are large industries in Vermont. Bennington is the centre of this trade, though fourteen other cities and towns share in it. Bellows Falls is the State's centre in paper-manufacturing. There are mills also in Putney and Bennington, Brattleboro, and half a dozen other places. The Estey and Carpenter organs are made at Brattleboro, the principal city in Southeastern Vermont, and one of the pleasantest communities in a galaxy of beautiful cities.

Vermont may not consume much patent medicine, but she supplies it in enormous quantities to the rest of the country. Burlington is the seat of one of the largest patent-medicine factories in America, and of several smaller plants besides. This trade is shared by thirteen other Vermont cities, and yields a surprisingly large revenue. The new pure food and drug law has to some extent hampered this trade.

Taken altogether, Vermont makes a highly creditable showing in manufactures. She has plenty of water-power, much of it

unused, but rarely enough at any one place to supply all the power for a large industry. Much of her power must be produced by steam; and coal, as well as nearly all of the raw materials, must be shipped in by rail. Remote from the markets and from the seaboard, Vermonters overcome these natural obstacles by developing a superior grade of business ability and working harder than their competitors in more favored localities. A typical instance of what can be done in manufacturing in Vermont, by the right kind of a man, is the Lane Manufacturing Company, of Montpelier. Dennis Lane took the plant nearly fifty years ago, when it employed four or five men. Away up there, remote from either iron or coal mines, and far from tidewater, he built up a business in the manufacture of machinery that employs one hundred and fifty hands and sends its product all over the world. Possibly the combination of Irish audacity and Yankee shrewdness suggested by his name had something to do with it. At any rate, he provides one more illustration of the adage that it's the man that chiefly makes the business, not the location or the natural advantages.

Unlike most other States, Vermont has no department of labor, or of industrial supervision, in her State government. There has been no demand for it. The growth in this line has been too recent, and the conditions in Vermont industries are almost without exception so favorable to the people employed in them that they have not been moved to call upon the State for protection.

Vermont's Finest Product

Most widely known of all Vermont's products, of course, is her maple sugar. Doubtless (as the epicure said of the strawberry) God could have produced a finer flavor than that of maple sugar, but doubtless God never did. Just why no one has ever put it on the market artistically, rated, as it should be, the finest of confectionery, I was unable to learn, but apparently no one has done so. It is sent to market in crude form, roughly packed, and sold for a tithe of its true value. Mind you, I am not now speaking of the gross, plebeian blends of glucose and sorghum that masquerade as maple sugar, but of the true product of the maple-tree. I have n't a doubt that the first

firm that sends it to the confectionery markets of the big cities, set forth in the finery of tin-foil and fancy boxes, will find an eager market for it at nearer fifty cents a pound than the ten to fifteen cents a pound it now brings in the retail markets. I asked Mr. M. H. Miller, of Randolph, the president of the Vermont Maple Sugar Makers' Market, for information about the marketing of the product. He said:

"The maple-sugar makers of the State formed this organization for marketing their crop. Any member of the association can have his product sold through this agency. The market now handles about ten per cent of the crop. About five million trees are tapped, and the income varies from one to two million dollars annually. The present year the value of the crop is not far from two million dollars. It has been a large crop of fine quality. About twenty thousand farms do more or less in making maple sugar. The number of trees to a farm varies from one hundred to ten thousand; the average is around two hundred and fifty. Probably not over one-half the maple-trees in the State are used in sugar-making. For several years the crop has been poor, owing to bad weather conditions and the forest worm. The farmers had become somewhat discouraged, but this year's crop will do much to encourage and extend the industry."

On the Trail of the Morgan Horse

It was in pursuit of information about the Morgan horse that I found Mr. Joseph Battell, the foremost expert on that famous breed. Mr. Battell, a plump and ruddy six-foot bachelor whose youthful eyes contradict his iron-gray hair, and who looks like the actor "Billy" Crane enlarged two sizes, recently deeded to the federal government a four-hundred-acre farm near the village of Middlebury, to be used as an experiment-station in breeding Morgan horses. Adjoining this farm is another tract of six hundred acres which will probably go the same way in due time. Mr. Battell is famous among horsemen for his three-volume register of the Morgan horse. He was writing an article on Morgans for the *New York Sun* when I found him in his big office in the Battell block. There he told me how, in 1787, Justin Morgan moved

from Connecticut to Randolph, Vermont, taking with him the horse that sired the founder of the Morgan breed. This celebrated animal, afterward known as Justin Morgan, for his owner, was foaled in Connecticut, and was taken by Mr. Morgan for a debt and brought up to Vermont. His ancestry is pretty well cleared up, though it was long in question. He undoubtedly was a mixture of the thoroughbred and the chubby Dutch stock, and very probably also of the Arabian breed. A two-year-old filly that I saw at the stock farm of the State Agricultural College was Arabian all over, and the handsomest animal imaginable. She seemed fairly to spurn the earth, to be lighter than the air, and to swim in it rather than run like common horses.

Perhaps the most famous of the Morgan sires was the great race-horse Ethan Allen. Mr. Cassius Peck, superintendent of the buildings and grounds at the Agricultural College's experiment-farm, told me the story of the Kentuckian who visited Burlington, and who, on being shown the Ethan Allen monument, observed, with a lively show of pleasure, "Well, well, and so that is where Ethan is buried. I am very glad indeed to see the place, for I have owned some of his offspring myself, and I have always greatly admired him."

"Are any of Ethan's line now living here?" I asked, meaning the descendants of the old soldier.

"No," replied Mr. Peck, falling into the Kentuckian's own error, "I don't think one of them is owned in this neighborhood to-day."

At Mr. Battell's farm in Middlebury I saw that filly's sire — a magnificent black stallion. Mr. Battell's especial pride and hope, however, is a long-legged colt, now about three months old, that is descended on both sides from Goldsmith Maid, the gamest and greatest-hearted mare in trotting history. That little colt was valued, a week after its birth, at just \$5,000.

What the Morgan Revival Means to Vermont

The point I want to make is, that the revival of interest in the Morgan horse, encouraged by the government's acceptance of Mr. Battell's farm gift, means added in-

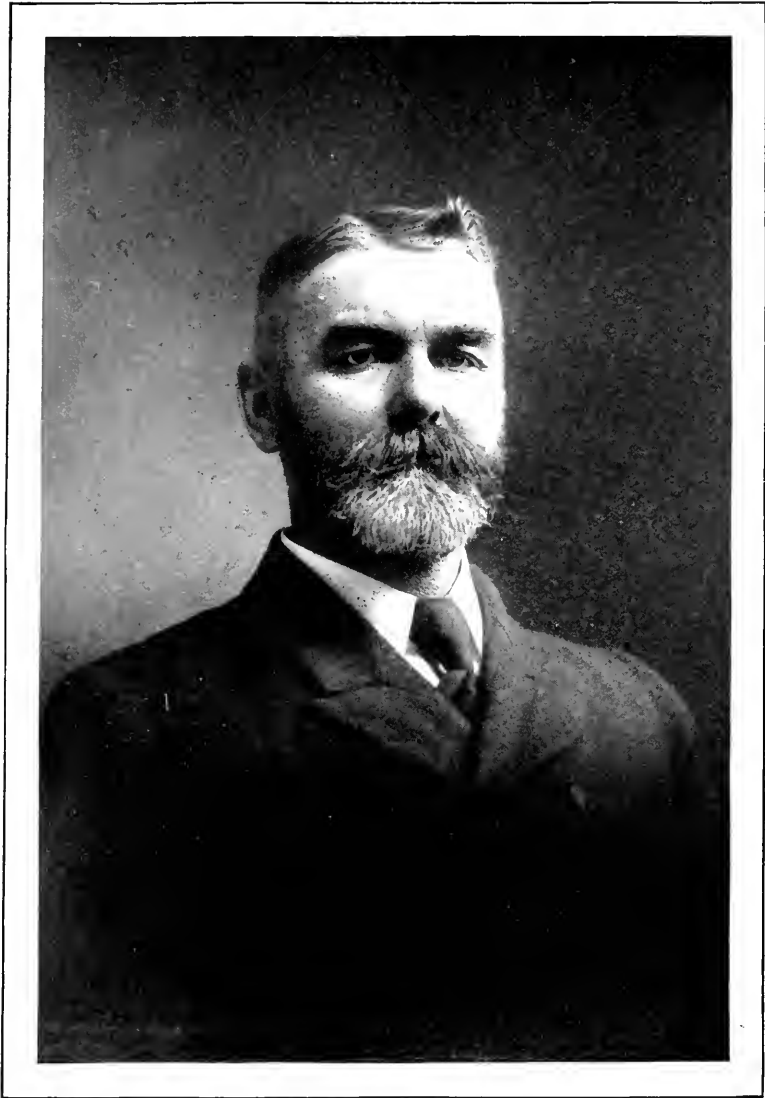


In the sap-orchard. Vermont's maple-sugar crop is worth \$1,500,000 annually

come to wise Vermont farmers. The Morgan horse has gone all over the country, but he always was and still is a Vermont institution. His return to favor should produce a new and large inflow of money to the State.

The Morgan lost favor with the speed-breeders when the Hambletonians beat the Morgans on the trotting race-track. Breeders for speed first diverted the Morgan from the purpose nature intended him for, then

deserted him as soon as something faster was developed. The Morgan's supremacy was and is based upon his superiority as an all-purpose horse. He is the kind of horse that you can drive sixty miles to-day and turn around and drive him back to-morrow without doing him any injury. He has not only speed, but "bottom," and the courage of a bulldog. And nothing handsomer than a well-bred Morgan ever walked on four



George W. Pierce, Master of the Vermont State Grange

feet. The defect in the strain was an uncertainty of temper. Most of the Morgans were as kind and true as they were brave and enduring. A few of them were ugly; and, like the handful of specked apples in the barrel, they gave a bad name to the whole family.

The State's Three Colleges

Middlebury is the seat of one of the famous old colleges of New England. If

you read the excellent article on "New England College Presidents in the South," in the June number of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE you must have noticed how many of these distinguished educational pioneers were graduates of Middlebury College, founded in 1800. The State gives Middlebury a small appropriation (\$2,500) against \$6,000 for the State University. Norwich University, the famous old military school over on the eastern border of the

State, gets some State help also — \$8,500 in 1905 and \$12,000 in 1906. Riding along a ridge of hills north of Middlebury, you see the Adirondacks rising grandly away to the west, and on your right the tree-crowned summits of the Green Mountains. In the valley nestled the village, the college buildings chiefly conspicuous. I asked Mr. Battell why he did not give the breeding-farm to the State Agricultural College, instead of to the United States Department of Agriculture. "Because I am a Middlebury man," he replied, "and when I learned that the State Agricultural College is run as a part of the State University, I did n't propose to help build up an institution that is a rival of our own college."

That kind of college loyalty is the key to the Vermont character. It is shown in the nobly beautiful Billings Library and Williams Science Hall at the State University, gifts of grateful graduates, and in many other gifts, of scholarships, equipment, etc. In fact, the State University has a plant big enough to handle a much larger number of students than it has so far been able to attract to its doors. This is due to the competition of the other colleges of the State and of New England. The State University was founded in 1794. Ira Allen, Ethan's brother, gave four thousand pounds to help it along. College work was suspended during the War of 1812; soldiers occupied the buildings. The first university building burned in 1824 and was rebuilt in 1825. Lafayette, Washington's old comrade, then on a visit to this country, laid the cornerstone of the new building. The university yard's chief ornament to-day is a fine statue of the French soldier of liberty. A medical college has lately been added to the university group. Burlington, the metropolis of Vermont and the seat of the university, is a remarkably handsome, well-groomed little city. Its people have a great pride in the university and are very kind to the students. They find a way for any youngster to work his way through if he runs short of funds.

Extending the Public-School System

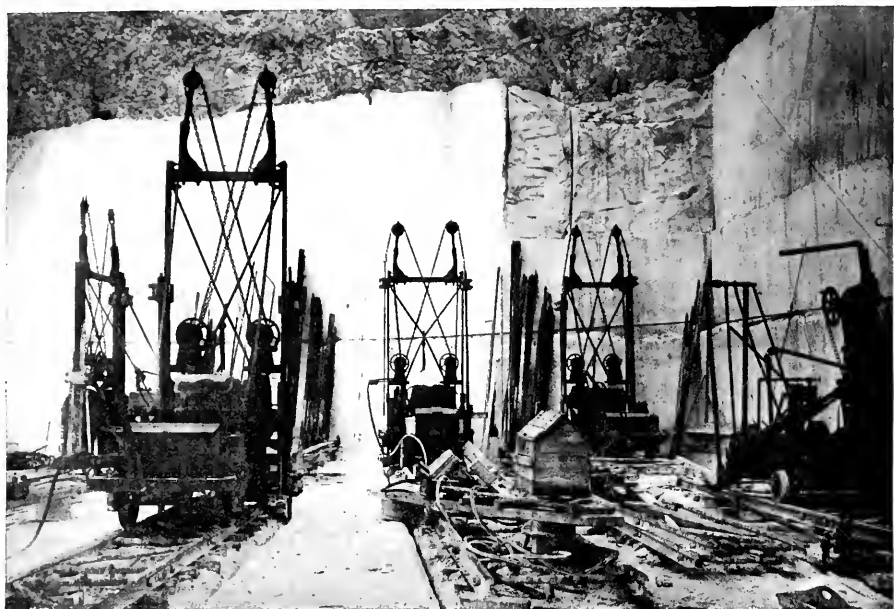
The Western man is surprised to learn that in Vermont, a State more than a century old, high schools have only recently come within the province of free public education. There have been many seminaries and

academies in the State, some of them very old, which did the work of high schools, but they were not part of the public-school system. The State until lately provided only primary education free. There was no mandatory high-school law, requiring towns and cities to provide free high-school education, until 1896. There are to-day seventy-five high schools and free academies doing high-school work. There are in addition seventeen private seminaries and academies doing high-school and college preparatory work. The three colleges — Middlebury, Norwich, and the merely nominal State University — crown the State's educational system. Three State normal schools train Vermont teachers for their work. Vermont has not yet accepted her duty to provide free college education for all her sons and daughters. I believe none of the States has yet done so; in none of them does the public-school system include free education in college or university. It is the practice in all the State colleges and universities, I believe, to charge tuition fees. State Superintendent Morrison of New Hampshire, and State Superintendent Stone of Vermont, are urging their State Legislatures to include free college education in the public-school system. They advise also that free industrial education be extended as rapidly as suitable teachers can be obtained.

Mr. Stone says: "Accepting the principle that the child is educated for society and the State, then there is no logical stopping-place below a college education. The common schools, high schools, and colleges are supposed to prepare for life; consequently, the State has a duty in such preparation. It is as essential that there shall be scientists in agriculture as that there shall be farmers; as necessary that there shall be social and industrial leaders and reformers as that there shall be voters. Therefore unrestricted opportunities should be afforded each to secure that equipment for life for which he is adapted. Although it can be deferred for a time, the next step beyond free high-school advantages is a free university course."

A Glimpse into the Future of Higher Education

With the heaven thus working among professional educators, and the average citi-



Machines cutting marble in the Proctor quarries

zen's advancing conception of the State's duty to its members, it is likely that the next generation will see not one but many States engage to provide for all their youth a complete free college education, with such special industrial education as may be sought by students whose chief talent is in that direction. Already we perceive the desire of the larger universities to become postgraduate schools, leaving undergraduate work for the State universities—in the West, at any rate. The educational work of the future may possibly be divided along these lines, the States undertaking to carry the youth through primary, secondary, and college courses, and the lavishly endowed private universities—Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Chicago, etc.—affording opportunities for more advanced work.

The Philosophy of Local Option

Vermont tried the effect of the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of liquors, and did n't like it. The law was repealed a few years ago, and high-license local option succeeded it. As a result, most of the "hole-

in-the-wall" and "boot-leg" drinking-places have been wiped out. A considerable public revenue is derived from the trade, and there is less talk about "legal tyranny" in the dry spots. It is thought to be less a hardship to be denied liquor by one's immediate neighbors than by people in distant counties, whom you never saw and who have no means of gauging your thirst. Wherefore, when the "drys" carry a local-option election, the "wets" philosophically set about laying plans to reverse the result at the next test. Burlington, the biggest city in the State, continues dry, but Rutland, after two years of abstinence, has licensed saloons. Barre, having tried local prohibition, decided for a wet year. There was mourning in the hotel lobbies of Montpelier, and some speculation as to whether the legislators would find the capital still dry in 1908.

Four towns marked themselves one hundred per cent in this test in 1906,—Kirby and Stannard in Caledonia County, Granby, in Essex County, and Holland, in Orleans County. In these towns there was not one vote for the saloons.



Yards of the Vermont Marble Company at Proctor

Some Thoughts Suggested by Figures*

Now let us look at a few figures: Vermont has 9,135 square miles of land area. She has 243 hills and mountains more than a thousand feet in height. She has 860 licensed automobiles and \$50,000,000 of deposits in her savings-banks and trust companies. There are 145,000 depositors, or more than a third of the State's entire population. The average of the deposits is \$342. There are 265 public libraries and nine daily papers. And by the way, it is not the custom in Vermont for politicians to carry the newspaper editors in their vest pockets, New Hampshire fashion. Vermont is fond of martial music, and supports sixty-five brass bands. The old-fashioned Fourth of July is still in favor in the Green Mountain State, with the reading of the Declaration, the blaring of the bands, and all the rest of the time-honored program. Religiously, Vermont continues to favor Congregationalism, with 210 churches, Methodism being second, with 189, and the Baptists third, with ninety-six. The Episcopalians have sixty-five and the Universalists

are somehow unexpectedly strong with forty congregations. The Roman Catholics have eighty-six churches, with seventy priests and 57,000 adherents. The Christian Science church, youngest of all, has made a strong start with nine houses, most of them in the larger cities. There are twenty-one Seventh Day Adventist churches, with 545 communicants, and they are not, as in Tennessee, sent to jail for ploughing on Sunday.

The Mysterious Fish and Game League

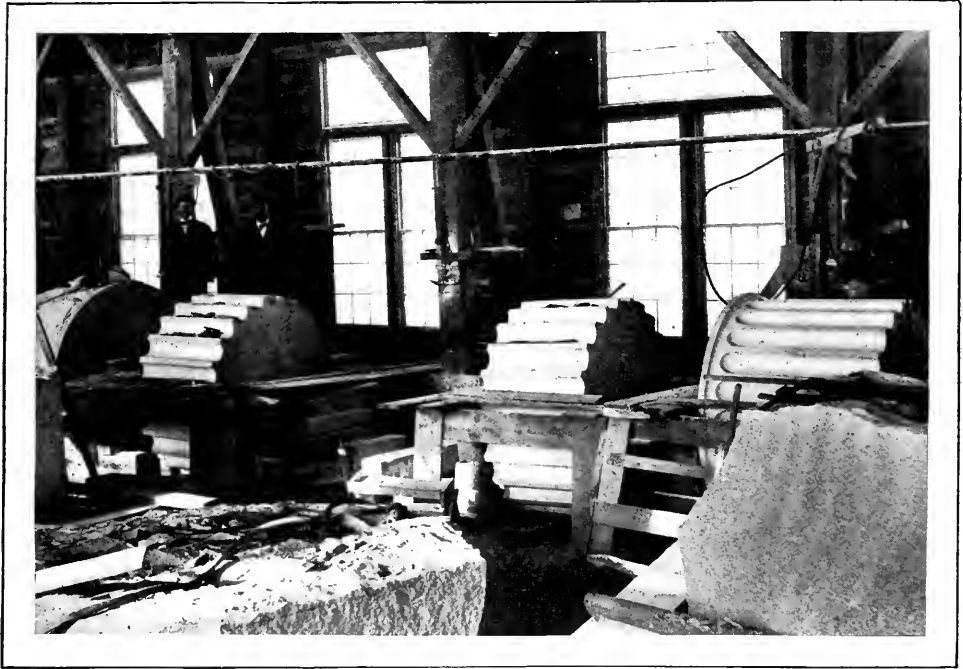
I have gone carefully over the list of political organizations in Vermont and do not find the Fish and Game League therein enumerated. Yet I am freely assured, by adherents of the Clement faction in the Republican party, that "the Fish and Game League runs the State." I asked Governor Proctor how the Fish and Game League got the job of running Vermont politics, and he treated the subject lightly. In fact, he grinned. He thought there was nothing in it. The League was organized to get better protection for fish and game, and it holds an

annual dinner to which several hundred good fellows sit down. It is the League's custom to secure a public man of prominence to make an address at this dinner. President Roosevelt was the League's guest when President McKinley was shot. This year the club hopes to have the pleasure of hearing Governor Hughes of New York. The fact may have no special significance, but it is a fact that a good many shrewd politicians in Vermont believe Governor Hughes is to be the next President of the

ernor Fletcher Proctor. It is said that the senator meditates retirement, and that he has not been able, in an impartial survey of the State's political tall timber, to see anyone that overtops his son.

Yet it is apparent that the Governor, if he wishes to go to the Senate, will not have a walkover; for Congressman David J. Foster, of Burlington, the Beau Brummel of Vermont politics and a very lively campaigner, authorizes this plain statement:

"If I am alive I expect to be a candi-



Fluting Vermont granite columns for the new Union Railroad Station at Washington, D. C.

United States. Governors Proctor and Hughes are jointly interested in plans for the tri-centennial celebration of the discovery of Lake Champlain. The date historically assigned for the discovery is July 4, 1609, and of course it will afford a double opportunity for inspired oratory. There are men in Vermont who will tell you that both these good Governors will have to come to the celebration from Washington in 1909 — one from the White House, the other from the Senate Chamber; for there is a growing sentiment in Vermont that her fittest man to succeed Senator Redfield Proctor is Gov-

ernor Proctor. It is said that the senator meditates retirement, and I expect that Governor Proctor will support and assist me. In the meantime, however, we expect and desire that Senator Proctor will continue to be our senator for a long time."

No Help for Idaho and Wyoming Here

It is the habit in the West to say that New England is so fortunate as to possess more women than men. Vermont — if this be true of the rest of New England — is an

exception. In 1900 the population of the State was 343,641, of whom 175,138 were males and 165,503 females. It is therefore vain for the surplus bachelors of Idaho and Wyoming to call upon Vermont for relief. One hundred and fifty years ago Vermont was the hunting-ground of Indian tribes; in 1900 there were but five red men in the State. There were 44,747 persons of foreign birth, and 826 negroes. In the same year there were 169,076 native Vermonters living in other States and 248,130 born and living in Vermont. Something seems to be the matter with the birth-rate among native Vermonters, for their total was smaller in 1900 than in 1890, and in 1890 than in 1880.

Considered as a whole, Vermonters are fairly to be congratulated upon their birth in a State so sturdy and so beautiful, and upon the qualities they acquire from their environment, these being the qualities that

have carried and still carry them to healthy success in all the other States. Unlike New Hampshire, again, Vermonters have given more attention to developing home industries than to inn-keeping, although their State is not less attractive to the summer visitor than New Hampshire. In this way Vermont has perhaps overlooked a large revenue which she might enjoy, but she does not seem to miss it.

At the hazard of being called unkind, I wish to pursue to its logical conclusion, in this final fact, the contrast between the aristocratic antecedents and ideals of New Hampshire and the democratic origin and character of Vermont: the one, in the presence of declining fortunes, resorting to the taking in of boarders — an honorable occupation and not to be sneered at; the other, of hardier fibre, compelling new fortunes from her own soil.

BAFFLED

By PAULINE CARRINGTON BOUVE

Mine enemy harbored a baleful thought
(With malice and cunning 't was fraught),
And he said: "Go forth, and do my will
With the thing my brain hath wrought."

Then forth came his messenger, swift and straight,
To the House of my Soul, and knocked at the gate,
At the place all clean and fair,
Where Good and Evil wait.

But Prayer had entered the sunlit place,
And stood with her pitying, patient face
At the white-barred door of the gate
Where dreams fill the silent space.

So the reaches of silence were all unstirred,
And the message of wrath was never heard;
For Prayer had sealed the door of my soul
To the Lord of Hate and his evil word.

And I sent back his herald I had not seen
(Knowing naught of mine enemy's rage and spleen)
With a message of peace, a guerdon of love,
And in my soul's house I am still serene!

LETTERS OF A WELLESLEY GIRL

By H. B. ADAMS

I. ARRIVAL

"Said Fresh: 'Aller Anfang ist schwer,'
And her face was dislocated doleful,
She pulled out great hanks of her hair,
And shed scalding tears by the bowlful."
— *Adscititious Experiences of Harriet Martineau.*



WELL, here I am at Wellesley. I have a room in The Inn, which is a sort of a cross between a big boarding-house and a little hotel, and is situated near the heart of the village. I found I could n't get in any of the college buildings. You have to make application years and years beforehand to get in any of the buildings on the grounds.

Some of the girls had their applications in as soon as they were born. I heard of one whose grandmother made application before her (the girl's) mother was born; but I don't believe that; it was evidently a story gotten up for Freshman consumption.

None or few of the Freshmen live on the grounds; most of them board in the village, and good rooms are scarce even there. I was very lucky to get in The Inn. Some girl had just given up her room on account of death in the family, and so they gave it to me.

I room with a nice girl from Brooklyn, whose name is Ora Eames. Our furniture consists of two single beds, or rather couches, which we occupy at night, and during the day use for lounges; two desks with nice electric lights over them; chairs, rugs, cushions, and trumpery.

I think I'm going to like it pretty well, but I was awfully homesick yesterday — just sat up here alone and blubbered for a long time. I wanted to see my good Babbō, and have him love me and push my nose and call me names. O Daddy, I do love you so that —

But there! I'd better cut that out. I had to quit awhile and snifle then, but it does n't do any good, so I'll brace up.

One thing certain, this college is wonder-

fully different from the little Convent of St. Ursula. That was nice, to be sure, and when the sisters would take us in to Paris, and we would be allowed to walk in the Rue de la Paix and look at the shop-windows, or ride down the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, and see all the fine equipages, we thought we were very nigh heaven. But that convent life was so different from this! It was so secluded! You were always under restriction. Every minute of your life you felt you were being watched — lovingly, of course, and kindly, but still, watched.

Here the thing that impresses me most is the atmosphere of liberty. It's such a Big Place, to begin with. The grounds are perfectly enormous, acres and acres of woods and meadows, and the main building a mile from the road perched upon the edge of a pretty little lake, Lake Waban. Then all through the woods are the other buildings,—the dormitories, the chapel, the president's house, the chapter houses, and so on. It is as if one had scattered the buildings of an educational institution around through the Bois, or set up a girls' college in the Forest of Fontainebleau.

And the physical bigness and wideness and out-of-dooriness is "the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," as the prayer-book says. It made me feel queer to learn that the teachers never watch any student, and indeed have nothing to do with their conduct. You can go to your classes or not, as you please, and in fact deport yourself in any way you choose, and a teacher never will say a word to you.

And yet the deportment of the students is excellent. They have a system they call "student government." The students elect their own president and other officers each year. These in turn appoint the heads of the various houses and the proctors and so on. It does n't take long, they say, for a Freshman who is disposed to think she can do as she pleases to find out that to be tabooed and reproved by her own fellows is

a great deal more to be dreaded than to be reprimanded by a teacher.

I think this system must be beautiful, and it is so American. I feel a good deal more like a United States girl than I did over there in France, tagging around with a nun.

But I must tell you about my arrival and things.

It was raining when I got here. I've been told since that that is one of the Wellesley institutions; it always rains when new girls come. Still, I don't believe everything I hear, Daddles.

The Christian Association appoints upper-class girls to meet every train and tell the new arrivals where to go. A nice girl met me and took me to The Inn and made me feel quite comfy.

The first thing we had to do was to go to College Hall (that's the name of the main building) and register. Quite a bunch of us went from The Inn together, and took our first long walk through the grounds to the College. When we got there we found a huge table in the hall, and a line of girls waiting. I dropped into the line, and pretty soon was at the table. I was handed a card to fill out, with the injunction, "Last name first, please."

After this we looked on the wall, where was posted the scheme of the examinations. Mine — for you know I had to take one in mathematics — came at nine the next morning.

All that night until midnight I crammed up on my algebra. What in the world are young ladies expected to know algebra for, can you tell me? I hate it. The buzzy old letters all get mixed up and infest my mind like a swarm of gnats. Finally I went to bed, with the alphabet, hashed up with signs and figures, chasing itself around through the halls and chambers of my small brain. A case of alphabetitis — or algelbritis.

Next morning a little before nine I was at the appointed room in College Hall with some twenty other frightened looking mothers' pets. A teacher, whose insides were apparently of brass, sat in a chair before us. As the bell rang for nine we were each given two blue books to write in and a printed slip containing the questions. Two hours and a half, we were told, were at our disposal during which we might try to answer their foolish questions about

roots, powers, amazingly shaped pieces of land, and terribly remote trees. I tore away at it as hard as I could, and succeeded in sating their morbid curiosity by a complete set of answers. Whether they were right or not I could n't say. I can always get an answer, but right answers are another story.

After it was over two or three of the girls and I walked around the grounds a little and compared notes on how we had treated some of the questions. And we looked at things. It is certainly a beautiful spot. Across the little lake is Mr. Hunnewell's place. He's a rich man who has laid out his grounds sloping down to the lake in the style of an Italian garden.

One of the girls with us had a sister who had graduated here. I have been told since that the "Girl with a Sister" is a Freshman institution. She said there was a tradition to the effect that the man who had owned the place across the lake sighed for a beautiful but icy instructor in the college; she said him nay always; so, as he could not get her, and she being in the mathematical department, he laid out his grounds in rhomboids and trapezoids and Euclidian shapes, so that through these friendly figures his tender passion might always greet the fair and adored one's eyeball whene'er she directed the same out of her window in College Hall. Imagine any one being in mathematics and in love at the same time!

We saw a number of curious looking little one-story houses and asked what they were. The Girl with a Sister lowered her voice and said:

"They're the Society houses, where the secret societies meet. My sister said we were never to mention them nor ask about them."

And a great awe fell upon us. What marvels and mysteries were concealed there! They were funny, pudgy little places though, most of them. One of them looked like a little tool-house.

Well, in due time I received word that I had passed — a little slip reading as follows:

Miss Edna Brown is notified that she has passed the entrance examination in algebra.

[Signed] ELLEN FITZ PENDLETON,
Dean of Wellesley College.

It removed a great load from my chest, Daddles. I could have hugged Ellen Fitz Pendleton. But I did n't.

The Christian Association reception was Saturday night—last night. We all went to that and heard several speeches and were introduced to millions of girls, and came home tired to death.

To-day I've been out walking, for the weather is fine, and the country around here is marvellously beautiful.

I think I'm going to like it, but wish you were here. If you were I'd eat you up. As you are not here I will send you three kisses and four hugs. I got your letters. You're nice to write such good ones. Oceans of love.

EDNA.

II.

CLARICE'S VENGEANCE

"'O bring him,' said the awful Turk,
'Unto my palace door,
And I'll run him through the tum-tum
And I'll waller in his gore.'
So they brought him to His Turklets,
And the ground he fell and kissed;
And the Turk he went up to him
And he slapt him on the wrist."
— *Ballad of the Rug.*

Marguerite's room in College Hall was full of girls. Girls sat on the three chairs; girls sat on those girls; girls stood in heaps in corners and lay in drifts on the couch. And they all talked at once.

How do you like that for a beginning, Babbo? Does n't it sound Dickensy and bookish?

You've told me to write you about every thing that interests me, and to write as well as I can every time, and so I'm going to tell you about the interestingest (that's from Carlyle) event that has happened in a long while. I call it "Clarice's Vengeance." Don't you think it a striking title? Something like "Lady Audley's Secret"? — No?

Well, revnawng a noo mootawng, as Skootsy the French teacher says, and so back to the lammies in Marguerite's room.

You must know that the nervous climax of the college year comes when new members are about to be chosen for the various secret societies. You must know also, though you may not — for you're frightfully stupid about college affairs, Babbo — shame on you! and your daughter so bright, too! — that no one can even be proposed for one of these secret societies unless she's up in her studies. That seems hard, too,

for just heaps and heaps of girls flunk who are the very nicest girls in school. But it's no use! They cannot enter in. It's Wellesley law, and the laws of the Medes and Persians were soft rubber compared with the laws of Wellesley.

And then, of all the girls who get good marks, or are "unconditioned," as we say, only a few can be chosen to be a Z. A. or a Phi Sig, or a Shakespeare, and so on. For, firstly, the membership of these societies is limited; and "toothly," as the colored preacher said, one blackball will keep out any one. And thereby hangs a tale ("A blackball with a tail!" cries Babbo. "Look out for your mixed metaphors, Edna!").

But back, on back to our mootawngs! The girls in Marguerite's room — there were only seven of us, after all; I only wrote that first sentence because it sounded so fine — were discussing the new crop; i.e., the possible candidates. We got along all right until we came to Belle McCrea's name. Then we split. Some of us wanted her very, very much. But Clarice Matthews just put her foot down and said she would n't have her, and would blackball her if her name was proposed. The talk flew fast and furious, but Clarice stood firm and to all appearances Belle's case was hopeless.

Now Clarice is one of the dearest girls in the world, and probably the most influential girl in our set. She is clever, her father is a prominent lawyer in Boston, she is as handsome as a Gibson picture, and one of the kindest and sweetest persons I ever met. I could not imagine why she was so set against Belle, whom nearly every one likes.

Belle lives in Denver, and her father is distressingly rich, owns a whole arm-load of banks and mines and things, and Belle, being his only daughter, is the peculiar apple of his eye. She acted rather foolish when she came to this college: rented three rooms at The Inn, and had trunks full of hoity-toity clothes and picture-hats and all that sort of thing, and so the girls cut her at first. When everybody goes around bare-headed and in simple shirt-waists and skirts, it is rather jarring to have some girl come and begin to hoist beplumed hats to the breeze and deck herself in ermine and similar costly array. But Belle has sense and soon saw what was the matter. So she buried her gay frippery in her trunks and got down

to the level of the rest of us. I was thrown with her a great deal, and soon came to be amazingly fond of her. In fact, we became chums. And a fairer, higher-minded body, I never knew. She was high-mettled, though, as well; proud, sensitive, and inclined to be self-conscious. You have often told me that such a disposition invariably meets trouble, and Belle certainly finds her share.

So there you have the *dramatis personæ* of my little comedy—which came very near being a tragedy.

When I went to bed that night, after the meeting in Marguerite's room, I was intensely unhappy. I suspected how much Belle set store on being admitted into our society, and I dreaded the consequences when she should find out that she had been turned down. So I got up and thought I would read myself sleepy, get my mind off any absorbing worriment.

But, alas! instead of diverting my thoughts into another channel, I found them carried along in the same course, whirled on in a tumultuous rapid, a very cataract; for I picked up a book on my desk, some book that Belle had left there that afternoon, and as I did so a letter fell out and fluttered to the floor. I stooped to get it and replace it, but, as it came under the light, my eye was caught by the name of our own society. To save my life I could n't help reading on, although you know, Babbo, I'm not cad enough to read other people's letters under any ordinary circumstances.

It was to Belle, from her mother, and oh, it was the sweetest letter I ever hope to see! It was so tender and loving and anxious, and it was all about Belle's joining our society. The poor girl had evidently opened her heart to her mother—for of course she would have had her tongue torn out rather than intimate to any of us that she wished to belong.

"You say, dearest," the letter ran, "that everything shall stand or fall by this, and that if you are rejected you will leave the college at once. You must not do this. I want my darling to be brave and strong. I know how sensitive you are, and how deeply you can feel, but you will meet many disappointments in this life, and must learn to bear them nobly."

And so the letter went on. Oh, the dearest letter! I just sat there and cried. What

must it mean to have a mother!—There! Babbo, I've hurt you! But never mind! Though I have no dear mother, I have you, who are both mother and father to me.

Well, I sat there and cried myself to sleep, and when I awoke it was dawn in the window, and my electric light looked sickly yellow, and I was all cold and creepy. I crawled into bed to get warm, and was no sooner snuggled up together than Clarice came in, all in her nightgown, and got into bed with me.

"I want to tell you, Edna," she said, "why I opposed Belle McCrea," and she told me. I won't go over it all, Babbo; it was a schoolgirl's pique. She thought Belle had snubbed her. And then her father was mixed up in it some way. It seems Belle's father had gotten crossways with Clarice's father in some business matter, and the latter felt very bitter. From that as a beginning the two girls had grown more and more cold and estranged, being proud as two Lucifers, and now Clarice's opportunity had come.

I did n't say anything, but just rolled out of bed and got that letter and gave it to Clarice. She read it, and then more tears. But I could see it had done for Clarice, and she was awfully ashamed of herself, though she did n't say much.

In some way it leaked out—I don't know how it is, but unpleasant things always do leak out—that Belle was not to be chosen. One of the other societies promptly voted to ask her. But Belle declined. She had evidently made up her mind that if she could n't be admitted into ours she would go into none. My, but she was pale and silent for those two days! She absolutely cut me, and walked around like a ghost, going straight from her classes to her room and speaking to no one.

Then we had our final meeting, and who should propose Belle's name but Clarice! Everybody was petrified—but delighted. Right away I went to Belle's room. When I entered she looked up at me, and her eyes were red, and when she saw me her face went white as death. I did n't waste any time, but leaped upon her like one of Nero's lions in the arena upon a succulent martyr, and simply ate her up.

I could not tell her, in so many words, that she was chosen—we are not permitted to tell a candidate; she must receive official

notice through the mail, — but she could see well enough from my manner what the truth was. There is more than one way to impart information.

Then more goo and high strikes and other girlsterousness (noun formed in analogy to boisterousness, wherewith to fill up a sad lacuna in the English idiom).

This letter is spinning out worse than one of your briefs, and I must hasten to the one-hundred-and-eighthly-and-lastly.

Last scene. The Initiation. That I cannot describe, of course, under penalty of being sawn asunder and otherwise annoyed by my co-conspirators. But when it was all over and we were sitting around the great room of our chapter-house, uprises Miss Clarice Matthews, in manner as if to speechify.

Everybody was mouse-still and rather frightened.

Clarice stepped out into the centre of the room, and began with a little catch in her throat:

"I want to say something, with the permission of you all. Others will talk about what I did, and so I want to tell it my own self. I want to say to Miss Belle McCrea that when her name first came up I opposed it. I did this from conscientious motives. I thought she was stuck up, and had snubbed me, and was not the kind of a girl we wanted in our society. I said this before you all, except her. And doubtless she has heard of it. And now, before you

all, I want to acknowledge that I was wrong, that I have been stupid and vain, and that I think she is the sweetest girl in this school, and I ask her forgiveness."

And with that she walked over to where Belle was sitting and held out her hand. My, but she looked just perfectly grand, Babbo, as she swept across that room, white as chalk, her head up just like a fine horse, and her big blue eyes set firm as flint! Every girl in the room was holding her breath.

When she came up to Belle, the latter just flung her arms about her neck and buried her face in Clarice's bosom and — well — general wail and goo all around.

They are the best friends in the world now, and oh, I am so happy! Belle never knew about the letter. It's all straightened out and she asks no questions about how it came.

There! I suppose all this strikes you as a tempest in a very small teapot, and not much of a story for such a portentous title. But it interested me, Babbo, and you told me to write all such things to you. Maybe it will seem very silly when I get to be a thousand years old and have hundreds of great-grandchildren and all that, but just now it's very real. And you cannot imagine how glad I am that Belle and Clarice are friends.

And so, good-night! Eighty hugs and several bites from your

DAUGHTER.

[*To be continued.*]



OLD KING SPRUCE

By HOLMAN F. DAY

VIII. THE OLD SOUBUNGO TRAIL



LARRY GORMAN, "the woodsman's poet," whose songs are known and sung in the camps from Holeb to Madawaska, was with Rodburd Ide's incoming crew. His three most notable lyrics are these: "I feed P. I.'s on tarts and pies;" "Bushmen all, your ear I call until I shall relate;" and "The Old Soubungo Trail."

When Rodburd Ide's hundred men met up with the Honorable Pulaski D. Britt's hundred men at the foot of Pogeys Notch, Larry Gorman displayed a true poet's obliviousness to the details of the wrangle between principals. He did n't understand why Pulaski Britt, blue with anger above his grizzled beard, and "Stumpage John" Barrett, mottled with rage, should object so furiously when Rodburd Ide's girl took away the tatterdemalion maid of the Skeets, nor did Larry ask any questions. If this be the attitude of a true poet, there was evidently considerable true poetry in both crews, for no one appeared to be especially curious as to the why of the quarrel. However, the imminence of a quarrel was a matter demanding woodsmen's attention. It might have been noted that Poet Gorman cut the biggest shillalah of any of them. And while he rounded its end and waited for more formal declaration of hostilities he lustily did the solo part of "The Old Soubungo Trail," with a hundred hearty voices to help him on the chorus:

"I left my Lize behind me;
Oh, she won't know what to do.
I left my Lize for the Old Town guys,
And I left my watch there, too.
I left my clothes at a boardin'-house,
I reckon they're for sale,
And here I go, at a heel-an'-toe
On the old Soubungo trail.
Sou-bung-o!
Bungo
'Way up the Bungo trail."

Spirit, rather than melody, characterized

the efforts of these wildwood songsters. The Honorable Pulaski Britt, who did n't like music anyway and was trying to talk in an undertone to Timber-baron Barrett, swore a deep bass obligato.

He did not take his baleful gaze from Dwight Wade, who had gone apart and was leaning against the mouldering walls of the Durfy hovel.

"You had your chance to block their game and you did n't do it, John. You make me sick!" muttered the belligerent Britt. "You've let that college dude scare you with threats and old Ide champ his false teeth at you and back you down. You don't get any of my sympathy from now on. I had a good plan framed. You knocked it galley-west by poking yourself into the way. They've got the girl. They'll use her against you. You can fight it yourself after this."

Barrett stared uneasily from one crew to the other.

"It would have been too tough a story to go out of these woods," he faltered. "Two crews ste'boyed together by us to capture a State pauper."

"A story of a woods rough-and-tumble, that's all!" snorted Britt. "And those dogs would n't have known what they were fightin' about — and would have cared less. And while they were at it I could have taken the girl out of sight! You spoiled it! Now don't talk to me! You go ahead and see if you can do any better." He tossed his big hand into the air and whirled away, snuffing his disgust.

Larry Gorman, having peeled a handhold on his bludgeon, was moved to sing another verse:

"I ain't got pipe nor 'backer,
Nor I ain't got 'backer-box.
I ain't got a shirt and my brad-boots hurt,
For I ain't a-wearin' socks.
But a wangan's on Enchanted
Where they've got them things for sale,
And I don't give-a-dam what the price it am

On the old Soubungo trail.
 Sou-bung-o!
 Bungo!
 "Way up the Bungo trail."

Sturdy little Rodburd Ide, magnate of Castonia, was straddled in the middle of the trail to the south. His head was thrown back and his mat of whiskers was jutted forward with quite an air of challenge. To be sure, he did not exactly understand as yet the full animus of the quarrel. He had heard his partner Dwight Wade announce on behalf of Honorable John Barrett that the latter proposed to educate the girl protégé of the Skeet tribe. He had noted that the timber-baron did not seem to warm to the announcement in a way that might be expected of the true philanthropist.

Tommy Eye's astonishing declaration from the house-top that the timber-magnates of Jerusalem township were proposing to marry the girl off to Colin MacLeod, boss of Britt's Busters, and that, too, in spite of MacLeod's lack of affection, had some effect in enlisting Ide's sympathies and interference. But his daughter's spirited championship of the poor girl was really the influence that clinched matters with the puzzled Mr. Ide.

"Rodburd," declared the Honorable Pulaski, approaching him on the contemptuous retreat from Barrett, "you've gone to work and stuck your nose into matters that are no concern of yours whatever. Your man Wade, there, instead of keeping on to your operation on Enchanted, has been spending his time beaunting that girl around these woods and stirring up a blackmail scheme. I'm telling you as a friend that you'd better ship him. He's going to make more trouble for you than he already has. He is n't fit for the woods. I found it out and fired him. Do the same yourself, or you'll never get your logs down and through the Hulling Machine."

"Do you mean that you're going to fight him on the drive on account of your grudge?" demanded Ide.

"I don't mean that," blustered Britt. "It's the man himself who will queer you."

"I don't believe it," replied Ide, stoutly. "There are some things goin' on here that I don't understand the inside of up to now; but as for that young man, I picked him for square the first time I laid eyes on him at Castonia, and now that I've had him looked

up by friends of mine outside, I know he's square. You can't break up our partnership by that kind of talk, Britt. Now own up! What is the nigger in the woodpile here, anyway?" The little man was still unbending, but his eyes snapped with curiosity.

But the Honorable Pulaski's shifty eyes dodged the inquiring stare of the Castonia man. The view down the tote-road in the direction in which Nina Ide and Kate Arden had disappeared under convoy of Christopher Straight seemed to be welcomer prospect than that frankly inquisitive face. And the view down the trail also suggested a safer topic for conversation.

"I believe in indulgin' a girl's whims, Rod, but this is a time when you've let yourself go too far. That Lucivee kitten that your daughter has lugged off home set this fire that we've been fightin' up here. She set it maliciously in the face and eyes of Sheriff Rodliff and myself. She's the worst one of the whole lot—and as a plantation officer you know the Skeets and Bushees pretty well. Are you goin' to let your girl take a critter like that back home with her?" He noted a flicker of consternation in the little man's eyes. "Now don't be a fool in this thing. Let a half-dozen men run after that girl and fetch her back. She don't belong in any decent home. John Barrett and I have arranged a plan to take care of her and keep her out of mischief."

But again the timber-magnate's eyes failed to meet the test of Ide's frank stare.

"I've known you a good many years, Pulaski," said he. "I've done a lot of business with you, and you can't fool me for a minute. You've been into a milk-pan, for I can see cream on your whiskers."

"I'm only warnin' you not to harbor a criminal," stormed the other. His wrath slipped its leash once more. The presence of Dwight Wade, his very silence, seemed tacit proclamation of victory and the boast of it. "The girl belongs back here, and we're goin' to have her back. If your men don't fetch her, mine will."

But Ide set his short legs astride a little more solidly.

"As first assessor of the nearest plantation, I can handle the State pauper business of these parts, and do it without help," he said.

"You mean that meddlin' girl of yours is runnin' it," taunted Britt.

In his heart the fond father realized the force of the insinuation, and knew why he was blocking that trail so resolutely. A mother bear would have shown no more determination in closing the retreat of her cubs.

"If for any reason that I don't understand as yet you want the guardianship of that girl, Britt," he declared, "come down any time you want to and get your rights legally. But just now I'm tellin' you again that you and your men can't get past here. And if you do go you'll go with cracked heads."

And once more Pulaski D. Britt substituted oaths for action.

Stamping back toward his men, he saw Tommy Eye squatting like a jack-rabbit on the top of the Durfy camp. That guileless marplot offered fair target for the ire that he had been shooting at the world in general.

"MacLeod!" he bawled to the boss, who had not yet pulled himself together after that final flash of scorn from the eyes of Nina Ide. "Pull that drunken loafer off that roof and yard the men back to camp."

"I'm discharged out of your crew, Mr. Britt," squealed Tommy, a quaver of apprehensiveness in his voice. "I've discharged myself. I've told the truth about what you was tryin' to do. I ain't fit for you to hire."

It was not the unconscious satire of the statement that put a wire edge on the Honorable Pulaski's temper. It was Tommy Eye's rebelliousness, displayed for the first time in a long life of utter subservience.

"You won't be fit for anything but bait for a bear-trap ten minutes after I get you back to camp," bellowed the tyrant. "MacLeod, get that man down!"

"Don't you want to hire a teamster, Mr. Ide?" bleated Tommy, crawfishing to the peak of the low roof. "You know what I be on twichro'd, ramdown, or in a yard. You don't find my hosses calked or shoulder-galled." He hastened in nervous entreaty. "You hire me, Mr. Ide. I never had a team sluiced yet. You know what I can do in the woods."

The plaintiveness of the frightened man's appeal touched Wade. He realized the weight of misery this pathetic turncoat might expect thereafter at the hands of Britt and his crew of Busters. MacLeod was advancing toward the ladder that con-

ducted to the roof, his sullen face lighting with a certain amount of satisfaction. Wade put himself before the ladder.

"Hirin' men out from under is n't square woods style, Tommy," said Ide, shaking his head.

"But I'm discharged, Mr. Ide. I've discharged myself."

"The man is n't a slave," protested Wade. "He is the only man I've found in these woods up to now with honest courage enough to stand up for what's right, Mr. Ide. I don't believe in abandoning him to those who propose to make him suffer for it."

"Up to now, you dude, you've done about everything that should n't be done in the woods," cried Britt; "but there's one thing you can't do, and that's take a man out of my crew."

"It's an unwritten law, Wade," protested his partner. "It is n't square business to meddle with another operator's crew."

"When a case like this comes up it's time to change the law, then," declared Wade, with savageness of his own, the menacing proximity of MacLeod acting on his anger like bellows on coals.

"I can't afford to be mixed into anything of the sort," persisted Ide.

"And nobody but a fool would try it, Rod. I've warned you to get rid of him. You can see for yourself now! He don't fit. He's protectin' firebugs, standin' out against timber-owners' interests, and breakin' every article in the code up here."

"And I'm likely to keep on breaking the remarkable set of rules of conduct that appear to obtain north of Castonia," cried the uncomfortable young iconoclast. For a moment his flaming eyes dwelt on the face of the Honorable John Barrett, and that gentleman, who had been wondering just what shaft his own recalcitrancy would next draw from this champion of the oppressed, looked greatly perturbed. "Mr. Ide, do you forbid me to hire this man?"

"N—no," admitted his partner, rather grudgingly.

"Then you're hired, Eye." Wade looked up and answered the gratitude in Tommy's eyes by a nod of encouragement. "Come down, my man, and get into our crew. You've acted man-fashion and I'll back you up in it."

"Let it stand — let it stand as it is," whispered Barrett, huskily, clutching at the

arm of Britt as that furious gentleman surged past him. "If we tackle the young fool now he's apt to blab all he knows about me. The thing rests in a ticklish place. Handle it easy."

"I'll handle it to suit myself," stormed Britt, yanking himself loose. "You sit back there, if you want to, and play dry nurse to your twins — your family scandal on one arm and your Governor's boom on the other. But when it comes to my own crew and my private business, by the lord Harry, I'll operate without your advice."

He began to call on his men, rallying them with shrill cries. He ordered them to surround the camp and take the rebel. In the next breath he bade MacLeod to go up the ladder and pull Tommy down.

"Poet" Larry Gorman, who had been gradually edging near the spot that he had sagely picked as the probable core of conflict, set himself suddenly before Colin MacLeod as the boss advanced toward Wade with a look in his eye that was blood lust. MacLeod had a weatherbeaten ash sled-stake.

"Sure, and a gent like him don't fight with clubs," said Gorman. "We've all heard about his lickin' ye once, and man-fashion, too! Now go get your reputation. Start with me." The redoubtable bard poked his shillalah into MacLeod's breast and drove him back suddenly. At this overture of combat the men for Enchanted came up with a rush. They met the Busters face to face and eye to eye.

"We're all ax-tossers together, boys," cried Gorman. "Ye know me and ye've sung my songs, and ye know there's no truer woodsman than me ever chased beans round a tin plate. Now, Britt's men, if ye want to fight to keep a free man a slave when he wants to chuck his job, then come and fight. But may the good saints put a cramp into the arm of the man that fights against the interests of woodsmen all together."

Under most circumstances even such a cogent argument as this would not have stayed their hands. But coming from Larry Gorman, author of "Bushmen all," it made even the Busters stop and think a moment. And when MacLeod was first and only in renewing hostilities,—obeying Britt's insistent commands,—Gorman again held him off at the end of his bludgeon and shouted:

"O my cock partridge, you're only brisk to get into the game because you're daffy over a girl and would wipe your feet on Tommy Eye or any other honest woodsman to polish your shoes for the courtin' of her."

It was a taunt whose point the Busters realized and relished. It was even more cogent than Larry's first appeal. Some of the men grinned. All held back. But for MacLeod it was the provocation unforgivable. He drew back his arm and swept his stake at Larry's head. That master of stick-play warded and leaped back nimbly.

"Fair, now! Fair!" he cried. "They're all lookin' at us and there can't be dirty work." Gorman's face glowed, for he had won his point. His wit had balked a general combat. His massing fellows had tacitly selected him as their champion. He had put the thing on a plane where the Busters were a bit ashamed to participate. They turned their backs on Britt in order to watch the duellists more intently. They knew that Larry Gorman was vain of two things,—his songs and his stick-swinging.

"What say ye to waitin' till your shoulder ain't so stiff?" he inquired, with pointed reference to the injury MacLeod had received at the hands of Wade. His mock condolence drove Colin to frenzy. He drove so vicious a blow at the bard that when the latter side-stepped the boss staggered against the side of the camp.

"But sure I can make it even," said Larry, facing him again without discomposure; "for I'll sing a bit of song for you to dance by."

The merry insolence of this brought a hoarse hoot of delight from both sides. And pressing upon his foe so actively that the crippled MacLeod was put to his utmost to ward thwacks off his head and shoulders, this sprightly Cyrano of the kingdom of spruce carolled after this fashion:

"Come, all ye good shillaly men, come, lis-ten unto me.

Old Watson made a walkin'-cane and used a popple-tree.

The knob it were a rouser — a rouser, so 't was said —

And when ye sassed old Watson he would knock ye on the head."

MacLeod got a tap that made his eyes shut like the snap of a patent cigar-cutter.

"Chorus!" exhorted the lyricist. And they bellowed jovially:

"Knick, knock
Hickory dock,
And he'd hit ye on the head!"

Larry leaped back, whirled his stick so rapidly that its bright, peeled surface seemed to spit sparks, and again got over the boss's indifferent guard with a whack that echoed hollowly.

MacLeod was too angry to retreat. He was too angry to see clearly, and his brain rung dizzily with the blows he had received. His injured shoulder ached with the violence of his exertions. But his pride kept him up and forced him to meet the fresh attack that Gorman made — an attack in which that stickman seemed to be fencing mostly to mark the time of his jeering song:

"Old Watson was a good old man, and taught the Bible class,
But he did n't like the story of the jawbone of the ass.
'Why did n't he make a popple-club?' so Uncle Watson said,
'And scotch the tribe of the Phlistereens by bangin' 'em on the head?'"

The blow that time staggered MacLeod.

"Chorus!" called "Poet" Larry, but before he could rap his antagonist at the end of that roaring iteration the Honorable Pulaski was between them, having at last contrived to fight his way through the ranks of the crowding men. He narrowly missed getting the blow intended for his boss. He yanked the sled-stake out of the nerveless grasp of the sweating and discomfited MacLeod and raised it.

"Be careful, Mr. Britt," yelled Gorman. His mien changed from gay insouciance to bitter fury. "You have struck me once in my life, and I took it and went on my way, because I was accepting your grub and your pay. You strike me to-day and I'll split your head like a rotten punkin'."

Britt had begun to rant about being able to thrash the whole Enchanted crew single-handed, maddened by the lamblike demeanor of his own men. But he knew a desperate and dangerous man when he saw him. At that moment Larry Gorman was dangerous. The tyrant lowered his club and backed away, muttering some wordless re-primation at which the poet curled his lip. Seeing his chance, Tommy Eye hooked his legs about the uprights and slid down the ladder with one dizzy plunge, struck the

ground in squatting fashion, and shot head first into the ranks of his protectors.

But after that masterly railery of Gorman's there was no fight left in the Busters. And his vengeful bearding of the Honorable Pulaski left the autocrat himself speechless and helpless.

Tommy Eye's trembling hand fingered the inebriate's blue wattles under his chin, his wistful eyes peered over the shoulders of his new friends, and he knew he was safe. The Busters, nudging each other and growling half-humorous comment, began to sift out of the yard of the Durfy hovel and lounge back along the trail toward the Jerusalem camp.

"Damn ye for cowards!" shrilled the Honorable Pulaski, viciously flinging the ash sled-stake after them.

"Oh, but they're not cowards!" cried Larry. In his bushman's soul he realized that even now a chance taunt, a random prick of word, might start the fight afresh. "Every man jack there is known to me of old, and the good, brave boys they are! But your money ain't greasy enough, Mr. Britt, to make good men as them fight to take away a comrade's man-rights."

The Busters nodded affirmation and kept on. One man stepped back and halloood, "Right ye are, Larry Gorman! And when ye try to get your Enchanted logs first through the Hulling Machine next spring ye'll find that we're the kind of gristle that can't be chewed. That'll be man's business, and no Teamster Tommy Eye to stub toe over!"

There was a grin on the man's face, but none the less it was a challenge and Larry accepted it.

"Sure, and we'll be there," he called; "we'll be there with hair a foot long, pick-pole in one hand, peavy-stick in the other, ready for a game of jackstraws in the white water and a fist-jig on the bank."

"And will ye write it all into a song, Larry Gorman?"

"All into a song it shall go!"

And roaring a good-natured cheer over their shoulders the Busters filed away into the mouth of Pogeys Notch.

"You may as well move, boys," ordered Rodburd Ide. "This business here is n't swampin' yards nor buildin' camps!"

The men for Enchanted cheerfully shoul-

dered dunnage-sacks and in their turn set away up the Notch.

"Here's Tommy Eye's bill of his time, Mr. Britt," said Gorman, holding out a crumpled paper to the choking tyrant. Tommy himself had prudently departed, bulwarked by his new comrades.

"I'll not pay it," blustered Britt. "He broke his contract."

"No more does he want you to pay it," replied Larry, serenely, speaking in behalf of the amiable prodigal. "He says to credit it on that one drink of whiskey he took out of your bottle, and when he earns more money workin' for honest men he'll pay ye the rest."

He tore the paper across and across, snapped the bits in Britt's purple face, and turned and followed the crew.

John Barrett was first to break the embarrassed silence that fell upon the four men left at the camp. Rodburd Ide's brows were wrinkled and his lips were wreathing to ask the questions that his curiosity dictated. Britt was wrathfully gazing after the insolent Larry. Dwight Wade had taken up his pack and calipers and was waiting for Ide with some impatience.

"Mr. Wade," began the Umcolcus baron nervously, "I hope you will appreciate my position in this matter and understand why it was necessary to change somewhat the plan we discussed on Jerusalem."

"I shall not attempt to understand it," snapped Wade. "You volunteered promises to me. I conveyed those promises to the party most interested, and you have seen fit to drop out from under. That terminates our business — all the business we had in common, Mr. Barrett."

But the baron was anxious to placate. He began guarded explanations, to which Ide was listening intently, but which Wade cut short with a scorn there was no mistaking.

"The only sort of interest I took in that unfortunate girl has been maliciously misinterpreted, Mr. Barrett. She was thrown upon my hands in a way that you thoroughly understand. Mr. Ide as a plantation officer has relieved me of the responsibility. You can talk with him hereafter."

"But what — what are you goin' to say to him?" faltered Barrett, forced to show his anxious fear, since Wade was moving away.

"Nothing," replied the young man,

curtly, but with a decisiveness there was no misunderstanding. "The matter has ceased to be any business of mine. My business hereafter — and I say this to my partner — is concerned wholly and entirely with certain lumbering-operations on Enchanted township."

He went away, following the crew, and Rodburd Ide, eager to be gone, and seeing in the affair thus flatly dropped by Wade only a phase of the older animosity between Britt and the young man, — a quarrel that might seek any avenue for expression, even a State pauper, — demanded of Barrett:

"Do you lay any especial claim to the girl?" His tone was that of an official only.

"Of course he does n't," broke in Britt, seeing that his associate was groping for a reply. "We did think of trying to help her, but what's the use? There is n't any more appreciation or gratitude in that sculch than there is in a pine knot. Send her back to the tribe."

The little Castonia magnate looked relieved.

"She's all right with my girl until I get home," he said. "Then the affair will take care of itself, like all those things do." He ran after his men.

The Honorable Pulaski promptly checked the incoherent expostulations of the stump-age-baron.

"No, I have n't committed you, either," he blurted. "Bluff it out. It's the only way to do. It's the way I advised you to do in the first place. The thing looks big to you now, here in the woods. You're down on the level with it. Get back into the city and get your tail-coat on and your dignity, and sit up on top of that Governor's boom of yours, and the story will only be political blackmail if they try it on you. But they won't. That Wade fellow is one of those righteous sort of asses that like to read moral lessons to other people, and especially to you in order to work out his grudge on you. But he's all done. I know the sort. The thing began to scorch his fingers and he chucked it. He's got enough to attend to in these woods. Don't you worry."

"But I do worry," mourned Barrett. "And there's the girl to consider. God save me, Pulaski, she's mine. Her looks show it. I can't sleep nights after this, unless she is taken care of in a decent way."

"There'll be a dozen methods of doin' it

when the time is ripe," urged the other, consolingly. "As it is now, you get out of these woods and stay out, and attend to your business — which is my business, too, when it comes to the Governor matter. By the gods, you've seen enough in this trip to understand that we have n't got any too safe timber laws as it is. If the farmers get control next trip it means trouble for such of us as take to the tall timber. Buck up, man. Don't believe for a minute that we're goin' to let a college dude and a State pauper queer you. The thing will work itself out."

He uttered a sudden snort of disgust, gazing over Barrett's shoulder.

"Foolish Abe" of the Skeets had edged out of the bush, the silence after the uproar of voices and conflict encouraging him. He seemed pitifully bewildered. An instinct, almost canine, prompted him to take the trail to the south, for his only friend, the girl of the tribe, had gone that way. But a strange female had gone with her, and for strange females he entertained unspeakable fear.

"Here, you cross-eyed baboon," called the Honorable Pulaski, "go! Scoot!" He pointed north in the direction in which the Enchanted crew had disappeared. "Young man want you. Follow him. Stay with him. Run!" He picked up his discarded sled-stake and the fool hurried away toward the Notch. "I'd like to see that human nail-kag plastered onto the Enchanted crew for the winter," remarked Britt, with malice. "There's no fillin' him up. He'll eat as much as three men, and that Wade is just enough of a soft thing not to turn him out. If I can't bore an enemy with a pod-auger, John, I'll do it with a gimlet — a gimlet will let more or less blood."

Five minutes later Barrett was on his way south alone, his courage braced by some final arguments from his iron associate, his mind made up to adopt the course of indignant bluff suggested by the belligerent Britt.

And Britt was stumping north, driving the blubbering Abe before him with sundry hoots and missiles.

When the poor creature came crawling to the fire on hands and knees at dusk that evening, hairy, pitiable, and drooling with hunger, Rodburd Ide accepted him with resignation, though he recognized Britt's petty malice — for Abe Skeet would never

have come past a well-stocked lumber-camp to follow wanderers into the wilderness unless driven past.

That night the Enchanted crew camped on Attean Stream, one day's journey from their destination. The tired men snored as they fell, after a supper eaten from their packs, their heads on their dunnage-bags.

They were away in the first flush of the morning, Rodburd Ide leading with his partner. Wade welcomed the little man's absorbed interest in the business ahead of them. Ide asked no questions about the incident at Durfy's. Wade put the hideous topic as far behind the other thoughts of his mind as he could — and soon other thoughts crowded it.

As they passed out of the zone of striped maple, round-wood, witch-hobble, and mountain holly that Mother Nature had scrabbled across her naked breast after the rude hand of Pulaski Britt had stripped the virgin growth, his heart lifted. Under the great spruces of Enchanted, bricks, streets, and human passions seemed very far away.

Before he slept that night he had had an experience that thrilled the sense of the primordial self hidden within him, as it is hidden in all men, and covered by conventions.

He had staked the metes and bounds, the corners, the frontage, the dimensions of a home *ab initio*, where no roof except the crowns of trees had ever shut sunlight off the earth.

Mankind in general opens eyes within walls that the hands of those coming before have built.

Many have no occasion to seek ever for other quarters than those their fathers have given them. With most, the limit of exploration is the quest for a new rent. Mankind who build, build along settled streets, first taking note that sewers and water-system have been installed.

Even in the woods, most crews come up to find that the advance skirmishers have builded main camp, meal-camp, horse-hovels, and wangan. Owing to the sudden forming of Rodburd Ide's partnership with the young man whom Fate threw in his way, and his equally sudden determination to operate on virgin Enchanted with the assistance of one who had shown his ability to cope with difficulty, there had been no time

for preliminaries. Even the tote-teams with the winter's supplies were miles away down the trail, for in the woods the human two-foot out-classes the equine four-foot.

Therefore, Wade, perspiring in the forefront of the toilers, saw the first tree topple, heard it crash outward from the site of the camp, and tugged with the others when it was set into place as the sill. When he stood back and wiped his forehead and gazed on that one lonesome log it made roofless outdoors seem bigger and more threatening. The rain was pattering from a cold sky. The thrall of centuries of housed ancestors was on him. Roof and walls had attached themselves to his sentiency, even as the shell of the snail is attached to its pulp.

But the next moment Larry Gorman started a song, and the rollicking hundred about him took it up and toiled with merry thoughtlessness of all except that God's good greenwood was about them and God's sky above them, and Wade bent again to labor, ashamed that he had counted shingles and plaster as standing for so much.

They put up eight-log walls for the main camp, notching the ends. A hundred willing men made the buildings grow like toadstools. While the walls were going up men laid floors of poles shaved flat on one side. The first team up brought tarred paper and the few boards needed for tables and like uses. The tarred paper and cedar splints roofed all comfortably.

The second team brought stove, tin dishes, and raw staples — and cook and cookee walked behind.

And when old Christopher Straight came on the tail of the procession as fast as he could hurry back from Castonia settlement, the camps stood complete under the frown of Enchanted Mountain, with Enchanted Stream gurgling over brown rocks at the door.

The distant whick-whack of axes told where the swamper were clearing the way, and the tearing crash of trees punctuated the ceaseless "ur-r rick-raw!" of the cross-cut saws. The only ax scarf on Ide's trees was the nick necessary to direct their fall. They were felled by the saw.

Two days of exploration on the spruce benches straight back from the stream showed up a million feet of black growth easily available for a first season's operation.

Ide, Wade, and old Christopher cruised, pacing parallels and counting trees. And when they sat down on an outcropping of ledge the young man made so many sagacious observations that Ide goggled his eyes in amazement.

"Where did you learn lumberin'?" he demanded.

"I was n't aware that I knew it — not as it is viewed from a practical standpoint," replied Wade, humbly. "I was going to ask you in a moment if you would n't like to have me keep still so that you and Christopher could talk sense."

"I never heard better opinions on a stand of timber and a lay of land," affirmed his partner. "It looks as though you'd been holdin' out on me," he added, with a grim smile.

The young man smiled back. There was a certain grateful pride in his expression.

"I know how veteran woodsmen look on book-learned chaps, Mr. Ide," he said. "I was simply trying a bit of an experiment with my little knowledge from books. I was waiting to have you and Christopher pull me up short. I am rather surprised to find that you consider what I said was good sense. But after a book-fellow has bumped against practical men like — like Mr. Britt, for a time, he begins to distrust his books and their teachings. It's simply this way, Mr. Ide: I had a couple of young men in my high school who were interested in forestry of the modern sort, and I worked with them in order to encourage them as much as possible. It is almost impossible for a reading-man in these days not to take an interest in the protection of our forests, for the folks at Washington have made it the great topic of the times."

"Well," remarked Ide, with a sigh of appreciation, "I never read a book on forestry in my life, and I never heard of a lumberman in these parts who ever had. But if you can get facts like those you've stated out of books I reckon some of us better spend our winter evenin' readin' instead of playin' pitch pede." He got up and gave the young man a complimenting palm. "Wade," he said, earnestly, "I'll own up that I've been a little prejudiced against book-fellows, myself. Instead of givin' an ignorant man the contents of the book — the juice of it, as you might say — in a way that won't hurt, they are so anxious to have

him know that it's book-learnin' they've got, they'll bang him across the face with it, book-covers and all. I like your knowledge, because it's goin' to help us in handlin' this thing we've bit off up here. But I'll be blamed if I don't like your modesty best of all."

He picked up his calipers, stuck them under his arm, and started for camp with a precipitateness that was unspoken affirmation of full confidence in his partner's ability.

And the next morning he buttoned the camp letters in his coat and started south for Castonia with the outgoing tote-team.

"I don't worry about this end," he said, at parting. "And you need n't worry about mine. Don't be afraid of goin' hungry. There's nothin' like full stomachs to make axes and saws run well. It will be hand to mouth till snow flies, and then I'll slip you in stores enough to fill that wangan to the roof. Good heart, my boy! We're goin' to make some money."

Wade followed him to the edge of the clearing with his first sense of loneliness tugging within him.

"Safe home to you, Mr. Ide," he said, "and my respectful regard to Miss Nina, if you will express it to her. I suppose — she will probably — the girl she took away —" he stammered.

"By thunder mighty!" cried the Castonia magnate, whirling on him, "I'd forgotten all about that Skeet girl, or Arden girl, or whatever they call her."

He eyed the young man with a dawning of his old curiosity, but Wade met his gaze with frank look.

"The affair of the girl is not mine at all," he said. "Simply because she seemed superior to the tribe she was with, I hoped Mr. Barrett would do as he partly promised — use a few dollars of his money to help her up from the muck. Such cases appeal to me, because I am not accustomed to seeing them, perhaps."

"If my girl is interested in that poor little wildcat you need n't think twice about her bein' taken good care of," cried the admiring father.

And gazing into the wholesome eyes and candid face of the little man, Wade reflected that perhaps Fate had handled a problem better for John Barrett's abandoned daughter than he himself in his resentful zeal had planned.

He shook Ide by the hand, and, with the picture of John Barrett's other daughter in his dimming eyes and the love of John Barrett's other daughter burning his lonely heart, he turned back towards the woods whose fringed arms, the October wind tossing them, beckoned him to his duty.

THE EAST

By JAMES BRANNIN

Silent with hoary years and memories

I sit alone upon the desert sand.

All that you seek to know I understand,

All that you may not see my calm soul sees.

Far off the echoing dead centuries,

With all their fervid passion stirred and fanned

And stilled again by old Fate's mighty wand,

Call faint their vanity of vanities.

All these I knew in old years overpast,

And worshipped living hearts, now carven stone

Long buried by the shores of vanished seas.

All these I knew: wars, creeds, and engines vast,

Vast empire, gold, and lust. I sit alone

In peace. O vanity of vanities!

A GAY DECEIVER

By MABEL S. MERRILL



EILEEN had the unmistakable air of one escaping from an ordeal as she ran down the steps of her fiancé's house to her car, that was backing and snorting at the curbing.

"Brr-rr-r!" she shivered. "I'll go home and take a bowl of ginger-tea; I'm sure she's given me a chill. Has she really got to live with us after we're married, Ward? because I'll have to spend a summer or two in Greenland or on top of the Pole in order to get acclimated."

"You know I'm all she has — such as I am," said Ward, anxiously, as he helped her to a seat in the vehicle. "How can I expect my father's sister to make her home anywhere but with the last of the Lorings, now that she's left all alone? We must try again, dear; we have n't found the key to Aunt Margaret yet. She's very reserved, and I expect some of our city ways are a shock to her nerves. No doubt she thinks I'm fast —"

"Good heavens!" interjected Eileen, in hushed tones. "Then what must she think of me!"

Ward laughed uneasily, for she had voiced the thought in his own mind. He was very proud of his beautiful sweetheart, but there was no denying that she was very lively and very modern — that was it; she was so exceedingly modern! How could she be expected to get on with an old country woman, stern and proud and full of the traditions of the gentlefolk of the old school?

"Well, I guess we're in about the same box," he confessed, ruefully. "She seems to think my club is the home of all iniquity and that I must be a menace to society because I don't go to bed at nine every night. But she's a brick, just the same, Eileen. Nobody was ever so good to me as Aunt Margaret those summers I used to go down to the farm, a good-for-nothing kid that they thought would n't live to grow up. And she's made a big difference in my life at home since she came. The house has n't

seemed so much like a home since mother died. It's wonderful, considering she's wholly unused to city ways, how she's straightened things out."

"And now she's taken a contract to straighten us out," murmured Eileen, in a voice of awe. "Was it for this I left my happy home in peaceful New York after all the warnings I had? Oh, yes, everybody warned me about coming to Boston; but I was young and headstrong. Well, well, I'll go home and take my ginger-tea and recuperate — then I'll come again. But I tell you it's no use. She's convinced in advance that I'm a desperate character."

Eileen did repeat her visit again and again, but to Ward, looking anxiously on, it seemed that matters grew worse instead of better. Aunt Margaret appeared to become primmer, colder, and more sternly disapproving with every fresh glimpse of her nephew's volatile fiancée. As for Eileen, it seemed as if some perverse imp had entered into the girl. Everything that was frivolous and flippant in her character and manner she appeared to fairly flaunt in Aunt Margaret's face. Perhaps she was bent upon displaying herself in the worst light, that no one might later accuse her of hypocrisy. Or was she (and Aunt Margaret as well) deficient in natural affection, that there was no sympathy, no swift instinctive appeal from loving youth to yearning old age. And could she care much for her lover when she took so little pains to please the woman who occupied his mother's place?

Ward asked himself these questions with an anxious heart, for the wedding-day was not far distant, and how would it be when Eileen came into his home? Moreover, what was his own duty in the matter? — for Aunt Margaret's happiness as well as that of his future wife must be carefully considered. The conscientious, affectionate fellow was being ground between two very hard stones.

Eileen came and went, merry and irresponsible. She began to take an interest in

Ward's handsome house that seemed very much like the interest a child takes in a new doll's house. Ward feared that she offended Aunt Margaret with her incursions, though they were as pretty to watch as the flights and perchings of a bird, and accompanied with about the same sort of twittering and chatter. She came to him one day in great glee at the discovery of a big, low, unused room under the splendid staircase.

"Why did n't you tell me of it before, you old Bluebeard?" she demanded. "I'm going to take possession of it now I've found it. Never mind what I want it for. Just give me the key, and when it's all done I'll let you in. Maybe it's a museum I want to set up, and maybe it's a laboratory; you'll see in due time. Oh, yes, I asked Aunt Margaret, if that's what you're wrinkling your nose about, and she said she did n't care. Of course she does n't care what I do; I'm an insect, and she does n't concern herself with insects unless they buzz too near."

The new fancy seemed to please her, and she worked away mysteriously for several days at the fitting-up of the new room. Ward was absent while most of the bumping and hammering went on, and Aunt Margaret betook herself to the drawing-room with her knitting, to be away from the noise and the "mess," as she phrased it. This suited Eileen, who wanted to keep the secret of the room until it was finished. To that end she brought one of her own servants with her each time she came, and took him away very unceremoniously when the day's work was done, that he might have no opportunity for gossip. She was so childishly absorbed in her new plan that Ward could not help being amused, though he was secretly wishing she would bestow half as much interest upon himself or Aunt Margaret as upon that empty room.

"To-morrow you're not going to dine at your club, mind you," she said to him one day, as she put on her hat to go home. "My museum — or laboratory — is done, and I shall serve — well, a collation for you and Aunt Margaret. I thought at first I should send her an invitation through the mails, but I took courage to do it by word of mouth, and lo! she said she would come."

Ward laughed at her in the mirror, as he stood behind her, but she saw the wrinkles

in his forehead and put up her hand to smooth them out.

"What are you worrying about now?" she demanded. "I believe you suspect me of plans to blow up Aunt Margaret. I sha'n't blow her up. I scorn such crude methods. Besides, she's your property, and whatever else I'm not I've always been a law-abiding citizen. And after all, your property is my property, you know."

Ward answered this speech in a fashion that necessitated a complete readjustment of the hat, and they started for Eileen's house, the girl chattering like a flock of guinea-fowls — so Aunt Margaret, watching them from the window, grimly observed to herself.

The next morning, as Ward was putting on his storm-coat in the hall, — it was raining heavily outside, — his aunt came out of the breakfast-room and laid a hand on his arm. She was as frowningly upright as a general at review, but Ward saw that she was very pale.

"Nephew," she began; "I hate to say it, but I must do as your mother ought to do if she were here. There are mistakes, very quick and easy in the making, that bring the ruin of our lives along after them. Some one must speak before it is too late. Think, child, whether you're making a mistake now. Beauty and style don't count for much if there's no heart underneath; and frothy manners may be ever so pretty to look at, but they're wearing to live with. The Loring's have always married for the solid things that make a happy home."

She was gone before Ward could speak. An angry flush had risen to his face, but second thought showed that his aunt had spoken out of real concern for him. She, as well as he, had the Loring conscientiousness.

The young man carried a heavy heart to his place of business that day. All through his work he kept hearing those words: "Think whether you are making a mistake." He knew that he loved Eileen as well as ever; the world would be a hateful place to him without her. But what if he had deceived himself in thinking that her pretty, thoughtless ways covered a warm, loving heart? What if she were really shallow and unfeeling, the mere butterfly of fashion that others thought her? He despised himself for the question, yet it per-

sisted in rising silently. He had known so little of Eileen before their engagement! Their acquaintance had been of the short-est. Did he actually know much, after all, of her real tastes, her deeper feelings? He banished the question angrily, calling back his loyalty and faith. But the weight at his heart had not quite lifted when, his work done, he came slowly homeward through the rain.

Eileen met him at the door. "I'm going to show you something the like of which is not to be found elsewhere in Greater Boston!" she announced.

Aunt Margaret came out of the drawing-room a little stiffly, and joined them with something the air of a prim little girl bidden to a party of which she does not wholly approve. Eileen led them with a flourish to the door of the closed room and, unlocking it, ushered them inside.

It certainly was a quaint and surprising sight in the big stately house,—that long, low room with a yellow painted floor like an old farmhouse kitchen. There were plenty of braided rugs laid around with the lavishness of our grandmothers, to whom rug-making was a pastime. A big, old-fashioned range had been set up, and a wood fire was crackling gaily up the wide chimney. The tea-kettle was singing a comfortable song, and Aunt Margaret's great gray cat—the one pet she had brought from the farm—was purring delightedly on the rug in front of the oven-door. There were two or three splint-bottomed chairs with soft, baggy cushions, and there was a low table with a red cover on which stood a motherly looking work-basket with a needle sticking in a half-mended stocking. There was an old-fashioned clock with a colored picture in the door, and it was ticking away soberly as if it had lived there for years. Other shelves held bright tin pans and quaint-shaped platters. There was a sink with a shelf on which stood a pail of water and a tin dipper. In short, it was a Yankee farmhouse kitchen complete; it only wanted a low, vine-wreathed back door opening straight into an old garden or a green orchard where blossoms drifted down and silver water sparkled at the foot of the slope.

But as the rain was beating against the windows they could afford to dismiss the vision of an open door and gather around

the fire, where the cat welcomed them rapturously.

Eileen did not sit down. She was stepping in and out of a closet which seemed to be fitted up as a pantry.

"We're going to have dinner right here," she announced; "that big dining-room of yours, Ward, has floated off into limbo for to-night. So has all the rest of that ark you call a house. There's only this room, just anchored in space with us in it, and before it gets loose again we're going to have a real country supper—I did n't mean to call it dinner. I suppose you know it's Saturday night, and of course there are beans in the oven. I'm going to make biscuit —"

At this Ward, who had been staring about like a man in a trance, suddenly threw back his head with a shout.

"You make biscuit!" he said. "Come, Aunt Margaret, this begins to look like a plot against our lives; but of course we can drop 'em under the table when her back is turned."

Eileen shrugged her shoulders at him, and went on with her preparations. She replenished the fire from a box of wood in the corner, took out of the oven a pot of beans (which the skeptic had to admit smelled delicious), and set them on the back of the stove, where they would not be injured by the extra heat of the oven she was preparing. Presently she emerged with her sleeves pinned up and with deft hand slid a tin into the oven before the scoffing Ward could get a glimpse of the contents. But it was actually biscuits that came out a few minutes later, and they proved to be as crisp and toothsome as they looked when, the table set and the tea poured, they gathered around the board.

Ward, who was by this time in such a state of astonishment that he could only gasp, ate his supper rather silently. So did Aunt Margaret, who seemed to grow stiffer every minute.

Eileen, however, chattered for all three, and about all things in heaven and earth rather than the new room and this unique entertainment. But for the chatter Ward might have been persuaded that the fairies had stolen his very modern Eileen and left this deft-handed changling in her place. He watched her with amusement, wondering what lay back of this pretty play and in what school of acting she had learned her

part, especially the biscuit! He would not spoil it by asking.

There was a little old piano in the room, and after supper, as the twilight fell and the firelight began to cast long gleams into shadowy corners, Eileen perched herself on the music-stool. Ward had heard her singing the latest opera catches, but never the old-time songs that all the world loves; he had no idea that she knew any such. But to-night she sang them,—“Old Folks at Home,” “Suwanee River.” How sweet they sounded in the silence of the house!

His eyes clung to the gleam of the girl's white gown in the dusk. What had come over her? Was all this only a pretty bit of masquerading? He wished to know what Aunt Margaret thought of it. She had been so grimly silent all the evening! Perhaps such childish play was an affront to her cold dignity. Must these two always jangle, like strings that cannot be attuned to each other?

He broke off his musings suddenly to listen. Eileen, her hands scarcely touching the keys, had glided into “Afton Water.” He remembered that in his summer visits to the old homestead they used to sing that, — Aunt Margaret, Uncle Jim, the children, and his boyish self,— all sitting on the porch in the twilight under the summer stars. There was witchery in Eileen's voice — a soft, pathetic voice, strangely and sweetly at variance with her frivolous manner. He could see the dim orchard slope where the fireflies sparkled and hear the musical whispers of the river dreaming in the flower-scented dusk of the low fields around the old home.

“Flow gently, sweet Afton;
Disturb not her dream.”

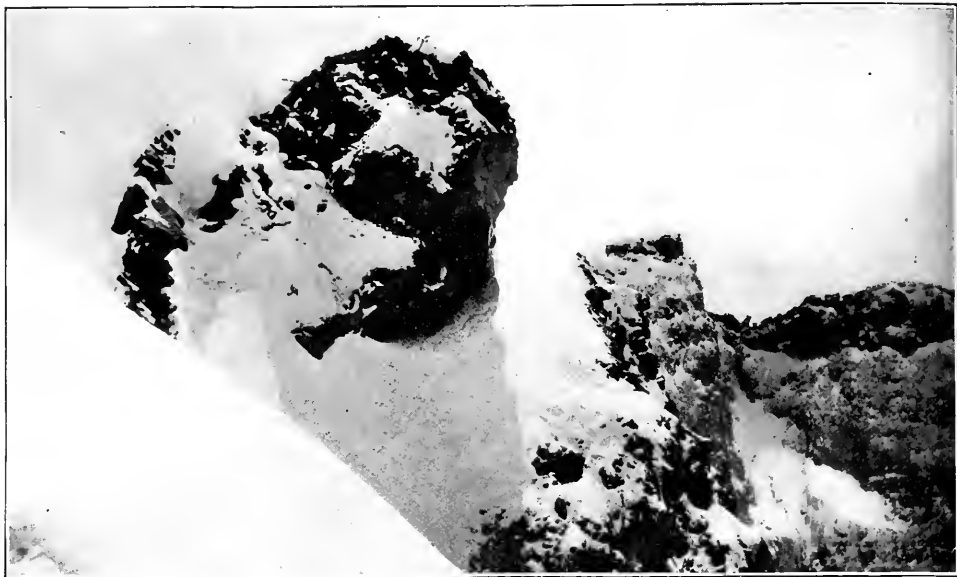
Through the low, plaintive music a sound broke suddenly; it was a stifled sob from Aunt Margaret's corner.

The song ended in the middle of a line. Eileen's gown flashed like a white wing across the shadows and she was on her knees by Aunt Margaret's chair, with her

arms around the bowed figure, her sweet voice rippling a loving accompaniment to the older woman's broken words:

“There, there, poor dear! I knew it would bring it all back; but it will do you good, darling, and you shall cry as much as ever you like. And, O Ward Loring, how can a man be such a simpleton at your time of life! You told me she was reserved, and did n't understand our ways, and might be shocked by this and that. You never told me at all that she was homesick! — just homesick almost to death. And it took me ever so long to find out what really ailed her, you had misled me so; and even then I was afraid to put my finger on the hurt, and had to get up this play because I did n't dare say a word, she covered it all up so with starch and dignity. And I was scared to death of her, so I covered that up with sauce (it was all I had, poor thing!). But oh, Auntie, don't you ever be a hero like that again; you just tell it all out to your foolish little niece and let her talk to you about the time they reft her away from the home where she was born (just like this, with yellow-painted floor and rugs and all) and carried her off to Europe and New York and other heathen places to be educated in a lot of things she did n't want to know. Oh, all the culture in the world can't buy a home like this, can it, Auntie? It takes somebody that's lived it like you and me. And I suppose Ward Loring thinks any fool can make biscuit, but it took me all summer to learn when I was a girl. And say, Auntie, Ward's going to buy me a wedding present to give to you; he has n't said so, but he is; and it's your old home, just as it used to be. First we shall go up there and live with you, and then you'll come here and live with us, and every summer we'll spend there all together. And next time I'll find out things for myself; for I'll never trust a man again!”

“My dear,” said Aunt Margaret, in happy bewilderment, as she felt the young arms cling about her, “I don't think you need to!”



Within the crater of Mt. Popocatepetl

UP MT. POPOCATEPETL

By G. F. PAUL

Once more, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing
peak,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure
serene,

Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast —
Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain, thou
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base,
Slow traveling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me — rise, O, ever rise;
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth,
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven.
Great hierarch, tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!

— Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

looks out over the valley of Mexico from some hilltop, that same snow-capped mountain, majestic and serene, will rivet his attention and make him think twice whether he can conquer its 17,800 feet or not. In height, it yields to only one elevation in the North American continent, Mount St. Elias; in beauty, it yields to none. It is now an extinct volcano, its name signifying "the smoking mountain," but sulphur fumes and smoke are still emitted, and, like other volcanoes of the same latitude, rising again in its fury, it may pour down a flood of lava and ashes upon the valleys of Mexico and Puebla.

EVERY American schoolboy, seeking refuge in his geography to keep out of mischief, will sooner or later find in it the picture of a bold, snow-capped mountain, and beneath it a name that makes him look twice to pronounce it. And when, grown to manhood, he

On Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, three of us, Vaughan of Louisiana, Marion now of Tehuantepec, and myself, left Mexico City for Popocatepetl. When it happened to be suggested at the hotel that we should make the trip we were ready in two minutes. It hardly need be said that we knew nothing of the elaborate preparations other parties made for the ascent. We had

no blue goggles, no fancy alpenstocks, no ostentatious firearms. Our stock in trade consisted of a "gringo" air and an aggregate of nine badly battered Spanish words. Carefully husbanding the same, we pulled out of the San Lazaro station just as the daily rain came down upon us. Along the wide roads leading to the city groups of ragged peons huddled close to the protecting trees, or crouched near their patient

dot the roadside. Long-horned cattle, like those of Italy's Campagna, feed knee-deep on the luxuriant marsh grass. The rain clears away, and the men, shaking their blankets, set off at a brisk canter. Off to the right, beyond the canal, rises an extinct volcano, an outpost of Iztaccihuatl. The train crawls carefully up the rough mountain-side. Again the rain sets in even harder than before, splashing bucketfuls



Gate to the town of Amecameca, at the foot of Mt. Popocatepetl

burros. Lake Texcoco spread out to the left of us. On we went through the big olive-trees of Ayotla, where the real ascent of the Sierra Nevada begins. The road follows the highway that passes now, as it did long before the time of Cortes, between Popocatepetl and the twin peak, Iztaccihuatl. By this highway Span'sh, French, and American invaders have descended on the nation's capital.

The ride is a succession of panoramas from the Old World. Quaint little shrines

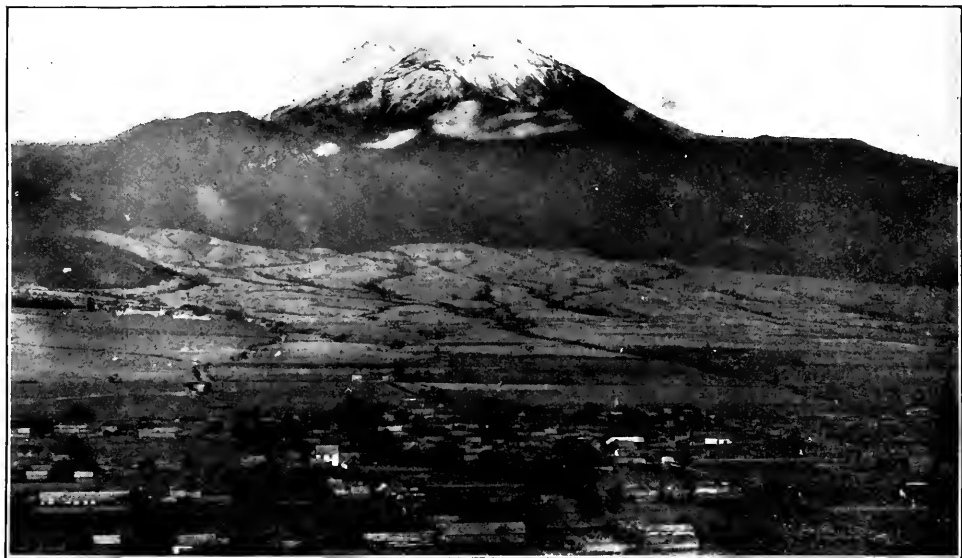
against the windows and threatening to overturn the little narrow-gauge cars. Great gusts of wind puff out the smoky lamps, leaving us in a dripping, inky blackness that is only accentuated by the flaring streaks of lightning. The angry growl of tropical thunder rolls back from mountain fastnesses. The water rises in a twinkling, flooding the track and stopping the train. After an hour's delay the water subsides, and we pull on to Amecameca.

We were met by a pack of noisy urchins,

each anxious to carry a grip. They took us through the high double gate of the only hotel in this city of ten thousand people. Amecameca is old enough for even the slow-going Mexicans to get two hotels started by this time, for it was founded by the Chicimecs in 647 A.D. Back of the city rises the remarkable Sacro Monte, a solitary hill heavily wooded, on the top of which, reached by a magnificent stone stairway, are two famous churches. To visit these most sacred shrines, great numbers of pilgrims trudge many a mile, even coming from

could n't make any very satisfactory combination of our nine Spanish words, so he shrugged his shoulders and left.

Our room was a huge one with three beds; the wash-basin was as big as a tub; the soft pine floor was painted bright red; the door-keys were as ponderous as those of London Tower. The next morning we were up early, eager to see how the land lay. A fat, bare-footed girl was laboriously sweeping with a wisp of a broom the stone walks that rambled among the geranium-beds. Oriental Charley was clicking



Popocatepetl from Amecameca

such distant places as Zacatecas and San Luis Potosi.

But to return to the hotel. It was built around an open court, or patio, where, as we found later, luxurious flowers rioted in lavish profusion. We had no sooner said that we intended to climb Popocatepetl than one of the Mexican muchachos was off like a flash to find his master. That worthy came while Charley, the Chinaman, was bringing on steaks and chicken and black coffee. The would-be renter of guides and horses was slim and swarthy, with heavy sombrero and dark serape. His tall figure made a striking picture as he stood in the dim light near the table and occasionally flicked his cigarette. He

around, setting the breakfast-table. Down the middle of the streets the water from the previous night's rain was still coursing. The picturesque churches and quaint market that at another time would have claimed attention were almost unnoticed, for, seemingly within gunshot, rose "the monarch of mountains," and if he felt as big as he looked he certainly must have thought this tiny world of ours too small a footstool for his royal self.

After more dickerings for a guide and horses, we had a hamper filled with food; at noon we were in the saddle and off for the mountains. Half an hour later a rain-cloud saw us scudding along and pounced down upon us with full force. Then it was

simply a question of sitting still in the saddle and letting the water drip. Farther on, while we were trying to dry our blankets, we met a long train of burros creeping down from the mountain loaded with wood and charcoal.

Off to the left extended a large hacienda, or ranch, a magnificent and well-equipped estate, for we could hear the siren whistle of its mill. The ascent led us by deep canyons and through dark, dense forests of pine. The air was filled with resinous odors. One distinctly noticeable fact was

waist-high. At the foot of the hill we crossed a small plateau of rock and volcanic sand; almost before we could realize it, the stone chimney of the sulphur-furnace at Tlamacas, as the ranch is called, popped into sight. We could now see the great volcano in all its dread grandeur. Until then it had seemed a pyramid. Now beyond the timbered barranca it swelled high its snowy tent, filling the whole southern sky. Colossal, stupendous, sublime, it towered above our Lilliputian selves. Like school-boys before a stern master's eye, our chat-



Mt. Iztaccihuatl from Mt. Popocatepetl

the absence of animal life. There was not a bird in sight, nor was the stillness of that vast forest broken by a sound except the steady hoof-beats of our horses. Far below us we could catch flitting glimpses of Amecameca, bathed in the sweetness of the summer sun. Down from the ice-clad sides of old Popo swept a chilling wind that went through our clothing as if it were paper. Each man instinctively touched up his horse, that we might reach shelter before darkness settled over the land. A few minutes later, after passing several rough hummocks, we went slipping and sliding down a steep ravine covered with clumps of grass

ter ceased. Even Marion quit regaling us with the melody, "In days of old, when knights were bold;" an elevation of 12,772 feet and a frowning, chilly mountain did not encourage singing in the least.

As the rude log-and-board house for men was nearly destroyed, we made the well-ventilated horse-shed our headquarters. Here at Tlamacas the sulphur taken out of the crater was formerly purified in the big furnace. After a sulphur-digger had hoisted to the edge of the crater twenty-five hundred pounds of sulphur it was roped together. Squatting on the snow, he would make a cushion of his blanket and take a

toboggan-slide down the mountain, dragging in his wake the train of sulphur.

After supper we brought in our horses and spread our blankets in the remaining space around the suffocating, blinding fire. The rain came driving down, making us fear every moment the frail structure would collapse. The guide, who had affirmed that he would n't sleep a wink, curled up in a fat ball and dreamed of scarlet serapes and brave bull-fights, while the inquisitive rain beat through the gaping cracks and the fire sizzled and smoked. About midnight a piercing howl awoke us. The bald-faced

the giant, broken only by the black pinnacle known as Pico del Fraile (the friar's cap).

At an elevation of 13,710 feet we left all trees and grasses behind us. Scoria, ashes, and snow lay in front. Our horses sank to their knees in the volcanic sand; they quickly became exhausted, and time and again had to stop and rest. As the grade was steep, we advanced in a series of zig-zags, we ourselves walking most of the way. At last we reached Las Cruces, a cheerless bunch of rocks with one or two gruesome crosses; here still harder work began. The guide would go no farther, but sat down on



The shelter on the side of Mt. Popocatepetl

pony had stepped square on the mozo's left foot. He clubbed the beast and moved his bed to the manger. Presently, when the rain slackened and the wind lulled, we got some sleep, waking in time to see the sun tinting the eastern skies with splendor and charging the clouds below us with gorgeous reds and yellows. We swallowed our breakfast and set out in single file through the silent forest. Passing over outstretched pines, we reached the Barranca of Niloac. Down we seemed to plunge into its gloomy depths, letting the horses have their way as they felt along the narrow twelve-inch path cut in the side of the cliff. Far above loomed the eternal whiteness of

the cold rocks and puffed at cigarettes. On we pushed afoot. At an elevation of nearly 16,000 feet Vaughan insisted that he could not go a step farther. He began to bleed at the nose, his heart was beating like a trip-hammer, his temples throbbed as if to burst. He would not, however, listen to one of us going back with him, saying that he could n't think of spoiling our trip. It was with the greatest reluctance that we saw him start back down the mountain alone. He crept slowly on all fours; but after being assured that he would be all right, we two climbed on as best we could. Every hundred feet we would have to rest, for we puffed as if we had run a good half-mile at a 2:10 pace.



Valley of Puebla through the clouds from Mt. Popocatepetl

Whirling rocks, loosened from their resting-places of centuries, came whizzing down as if shot from a catapult.

Many leagues to the east shone the white walls and towering Campaniles of Puebla, "the city of the angels." Still farther arose the inaccessible peaks of Mount Orizaba. Silver threads of rivers stole down from the

mountains and lost themselves in the foothills. Like a band of fairy sprites, whirling wraiths of clouds circled around the dome of the White Woman, Iztaccihuatl.

As we climbed still higher, Marion's right foot became numb as a board, the cold growing more and more severe. It was not until then that we had fully realized



Down Popocatepetl on a toboggan

our lack of preparation for the hazardous trip. Every time we fell on the icy crust of the snow, cutting our hands on the glasslike projections, we felt the need of spiked shoes and a pair of heavy mittens. And then the dense mists would sweep by us upward, chilling us to the bone. Whenever in this way we lost sight of one another, we would stand still

and wait for the mist to clear. A snowslide started above us and went swirling down on our left. The snow was exceedingly slippery and treacherous. Had we fallen, we would have tumbled into one of the deep ravines, or dashed down to Las Cruces with the speed of a runaway engine. At last, when our patience was as small as a mole-hill and our appetites as large as mountains, we dragged ourselves up a last fifty feet and crouched near one of the peaks at the crater's rim, called "Espinazo del Diablo" (the Devil's Backbone). From here we saluted Vaughan below

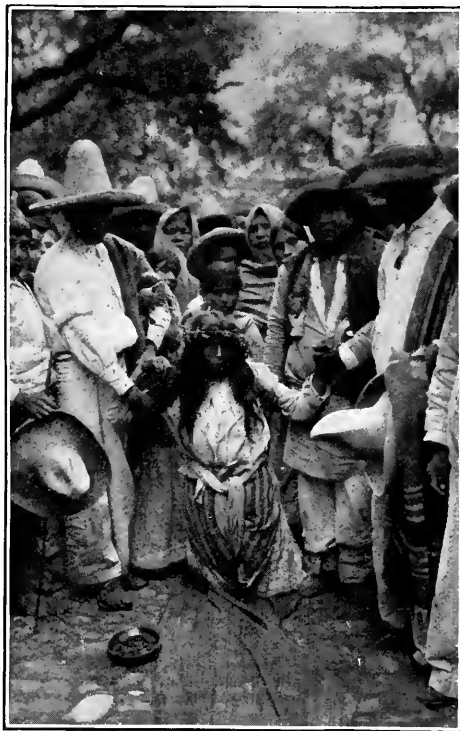
with cheers that never reached him. The diameter of this vast crater is fully half a mile. A little green sulphur pleasure-lake, some thirty yards in length, lies at the bottom of this yawning cauldron, whence fifty fumaroles, or vents, are constantly pouring forth their deadly fumes. A primitive *malacate*, or winch, stood at the edge of the crater, showing how the sulphur had been hoisted. Workmen here, if they carried life-insurance policies, would soon break the com-

pany, unless an injunction were obtained restraining clumsy chunks of the rim from tumbling into the pit, stopping for a moment on their way to demolish the cave where a shift of sulphur-eaten miners slept.

As we were suffering greatly from the cold, we did not attempt any descent into the mixing-bowl five hundred feet below;

we did not tarry long to consider the forces that threw up this bulbous mass and left a vent for the angry monster within; nor could we contemplate with a Baron Humboldt the thousands of square miles visible from this aerial watch-tower, for thick flakes of snow began to fall. As far as the snow-line we almost crept, descending. From there we went in long, hungry leaps down over the volcanic sand. At Tlamacas we found Vaughan and the guide holding Quaker meeting. Five minutes later we were mounted and on our way back to Amecameca, our faces red as beets from the

glare of the sun on the snow. We rode back, as we wanted to catch our train back to Mexico City that night. The guide swore up and down and to right and left that it was impossible, but we set him a break-neck pace down the mountain over glazed rocks and twisted pines. We drew up in Amecameca in time to catch our train, after paying the monopolistic landlady fifty cents apiece for a cubic inch of pie and a gulp of coffee.



Climbing "Sacro Monte" on her knees,
Amecameca, Mexico

THE HISTORICAL PICTURES OF FRANK O. SMALL*

By WILLIAM MACDONALD



PAINTINGS with historical subjects ought, by general admission, to possess at least two primary characteristics. They should be, in both scene and detail, historically accurate so far as accuracy in either respect is attainable; and they should also be works of art. Critical opinion has, indeed, differed as to which of these qualities should be most emphasized, or allowed to have, in a final judgment, the greater weight. Artistic pose or grouping, vivid portrayal of situation or emotion, striking embodiment of the spirit of time or place, have not seldom given distinction and permanent recognition to paintings whose fidelity to historical truth does not bear close examination. On the other hand, faithful delineation of facts has as often produced works of admitted interest and value, notwithstanding this lack of the higher artistic qualities. That the two virtues of accuracy and art, however, should, if possible, both exist in the same picture is so far a truism as to need no demonstration. Neither artist nor historian can view with permanent interest or delight a painting which purports to be what it is not, or which sacrifices historical truthfulness for the sake of mere artistic effect.

Teachers of history, especially those whose pupils are young children, have not infrequently spoken in condemnation of so-called "fancy" pictures, meaning thereby pictures which, however historically accurate in this or that detail, are not veritable representations, capable of verification at every point, of the scenes which they ostensibly portray. Some of the best-known historical paintings, admittedly the products of artistic genius, have been pulled down and cast out by these iconoclasts. No one, for example, so far as we know, sketched on the spot the crossing of the Delaware by Washington and his men;

accordingly, though we know that that event actually occurred at a particular time and place in the Revolutionary War, our ignorance of the shape and size of the boat in which Washington himself was, or of just where in the craft he stood, or of just how many companions he had, forbids us to accord historical significance or value to any alleged representation of that famous scene. No photographer was present to "snap" the burial of De Soto; hence we may make merry over the artists who show the companions of the explorer lowering his body to its watery grave, sometimes from one side of the canoe, sometimes from the other. The impressionable minds of the young must be protected, in the interest of historical truth, from the perverting influence of the artists' imagination..

Obviously, the logical inference from such extreme insistence upon historical fidelity would seem to be the repudiation, at least for instructive purposes, of all pictures not drawn directly from life. The photographer displaces the artist, and becomes the one sure reliance of the historian. That such is the narrow province of historical delineation, few, I think, would seriously care to maintain. No more in art than in morals is one excused for tithing mint, anise, and cummin while neglecting the weightier matters of the law. What one asks of the historical painter is not, primarily and chiefly, accuracy of detail; for accuracy, so far as available sources make accuracy possible, is rather a quality to be assumed. The larger and deeper question is, Has the artist caught the very spirit and temper of the scene which he fixes upon his canvas? Has he seized a typical moment or event? Does he truly picture, in general setting and character as well as in minutiae, a past time? Might the scene which he portrays, though unsketched by any of those who witnessed it, nevertheless actu-

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The Return of the Mayflower

ally have happened in this very way? If these questions can be answered in the affirmative, then the picture, though still the product of "fancy," is a contribution to historical understanding, a worthy aid to knowledge and appreciation of the days that have gone before.

Through the generosity of Mr. Samuel Morris Conant, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, the Department of History in Brown University has recently come into possession of a collection of fourteen historical paintings by Mr. Frank O. Small, which present numerous points of interest for historical students and artists. The pictures, representing subjects in early American history, are canvasses of large size. They were originally painted as the bases of illustrations for a volume entitled "Stepping-Stones of American History," a coöperative work by such well-known writers as Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites, Dr. George Hodges, Mr. Edwin D. Mead, Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, and Hon. John D. Long. The volume was published in 1904 by the W. A. Wilde Company of Boston. In January, 1905, the pictures were exhibited at the Boston Public Library, where they attracted marked attention. Upon their transfer to Brown University, they were exhibited for a week at the Providence Art Club, and are now hung temporarily in the Faculty-room of the university. Their permanent resting-place will probably be the historical seminary rooms to be provided for in the new John Hay Memorial Library.

Taken as a whole, one is struck at once with the brilliant coloring, the large number of figures, the effective grouping, and the careful drawing. A critic has spoken of the almost tinlike brilliancy of some of Mr. Small's earlier work — a defect which he has avoided in this group of pictures, notwithstanding the free use of vivid tints and the striking contrasts of light and shade. The interposition of a sharply defined block of color upon a broad expanse is an effectively used device for impressing both color and distance, especially in sky effects; and the numerous figures do not crowd. In point of detailed accuracy the artist has spared no pains. Costumes, furniture, implements, and weapons are reproduced, as far as possible, from originals or from contemporary models and prints, or from the

works of recognized authorities; while the figures of persons follow, though they do not copy, well-known contemporary or early paintings where such are obtainable. Not every painter will make a journey to measure and sketch an ancient flintlock or a colonial pulpit, or devote painstaking care to the details of dress; but a minute study of Mr. Small's work shows how thoroughly he has fortified himself in these respects. Had the paintings no other merit, they would repay study as examples of historical reproduction.

To speak briefly of the separate pictures: the first in chronological order, and one of the most interesting of the collection, is "Columbus." The discoverer is represented as standing at night near the bow of his vessel, peering anxiously into the darkness for the long-awaited indication of land. The time is near the end of the voyage, when the crew, timid, disheartened, and mutinous, are on the point of rebellion. Grouped about the foremast, their figures lighted up by a lantern carried on the port bow, are four sailors, their sullen, brutal faces speaking only too plainly their willingness to throw overboard the intrepid commander who stands with his back towards them, a few paces distant. The head of Columbus is drawn from the Uffizi portrait and that in the Marine Museum at Madrid.

Painful in its vivid reminder of a social condition now, happily, long since and forever passed away, but remarkable as a piece of drawing and coloring, is "The First Slave Market." The scene is the sale at Jamestown, in 1619, of the first company of African negroes brought to this country as slaves. A negro, naked, stands upon a hogshead with his back to the spectator, his tall, muscular figure sharply outlined against a sky of brilliant blue. Before him is a motley group of curious colonists, listening to the trader, who is descanting upon the qualities of his property; while just beyond is the stockade, with the masts of the Dutch vessel showing above. The same subject has been treated by Howard Pyle in an illustration which appears in Woodrow Wilson's "History of the American People," but with the difference that while Mr. Pyle pictures a group of slaves huddled together on the shore, Mr. Small chooses the more vivid moment of sale.



A Salem Witch Trial

Of a wholly different sort is the picture entitled "A Dutch Fur-Trader among the Indians." An Indian, naked to the waist, but imposing in paint and feathers, has thrown upon the table in the trader's cabin some furs, over whose price he and the trader are haggling. By his side, wrapped in a blanket, stands another savage silently watching the transaction, while the members of the trader's family are grouped about the fireplace at the right. That the Indian will probably part with his furs for the string of trinkets which the trader dandles in his hand is a foregone conclusion. The coloring in this picture is warm and rich, and the entire effect extremely attractive.

The gem of the collection, perhaps, is "The Return of the Mayflower." The scene is the beach at Plymouth, with Manomet Point in the distance. There a group of Pilgrims, with bared heads, bow reverently while Elder Brewster offers prayer, none venturing to look at the *Mayflower*, which is disappearing on the horizon. The figure of Brewster, the centre of the group, standing out prominently against a background of sky and sea, is singularly noble and impressive; while the pose of the entire group is so natural as to conceal the artistic skill of its composition. I do not know of any picture which so admirably illustrates the simplicity, courage, steadfastness, and romance of the Pilgrim Fathers, or which enforces so touchingly the isolation and loneliness of their first months in the new world.

It is not from mere accident or local pride that the early history of New England has appealed to later generations as the most romantic and, in some respects at least, the most interesting in American colonial annals. Our New England forefathers, however difficult to get on with at times, no doubt, united in unusual measure religious assurance, moral earnestness, and an instinctive felling for common action — qualities which, in every age of the world, have proved more fascinating and inspiring than the incidents of industrial activity. "They live by the air," said an enemy of the Puritans, "and there they build churches and palaces, for none on earth can satisfy them."

It is not surprising, therefore, that five of Mr. Small's pictures should draw their

subjects from New England. Who, for example, that has known a small New England town, even of to-day, can fail to catch the spirit of "A New England Town Meeting," as it picturesquely recalls that unique forum for political debate and agitation, that school for the training of citizens, to which, next to religion, New England chiefly owes the public spirit which characterizes it? The summons by beat of drum, the preliminary discussions outside the place of meeting, and the absorbed attention of children recall vividly a drama whose scenes have not yet ceased to be acted even in these days of railroads, mills, and foreign immigration.

In "A Salem Witch Trial" the cold, cheerless interior of the room, with its unrelieved spaces of bare, dead wall, effectively enhance the dreadful features of a scene in which justice, mercy, and reason were alike renounced, and ignorance, credulity, terror, and vindictiveness combined to condemn the innocent and weak. Mr. Small can be pitilessly, almost brutally, realistic, and he is so here, as he is in "The Death of King Philip," where the savage monarch, shot in the back by a contemptible renegade of his own race, lies face downward in the pool of water into which he has fallen, while an unmoved colonist beckons his followers to come and view this "crowning mercy."

Colonial Pennsylvania is represented by a striking group showing the presentation to William Penn of the formal tokens of possession of the Quaker colony. Amid the joyous acclamations of a picturesque group of colonists, and in sight of the vessel from which he has landed, Penn receives from the representatives of the Duke of York the key to the fort at New Castle, together with "turf and twig, water and soil."

From the period of the French wars, Mr. Small has chosen the incident of "British Soldiers Scaling the Cliffs at Quebec." The brilliant scarlet of the soldiers' uniforms, drawn in a long, sinuous line through the centre of the picture, makes one of the most striking color-effects in the collection; while the cliff itself, whose top and slope fill the greater part of the canvas, is a strong piece of nature-painting.

None of the military operations of the Revolution are treated in this collection,



A New England Town Meeting

though the field is one which artists have worked but little. The three pictures which deal with the Revolutionary period are "Samuel Adams Denouncing the Tea Duty," "Washington and Lafayette," and "Washington Taking Leave of His Officers." The first of these shows Adams standing in the Old South Meeting-house, the bare room dimly lighted by candles on the table at his side. Before him is Rotch, the consignee of the tea, listening to the ultimatum of the patriot leader; and behind him the eager, determined throng of townspeople waiting for the word which will let vengeance have its way. The dignified figure of Adams, drawn from the Stuart painting in the Boston Athenæum, is impressively set off by the darkened room and the just discerned sections of pulpit and gallery.

The picture of the first meeting of Washington and Lafayette, in August, 1777, based upon the account in Sparks's "Life of Washington," shows the two men conversing after dinner, somewhat apart from the rest of the company, who are about leaving the room. The details of costume and furniture here are especially worth studying, as is the doorway, drawn from the contemporary Chase House at Annapolis.

The impressive farewell of Washington is another fine example of figure-grouping, not less than seventeen figures, among them Greene, Lincoln, Heath, Knox, Steuben, and Morgan being gathered about the retiring commander-in-chief as, with raised glass, he pledges their health.

Two pictures complete the series. "The Signing of the Constitution" has as its centre the figures of Washington and Franklin, the latter seated at the table in the act of signing, while the former stands by his side. Among the others present are Dickinson, Hamilton, Sherman, Madison, and Morris. The last picture in chronological order is "Daniel Boone." He is standing alone and self-contained on a rocky height in Kentucky, surveying a West in whose discovery and exploration he was a romantic leader, and whose conquest for civilization he was destined in considerable part to see.

Time alone, of course, can fix Mr. Small's place among historical painters. Beyond his unquestioned artistic power, however, he must be credited with the rare gift of historical imagination; and of this the pictures of which Brown University is the fortunate possessor afford a notable illustration.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE MAPLES

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

In the rapt silence and the hush at spring
 The trees were born of April; then did rains
 Waken like silvery trumpets in their veins
 The tides of beauty that forever swing
 With music, upward building as they sing
 The green roofs of the world; then came with strains
 Sweet minstrels to the boughs; in leafy lanes
 Then did the bees and butterflies take wing.

But now the brief umbrageous hour is done,
 And summer ends like story that is told.
 Yet fairer in the chill autumnal breath
 The maples grow. Lo, snatching from the sun
 A fire Promethean of red and gold,
 They flame defiance in the face of death!

DREAMS IN JEOPARDY

A WELSH STORY

By JEANNETTE MARKS



PEDR EVANS dove into the contents of a box of picture post-cards; from the shop-counter all that could be seen of him was the back of broad shoulders, two inches of sturdy neck, well-shaped ears, and a thatch of brown hair. The box, which was large and placed on a shelf behind the counter, gave evidences to the person who could peek over the counter and around Pedr of being in an alarming state of disorder. Apparently the man fumbling among the cards intended to rearrange them; at least, some line of the figure suggested that this was the impression he wished to convey. But it was as if he were running his hands through sand, for the postals slipped from his fingers and fell in even greater confusion. A woman who had entered the shop door looked at his back a second,— she had seen a rim of the face as it turned quickly away,— smiled, lifted her eyebrows, and stuck her tongue into one heavily tinted cheek.

"Ts, 'ts," she hissed, behind her teeth. Pedr wheeled about; in turning he caught the corner of his box of postals and over they went upon the floor.

"Wel indeed, Catrin Griffiths," he said, with an attempt at composure.

"Aye, it's me," she answered, airily. "Ffi! Playin' cards, Pedr Evans? Um-m, what would Nelw Parry be sayin'?"

Pedr colored and shifted his weight.

"No, puttin' the stock in order," he objected.

"Yes? Wel, an' playin' you did n't see me? Yes?"

Catrin patted the puffs of yellow hair that projected from under her pink hat and, placing a finger on her lips, smiled insinuatingly at Pedr. It was evident as she stood before him that she considered herself alluring, a charming embodiment of the world and the flesh and the devil. Of that world, it was rumored, Pedr Evans knew

something; at least he had made excursions into it: he had been to Liverpool, nay, he had been even further, for he had been to London. London! The word chimed as merrily in Catrin's ears as coronation bells. London! Pedr Evans had been to London, and the magic word had been in more mouths than Catrin's. There was never a question asked in Conwy, climbing by degrees to the wise men of the village and still failing an answer, but people would say, "Aye, wel indeed, *we* dunno, but Pedr Evans he's been to London, an' he'll know, whatever." Catrin Griffiths had seen him mount the London coach and she had seen him return. And by a method of reasoning wholly her own she had concluded that he would appreciate her, for she, Catrin Griffiths, had seen something of that world, too; she had seen highly colored prints of Piccadilly, the 'busses with gay people a-top, and fine ladies in their carriages clad in cloaks and furs and furbelows, throats and wrists bejewelled in a marvellous fashion; and such fine gentlemen driving the carriages! And, what is more, she had spelled painfully through the English, in which her tongue was stiff, of a beautiful romance, "Lady Nain's Escape." Catrin considered her worldly schooling of colored pictures, a novel, and advertisements, the best, and with an occasional shilling sent to Liverpool she had literally applied this tuition to her face and figure. She realized, however, that there were still worlds for her to conquer and a far, enchanted land called Drawing-room into which she had not as yet had even a lithographic peep. Because she longed for greater nearness to this kingdom, therefore she longed for Pedr. As she stood before him, her pink hat on her yellow hair, her painted face thick with chalk, her lips a glossy carmine, her throat embedded in fluffs of cheap tulle, her figure stuffed into an ancient suit of white serge, she was wondering how it would be possible for any

man to resist her. But the man whom she ogled blushed; he looked furtively towards the windows and at the door at the back of the shop, and it was plain to be seen that he felt himself caught in a trap between his counter and the shelf. He seemed ashamed — ashamed to look at her.

"Wel, Catrin," he said, without lifting his eyes, "what can I do for you to-day?"

"Dear anwyl, it's most slipped my mind — um-m — wel, I'll be havin' sixpence worth of writin'-paper."

"Aye, smooth, I suppose?" he asked, taking it from the shelf.

"No, I think; I'll take it rough, for that's the style now, whatever."

"Oh, very well."

"Been takin' photographs lately, Pedr?"

"Not many."

"I'm thinkin' you'll be goin' down Caerhun way some day soon," she continued, her pink face wrinkling with mingled mirth and deviltry; "it's very pretty there, good for an artist like you."

Pedr folded in the ends of the parcel and said nothing.

"Aye," she went on, "an' there's an old church there, with a bell-tower that looks over the wall like an eye; it don't wink, Pedr, but I'm thinkin', indeed, it could tell a good deal, if it had a mind to. It's next to the church the Parrys used to live."

Pedr, tying the parcel and snapping the string, maintained his silence.

"It's there old Parry used to be drunk as a faucet; aye, an', Pedr," she whispered, "I could be tellin' you somethin' else. Nelw Parry —"

"Twt," said Pedr, angrily, "here's your parcel, Catrin Griffiths. You'll have to be excusin' me this mornin', for I'm busy."

"Pw, busey!" and Catrin laughed shrilly. "You're always busy when there's a mention of Nelw Parry. Wel, ask Nelw herself what it is she can tell you that you don't know. Perhaps you'll be *wantin'* to know before you marry her."

And with a flounce Catrin Griffiths betook herself out of the shop.

Pedr with his back to the counter was the same as Pedr with his face to the shop door; however, he did not seem the same. The back suggested middle age, but the face was the face of a boy in its expression, with something perennially young about it — it may have been innocence or untouched

pride or something that looked from his eyes as if they had been those of a mere girl. The sentimentalist, rather than have him selling writing-paper, would doubtless have preferred to see him reciting an awdl or, in the dress of an ancient bard, playing upon a harp. Indeed, except for a conscious awkwardness of hand and a certain steadfast, almost impassive look about the mouth, he might have taken either part well. Howbeit, he could neither play a harp nor recite an ode. And because he kept only a stationer's shop which contained a fine medley of inferior post-cards scattered everywhere, piles of newspapers, books, shelves of letter-paper, trinkets of rustic and plebeian sort, it would not be safe to conclude that he was no more than a commonplace man. Because he spent his leisure from the shop in taking pictures of the country he loved it would not be wise to decide that he was therefore a poor mediocre thing who had not brains enough to make even a very wretched artist, who was in short a mere factotum to higher ability. Pedr's shop, which lay on a steep, winding cobblestone street next to the Cambrian Pill Depot, five doors down from Plas Mawr and twenty doors up from the Castle Gate, was tenanted by dreams as fair and holy in service — although they never found their way into the world except by means of sensitized paper or by an occasional expression in Pedr's eyes or tremble of his impassive lips — this shop was tenanted by dreams as fair as any which had ever waited upon accepted painter or poet. They had a habit of tip-toeing about unseen, so that the usual customer who entered Pedr's door would not have felt their presence. Nelw Parry had come to know them well, but before Catrin Griffiths they vanished away. The lovely color of dawn itself was not gobbled up faster by the smoke of trade than these entities disappeared at the sound of Catrin Griffiths' heels upon the street. In fact, the tiny beings were troubled by the presence even of post-cards; for, dream-like, they wished to give all they had, if need be, to the hearts seen beating through the hands that held them, and these cards lying upon the floor, these flaunting things of many colors, were commerce — things, they thought, which were to steal something from men. Over that counter, whence a few minutes ago he had recoiled, Pedr

Evans had often leaned, with many invisible eyes smiling upon him, taking from some old folio pictures which had the very lustre of the sky; or the mingled shadow and iridescence of a hillside, mysteriously suggestive of the sea; or some flow and subsidence of light itself. Like any other mortal, poor Pedr had to live, and that is why he kept a shop next to the Cambrian Pill Depot. But it was not any necessity of existence which made him lean upon the counter showing a picture another man never would have had the wit to take. To Pedr something beautiful was always worth the plate, so he had many pictures no one bought and he was not often given a chance to show.

Later in the day, after his encounter with Catrin Griffiths, Pedr was with Nelw Parry in the sitting-room of the Raven Temperance, drinking tea. Nelw's house was a quaint stuccoed building with a quantity of chimney-pots sticking up into the sky, neat steps and a brass sill at the front door, a painted sign, "Raven Temperance," and printed cards at the windows, one bearing a cyclist's wheel decorated with mercurial wings, the other the gratifying word "Refreshments." Within the room were two people, both middle-aged, drinking tea — a commonplace enough scene, the casual observer would have said; however, at that moment these two people, even if they were doing nothing more romantic than talking quietly together, lifting their tea-cups once in a while and looking at each other a great deal, were very much like good children in a fairy-tale. It may have been merely a trick of the light due to the low casement-windows that the room seemed more peaceful than most rooms in Conwy. The subdued light touched the soft green walls gently, reaching for the top as if it were some enchanted region to enter which it must climb. Indeed, it was an enchanted region, for there a shining silver river ran in and out, in and out, among alleys of green trees. In and out, in and out, it ran noiselessly, and yet it seemed to Pedr, as to some strangers who entered the little room for refreshments, to sing a song heard before — just when, just how, was another question. Some visitors who had been in that room once came again to sit, often bodily weary, while their eyes travelled to that border of the shining river and, the mistress of The Raven waited

upon them tranquilly, placing the service before them, and it may be adjusting a wrap about a stranger's shoulders as delicately as if she were adding to the comfort of some happy fancy, some ideal, some dream, that a burdened touch might shatter. Grateful, there were tired travellers glad to come and go phantom-like, putting down their silver gently, in a room where reality seemed the greatest phantom of all.

To Pedr it was better than the best picture he had ever taken — better than the best, because the thought of taking it would have seemed like desecration. He looked at Nelw, as he did every few seconds, alternately over his tea-cup and then without that barrier to his gaze. Coils of dark hair made the shapely head heavy on the slender neck, as if the weight of that abundant beauty were great. It was wonderful hair, making in its shadowy depth a shade for the white, sensitive face, quiet as the revery of her eyes. In a land where comely hair blessed poor and rich alike with its wealth, Nelw Parry's was even lovelier than that of her neighbors. It had one peculiarity, however, which her neighbors did not admire, but which to Pedr — perhaps to something untutored in Pedr — was dear. Around the edges of its abundance little curls escaped.

"Nelw," he said, glancing at her wistfully, "they're prettier than ever."

She brushed the curls back and looked at him with reproach, as if something she was thinking about, or something of which they had been talking, had been rudely disturbed. As an actual matter of fact, they had been saying nothing for two or three minutes, indulging the speechlessness of those who know their way even by day to another land. But Pedr was aware what sort of answer any remark about Nelw's hair always fetched, so he changed the subject.

"Dearie, Catrin Griffiths was in the shop this mornin'."

"What was she wantin'?"

"I dunno; she bought sixpence worth of writin'-paper," replied Pedr, regarding Nelw with the air of a man who would like to say more. He was wondering how much she guessed of Catrin's angling.

A shadow of annoyance passed over Nelw's face.

"Dearie," he continued, encouraged by her expression, "I can't like her, whatever; she's — she's not nice."

"Wel indeed, she's smart," answered Nelw, gently.

"Twt! smart in those things she wears? She looks more than frowzy to me; an'—an' she's always comin' into my shop."

"Druan bach," murmured Nelw, her face tender with pity.

Pedr observed her wonderingly. What prompted this compassion in Nelw? What made her understand weakness without being disgusted or repelled by its ugliness? Other women were not like her in this respect. And just behind the yielding loveliness that yearned over the mistakes of others, that reached out to Pedr as one athirst for the necessity of life, that clung to Pedr for strength, for protection, like a child afraid of the dark, what was this sense he had of an obstinate reticence which seemed the very resiliency of her mysterious nature? Certainly she had had a bitter life. Then, like a viper into its nest, what Catrin Griffiths had said darted into Pedr's mind. Was there something he did not know, that he ought to know? With the acuteness of the man who can detect the shadow even of a folded leaf he searched Nelw's face. Why, when she needed him, when she was alone, when she was fretted by the difficulties of her solitary life, why did she always put off their marriage? Baffled, irritated, he spoke sharply.

"Druan bach, nothin'! It's a pound head an' a ha'penny tail with Catrin Griffiths."

Nelw gasped.

"A pound head an' a ha'penny tail, I say," he continued, roughly. "Aye, an' the time is comin', comin' soon, when she'll get herself into trouble, flauntin' around with those frocks on, all decked out, an' all her false seemin', her face painted an' powdered, an' her hair dyed. The deceitful thing!"

"Och, Pedr, don't."

But Pedr, excited beyond self-control by the workings of his imagination, could not stop. The blanching face before him was no more than a cipher; it expressed nothing to him.

"Twt! that I will. An' what is it Catrin Griffiths knows an' I don't? Yes?"

There was a cry of "Pedr!" Nelw shivered; her eyes widened and stared at him. It was so still in that room that the flutter of the draft sucking the smoke up the chimney could be heard. Pedr sat motionless in

his chair, the reality of what he had done yet to reach him. Nelw moved, and in an instant he was beside her.

"Dearie, dearie, what have I done?"

"Och, nothin'—nothin' at all," she answered, her face twitching.

"But I did. Och, I was beside myself! I did n't know what I was sayin'." Pedr paused; he looked at Nelw longingly. "Nelw, little lamb, is it *somethin'* I ought to know?"

"It's nothin', nothin' at all," she replied, her eyes still staring at him, her hands lying open upon her lap, palms up. And there she sat and sighed and sighed, refusing to answer any of Pedr's questions, and, every once in a while, moaning, "Not him, dear God, och! not him!"

At dark every day, and every day in the year except Sunday, and year after year, the servant had brought the lights into Pedr Evans's stationery-shop and, setting them down, had gone back to the kitchen. This evening, as she went into the room, scarcely knowing whether her master was in or not, everything had been so noiseless she started, for there he sat, his head in his hands. Except for a slight disturbance when Pedr entered his shop, which it is probable no other human ear would have heard, there had not been a sound, until Betsan came in. Nelw's "Nothin', nothin' at all" had been going around and around in his mind like a turn-buckle tightening up his thoughts till it seemed to him they would snap. Then it would be, "What has she done, what has she done?" He had known her in her sensitiveness to exaggerate; she had confided to him some of the incidents of her childhood, which would have been taken quietly enough by other children. But he was unable to reason away the horror that had looked out from her face to-day. And he, Pedr Evans, had asked the question that had brought that expression—a question suggested by a woman of whom even to think in the same moment was to dishonor Nelw! He wondered what it was that crawled into a man's mind and made him do a thing like that.

Betsan had barely closed the door into the kitchen when, like the vision of the woman who tempted St. Augustine, Catrin Griffiths stood before him, the shrewd ogling eyes looking at him out of the painted face. The question, the answer to which was of

more concern to him than anything else on earth, surged back upon him and stifled him and beat in his temples and his ears till it seemed as if he could not breathe. Catrin coughed.

"Um-m, Pedr Evans, I forgot the envelopes this mornin'."

"Wel indeed," he replied, mechanically.

"Aye," she affirmed. Then asked, "Did you see Nelw Parry this afternoon?" knowing that he had done so, for her room was opposite The Raven.

"Yes," he said.

"What was she tellin' you, eh, what? She's not so unlike me, yes?"

Pedr looked at her, his mind at a bow-and-string tension of expectancy.

"She did n't tell you, I see," Catrin continued. "Wel, may every one pity the poor creature! You'll be wantin' to know, so—"

But Catrin Griffiths never got any further, for with a leap Pedr was upon her.

"Out of my shop, girl, out," and she was bundled through the door and the door slammed behind her and locked.

Pedr's feeling of passionate anger against himself as well as against Catrin gradually settled. He must try to think. He would see no one else to-night, and turned out the lamps. For a minute the wicks flickered, puffing odd jets of shadow onto the raftered ceiling. There was an instant of wavering flame, then darkness, and only the silvered window-panes looking into the obscure room like big, shining eyes. Pedr sat still, thinking, sighing and sighing. There were vague rustling noises in the shop; every time he sighed it seemed as if the noises quivered together like dry leaves. What would it ever matter to him now what happened? Without warning he had been robbed of his happiness — even time never could have proved such a thief, for time was no common plunderer; if it took away, often it put something far more precious in its place. Pedr had always liked to think what time meant to anything lastingly beautiful: he loved the houses better when they were old, the thought that they had been attractive to others, had held many joys and even sorrows, made them beautiful to him; he liked the lines in an old face — somehow they made it merrier, made it sweeter; even the yellowing of a photograph, for Pedr was limited in his subjects from which to draw illustrations, pleased him with some added

softening of tone. Life with Nelw, as it wound towards the end of the road, would be, he had thought, ever more and more enchanting, for just where the road dipped over into space there was the sky. Even death confirmed love. That last blessing it had to give — the greatest blessing of all. But now his mind must be forever like the track of the snail in the dust. It was no matter to him now what lay upon the hill-sides or within the valleys; the heavy domed shadows of foliage trees, the shadow of ripple upon ripple where the water wrinkles, were alike of little account. He sighed again and there was the same succession of small sounds, for he was not alone in the room. Hidden away in all the corners and nooks of the darkened shop were scores of little beings, once his comrades. Now they hid and trembled in their dark places, shrinking from Pedr, from whom it had been their wont to take what the all-powerful hand offered. They well knew what tragedy might be coming to them, for of their race more had died in one age than of the race of man in all ages. But, like the children of men, till the moment of danger they had counted themselves secure; and now, when Pedr sighed, it was as if the sea went over them. They had always been so well off, however they had seen the fate of their kin, the wide, reachless waters that had unexpectedly surrounded them, the boiling of the waves, the calm, and the bodies floating to the surface, their wee, diaphanous hands empty of the hearts that once beat through them, their faces looking with closed eyes up into the everlasting day. As Pedr sighed again and again they shook now, their hands over their ears, in the dusty holes of the shop. At last Pedr sighed a mighty sigh, and it was like the shaking of the wind in a great tree. Although it was a mighty sigh, the little beings uncovered their ears, and with a new expression in their faces, leaned forward to hear it repeated. It came once more. Then they crept softly out of their nooks and small recesses and dusty corners and stood tiptoe, waiting for the next sigh. It came, and the wind seemed to shake down lightly through the great tree with the most dulcet notes in all the world: whisperings and tremolos and flutings and pipings. At that the little beings ran from every part of the shop, and Pedr heard them coming; they clambered about

his knees, they climbed into his lap, and Pedr gathered them all into his arms — that is, as many as he could hold, and the rest seemed happy enough without being there.

If the truth must be told, Pedr slept soundly that night, just like the most fortunate of lovers. And the next morning, after he had found fault with his breakfast and scolded Betsan for her late rising, he betook himself, with a far more cheerful heart than he had known in many hours, to Nelw's. Pedr in the darkened shop had learned a lesson which he would not have exchanged for any pure, unmixed joy upon earth. And he knew even now, with the sun upon him and a strange yearning within him, that it mattered very little what Nelw had done or was hiding from him; for, despite every dreadful possibility, he loved her with a feeling that mastered fear.

When Nelw opened the door for him she shrank away.

"Och, Pedr," she said, "so early!"

"Wel indeed, *so* early," he replied, with an attempt at gaiety.

"So now I must be tellin' you," she whispered, hanging her head, and looking, with her white face, ready to sink to the floor.

"Indeed, dearie, you'll not be tellin' me, whatever," he declared, hotly.

"Pedr!" she exclaimed, "but you said Catrin Griffiths — alas, I must tell you!" She lifted her hand as if she were going to point to something, and then dropped it.

"I'm not carin' what I said about Catrin Griffiths or about any one else. Dear little heart, you're makin' yourself sick over this, an'—"

"Och, but I must tell you," and again came the futile motion of the hand.

"You shall not!" he commanded.

"Yes, now, now," she cried, lifting her hand, "Pedr, I — I have —"

Pedr seized the uplifted hand. "No, Nelw, no," and he put his fingers over her mouth and drew her to him.

"Pedr, I must," she pleaded, struggling to free herself.

"No, not now; I'm not carin' to know now. Wait until we're married."

"Oh no, oh no!" Nelw moaned. "That would n't be fair to you. Och, if you knew —"

But Pedr covered her mouth with his hand and drew her closer.

"Not now, little lamb."

She sat quite still, her head upon his shoulder. He felt her relaxing and heard her sighing frequently. She seemed so little and so light where she rested upon him, almost a child, and a new sense of contentment stole over Pedr. He patted her face; she made no reply, but he felt her draw nearer to him. At last she lifted her hand and passed it gently over his head.

"Och," she whispered, "I'm growin' old."

"Old, nothin'," replied Pedr.

"Aye, but I'm over thirty."

"Pw," returned Pedr, "that's nothin'."

"Yes, it is; an' as I grew older you would mind even more if —"

"Nelw," said Pedr, warningly, covering her mouth again.

"But, Pedr, how could you love me when I'd grown very old? I would n't have any hair at all," she faltered, "an' not any teeth," she continued, gasping painfully, "an'—an' wrinkles an', oh — an' oh — dear!" she half sobbed.

"Twt," said Pedr, calmly, "what of it? It's always that way, an' I'm thinkin' love could get over a little difficulty like that, whatever. Indeed, I'm thinkin' what with love an' time we'd scarcely notice it. I dunno," he added, reflectively, "if we did notice it, I'm thinkin' we'd love each other better."

At these words Nelw smiled a little, as if she were forgetting her troubles. After a while she spoke:

"You are comin' this afternoon again, Pedr, are you?"

"Yes, dearie," he answered, "I'm comin'."

"Och, an' it must — it must be told," she ended, forlornly.

It was quiet up and down the winding cobblestone street; no two-wheeled carts jaunted by; there was no clatter of wooden clogs, no merriment of children playing, no noise of dogs barking. And all this quietude was due to the simple fact that people were preparing to take their tea, that within doors kettles were boiling, piles of thin bread and butter being sliced, jam — if the family was a fortunate one — being turned out into dishes, pound cake cut in delectably thick slices, and, if the occasion happened to need special honoring, light cakes being browned in the frying-pan. Previous to the

actual consumption of tea, the men, their legs spread wide apart, were sitting before the fire, enjoying the possession of a good wife or mother who could lay a snowy cloth. And the children, having passed one straddling age and not having come to the next, were busy sticking hungry little noses into every article set upon the cloth — afraid, however, to do more than smell a foretaste of paradise.

So the street, except for a gusty wind that rimped around corners, was deserted. When Nelw Parry opened a casement on the second floor she saw not a soul. She looked up and down, up and down — no, there was not a body stirring. Then her head disappeared, and shortly one hand reappeared and hung something to the sill. True, there was not a soul upon the street, but opposite The Raven Temperance, behind carefully closed lattice windows, sat a woman who saw everything. Catrin Griffiths had been waiting there some time to discover whether Pedr Evans would come to-day as he did other days at half after four. But when she beheld Nelw's hand reappear to hang something at the window, she jumped up, with a curious expression on her face, exclaiming, "A wonder!" and ran swiftly down-stairs and out into the street. Once in the street she gazed steadily at the object swinging from the casement of The Raven and again, "Syndod!" she ejaculated. She began to laugh in a harsh, low fashion, then shrilly and more shrilly. "Oh, the lamb!" she exclaimed. "Oh, the innocent!" Her hilarity increased, and she slapped herself on the hip and finally held on to her bodice as if she would burst asunder. At the doors heads appeared; some disappeared immediately upon discovering Catrin, but others thrust them out farther.

"Dyn," she called, seeing Modlan Jones coming towards her, "there's Nelw Parry's cocyn."

Modlan canted her head upwards towards the object and chuckled, "Ow, the idiot!"

"Och, the innocent!" laughed Catrin. "Ts, 'ts," she called to Malw Owens, who, munching bread, was approaching from a little alley-way, "Nelw Parry's cocyn's unfurled at last, an' flappin' in the breeze."

One by one a throng gathered under the walls of The Raven Temperance, and the explosions of mirth and the exclamations multiplied until the whole street rang with

the boisterous noise, and one word, "*Cocyn! Cocyn!*" rebounded from lip to lip and wall to wall. But there were some who, coming all the way out of their quiet houses and seeing the occasion of this mad glee, shook their heads sadly and said, "Druan bach, she's not wise!" and went in again. And there were others who passed by on the other side of the road, and they, too, muttered, "Druan bach!" pityingly, and if they were old enough to have growing sons cast glances none too kind at Catrin Griffiths. Evidently the "poor little thing" was not intended for her; but, indeed, they might have spared one for her, for it is possible she needed it more than the woman who lay indoors in a convulsion of tears. Suddenly, amidst the nudges and thrusts and sniggers and shrieks, Catrin clapped her hands together.

"Taw," she bade, "now listen! I'll be fetchin' Pedr," and with a snort of amusement from them all she was off down the street.

What happened to Catrin before she reached Pedr's door will never be told. By the time she came to the Cambrian Pill Depot she was screwing her courage desperately. Even the most callous have strange visitations of fear, odd forebodings of failure, and hang as devoutly upon Providence as the most pious. It would be robbing no one to give Catrin a kind word or, indeed, a tear. Good words and tears are spent gladly upon a blind man; then why not upon Catrin, whose blindness was an ever-night far deeper? She was but groping for something she thought she needed, for something to make her happier, as every one does. And now, as it often happens to the one who hugs his virtue as well as to the sinful, the road slipped suddenly beneath her feet and her thoughts were plunged forward into a dark place of fears. She who always had breath and to spare for the expression of any vulgar or trivial idea which came to her could barely say, as she thrust her head in at the door of Pedr's shop, "Nelw Parry'll be needin' you now." What she had intended to say was something quite different.

It seemed an eternity to Pedr before, without any show of following Catrin too closely, he could leave the shop. The sounds of the jangling voices he was hearing mingled with the gusty wind that whistled around house-tops and corners and brushed roughly by

him with a dismal sound. He walked with slow deliberateness, but his thoughts ran, courier-like, ever forward and before him. To his sight things had a peculiar distinctness, adding in some way to his foreknowledge, prescient with the distress he heard in the wind. He looked up to the casement towards which all eyes were directed. Something attached to the sill whipped out in the wind and then flirled aimlessly to and fro. Pedr scanned it intently. Another gust of wind caught it, and again it spread out and waved about glossily plume-like. Then for a moment, unstirred by the air, it hung limp against the houseside; it was glossy and black and — and — thought Pedr with a rush of comprehension — like a long strand of Nelw's hair.

There were suppressed titters and sly winks as he came to the group before The Raven.

"Ffi, the poor fellow, I wonder what he'll do now?" asked one.

"Hush!" said another.

"Wel indeed," answered a third, tapping her head significantly, "what would one expect when she's not wise?"

"He's goin' in," said a fourth.

While all eyes were upon Pedr, Catrin Griffiths had slipped away from their midst, slid away along the wall, and stolen across the street. Some look upon Pedr's face was like a hot iron among her wretched thoughts, and hiss! hiss! hiss! it was cutting down through all those strings that had held her baggage of body and soul together.

Pedr made his way into the house and to the couch where Nelw lay.

"Nelw," he said.

Nelw caught her breath between sobs.

"Nelw," he repeated, gently, sitting down by her, "there, little lamb!"

Nelw stopped crying.

"Pedr, did you see?" she asked.

"Did I see? Yes, I saw your cocyn hangin' to the window."

Nelw sat up straight. "Do — do you understand, Pedr? Did you hear them mockin' me?"

"Aye, an' I know it's your cocyn," Pedr smiled. "Little lamb, did you think that would make any difference?"

"But, Pedr," she said, insistently, as if she must make him understand, "these curls are all I really — really have." She drew one out straight.

"Aye, dearie, I'm thinkin that is enough." Nelw's eyes grew wide. Pedr cocked his head critically to one side. "It's very pretty, whatever," he added. "I was always likin' that part of your hair the best."

And now there is no more story to tell, for Pedr set to work to get tea for Nelw. As he went in and out of a door sometimes they smiled at each other foolishly and sometimes Pedr came near enough to pat her on the head. The room, although it would have been difficult to lay hands on the visitors, had other inmates, too; for it was full of Pedr's comrades. Every minute they increased in number, as is the way of the world when two people, even if they are not very wise — and of course they never will be wise if they are not by the time they are middle-aged — are joined together in love. And every one of these little visitors took the heart it held in its wee transparent hands and offered it to Nelw. And Nelw, as Pedr had done almost twenty-four hours ago, gathered the dreams into her arms, and there they lay upon her breast like the children they really were. And above this scene the shining silver river ran in and out, in and out among its alleys of green trees, singing a gentle song which, once it has been learned, can never be forgotten.



JOB STANWOOD, SCOUT

AT THE SIEGE OF LOUISBURG

By THOMAS J. PARTRIDGE



It was a crisp January day in the year 1745. The hills and large boulders that featured the Cape Ann landscape were white with snow. A brief, sandy peninsula, the undermined drifts along its verge lying against the brown beaches like marble cornices, jutted into the roadstead. From its elevated extremity twelve cannon looked menacingly seaward. The road from Boston mounted a hill, sloped into the town, wound past long-sloping roofed houses with wide gaps between them, past, here and there, the substantial mansion of a merchant, and encircled the harbor. About the wharves men were busily engaged in pitching a recent catch of fish from the holds of small pinkies, or spreading previous fares on long flakes to be seasoned by the sun. The largest pier on the water-front was flanked on either hand by two barks; one was discharging a cargo of molasses, spices, and coffee; the other was taking on board drums, into which dried fish had been tightly screwed, for the markets of the West Indies.

Plainly, something unusual was this day disquieting the citizens of the little seaport, for whichever way you looked you saw men wending their way toward a common centre,—and the drift was toward the King's Head Tavern. Under its creaking sign a crowd of men, mostly young, pushed and jostled each other, or talked in excited groups apart. The notes of a bugle ringing clearly out on the winter air hushed every tongue, and brought the swaying crowd to a standstill. All eyes were immediately turned in the direction of the sound. The next moment the express from Boston came over the hill, and, descending the incline at a rate that threw the light snow in showers before the plunging hoofs of the horses, drew up in front of the tavern. The landlord, portly and ruddy, appeared in the doorway; the reins fell into the hands of the

bustling hostler, and the crowd banked itself around the foam-flecked team.

"What saith the General Court, Ammi?" cried twenty in a breath.

The crowd leaned forward.

Rising stiffly, the driver paused a moment as if enjoying his temporary importance, then, clenching his fist, he said, "It 's war — war by a majority of one!"

"The King — God bless him!" cried the landlord.

"Shirley forever!" roared the crowd.

"No, no!" came a dissenting cry. "It's Pepperill. He's our man! Hurrah for the Kittery tea-dealer!"

The driver of the stage mounted the seat and, swinging his cap, led the cheering

"God save the King,
And long may he sway,
East, north, and south,
And all America."

A lad of sixteen, well grown for his age, broke from the enthusiastic groups, ran up the long-terraced front of a mansion, vaulted the fence of a wide kitchen garden, and reached the dooryard of a cottage in a rear street. Taking a pail from the banking of eel-grass by which the cottage was completely surrounded, he filled it at the well-sweep, a neglected task, and entered the kitchen out of breath.

"I'm going to the war, mother," he cried. "Governor Shirley is going to attack Louisburg. They'll laugh no more at the 'Honeypinks' on training-days!"

"More widows!" exclaimed the woman addressed. "What with French cannon-balls and the Georges shoal, we women will be like to man the fleet come Michelmas."

"More taxes!" said an old man, rising from his seat in the angle of the wide hearth. "Take English Harbor! His Excellency is mad! Why, his Majesty himself, backed by every siege-gun in the Royal artillery,

could n't take it! — What do you there, Job Stanwood?"

The boy was reaching for the flint-lock musket suspended from the wall. Grasping the weapon in both hands, his face flushing, the boy answered: "I'm going to ask the French, Grandsir, what they have done with the *Kitty* and her cargo. We will wipe out this wasp's nest at Louisburg; they will sting us no more; hereafter, please God, our 'bankers' will bring home their fares in peace!"

The boy's heat but typified the patriotic sentiments that were stirring every breast in the province of Massachusetts Bay. Here, in this fishing-port, the fire was central. Louisburg, a fortified French city on the island of Cape Breton, had been for years a standing menace to the fisheries of New England. Her privateers had preyed upon the fleet until the merchants of Salem and Gloucester could no more embark in their cherished industry with any hope of a gain. The bitter feeling was heightened day after day, as they saw Louisburg growing in importance and the profits of their rich trade with Portugal, Spain, and the West Indies diverted into the coffers of French merchants.

Job Stanwood had a personal score against the French. In one of their hostile excursions they had captured his father's smack and made them both prisoners, and somewhere in the harbor of Louisburg the *Kitty* was at anchor, with the "fleur-de-lys" waving over her.

The facts leading up to the trouble ran in this wise: Frederick, King of Prussia, surnamed "The Great," invading the provinces of Marie Theresa, Queen of Hungary, fired two continents.

He set Louis XV. and George II. by the ears, and the loyal subjects of each, in the old world and the new, immediately began to concoct schemes to distress and annoy each other. Up to this the French had had a little the better of the argument. New England's fishing-fleet were driven from the seas; Canso had been captured; Annapolis was assailed; and now the citizens of the loyal town of Boston might be awakened at any moment by the roar of French cannon bombarding Castle William. In this state of affairs the people of the province of Massachusetts Bay were looking up to his Excellency, Governor William Shirley,

Esq., in a filial way and asking, "What are you going to do about it?"

"If the mother country cannot protect us," thought Sir William, "we must protect ourselves."

Then came an inspiration. What if the best engineering skill in France had succeeded in making of this Louisburg another Dunkirk! Did not great snow-blizzards frequently sweep over Cape Breton, whose drifts would obliterate the walls and fill the ditches of the fortress, leaving a gentle declivity which the hardy loggers of New Hampshire and the fishermen of Gloucester would scale with ease. He would gather an armada and descend on this stronghold — not in summer's calm, but in the depths of winter, when least expected, he would surprise them. A junction with a big snow-storm and the defensive powers of Louisburg would be wiped out!

History rather hazily distributes the honor of this conception among a trio of which the governor was one. Certain it is, Sir William believed the plan was his own; at least, he "said it best." Plagiarism is never enthusiastic, and the manner in which his Excellency helped to push along the enterprise from start to finish seems to argue that he was waving no borrowed plume.

The governor hastened to the Great and General Court, and there, in secret session, he spread the project before the legislators. But that prosy and prudent body was not enthralled. To them it was a gaunt and featherless thing that would complete the ruin of the province whose finances were already in a wretched state.

The court had been sworn to secrecy, but the following week an enthusiastic deacon, in the fervency of prayer, let the bird out of its cage. It flew over the province, it caught the people's eye; all the sea-rover blood in New England was stirred anew. An appreciative public retouched the views of the legislators, and the next time Sir William exhibited his darling they saw with the eyes of the governor by a majority of one.

This idea of going away from home in ships to capture a great fortress appealed, you may depend, to the boys of New England. In no time the roster of every company was overflowing, and close observers might have noticed, between the time of the

first enlistments and the departure of the expedition, that the cows would not give down their milk to the young farmers; that clerks were forever having trouble with their accounts; and that young fishermen who went out for a short trip invariably came home low line. The young recruits had the war-fever. Their minds were not on their work.

Preparations for the invasion completed, William Pepperill, a rich and popular merchant of Kittery, was entrusted with the supreme command, and amid the acclaims of the Boston populace he embarked at Long Wharf. . . . Governor Shirley went with General Pepperill as far as the waiting fleet of transports and cruisers at anchor in Boston Harbor, and Job Stanwood, rowing the bow oar of the barge, took an admiring glance, every now and then, at the two great men seated in the stern-sheets, who were brave and enterprising enough to avenge their country's wrongs, and, incidentally, his own. They were engaged in earnest converse, and the set and anxious look in the general's face showed that, at the last moment, he was receiving ill news. In fine, the governor was gesticulating with a long, official-looking envelope, and telling the general that Commodore Warren, commanding the British fleet stationed in the West Indies, and who had been earnestly requested to join the expedition, had declined to engage. As one French frigate would be able to sink the entire fleet of colonial cruisers, the enterprise that future historians would call "a Mad Scheme" had now resolved itself into a desperate venture, indeed.

In vain staid counsellors pointed out that forty-three hundred men were about to engage in a task better fitted for forty-three thousand; that there were no siege-guns, and that no one, from the commander-in-chief down, had the least experience in conducting a siege. They answered, "The enemy has guns; we will capture them. One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." Across their colors the motto was flung: "Never despair; Christ leads!" And with the departing cry, "Pray for us and we will fight for you," the armada set sail.

Fortunately for the colonial cause, Sir William Shirley had also appealed for aid directly to the home government. The Duke

of Newcastle, the then British Secretary of State, hoping that the success of the expedition would lighten the dark aspect of affairs on the continent, sent the commodore a peremptory order to join forces with the colonials. Safe now from assaults by way of the sea, and assured that the French would be cut off from throwing supplies into the besieged garrison, the colonial armada, after a prolonged stay at Canso, where they were joined by the contingent from New Hampshire, appeared off the harbor of Louisburg and proceeded at once to make a landing. The French came down to oppose them, but they found themselves at fault on account of the skilful manner in which the colonials handled their oars. While the invaders were evidently intent on landing at one headland they suddenly wheeled their boats and darted for another, and before they could be effectually opposed they were into the surf and storming shoreward. In half an hour, with small loss, the boys from New England repulsed the veterans of Louis XV. and chased them behind their defenses.

A landing was now made in force. Some warehouses, filled with intensely inflammable materials, were fired by the invaders. The wind blew the smoke directly into a French outpost armed with thirty-two guns, called "The Grand Battery." The French must have thought that the dense pall of smoke veiled an advance of the enemy's entire force, for they hastily abandoned the position. The place was immediately occupied by the besiegers, who bored the guns that had been incompletely spiked and turned them against the city. And now the farmers, mechanics, and fishermen of New England set themselves stubbornly down before the strong fortress of Louisburg, determined to reduce it to the obedience of his Britannic Majesty George, second of the name.

For forty-seven days shot and bomb rained into the doomed fortress.

Job Stanwood belonged to the Fifth Massachusetts Regiment, Ninth Company, Col. Robert Hale commanding. All the spring, side by side with the boys from Groton and Newburyport, he had toiled like a beaver; harnessed himself to the cannon and helped drag them over frozen morasses and through the virgin forests, and aided in erecting battery after battery, each

successive one a little nearer to the besieged city than the last. By June he was in the most advanced battery, within two hundred and fifty yards of the fortress, and was listening every day to the humming scream of shot and the spiteful whirr of flying langrage, as the French tried to dismount the guns of the plucky little earthwork that was forever vexing their west wall.

One day, while industriously making fascines, he was astonished to receive an order to proceed at once to the colonial headquarters and report directly to the commander-in-chief. As he set a bit of broken looking-glass on the breach of a gun, and scraped the clinging soil of the battery from his boots in an attempt to make a brief toilet, his hands were trembling. Had he been guilty of some breach of discipline? As he assured himself that such was not the case, he began to consider the nature of the speech he would address to the great man. Would he tell him that his mother was forever praising the fine rolls of linen brought from the Pepperill warerooms at the mouth of the Piscataqua? Or, would he entertain him with the fact that his grandsir and the general's father had been dorymates on the banks of Newfoundland?

A council of war had just broken up, and Job found a crowd of officers, high in command, issuing from the army headquarters; the scarlet uniforms from the British fleet off the harbor and the sober regimentals of the colonials intermingled.

The boy on guard at the door was Robert Munro, enthusiastically serving his king. He little dreamed that the red-coated soldiery of that king's successor would write his name first and forever on the votive stone at Lexington. Roger Wolcott, of New Hampshire, his snow-white hair framing a kindly and a ruddy visage, and Mathew Thornton, signer of the Declaration of Independence, came out of the doorway, arm-in-arm. Seth Pomeroy, great Indian fighter, and Robert Gridley, the engineer who would thirty years afterwards, to the very hour, mark out the lines at Bunker's Hill, were holding between them a parchment that buckled beneath the stiff breeze sweeping in from the ocean. And the Sumners, and the Websters, and the Hoars,—Russells, Holmeses, Winslows, Bryants, Choates, and Prescotts,—they were all there! Job entered the low-roofed

warehouse that served as the colonial headquarters.

In an apartment partitioned off from the main floor by a great sail stretched from wall to wall he found himself in the presence of William Pepperill.

The general, quite unconscious that he was earning what not one of his countrymen have before or since attained,—the honors and dignities of a baronet,—was seated before a rude table formed from rough planking and covered by a sail-cloth. On the table were numerous piles of papers, a partly unrolled chart, a large wooden inkstand supporting a thicket of quill pens, some wax and a taper, and a snuff-box. His hair was queued after the fashion of the times, and he was dressed in knee-breeches and in a broad-cuffed, wide-shirted great-coat with embroidered collar. The square quartered-toed shoes that Job had seen on his feet at the embarkation had given place to heavy sea-boots rolled down at the top. Near at hand lay his sword and his three-cornered black hat. The lace at his throat and wrists was immaculate; and despite the hardships incidental to siege work, his personal appearance was so neat it might well impress one with the belief that he had come recently from the hands of a valet.

Piling lumber and rolling barrels of fish into tiers in his youth on his father's wharf at Kittery had developed his frame, and the many leagues rowed over the Piscataqua had deepened his chest. Altogether, he was a fine figure of a man, and he looked what he was,—a high-minded and patriotic gentleman. Let us hope, had he lived, his name would have been found among his friends on the immortal Declaration,—a significant autograph,—“*William Pepperill, Bart.*”

He turned to Job with a smile that lit up the careworn features and said, “Well, my lad, the ‘Honeypinks’ have no cranberry-tarts or beds of down in the advanced batteries, eh?”

Job blushed at the nickname of his company, and with a salute answered, “My duty to you, sir. When it is a question of his Majesty's good service the ‘Honeypinks’ do not consult their own ease or pleasure.”

“Well spoken, my lad,” said Pepperill, “and I am about to put your loyalty to a

supreme test. Captain Byles hath told me that you were among the prisoners exchanged at Canso last year; that you were held here in the citadel for a spell and have seen more or less of the town and the fortifications. Is it so?"

"May it please your Honor," answered Job, "I was a prisoner here for four weeks; I know every foot of the town; the French permitted me some liberty."

The commander-in-chief spread the chart out on the table before him. "In your knowledge of the place, then," he said, "what point would you call that?"

Job stepped to the table and looked eagerly at the point on which the tip of the general's quill pen rested. "That," said Job, "is the Princess Battery, and that is the Dauphin Bastion, and that is the West Gate, and—"

"Enough," said Pepperill, raising his hand. "Now, my lad, the news brought in by the scouts ordered out to make discoveries gives me the utmost reason to believe that three thousand Canada men and Mic-Macs are gathering to fall on our backs. We have also information that ten sail of French men-o'-war have left Brest to relieve the fortress. In the event of either happening, in what a miserable case would we be! Hence, we assault to-morrow!" The thin lips closed down firmly and the lines in the careworn face deepened.

"To-morrow, please God, we will try it out by land and sea! To-night you will make a complete circuit of the fortifications; enter the town if possible; pay particular attention to the number of dismounted cannon, the breaches in the walls, and the general state of the garrison. What you hear will be of little service, but use your eyes; see in French. Report to me at daylight. Who may tell, under God, how much shall depend on the manner in which you dispatch this night's work?"

Rising, the general offered his hand, and as Job felt the warm, strong grasp he was seized with a sudden resolve to serve this man to the uttermost, be the cost what it would.

"Now, my lad," said Pepperill, in parting, "I need not tell you that this is a nice affair, and if by any chance you should fall into the hands of Governor Du Chambon he would be like to take that virgin beard of thine without a razor."

As Job emerged from the headquarters he passed a group of young British naval officers from the besieging fleet.

"Fishermen!" sneered one, with curling lip.

Job faced about and drew himself up indignantly in his homespun uniform. The sight that checked the retort on his tongue drove the blood into the young officer's face until it was the color of his uniform. William Pepperill of Kittery was standing in the doorway.

Job never forgot the insulting glance and the contemptuous tone of the young officer.

"Fishermen!" he yelled thirty years afterwards, as Howe's shattered first line reeled back from Bunker's Hill.

At dusk, Job, with a light coil of rope over his arm, entered the deep belt of firs and spruces that lay between the headquarters of the invading forces and the glacis of the fortress. The night was intensely dark, and as he worked his way through the deep underbrush he frequently found himself tripped up by a projecting root or floundering in a treacherous bog. He struggled on until he knew by the unfeathered wall of darkness ahead that he was nearing the edge of the glacis. Suddenly the sharp challenge of a sentry rang out: "Qui vive?" As Job stepped into the shadow of a tall fir it seemed to him as if his beating heart would betray him. The sentinel stood stock-still for some seconds, then, seemingly satisfied that his alarm was unfounded, he shouldered his musket and continued on his round. A few steps more brought Job to the edge of the woods. The outer works of the great fortress, in easy declension, swept down to his feet. Beyond were the dark outlines of the bastions and citadel. At times on his hands and knees, or in a crouching attitude, or hugging the earth at a suspicious sound, Job doggedly mounted the incline and, reaching the crest of the glacis, looked over its edge.

Before him was a wide ditch, at the bottom of which was a channel filled with slow-moving water. On the opposite side was the parapet, its stone-facings marked at regular intervals with long, narrow apertures for the play of small-arms. Five feet above, a dark-throated cannon frowned upon him from its embrasure. Job wormed a sharp-pointed stake which he had supplied himself with into the soft earth of the

glacis, and fastened one end of his rope to it. With the other end, into which he had fashioned a noose, he began an attempt to lasso the cannon on the opposite wall. Depressed as the gun was, the task proved less easy than throwing a bowline over a pier while his pinky was gliding into her berth, but Job persisted with the steadiness born of assured skill; and at last, the noose settled around the gun. By a series of undulating movements he drew it taut. Grasping the rope he slid into the ditch. The next moment he was going hand over hand up the revetments of the parapet. Crawling through the embrasure and over the gun-platform, Job cautiously descended the interior slope of the ramparts. He was within the far-famed city of Louisburg. It was then the centre of all North America, and the eyes of two continents were fastened upon it.

This miniature Versailles, whose promenades had once been filled with brightly attired women and uniformed men, its public fountain, its spacious square, its marketplace in which stood an iron cross which you can see to-day by resorting to the rooms of the Harvard College Library, its beautiful buildings, public and private, faced and decorated by highly wrought arches and pilasters, subjected for ten weeks to the pitiless assault of ten thousand cannon-balls and six hundred bombs, was now a heap of ruins. Shot-vent and sagging buildings filled the streets; dismounted and overturned cannon lay without their embrasures. Under scaffolding erected over the casemates huddled frightened women and children. French pride had declined the offer of a safe conduct. Along the interior battlements of the fortress, at regular intervals, hung battle-lanterns, but the town itself was deserted and wrapped in darkness.

As Job worked his way guardedly through the débris-clogged streets, he occasionally ran across a crowd of drunken soldiers who flouted the commands addressed to them by officers decked in bedraggled lace, and reeled on their way. And once he encountered two men bearing a dead man on a stretcher, hurrying towards the gateway that led to the burial-grounds.

The short night was far advanced when Job finally reached the western walls of the fortress. Here the work of destruction had been greatest. The West Gate was entirely

demolished, and the adjacent walls on either side, for many feet, had been beaten in.

"The pear is ripe," thought Job, "and here is the place for the assaulting-column!"

He leaped upon the fallen masonry that filled the ditch from wall to wall and ran out upon the glacis. As he paused to take a last look on the ruins behind him his eye fell on the French standard drooping from its flag-staff above the citadel. A patriotic fervor, inborn for generations, welled up in his heart. To-day, to-morrow at most, he with his comrades would scale the walls, the "fleur-de-lys" would drop from its staff, and England's flag would be run up to float in triumph over the proud fortress! Suddenly, a gray light began to spread itself over the town and the battlements. *The seventeenth of June was coming up out of the east.*

Job's uppermost thought now was to reach his battery, two hundred and fifty yards away, and report to General Pepperill the scenes that had come under his eye. He had scarcely taken a dozen steps when a sentry, directly in his path, halted and faced about. Before him was a boy, hardly older than himself, dressed in the blue-faced white uniform of the Swiss auxiliaries.

"Qui vive?" came the challenge.

Job had been taught by what little he had seen of war that the head of an assaulting column is not the post of greatest danger, and that a flank attack is most destructive. Turning neither to the right nor left, he charged straight down at the sentry.

"Halte, là — Voyans! Halte, là, je t'dis!" cried the excited Swiss.

Before the astonished sentry could bring his gun to the fire, Job struck him, head and shoulders, fair in the chest with the force of a catapult, the impact sending both boys, head over heels, down the incline. Freeing himself from the frantic clutch of his adversary, Job picked himself up and fled over the glacis.

Bang! Bang! Whit! Whit!

"Gee," he exclaimed, as he stooped to pick up his cap that had been carried before him by a bullet. "That *was* a narrow!"

Without doubt, Job's report of the desperate state of the garrison determined General Pepperill to deliver, at once, the long-deferred assault.

In the early morning the drums that, years later, would beat the reveille at Bun-

ker's Hill began to roll. The naval force, stowing their light spars, came down on the land with open ports, and the signal, part sweeping the deck, part fluttering in the breeze, was beginning to go aloft from the flagship: "Stand in and attack the fortress." The guns in the land batteries opened with a thunder that set the bell in one lone steeple ringing. The scaling-ladders were brought out and the bearers, white to their determined lips, were making ready for the desperate work of the escalade. General Pepperill and his staff passed from regiment to regiment of the paraded troops exhorting them to show their valor and heroism in the coming attack. Suddenly a man appeared on the parapet of the fortress. He raised aloft a white flag. The emblem of submission rose and fell disconsolately in the breeze for a time; then it descended the slope of the glacis, was lost in a hollow way, to reappear a moment afterwards on a rising piece of ground. The captain of the most advanced battery leaped on its edge, and ran out to meet the bearer.

Louisburg had fallen! The strongest fortress in the western world, on which the French had for a quarter of a century spent

millions of money in the attempt to make it impregnable, had succumbed to a handful of New England farmers and fishermen, guided and directed by the shrewd and practical mind of a Kittery merchant.

Up to this, in all conflicts waged by the British Colonies in North America against the French, they had leaned upon and looked up to the red-coated soldiery from over the sea. This enterprise was home-spun, woof and warp. The mother country (God bless her), little dreaming of the far-reaching results, had permitted and encouraged her offspring to make war alone; and the eaglet had found her wings. Right here was born a sense of independence that ran, leavening the whole lump, from Faneuil Hall to the House of Burgesses. On the ramparts of Bunker's Hill it was translated into flame. The cry of triumph that went up from the besieging colonials, flung back from the walls of Louisburg, echoed, "Saratoga!"

Who may tell! Perhaps, some day, Harvard College will take from her archives the old iron cross and reset it in the square of the new town that is growing up opposite the old city of Louisburg.

ON A PORTRAIT OF MISS ALCOTT


By MARGARET ASHMUN

In all my fancies, when I was a child,
 I pictured her a princess, stately made,
 Fair-featured, rich, a new Scheherazade,
 On whom a kindly fate forever smiled.
 The blithesome story-teller that beguiled
 The soul of childhood — could her beauty fade,
 Her genius wane, her ready pen be stayed
 By grief or age? 'T were heresy most wild
 To think these things. Now where I, musing, stand
 Her portrait hangs. This unassuming guise
 Shows, not a princess, haughty to command,
 But one most humble, human, sorrow-wise,
 Who seems to live and reach me forth her hand —
 A woman, simple, sweet, with tired eyes.

MEN AND AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

By DAVID S. BARRY

President Roosevelt and the Annapolis Naval Academy : How the Old-time Red Tape Is To Be Cut : Some Entertaining Facts about the Academy and the Old Town : The Splendid New Buildings for the Academy — Which Don't Fit and Can't Be Used.

 WING to the alertness and energy of President Roosevelt, who if anything within the sphere of his legitimate field of usefulness — or possibly outside of it — needs to be done is not happy until he does it, the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, is at present receiving a little shaking-up that undoubtedly will improve it.

The Naval Academy, where boys officially called midshipmen are trained to be officers and gentlemen, is located in the sleepy, historic town which is the capital of Maryland on the Severn River, within a stone's throw of where it empties into picturesque Chesapeake Bay. It was a very small and modest institution indeed for many years after it was founded, in 1845, by the late Honorable George Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy in the Administration of President Polk, and afterward a historian of high repute. In 1846, the year after the school was opened, there were thirty-six midshipmen on the rolls; to-day when the classes are full there are more than nine hundred.

In the sixty-one intervening years the courses of study and the systems of physical, mental, and technical training have undergone many changes, some of them very radical. Now, in the year when the academy, having grown to what will undoubtedly be its greatest size, is about to enter on a new era, taking possession of the pretentious modern buildings that are approaching completion on one comprehensive, harmonious plan, another step forward will be taken. The President and his advisers will inject a little new blood and a little ginger into the management of the institution. They will cut some of the miles of red tape that in a quarter of a century is sure to wind

itself around the machinery of any governmental bureau. They will brush away the cobwebs that have accumulated, and adopt new and modern methods of teaching and drilling, with a view to graduating naval officers who will do credit to the new navy under the conditions which have grown out of the experience gained by the recent Spanish-American War and the more momentous wars of foreign nations.

The navy itself, so far as regards ships and men, has in recent years been transformed, and it is the idea of President Roosevelt and those with whom he has discussed this important matter that the processes of moulding young men into naval officers should be transformed to a certain extent also. There is nothing inherently wrong with the navy and nothing much at fault with the Naval Academy. The report of the Official Board of Visitors appointed to visit the academy each year during "June Week," when the graduation exercises of the full four years' term take place, representing the Senate, the House of Representatives, and the private citizenship of the United States, says in its report for the present year, recently issued: "The condition of affairs at Annapolis, generally, the proficiency of the midshipmen, the admirable discipline maintained, and the competency of the teaching-force is to be commended." That something has been overlooked in the processes for whipping into shape the raw material composed of two or three hundred boys appointed from all walks of life and from all sections of the country and bringing out the best that is in them, as far as regards their adaptability for the naval profession, has been strongly impressed upon the mind of President Roosevelt and practical wide-awake naval officers interested in keeping the personnel of

the service up to the highest possible point.

For many years it has been asserted by those who professed to have knowledge of the subject in and out of the naval service that the methods of instructing boys at the academy, and particularly the methods of conducting and marking examinations, have been such as to cause to fail at the recurring examinations those who, while they might be up to the mark in general efficiency and in every way qualified to receive a commission, have been unable to meet the requirements of the academy in some one particular. Mathematics has been the stumbling-block of a very large percentage of all midshipmen who have failed to pass the required mental examinations, and has been the bogeyman of a very large number, possibly a majority, of those who have passed, many of whom afterward were among the most distinguished officers of the service. The midshipmen's records on file in the Navy Department from the time the academy was established will show that while some "star" men in mathematics have made "star" officers, a very large proportion of those who have been conspicuous for efficiency, loyalty, bravery, and all-around general distinction and usefulness are those who accomplished the mathematical course at Annapolis after trials and tribulations, and who would never have received an ensign's commission had the mathematical requirements been so proportionately severe as they are to-day.

Strictly in line with President Roosevelt's views of what sort of training a midshipman at Annapolis should receive is this extract from this year's report from the Official Board of Visitors:

¶ Such a revision should be made of the courses of study and methods of conducting and marking examinations as will develop and bring out the average all-around ability of the midshipman rather than to give him prominence in any one particular study. The fact should be kept in mind that the Naval Academy is not a university, but a school, the primary object of which is to educate boys to be efficient naval officers. Changes in curriculum, therefore, should be in the direction of making the course of instruction less theoretical and more practical. No portion of any future class should be graduated in advance of the full four years' course, and under no circumstances should the standard of instruction be lowered. The academy in almost all of its departments is now magnificently equipped, and it would be

very unwise to make the course of instruction less exacting than it is to-day.

To make the course of instruction less theoretical and more practical is what President Roosevelt had in mind when he appointed a Naval Board composed of Captain Richard Wainwright, the hero of the Gloucester fight in the war of 1898 and formerly superintendent of the academy; Commander Robert S. Griffin, an engineer officer; and Lieutenant-Commander Albert L. Key, personal aide to the President, on duty with the General Board, to inquire into the course of instruction of the midshipmen at the academy and to report to the Secretary of the Navy before the beginning of the new academic year.

With the proverbial promptness of naval officers, this board went to work, and its report has been in the hands of the secretary for several weeks, although the academic year does not begin until October 1. Much oral and written testimony was taken, many personal visits made, and the recommendations submitted as to the healthy changes of administration at the academy will, if adopted, do much toward bringing about the conditions for which President Roosevelt and those who are in sympathy with him in this matter are striving. The President does not believe, nor do the naval officers on the board and off of it, all of whom were once midshipmen themselves, that the physical or mental standard should be reduced; but he and they regard it as unjust to the midshipmen and unfair to the Government that a boy who has been admitted to the academy after passing the rigid entrance examinations physical and mental, and who has maintained a good average standard in all his studies, but who has been unable to make a stipulated mark in any one study, should perforce be denied a commission, and the navy thus deprived of an officer who, although without the technically trained mind of a university professor, yet possesses all the qualifications needed in an intelligent, efficient, and patriotic officer. Practical officers, not book sharps, in the President's opinion, is what the navy needs.

It was represented to the President as the basis for his action in appointing the board of investigation that one department after another at the academy has been put in charge of specialists,— officers belonging to the permanent corps of professors,— who



U. S. S. *Severn*, training-ship

have made it the *sine qua non* of the midshipman's success that he shall reach a certain fixed mark in that particular department of study over which the specialist presided.

The President's purpose is to so readjust the method of marking, and if necessary the method of instruction, as to mould the boys who enter the academy as midship-

men into students who, having studied faithfully and done their best, shall be graduated at the end of the four years' term if they have maintained a prescribed general average in studies and physical condition and demonstrated that they possess the qualities that will make them desirable officers, even though they might have balked at some involved and technical questions. He seeks

to make the standard uniform, and to give every studious, well-meaning, and well-set-up boy who has passed the entrance examinations to the academy, showing that there is good raw material in him, and who has done his best to meet all requirements, a chance for a commission if his average equipment—mental, physical, and moral—is good.

One of the strongest arguments in behalf of his plan, and the one that had perhaps the greatest weight, is that the amount and method of study imposed upon boys entering the academy is at times more than their mental and physical capacities will stand. One piece of evidence in this regard made a particularly strong impression upon the President's mind. It is a letter written by an officer who has been on duty as an instructor at the academy for two or three years, in which he says:

The amount of work gone over by the third class (second year) this term is enough to stagger an average man, particularly a young one who has not gone very far in mathematics before entering here, and in my opinion the course is a poor one either as a matter of education or as the means of finding out who are the best men or who are suitable for the service.

One weak point in the administration of affairs at the academy seems to be the short term tours of duty of those in charge. Naval officers must, of course, with due regard for their future careers, serve alternately at sea and on shore, because the total years of their sea duty figures in their chances of promotion and retirement, and so the officers on duty at the academy are constantly changing. Admiral Sands, who until last July had been superintendent of the academy for two years, gave up the post under the operation of the law which retires him from active service at the age of sixty-two, although he is to all appearance at the prime of his mental and physical powers. He was succeeded by Captain Charles J. Badger, formerly a popular Commandant of Cadets at the academy, who will hardly serve more than two years before he will be obliged to go to sea in order that he may serve the required time in his present rank to fit him for promotion to that higher one of Rear Admiral. Captain G. P. Colvocoresses—irreverently called by the midshipmen, "Crawl-over-the-cross-trees"—was also retired in July, as was Professor (with the

rank of Rear Admiral) W. W. Hendrickson, who for thirty-three years had been at the head of the Department of Mathematics. Other officers connected with the administration, including heads of departments, will be superseded by those whom the new superintendent will gather about him as his administrative staff; so that the time for the operation of the new methods suggested by President Roosevelt's naval board is, all things considered, very opportune. There is and has been, it is understood, no criticism of individuals, but of methods alone, and these it is believed will be improved upon by the changes contemplated.

For some unaccountable reason the public seems to be less informed about the affairs of the Naval Academy than of the Military Academy at West Point, and yet the navy is the "popular" branch of the military service. Perhaps it is because sleepy old forgotten Annapolis away down in the Terrapin State across the bay from that somewhat mystical if not mythical region known as "the East'n Sho'" is less known than West Point on the palisades of the Hudson near the metropolis of the United States. At the outbreak of the Civil War, when the Naval Academy was very young, it was moved to Newport, Rhode Island, and reestablished at Annapolis in 1865, where it has since remained.

There have been in the forty-odd years since that time many changes in the law governing the administration of the academy, and of the rules and regulations regarding the personnel and the course of study, but little in the way of developing the practical side of the boys educated there has been undertaken until the present effort of President Roosevelt was made. Under the law as it stands to-day the official title of boys at the academy is "midshipman," having been changed from that of "cadet" by the law of July 1, 1902. There are allowed at the Naval Academy two midshipmen for each Senator, Representative, and Delegate in Congress, two for the District of Columbia, and five each year at large, appointed by the President. This allotment is to continue until July 1, 1913, and thereafter but one midshipman is to be appointed for each Senator, Representative, and Delegate in Congress, in addition to one to be appointed by the Governor of Porto Rico. All candidates for admission

to the Naval Academy must be between the ages of sixteen and twenty years, the maximum and minimum age-limit having been changed at various times. No boy shall be admitted from a foreign country unless by a law hereafter to be enacted.

Owing to the great need of officers consequent upon the building of the new navy, the large modern classes of midshipmen have been graduated of late years in February instead of in June of each year, and

called "Youngsters" and the fourth classmen "Plebes." The latter enter the academy in June, immediately following the departure of the "Grads," and those who have been "Plebes" become "Youngsters." "Plebes" correspond to raw recruits in the army, and it is necessary, therefore, of course, for them to be licked into shape in more ways than one. The officers of the academy attend to the business of teaching them to toe the mark, but the upper-classmen have



The Maryland State-house

the class of 1907, indeed, was divided into three sections, graduating respectively in September, 1906, and February and June, 1907. This practice has resulted in the sort of cramming that is now decided to be so deleterious to the mental and physical strength of the midshipmen, and it is probable that the recommendation of the Official Board of Visitors, indorsed by the Naval Board, that hereafter no classes be graduated until they have completed the full four years' course, will be adopted and carried out.

At the academy, the third classmen are

from time immemorial undertaken the responsibility of teaching the "Plebes" how to behave in the presence of their superiors. "Setting up," "fagging," and "running" became, under due process of evolution, "hazing," and out of that practice, reprehensible or salutary according to how it is regarded, has grown the serious disorder and cases of brutality which a year or two ago ended in the death of a midshipman as the result of a fist fight which, however, it is stoutly maintained by the midshipmen, did not take place under the sanction of the practice of hazing or of its code of rules.



The Brice House, Annapolis

The outbreak of indignation at the series of events charged rightly or wrongly to the hazing account, and which culminated in the death of young Branch, found expression in Congress by the passage of the present anti-hazing law. This gives the superintendent of the Naval Academy the power to deal directly with the midshipman accused of hazing, and to apply to him the code of punishment provided — even to the extent of dismissing him from the service without resorting to the ordinary methods of court-martial — whenever he is satisfied that the presence of any midshipman at the academy is detrimental to the public service. Hazing, moreover, is defined by this law to be “an act, system, or any unauthorized assumption of authority by one midshipman over another midshipman whereby the last mentioned midshipman shall suffer any cruelty, indignity, humiliation, hardship, or oppression, or the deprivation or abridgment of any rights, privilege, or advantage to which he shall legally be entitled.” It is also made the duty under the law of every officer, military or civilian, on duty at the academy to re-

port any fact which comes to his attention indicating any violation of the act or the regulations of the academy. And it is provided that any officer or civilian neglecting his duty in this regard shall be court-martialled and dismissed from the service.

The requirements for admission to the academy are ability to pass the mental and physical examinations, and the attainment of the proper age. No further questions are asked, it being taken for granted that in appointing candidates the President and Congressmen pay heed to the stipulation that they shall reside in the Congress district from which they are appointed and that they are of good moral character. It is hard for a boy, unless he is bright and proficient in study, to enter the academy, and it is much harder for him to stay there, as he cannot successfully pass the required monthly, semi-annual, and annual examinations unless he studies seriously and continually. The outbreak of hazing interfered seriously with the mental standing of the midshipmen as a whole, but it has so improved within the past few years that Admiral Sands was able to state in his report this year that



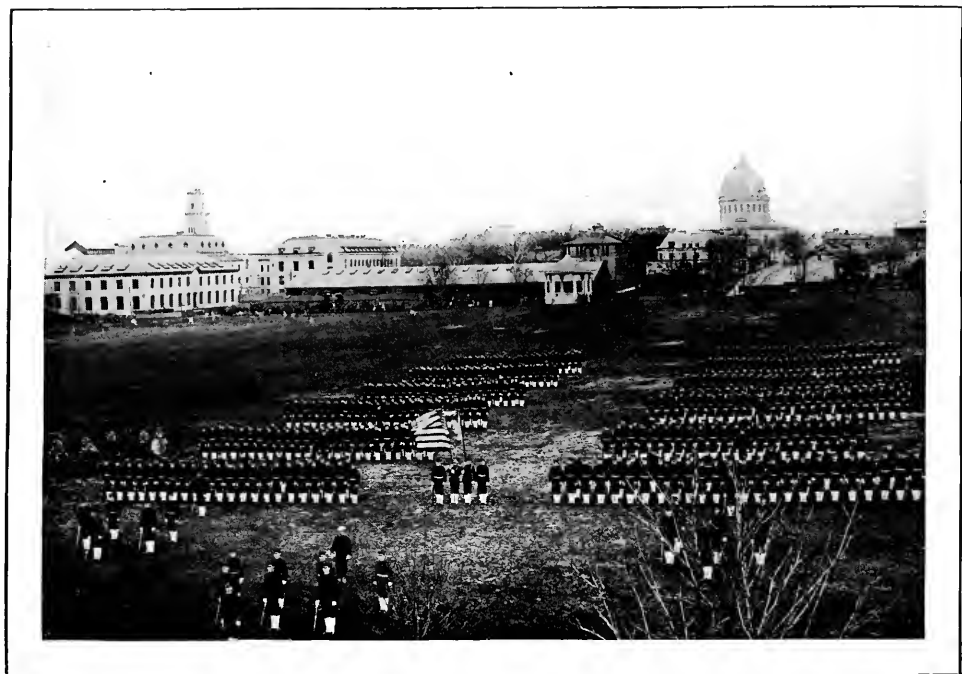
The Paca House, Annapolis

fewer midshipmen than ever before were turned back in their classes or were "bilged," which is the midshipman's word for dropped.

Whether or not hazing as an institution has been permanently abolished remains to be seen. In this year's "Lucky Bag," the annual publication of the graduating class, the statement is made that hazing has been uprooted for good and all, that it is no longer indulged in, and that the desire to haze the "Plebes" has passed entirely out of the hearts of the upper-classmen, so that hereafter all classes will live in that sweet peace and harmony so much to be desired. But it will be just as well perhaps for the authorities to keep their eyes open. The custom of making a "Plebe" understand his place is deep rooted, just as the habit of sitting on the Freshmen at civilian colleges is, and no graduating class can certify with certainty that the desire of those whom they have left behind them at the academy to make the "Plebe" keep time with the music has passed away. Indeed, it is said that already, as a result of the alleged abolition of the time-honored custom, the "Plebes" who entered in 1906 have been, during the past

year, so "chesty" that they have not hesitated to withhold the deference that is due to the upper-classmen. The "Plebes" of 1907, who entered in June last, the class of 1911, may take heart from the immunity enjoyed by the class above them, and may become even more intolerable to those who would have them know their place. The superintendent of the academy testified before the Official Board of Visitors that hazing had been stamped out forever. The Commandant of Midshipmen, when asked for his opinion, said he was not so sure about it. Having been brought more closely in contact with the boys than the superintendent, the commandant may possibly know their hearts better than the superintendent or the editor of "The Lucky Bag."

Time was, something less than two hundred years ago, when Annapolis, the capital of Maryland, was the centre of fashion, social life, gaiety, hospitality, and all that goes with the leading city of a state or nation, especially when it happens to be the seat of government. Those were the days when Annapolis was very much like London, and when the pretentious colonial houses were being built that are now ad-



Brigade of midshipmen on parade-ground

mired as relics of days dead and gone. The city was laid out on the same general plan as Washington, with the State-house as the centre, and the avenues radiating therefrom like the spokes of a wheel. In outward appearance the town has changed but little in the past two centuries. There stands the State-house to-day on the crest of the hill near the centre of the city, added to from time to time, but now with the old Senate Chamber where George Washington bade farewell to the army restored precisely to what it was when the Father of his Country spoke within its sacred precincts.

Annapolis has changed so little that if George Washington should come to life to-day he would have no trouble in making his way about. He could go along King George Street, Prince George Street, Duke of Gloucester Street, and all the other streets with the rich old Tory flavor, and easily find many of the houses that sheltered his friends in the old days and that were the scenes of those occasions of festivity for which the then gay capital was noted. There are in Annapolis some of the finest types of colonial houses extant; and although a more

or less modern town has grown up about them, this fact serves to make them all the more interesting to the travellers of modern days who love to poke about the towns and villages of the famous eastern and western shores and reflect upon the changes that have taken place since Richard Carvel and Dolly Manners and the other beaux and belles of their set made merry neath the graceful dome of the historic State-house. Winston Churchill drew his inspiration for his successful novel while living at Annapolis as a midshipman. The golden age of Annapolis dates back to the period between 1750 and 1770, when the tide of wealth and fashion and fine living reached its highest point.

It was toward the close of the Revolutionary War that the Continental Congress sat in Annapolis, and it was there in the Senate Chamber, but recently restored that George Washington, on December 23, 1783, resigned his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army. The first State-house was completed in 1697, three years after Annapolis was established as the capital of Maryland. This building was



Midshipmen embarking for summer practice cruise

burned in 1704, and the second State-house, begun in the same year on the same site, was used for sixty-eight years, when it was torn down to make way for the present edifice. The hotel where Washington was often entertained is still standing, as is the house occupied by his friend Charles Carroll of Carrollton. And many private residences built in the eighteenth century are occupied to-day by the descendants of those who built them. What is said to be the oldest edifice in Annapolis is the venerable Treasury Building, in the shape of a Greek cross, and among the most interesting objects of more recent structure are the bronze statue of Roger Brooke Taney, Chief Justice of the United States from 1836 to 1864, which stands in front of the entrance to the State-house, and on the southeast side of the building the statue of Baron de Kalb.

Notwithstanding the antiquity of the houses and of many of the customs of Annapolis, the march of improvement has made itself felt, here and there, and a visit to the town to-day must needs make a different impression upon one than was felt by the gay gallants who flocked there by

coach and by saddle when Washington was President to join in the solemn ceremonies and fashionable follies of the day. The time of the year to see Annapolis in the present day and generation is during "June Week." This is the time when the graduating exercises at the Naval Academy are held and when the town takes on itself a holiday air akin to that seen in university towns in Commencement Week the world over. But Annapolis is so small, so dirty, so dilapidated, except in spots, so quaint, its narrow streets so full of black people, and altogether so delightful, that to a Northerner at least it must seem as if there was nothing like it anywhere.

June Week is the fat season for Annapolis, especially for the boarding-houses, the shops, and the favored individual who has a monopoly of the automobile and hack business. There are two public automobiles in Annapolis, and about two hundred hacks, some of which must certainly have been in use on the night when George Washington discovered Richard Carvel in the fisticuffs encounter with his rival in the village tap-room. For a door to fall off or a passenger



Richard Carvel House, near Annapolis



The Peggy Stewart House, Annapolis, Maryland

go through the bottom of one on a trip from the railroad-station to the hotel is a mere incident. And the black boys who drive the bony nags — what a sight they are, with high hats and vari-colored clothes, all too big, and lap-ropes made of pieces of Joseph's discarded coat!

Annapolis is only about fifty miles from Washington, but there is as yet no trolley-line between the cities, and the dirty, dark, crowded little railroad-station into which the crossroad from the main lines lands pas-

Because it is cheap in ordinary times, retired naval officers have a penchant for Annapolis as a home in their declining years, the place being especially convenient because they have the right of burial in the beautiful little cemetery adjoining the academy grounds on the Severn River. Just beyond the cemetery is the Naval Academy hospital, which the midshipmen, never at a loss for a pat nickname, habitually refer to as "Our home beyond the grave."

June Week begins on Monday, lasts four



Armory, chapel, and officers' houses

sengers is characteristic of towns south of Washington. The train comes in with a tooting of whistle, ringing of bell, and the blowing-off of steam, the darkies pounce upon the passengers literally in swarms, the two automobiles and the countless hacks receive their loads of passengers, and the whole cavalcade goes rushing up the dusty street at a break-neck speed paradoxically characteristic of Annapolis, flanked by crowds of negroes of the real old Southern flavor, who come pouring out of cross-streets, alleys, and bar-rooms, grinning at the general joyfulness.

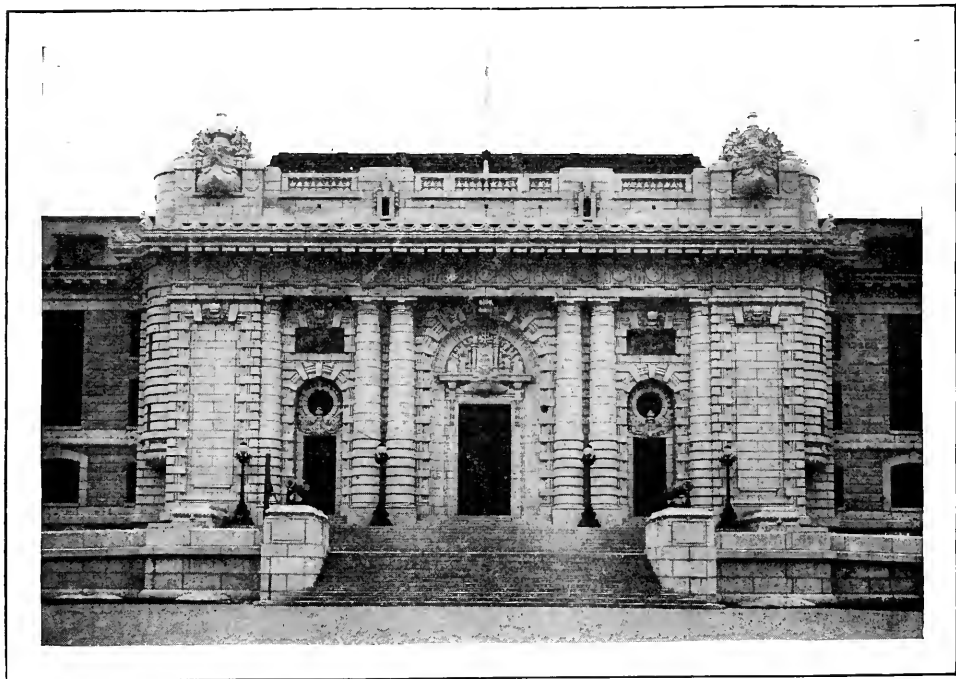
days, and the exercises consist in the conferring of degrees upon the graduating class by the President of the United States or the Secretary of the Navy; infantry and seamanship drills; dress parades; sham battles; the annual german of the second class to the "Grads;" the alumni dinner; and, as a climax to it all, the June ball, at which the brigade of midshipmen are hosts. Incidentally, while all these festivities are going on, the Official Board of Visitors are expected to examine the academy from top to bottom. They participate in the social functions and make a report to the Secre-

tary of the Navy containing recommendations for the future conduct of the academy, which, as a rule, are politely but thoroughly ignored.

Annapolis is a paradise for girls in June Week, and they come flocking from Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and all other cities of the United States to dance, go canoeing, and flirt with the midshipmen, who have enlarged liberty during June Week; and in Washington and Baltimore particularly it is a part of a girl's coming out

classes now being at their fullest quota and there having been no June ball previously since 1901, owing to the fact that the midshipmen have been graduated ahead of time in the intervening years because of the great necessity for increasing the number of officers.

Those who knew the Naval Academy in "the old days," as they say,—that is, before the modern buildings were constructed,—complain that the "atmosphere" has been destroyed, along with the grand old trees



Entrance to Bancroft Hall, in which lie temporarily the remains of John Paul Jones

to attend the academy hop. The large dances are held in the new armory, an immense building with a floor like polished glass, but unfortunately so solid, the floors being laid upon thick asphalt, that those who dance upon it generally complain of blistered toes the next morning. At this year's class cotillion the girls all wore white dresses and the boys white uniforms with yellow sashes, the decorations of the vast hall were also in white, and the sight when the german was at its height was beautiful and impressive. The June ball was the largest in the history of the academy, the

that had to be removed to make way for the modern buildings. These structures are very fine and very costly, but somehow they seem to have been designed without reference to the local surroundings, and, moreover, many of them are ill adapted to the purposes for which they are to be used, and some are already being converted. Bancroft Hall, the main building, in which are located the dormitories of the midshipmen, faces the "open sea." On its broad terraces brigade formations take place, and beneath them is the attractive mess-hall, capable of seating the entire brigade of

midshipmen. It is well lighted, with its windows looking out on the bay, well ventilated, and well arranged generally. It is not well sealed, however, because it leaks like a sieve, and has now been abandoned, after a vain effort to fix the responsibility and remedy the defect.

The rooms of the midshipmen in Bancroft Hall are fine, and the grand memorial assembly-room, underneath the marble steps of which lie the remains of John Paul Jones, awaiting their final transfer to the crypt in the new chapel, is finer, although no one knows its purpose. The chapel is also an imposing building, but with less seating-capacity than it was intended to have, and with, it is feared, poor acoustic properties. It is a matter of universal regret, moreover, that the exterior of its imposing dome should have been so decorated with yellow tiles and white relief plaster designs as to deserve the name given to it by the midshipmen: "Weigand's (the local confectioner) Christmas Cake."

The boat-house, too, which exteriorly is the counterpart of the new armory, has been found not to be adapted to the keeping of boats, and so it is being changed into a much-needed gymnasium and swimming-

pool. From an artistic standpoint the Naval Academy buildings are perhaps good, but the architect must have been poorly informed upon the history and circumstances of their local surroundings.

Annapolis is essentially a colonial town, and colonial architecture should predominate there. Old St. John's College, outside the academy walls, with its dingy buildings located on a green, grassy slope, has an atmosphere all its own, and this the old-timers say the Naval Academy had when the ugly but venerable buildings were lost sight of in the admiration called forth by the green grass, the ancient trees, and the general old-time flavor. "Lovers' Lane" still remains within the academy walls, however — the pathway beneath the trees where the "Plebes" are not allowed to stroll; the new houses of the officers are as a rule models of their kind; the waters of the river and bay sparkle as of yore, and the moon shines as bright on the nights when the belles trip the light fantastic toe with the brass-buttoned youths or sit with them along the wall. In spite of clever but unpractical architects and greedy government contractors, a halo still hangs over the cradle of American naval officers.

IN THE FULL FLOOD OF AN AUTUMNAL DAY

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

In the full flood of an autumnal day
 Above a stream with swirling tide I stood,
 Where leaves, wind-reft from off a hillside wood,
 Swept swiftly by in variant array.
 The ash-bough sere, the crimson sumach spray,
 The elm-branch still in emerald lustihood,
 The oak-sprig held by ancient Druids good,—
 All these were borne upon their eddying way.

Yet as I gazed upon the stream I saw
 Not these torn waifs of tempest, but instead
 Humanity,— its joys and hopes and fears,—
 By some immutable, eternal law
 (Blithe Youth, hale Manhood, Age with whitened head)
 Whirled down the ceaseless current of the years.

NINETEENTH CENTURY BOSTON JOURNALISM

XI.

More Political Reminiscences : Cleveland's Civil-Service and Tariff-Reform Hopes and Disappointments : Municipal Developments : The Great City Transportation and Lighting Systems

By EDWARD H. CLEMENT



MY last chapter dealt with the difficulties the *Transcript* encountered in endeavoring to be loyal both to the Republican party under the domination of Blaine, especially after his nomination for the Presidency, and to the higher ideals in politics to which the paper's intelligent constituency in Boston and Cambridge manifestly committed its editorial course. The election of Cleveland meant that certain reliances of the "stalwart" Republicanism which the *Transcript* had refused to countenance would be relegated to the rear and certain other tendencies would be permitted to have at least one innings at last. There would be a letting up on the South as the South; there would be some respect paid, in form and pretension at least, to the principles of Civil-Service Reform; and there would be an effort to loosen the strangle-hold of the high tariff — the tariff for neither revenue nor protection, but for plunder. It is gratifying now to discover by the editorial scrap-book of those days that the paper kept its course pretty steadily laid by the fixed stars of the ideal principles on these several questions. Here is what it said on the matter of eternally "lambasting" the "Rebel Brigadiers."

To treat the South as the unchangeable, inveterate enemy of the country and of humanity, and to inflame popular ignorance for a political point in a campaign, is to strike an unfeeling and unpatriotic blow at the delicate and difficult beginning of a better understanding between the two races. The best minds of the country are now at work on the problem of discovering how two races that are no more, and probably less, in fact, mutually repugnant there than here can live together in peace and mutual helpfulness.

As to tariff-reform, the paper took an advanced stand and held it firmly, but foretold the Democratic betrayal that dished it in the end:

Congressman Randall of Pennsylvania has made a speech at Atlanta, Ga., which shows plainly enough what the future course of politics is to be. It was addressed to Southerners, but it had not a word about slavery or the war or reconstruction or the negro vote; that is, politics for schoolm'ams and ministers and the hack stumpers of whom we have heard the last, we hope, for at least two years. No; Mr. Randall means business, and his business is to fix the South solid for the flag and a protective tariff. He quoted the Democratic platform to prove that it was for a protective tariff, high enough in all cases to make up to American manufacturers the difference between the cost of production here and the cost of production abroad. Mr. Morrison and Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Cleveland evidently believed that the platform contained something very different, and we shall soon begin to witness the collision of these different views of the same thing. Meanwhile, as to-day's newspapers have it, the Southern pig iron has already begun to invade the Northern and Eastern markets, and crowd still further the distressed Pennsylvania irons. Pennsylvania must lose no time in enlisting the Southern iron-makers for the tariff war, as the Southern furnaces, like those in Michigan, could make money without it, where Pennsylvania could not; but, of course, still more with it, at the expense of the rest of the country.

How eager and ready the *Transcript* was to encourage the Democratic administration in well-doing by generous credit and faith in its intentions is evident from the following:

But it is not merely the force of clerks at Washington, but the whole country, to whom the President's determination to take the government offices out of politics has brought great satisfaction and relief. The professional office-seeking and office-holding class, whose indecent emphasis on their own personal claims and expectations would give

the idea that their interest is all there is in politics, are receiving notice all around that the people are no longer to be fooled with that notion.

That the *Transcript* was really and truly independent, as fair for one side as the other, and as willing to accept the good to be achieved from the hand of one party as the other, and pledged, according to the genuine independent program, to hold either party to a strict responsibility for any treachery to the cause, is clearly to be seen in the following leader of about this time:

Now, then, is the hour for civil-service reformers to hold hard. They have no reason for discouragement. They have seen their despised "fancy" issue become the commanding one before the country to-day. Upon it this Administration will either split and go down or build itself as on a rock in the esteem of the people of all parties as distinguished from the professional politicians of either party. It is no longer a fancy issue, but the most popular, the plainest, the very centre of public interest for the next four years. The rejected stone has become the head of the corner. This is the issue which all can understand, and on which the lines can be strictly drawn.

The irony of fate or, as some would call it, an overruling Providence, never selected a more singular instrumentality for a given work than in setting the old Democratic party — the party of Jackson and Marcy, of Tammany, Tweed, and Tilden — to work out the extinction of the spoils system. But it cannot help itself. The civil-service-reform pattern is set, and the Democratic national mill must turn out that goods for this term, and can make no other. To mix the metaphor still further, imitation, fraudulent, or venerated goods will not answer. The country has come to be a keen judge of cheap veneering virtuosity in high places, and will now demand the real article — the solid, old-fashioned mahogany — and will take no other.

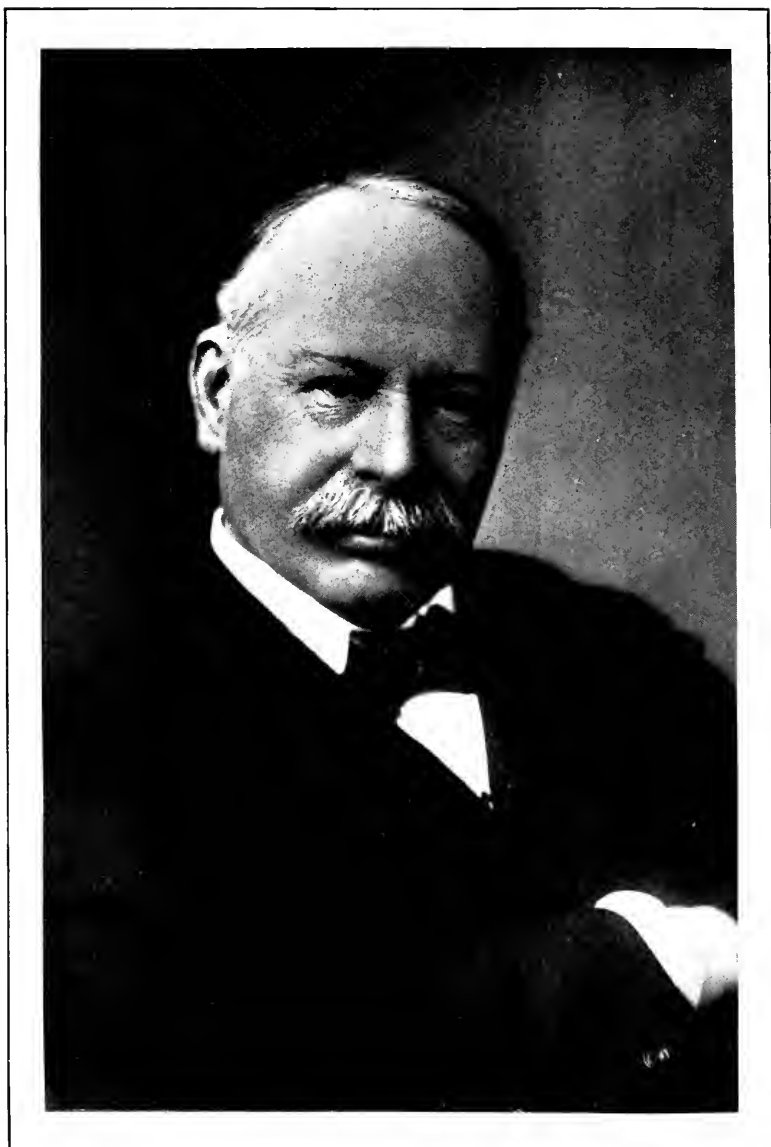
For Mr. Cleveland will either carry out his program — which even the professional politicians, the Phelps and the Collinses, admit to be a success with the country — or he will not. If he does not, his party will be whirled out of office by the same force which was the means of putting it in by a very narrow margin. No other party can thus survive and defeat it, except, of course, on guarantees of doing better. At all events, then, another presidential canvass would thus have to be fought on civil-service reform. Carl Schurz said last year that the critical hour for civil-service reform would come when the control of the Government with its patronage passed from the Republican party to the Democratic. The hour of its sure triumph will come when it passes on that express issue from the Democratic back to the Republican party. That is mathematically demonstrable.

Another part of the *Transcript* record that can be looked back to with some satisfaction is the part it played in the inception

of the great developments of the local transportation system which has made Greater Boston one of the "object-lessons" of the world as to the benefit of the consolidation of a number of short lines in a city into a single system, provided the whole are held well in hand by public control. At the outset of Mr. Henry M. Whitney's grand campaign in local transportation, the *Transcript* incurred the opposition of many of its readers among "the classes" whose carriage-horses were frightened on suburban roads by the new horseless vehicles, by championing the rights of "the masses" to a chance at the country roads and green fields and cheap homes, with cheap and convenient access to them. A distinguished lady appeared on the battlefield one morning, invading the editorial sanctum behind a bank of fresh violets heaped on her muff, to say that she thought it a shame that she could no longer drive out to her country-seat in Brookline; and a distinguished public man of that town which wants to enjoy the advantages of the city and escape its responsibilities inveighed eloquently against the speed and sparkings of the great electric monsters that had destroyed the seclusion of "the wealthiest town in the world." The spirit opposing at that time the expansion of which everybody is so proud and fond at present is easily to be understood from the following editorial leader from the hand of the strong and sensible editor of the *Boston Journal*, Col. W. W. Clapp, in the days when it was the leading family morning and evening paper of New England, almost a "family Bible," indeed, for the great so-called "middle classes" throughout the State:

If the West-End enterprise ever proves to be of any value to Boston's development and conveniences of travel, it will not be because of any coddling by the Boston public. You can get up a petition against it, signed by everybody far and near, at two hours' notice. It matters little what may be the subject of complaint. — *Transcript*.

Bostonians have a peculiar way of antagonizing Boston. A limited number of very worthy though somewhat narrow-minded citizens are always to be found in opposition to every great public improvement. The introduction of pure water was opposed most strenuously, and the widening of every street and avenue has not been carried to completion without opposition. Bostonians possess a fatal facility for limiting communications, and they are also adepts at holding front-parlor meetings, where a handful of men organize an opposition to every advance which interferes with



Henry M. Whitney, who planned and executed the consolidation of local transportation in Greater Boston, resulting in the building of the subway by the city of Boston.

Born at Conway, Mass., 1839

their personal comfort. With this class Boston has no future. To live in undisturbed possession of their homesteads, to resist every encroachment upon their mistaken idea that they own the streets, and to pour cold water upon any innovation which threatens their supposed invested rights appears to be the aim and object of their existence. But Boston has spread out in spite of these obstructionists, and will continue to do so; for the present generation of active, enterprising men

have an idea that capital can find profitable investment in Boston, and they propose to try the experiment of home expansion, even if they have to fight for it. And after all, what are these temporary inconveniences compared with the general prosperity of the whole city? It is disagreeable to have the streets dug up for the different purposes which require it; but all this digging means bread and butter for the laboring classes, it means business for the city, and it means progress. We cannot

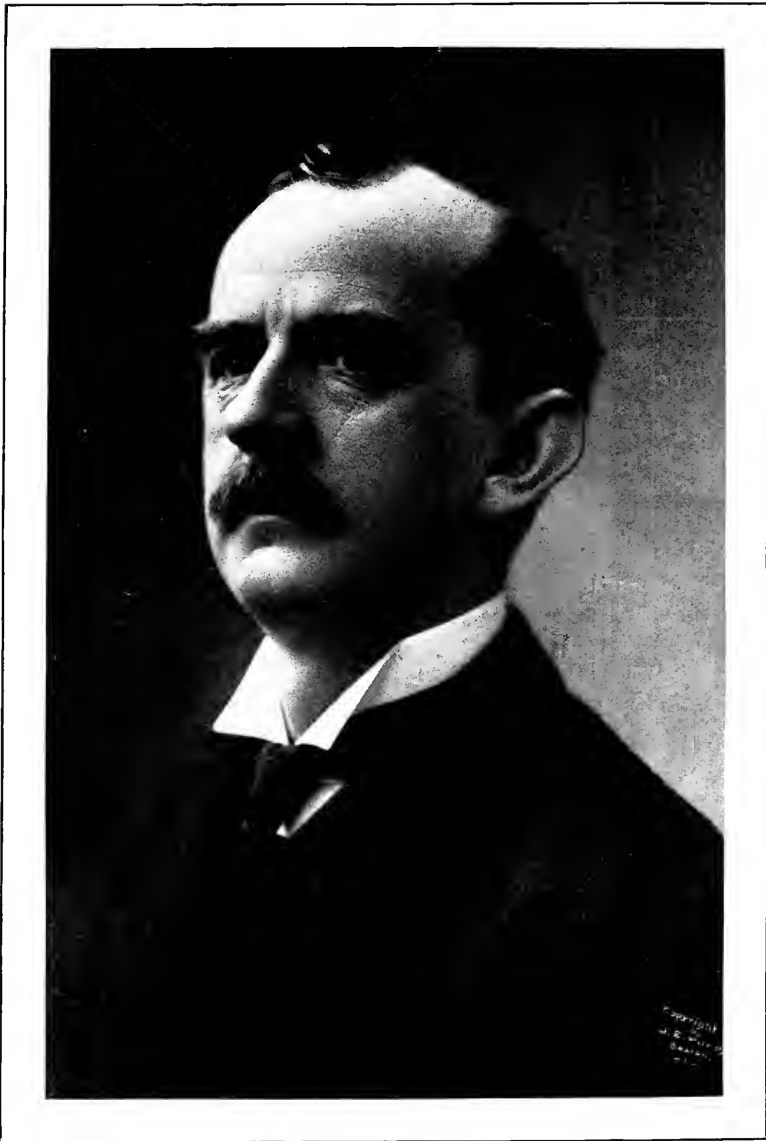


PHOTO BY PURDY, BOSTON

Senator Winthrop Murray Crane, who, as Governor of Massachusetts, vetoed the Boston Elevated Railroad Bill and steadfastly resisted all schemes to allow the Elevated Company to control underground as well as elevated traffic

combine the activity of a great city with the rural advantages of a village; and, if the noise and hum of business life, if the blocked streets and crowded sidewalks, are troublesome to the nerves of a few they can easily find relief by returning to some of the inland cities, where they can vegetate in melancholy solitude. The *Transcript* is quite right in its comments upon the opposition offered to the enterprise of the West End Railway Company.

The greatest local enterprise, involving a larger outlay of capital than any single public improvement ever started in this city, has been most unreasonably attacked, not by the business men of Boston, but by a few active citizens who represent the past rather than the future of Boston. Every man in trade, every man who lets a store or who is dependent for his income from any industrial pursuit in Boston, knows that the only

way to keep Boston abreast of its enterprising competitors is to encourage every movement and every private expenditure of money that gives employment to labor and keeps the city on the onward march.

But there was a sequel to this chapter in the evolution of the Boston street-railroad system. Outside of Mr. Whitney's bold and comprehensive purchases and consolidations remained the abortive and clumsy Meigs Elevated Railroad. Its heedlessly beveled wheels and trucks were of no use; but it possessed a valuable charter, and this had already caught the sharp eye of speculation in New York, as the following editorial paragraph in a New York paper of that date suggests:

After a little more experience with jobs of the Meigs character the people of Boston will be apt to conclude that it will be better to hold the streets in its own possession for rapid-transit purposes, and have the city build the road and then let out its operation to the highest bidder for short periods of time, as they are to do in New York, or operate the system itself. The old plan of giving away these valuable public franchises for free exploitation by private monopoly, as so glaringly embodied in the Meigs bill, is not growing in popularity. Economic thought long ago rejected it as most unwise, and it is practically being rejected now by many American cities. Boston opinion ought to be ripe now for rejecting it also. The *Transcript* already seems to be prepared to welcome a system of transit under municipal management, saying:

"It is valuable assistance to the cause of public rights to the streets and the entire use and benefit thereof — the opposition of those legislators who are willing to sacrifice the public interests for the promotion of one of the most audacious and disreputable stock-jobbing conspiracies in the annals of Massachusetts legislation."

The story of the contest that was waged with this Meigs charter as the principal weapon in the hands of a syndicate that intended to capture the streets of Boston for perpetuity and private profit by means of it is worth recalling in this connection. Mr. Whitney suddenly retired from the street-railway, it will be remembered, and turned his attention to the development of coal-mines in the British provinces, for the manufacture of gas and coke, in an ambitious scheme for piping the illuminating and fuel gas throughout the State of Massachusetts.

Thanks to Mr. Whitney's initiative, the street-railways of Greater Boston have been merged into a single great corporation; but the municipality still retains the effect-

ive control that inheres in the possession of an indispensable link, in fact, the keystone of the system, — the subway through the heart of the city. This merger of the former city and suburban companies was subsequently crowned by the acquisition, at a nominal price, by Mr. John Pierpont Morgan, prompted by his Boston associates, of the then apparently valueless, unworkable charter for the Meigs Elevated Railway. This charter, bought for a song, because handicapped with its queer mechanical system and with certain provisions for the protection of public rights and abutting property, making it impossible to construct it where city real estate has great value, was found to have a precious "joker" embodied in it in the provision securing the irrevocability of any location once given it. This "joker" had escaped due attention in the framing of the law in the midnight of the last day of a session of the Legislature. With this \$200,000 charter in the hands of Mr. Morgan's Boston syndicate they acquired, through a lease, all the West End consolidated roads and their franchises, and the Boston Elevated Railway Company thus began to receive dividends at the rate of 6 % on a capitalization of ten million dollars long before any train had been run over any part of its elevated structure.

But this elevated railroad with its unique tenure in perpetuity consists of two widely sundered ends without any connecting middle part; it now employs the leased Tremont-Street subway for this connection; but that was never built for trains of large passenger-cars: it was designed only for street-cars, and its use by the Elevated has always been an awkward and uncomfortable makeshift — inconvenient for both the railroad and the public. This first subway quickly outgrown, the demand for another subway arose, and the Elevated saw in that necessity its opportunity to secure the much-desired all-its-own connection between its hitherto disjointed sections. It naturally battled hard for a connection that should carry with it the permanency of tenure and independence of the city belonging to the rest of the Elevated locations. It made three different and progressive attempts to throw off the yoke of municipal control that it has to wear through the city ownership of the subway. The first was broached in the disguise of a movement

coming from the side of the public. To carry out the deception, the all-but-defunct "Citizens' Association" was revived and used to propose a tunnel that should be the property of the Elevated Company. The counsel and secretary of the Citizens' Association, who was about all there was to the association at the time, made no secret of the fact that he was acting under the unofficial suggestions of influential members of the Boston Transit Commission, which body indeed assisted officially in the drawing of the bill. This so-called Citizens' Association bill of 1900 proposed to have the new subway — the future main vertebral trunk-line of the whole system, be it understood — built and owned by the company instead of by the city.

This bill failing, another one was put in at the next Legislature, in which the Elevated corporation waived its former expectations of reimbursement for the cost of constructing the new subway, estimated at about \$6,000,000, contenting itself with the prospect of forty years of absolute ownership and control of the entire system, — the first-built and city-owned subway and all. It was now willing to make a free gift to the city of what it had demanded \$6,000,000 for only the year before. This was the bill celebrated for being passed by the Legislature in spite of the vigorous protests of the best citizens, and passed with overwhelming votes in both Houses, only to be vetoed by Governor Crane — after which the Legislature at once retreated in a perfect stampede! The veto was mainly because it gave absolute and irrevocable control of location in the city streets for more than a generation at the least. Thanks to the vigorous and able opposition of Mayor Patrick A. Collins, the final attempt, made the next year after, to cut out the city-ownership of the subway links of the system, by means of which at any time the public can bring the great corporation to its terms, was again brought to naught; and henceforth all subways will be in the hands of the public, through the Transit Commission, representing the city and State.

Here then, in Boston, we have something approaching the ideal condition, or, rather, tendencies as yet not diverted from the direction toward the ideal; that is to say, the public facilities are increasing and the re-

turns of capital are really generous, beyond expectation indeed, as shown by the rise of the market premium on the stock. In other words, the public is reaping, by control of and coöperation with the corporation, some share of the prosperity it makes for the road in a progressive extension of transfer privileges and better service. When the original organizer of this great system, Mr. Henry M. Whitney, suddenly withdrew all his interest in what his financial genius and courage had created, he avowed as one reason for this action his conviction that the public was bound to take the profits of the street-railway business. The Legislature had indeed cut down the amount of stock to be issued for his merging operation, and when the Elevated Company was ready to take a lease of the West End Street Railway Company for ninety-nine years and pay eight per cent on the common stock of that company, the citizens' protest against that lease resulted in the refusal of the Railroad Commissioners to approve the lease, and the making of a new lease in which the term was cut to less than twenty-five years and the rental was made seven per cent instead of eight per cent on the common stock of the West End Street Railway Company.

Mr. Whitney, on retiring from the street-railway interests, threw his great powers, personal and financial, into the illuminating-gas interests; or, rather, into one of the two competing gas "combines" contesting this metropolitan district. While convinced that the public was in future to limit the profits of the street-railroad business, he still had faith that the other sort of control would be maintained over the gas situation, with such issues of obligations of the existing companies as might be deemed necessary to attract investors. With the appropriately styled Bay State system — the waters of the bay being largely represented therein — he entered into a sort of "gentlemen's agreement" to supply it with gas from his new plant for the manufacture of gas and coke of the Nova Scotia coal. The agreement evaded the control of the State Gas Commission, as being one made by gentlemen and not by a corporation; but the subsequent confusion which caused Mr. Whitney no end of embarrassment and loss would seem to be an indication that, after all, ac-

cepted public control is the best of guarantees for capitalists, as well as for the public. All the parties to a gentlemen's agreement, it seems, may sometimes not be gentlemen. The evasion of the State Gas Commission's effective control through keeping the coke-manufacturing company that supplies the gas beyond its supervision makes a farce of the whole pretension of supervision. The seller and purchaser being practically the same, of course the price is made whatever is necessary to conceal the real cost from official public knowledge.

As the attempt to capture the subway for private property was engineered at one point by the so-called "Citizens' Association," which was simply a survival and skeleton of its former self, so this gas consolidation was finally consummated through a like use of the similarly moribund Public Franchise League. The whole community nowadays may be divided into two general classes, — the exploiters of the public in its common necessities, and the exploited. With the exploiters go a large and nebulous annex of investors in their stocks, their employees in the services, their lawyers, their legislators, and their hirelings of the press. The gentlemen who compose the exploiting class may rank as "prominent citizens" and "good citizens," and their representatives in the press furiously denounce "grafters" and expose their grafting — that is to say, among the small fry. They may support and even be active members of a "good-government" club and honestly believe they have the public interest at heart. But they cannot forego their possible dividends out of the nickel-mines in the public streets of the city, and in the gas-mains and telephone-tubes thereunder. As Tolstoi says: "We will do almost anything for the poor man's relief: we will open soup-kitchens and hospitals; we will teach him the three r's; we will discourse band music to him and keep up religious institutions

and give him lots of good advice. Yes, we will do almost anything for the poor man — anything but get off his back."

There is much discussion as to "what retards Boston's growth" nowadays. There are club meetings held and investigations started, both public and private, official and non-official, touching various problems of transportation by sea and land, the growth or rather the absence of growth of our population; and beating all is the strenuous activity of the Mayor in his bizarre schemes for the promotion of the "bigger, busier, better Boston" of his ambition, including a patronage bureau of publicity for the advertising of the same. All these efforts at organization of business prosperity by business men fail to keep in mind that there is something beyond and above all organization. "There is something else — there is a spirit moving over the face of the waters, and there are the realms of ideas and of thought." Boston has never at any period of its long history thriven by and for business alone; Boston has never been without commercial importance; but there have been great periods when there was that "something else" — that "spirit moving over the face of the waters, in the realms of ideas and of thought." At certain of our historic epochs business has been sent to the dogs for the time being, in obedience to "the spirit moving over the face of the waters," and a larger life for the city was sought, with a confidence and faith that proved to be well founded, in the realms of ideas and of thought. Boston cannot expect to lift itself without a new birth of the public spirit of old. Merely lifting ourselves continually by the boot-straps of our past glory or even of our present achievement will not answer. We must renew the ancient forward lead in ideas that has distinguished the Boston of history at every crisis in the country's political and social evolution.



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The Republic of the Green Mountains

IT is not popularly known, or at least not often related, that for thirteen years there existed up among the hills of the present State of Vermont a community of people owing allegiance to no other community on the face of the earth; and for fourteen years more, from 1777 to 1791, organized as an independent, sovereign State, as independent and sovereign as is the United States to-day. Never a dependency of Great Britain, these people were the first to resist by force the tyranny of the Royalists and to suffer the shedding of blood in the cause of American independence; for before any declaration of war, the first battle of the Revolution was fought at Westminster courthouse, and William French was wounded to death by a Royalist bullet. Not one of the original thirteen States of the Union, and only one other of its present members, Texas, ever had a separate independent existence; but each was founded as a ward or dependency of some European power, or existed as territory of the United States.

It is a unique distinction which must be conceded to the people of what was originally known as the New Hampshire Grants; and what is more, it is a distinction which was not accidental, but the hard-earned victory of remarkable courage, sagacity, and endurance. Born in a thunder-storm, christened in the first decisive battle of the

Revolution, harassed and betrayed by her neighbor on the west, coveted by her neighbors on the east and south, threatened and cajoled by the British on the north, and ignored, neglected, or antagonized by the Congress, the little republic had a stormy and hazardous experience during the twice seven years of her life. But her hardy people never flinched, never receded from their just claims, never failed to do their duty in the general struggle of the colonies for independence, and never yielded allegiance to any power but Almighty God until at their own solicitation they were admitted into the union of the States on their own terms.

For fourteen years the little republic maintained her sovereignty against Great Britain, against New York, and against Congress; for both during and after the Revolution the majority of Congress, swayed by the power and influence of the State of New York, was hostile to her. With no representation either in Congress or in the Legislature of New York, and without the means of influence to make herself felt in either body, she was continuously refused recognition of her independence and admission to the Union, and her people denied the title to their homes. The contest of the Colonies in the Revolution was against taxation without representation. That of Vermont, through the war and eight years after, was against confiscation without representation. "No oppression charged upon Great Britain by America approached that sought to be visited by Congress and New York upon Vermont, while she was fighting side by side with them in the struggle for national independence." While the Colonies were fighting one common enemy, Vermont was fighting two additional foes more threatening, more subtle, more exasperating. The defeat of the British at Bennington was easy compared with the continuous task of successfully meeting the oppressive measures and misrepresentations of New York and the denials and neglect of Congress. And yet she won, and without compromising her fidelity to the larger cause of American independence.

It is not strange that under such a burden and provocation a spirit should have been developed in the people and their leaders which called forth uncomplimentary ex-

pressions. When Ethan Allen and his band of settlers resisted the officers of the law sent from Albany to seize the farm of James Breakenridge at Bennington, they were dubbed the "Bennington mob," and were characterized as "fierce Republicans, refusing to become tenants to any one and insisting on owning lands they should occupy; whose whole conversation is tainted with politics, Cromwellian politics; who talk about slaves to arbitrary power; and whose indifference to the Mother Country and whose illiberal opinions and manners are extremely offensive to all loyal subjects of the King."

But this "Bennington mob" was successful in defending the homes of the people of the "Grants" from the rapacity and greed of the Colonial Governors of New York, even with a price upon the heads of its leaders. And it was this same "mob" which won, some years after at the same place, the "first success of the Revolution which bore any fruit;" for the victorious guns in the battle of Bennington sounded the first note of the knell of doom of the power of Great Britain over the Colonies. The consequences were immediate and far-reaching. Washington took heart once more, and a general despair gave way to confidence. The militia poured into General Gates's camp at Saratoga, who had succeeded Schuyler. The British commander understood the meaning, and although he fought desperately, it was in vain; his invincibility was gone. On the seventeenth of October he surrendered. "If I had succeeded there," Burgoyne wrote to his government, "I should have marched to Albany." But he did not succeed. The "Bennington mob" prevented, and the junction between Clinton and Burgoyne was not effected.

It was about this same "mob" too that Burgoyne wrote, a little before the battle of Bennington, "The New Hampshire Grants . . . now abounds in the most active and rebellious race of the continent and hangs like a gathering storm on my left," which reveals not only the British commander's estimate of the Green Mountain Boys, but also the fact that in his thought that was something more than a foraging party which he sent out; that the principal object of the expedition was by no means the stores at Bennington, but the removal of the only obstruction to his victorious march which

he feared. It was, too, his choice troops that he sent out, and under his best commanders, and with orders to cross the mountains to Rockingham, in order to bring them into Schuyler's rear. But alas, that "mob," led by Allen and Warner and Stark, was lacking in almost everything except men and patriotism and courage, with no artillery, no cavalry, no transportation, and "no commissariat except the women on the farms;" that "mob" was made up of farmers fighting for their rights and homes, who, if defeated, would have no homes to go to, for what Burgoyne might leave New York would take; men who to a man were there of their own free will and with no expectation of personal reward; men who carried in their breasts the spirit of Stephen Fay, whose five sons were all in the fight, and who said when the first-born was brought home dead, "I thank God that I had a son willing to give his life for his country."

The charge of insubordination has been sometimes made against the Green Mountain Boys, and technically there is ground for it. Ethan Allen refused to surrender the command of the expedition against Ticonderoga to Benedict Arnold, who brought a commission from the Massachusetts Council of Safety. But who planned the expedition and raised the troops, and what rights had the Massachusetts Council in the case? John Stark, who, though hailing from across the Connecticut River, was one with the Vermonters in sympathy and spirit, when he reached Manchester on his way to Bennington was met by a peremptory order from Congress to march at once to join Schuyler, leaving the Vermonters to their fate, and refused to obey the order. For this he was reprimanded by Congress, and New Hampshire was commanded to revoke the orders under which he was acting. But the cause was more to him than was Congress, and he understood, and knew he understood, the necessities better than that body. And when the news of the battle reached Congress they sent him a vote of thanks, "their only contribution to the victory that caused the destruction of Burgoyne."

They who criticise the independent spirit of the Vermonters during and before the Revolution forget that they owed no political allegiance whatever to the Colonies,

and little gratitude; that the British were not their only nor most menacing enemy; and that they were bound by all the considerations that appeal most to men of honor to defend first of all their own particular territory. And yet they did not ignore the call of Massachusetts in the time of her need, while Congress gave them no relief at all in their time of need, but had its ears ever open to the maligning voice of New York. Those very orders which were sent to Stark, and which he disregarded, show how utterly indifferent was Congress to the fate of the Green Mountain State, even though one refuses to see in the order the sinister designs of the New York delegates.

The outbreak of the Revolution found the people of the New Hampshire Grants already engaged in a contest in defense of their lands, which for several years had taxed their utmost resources. These lands they had received and paid for under regular grants from the Colonial Governor of New Hampshire. But with covetous eyes New York had laid claim to them and was repeatedly making new grants to speculators and political favorites, who in turn demanded of the Vermonters the repurchase of their farms with no compensation for improvements and under threat of confiscation. Without money and influence, and with only township organizations, they had no legal means of resistance, and after a hopeless effort to obtain justice through the process of law at Albany they were driven to resort to other means. Sheriffs and their posses, sent to dispossess them of their homes, were tumbled into the river, or beech-sealed, or otherwise defied.

When the authority of Great Britain was at last thrown off by the Colonies by the Declaration of Independence, the organization of a separate and stronger government by the people of the Grants was unavoidable. Already, five years before, they had made, at Bennington, *their* Declaration of Independence — the first on the continent — and later had made good with the "Bennington mob." In July, 1776, a series of conventions was begun for the purpose of organization, and in January, 1777, another Declaration was formulated and given to the world, affirming that forever hereafter the New Hampshire Grants should be known as the free and independ-

ent State of New Connecticut. In the following June the convention changed the name to Vermont, and on the second of July the representatives met at Windsor to form a constitution for the new State.

It was while considering this proposed constitution that the invasion of Burgoyne was announced by a terrified horseman. It came near ending their deliberations, for the delegates were for going home at once. But fortunately they were delayed by a violent thunder-storm. And amidst the fire and artillery of the storm the constitution was adopted. The coming of the storm was also fortunate, one might say providential, in that it permitted arrangements for a provisional government by the appointment of the Council of Safety, which so sagaciously and boldly provided temporarily for the defense of the State.

Of that constitution writes one of national and international reputation:

"Framed by a rural people, in hardship and poverty, a foreign enemy at their very gates, and a still more inveterate foe in the sister province that should have been their protector, its authors neither statesmen nor lawyers, untrained in political science or literary accomplishments, but one of them having ever sat in a legislative assembly before, they were still doing their best under every discouragement, with such slender acquirements as they had, toward the foundation of a government that would command the respect of mankind. The constitution of Pennsylvania was doubtless in a considerable degree their model. But there was much in their work that was original. And it displayed a breadth and elevation of view, a profound sagacity, an independence of thought, and a sublime faith, not reasonably to be looked for in such an assembly."

Two or three features of the constitution are noteworthy. It contained the first prohibition of slavery ever put forth on this continent. "No male person," it read, "born in this country or brought over sea, ought to be holden by law to serve any person as a servant, slave or apprentice, after he arrives to the age of twenty-one years; nor female in like manner after she arrives to the age of eighteen years." That this was more than sentiment on paper was shown on the following November, when a negro woman with her child fell into the hands of

a company of the Green Mountain Boys, and their commander, Ebenezer Allen, gave her her freedom in a paper containing these words: "Being conscientious that it is not right in the sight of God to keep slaves, . . . I do therefore give the said Dinah and her child their freedom, to pass and re-pass anywhere through the United States of America, . . . as though she were born free."

Seeming to foresee that one of the greatest dangers of a free government would be the greed for office which regards public office as the opportunity for the plunder of the public till, those men wrote into their constitution these words: "If any man is called into public service to the prejudice of his private affairs, he has a right to reasonable compensation; and whenever an office through increase of fees or otherwise becomes so profitable as to occasion many to apply for it, the profits ought to be lessened by the Legislature."

The following declaration, required of each representative in the Legislature before taking his seat, is significant of the temper of the people: "You do believe in one God, the Creator and Governor of the Universe, the rewarder of the good and the punisher of the wicked. And you do acknowledge the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be given by Divine inspiration: and do own and profess the Protestant religion." Except in the last requirement, which may not have been wholly indefensible in those days, the liberality of the article in its contents is as remarkable as the fact of its incorporation in the constitution. Those men, however insistent on the essentials of their religious faith, were imbued with a spirit of liberty that reached even their religion.

When the convention adjourned at Windsor, the Council of Safety, to which was entrusted the government of the State until an election could be held, proceeded at once to Manchester to be near the scene of the expected conflict. The work of this Council has been but scantily recognized by historians of the Revolution outside of Vermont; for here was the wisdom and inspiration which made possible the victory at Bennington. Thomas Chittenden, the first Governor of the new State, was its president, and Ira Allen, the youngest member and brother of the redoubtable Ethan Al-

len, was its secretary. Two questions, both very difficult of solution under the circumstances, were uppermost,—the raising of troops and the securing of funds with which to equip them for the field.

But before settling down to the consideration of these questions three calls were sent out by the Council,—one to the officers of the militia, urging them to immediate action; another to the New Hampshire Council of Safety for assistance; and a third to General Schuyler, of the Continental army, for reinforcements. The response to the first two was speedy and cordial; but Schuyler wrote declining to "notice a fourteenth State unknown to the Confederacy." Ira Allen was for raising a full regiment, but a large majority was against him; in the unorganized condition of the new State and with the utter lack of money it was impossible, they said, to raise more than two companies of sixty men each. The debate was long and pessimistic. But Allen persisted, and finally his proposal was incorporated in a motion which was carried, but with this condition added to it,—that Allen should devise the means for raising the money. Allen accepted the condition, and the Council adjourned till morning. In the morning, after a sleepless night, the young secretary reported the startling plan to confiscate the property of the Tories, "the first instance in America of seizing the property of the enemies of American independence." But four months after, it was recommended to all the States by Congress. It had, too, the important effect of forcing the issue between Tory and patriot to the decisive point, uncovering many of the secret enemies of the State.

The story of Vermont for eight years after the close of the Revolution is the story of her effort to gain admission to the Union, which had indeed begun before the adoption of her constitution. What kept her so long out of the Union was her troubles with her sister States; for the formation of her constitution did not put an end to the controversy with New York, but was the most effective step taken thus far by the Vermonters to maintain that controversy. For several years afterward the two States continued to question and resist the authority of the other, often appealing to Congress, and sometimes threatening civil war. In 1784 the question was settled in favor of Vermont,

and, conscious that she had gained in importance and prestige by her victory, as well as by her general prosperity and freedom from the financial obligations incurred by the colonies in consequence of the war, she took an aggressive attitude. The border towns both of New Hampshire and New York had applied for admission to the Green Mountain State. The application was accepted, and by formal declaration she enlarged her boundaries both east and west. It was a bold step, but by it she augmented her resources, compelled the respect of her enemies, and gained the confidence of her friends. It is true it united New Hampshire and New York against her in her struggles with Congress, but it forced them to abandon a previous plan, secretly considered, of dividing up her territory between them. And while it delayed her admission to the Union, it put the other two States on the defensive, and forced them to name terms under which her appeal for admission would surely be heeded, terms to which she was willing to accede,—the relinquishment of those border towns.

But what really brought Congress to the point of action upon the question of Vermont's admission was the attempted negotiations of the British with the Green Mountain leaders. Notwithstanding some mystery connected with them, there is no question as to the negotiations, nor that Congress was thoroughly frightened. Neither is there any real question as to the loyalty and motive of the Vermonters, notwithstanding the aspersions that were made against their fidelity to the cause of national independence. Circumstantial evidence may point to a compromising situation, but there are certain facts to recall before admitting the evidence as conclusive. We must remember that the northern frontier of the State was absolutely unprotected and the danger of invasion real. We must remember that the Vermonters' right to make terms with Great Britain was as absolute as that of the United States. So they boldly told Congress that they would rather do this than submit to the government of New York. Even if they had seriously contemplated such a step, they could not have been justly charged with plotting treason against a government in which they had no part. That their chief desire was to become a member of the Union is evident from the

promise extracted from General Haldiman, the agent of the British, that so soon as they were admitted to the Union "all negotiations should cease, and any step that leads to it forgotten." And we should not forget the general situation of the little State—not only her isolation politically and her unprotected condition, but the opposition of her neighbors and the neglect of Congress.

If the negotiations were pushed far, beyond even the vaguely defined limits of diplomacy, the provocation and excuse were great; and if the Americans were deceived, there was as much deception of the British. Ira Allen and his colleagues were no traitors, then or ever. They were fighting for the rights and homes of their people. And they won, outwitting both their foes and their tempters. Whatever motive may be ascribed to them, it must be conceded that the whole affair was managed most adroitly, and the end most desired was accomplished,—the admission of the State into the Union. On the eighteenth day of February, 1791, the fourteenth star was added to the constellation of States, and the little Republic of the Green Mountains surrendered its sovereignty.

The Political Outlook

TO the discriminating man it is plain that Americans are living in a new political era. The presidency of Roosevelt has wrought many changes in our national economic and industrial affairs, but its effect upon our politics has been no less powerful and fundamental. For good or ill, the old days of manipulated national conventions have passed away. The people seldom are denied their wish for the highest candidate, but from now on they will have their demands obeyed without question. The bosses usually try to favor the strongest and most popular candidate, anyhow; but the people of the parties henceforth will hardly pay as much attention to the actions or pronouncements of the bosses. Yet it is this almost dictatorial attitude of the masses that is causing the bosses greatest perplexity and concern to-day—and for a most peculiar reason. That reason is the seeming apathy or incomprehensible silence of the masses on the question of the

next presidential nominee. Eleven months from the time NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE subscribers are reading these pages all the various parties will have made their nominations and the campaign will be under way. Yet to-day we are without the slightest indication of the popular choice for President; we see absolutely no enthusiasm whatever in the Republican party and very little in any other party for any certain man for leader. No such condition ever appeared before. It is strange, and needs careful scrutiny. Why is it?

It is largely due to the indelible impression which Mr. Roosevelt has made upon his countrymen. The people have been so stirred, so thrilled and inspired, or hypnotized as his critics put it, by the acts and personality of the President that they have no eyes for any one else. It is not the lack of good material. The men whose sad "booms" are being presented to the public are above the average of candidates for the nomination. Take the Republican party first, for it is the party to which the President belongs and the party of the majority as the country stands to-day. Taft, Fairbanks, Cannon, Hughes, La Follette, Foraker, and Knox are all able men, and men whose administrations would be capable and clean. But there is no demand for them. Nor does the Democratic party wax fervent over its one candidate and certain favorite, Mr. Bryan. The reason is the same. Party lines have been largely broken down, and the Democratic party is not ready to fix its faith upon any man until it knows what the Republican party will do. The deduction from all these facts and circumstances is obvious. The people as a whole prefer a continuance in office of President Roosevelt, and if he had not placed himself outside the lists no serious thought of any other man would be entertained by the people to-day. And even under the circumstances of the President's positive refusal to run again, made on election night, 1904, and repeated often since that time, the country cannot content itself with that refusal. The towering figure of Roosevelt casts a shadow, a blight, upon all other men, and until the figure passes this blight will remain. Of course in time it will pass, it must pass, and the country will arouse itself from its day-dreaming and set itself seriously to the job of selecting a can-

didate. But it will not be the same public it was before Roosevelt came to them as their Chief Magistrate. Their ideals will be different and their demands more exacting. They will, in a sort of rage at failing to get Roosevelt again, "take it out" of his successor in various ways. He will have to walk more circumspectly than any other President has done, and his conduct and policies will be scrutinized as no other man's in that office. Of course he will stand the test. There were great men before Agamemnon and there will be others after him. We have never had a President who disgraced his country or who was found to be dishonest or disloyal in office. But there will be a difference in the type after this. To be sure, there will be no more "Teddys;" it will be impossible again to secure the picturesqueness of the present President, but the man who succeeds him will — *must* — walk very largely in his steps. The broad humanitarianism, the unflinching honesty and aggressive purification, and tremendous zeal for good works and good men, — these are the supreme qualities which the people see in Roosevelt and for which they rally around him. They may be wrong. Some good people in high place think so. But your and my neighbor, however much they may differ on religion and ancestry, think "Roosevelt is all right," and are going to insist that the man they vote for has Rooseveltian ideals.

Now here is where many persons go wrong. They think the people will demand that the next President keep up attacks upon corporations and trusts. Not necessarily. *Tempora mutantur*. The problems of to-day are not those of to-morrow. There are conceivably for the future greater evils in this country than watered stock and capitalistic greed. But whatever the problem, the President who has to face it must do so in the Rooseveltian way, by a method whose characteristic will be something very like pugnacious righteousness, or what passes for that. The square deal and the other beacons of this past five or six years must continue to illumine the paths of the nation for a long time. And by them the nation will be guided well. In spite of all the eccentricities and blunders of Theodore Roosevelt, he has appreciably elevated the standards of American life and has been the greatest moral force of our day. He fits

the time and the hour exactly. He might have made a botch of the war with Spain or the Venezuelan crisis, but unless he lets us drift into the folly of a menace toward Japan he will be remembered as the great President who faced down the law-breakers in high places and removed from our way one of the greatest perils of Democracy.

And having done that, it is well, and it is enough. The President has fulfilled his mission, and what he has done will never be undone. Now is the time to pass to another era and other men. Perhaps we shall need him again, and he will certainly be ready and at call.

So with a sigh the people will this winter be casting about for a new leader. It may be that the man will be other than a Republican, and the unparalleled record of successes of that party — choosing three Presidents and seven Houses of Representatives in succession — will come to an end. At this time it seems most probable that no other man but Mr. Bryan can be chosen by the Democratic party, and it is certain that this nomination will be resented by thousands of men who used to count themselves Democrats. Without these men's votes he cannot be elected. And to get them the Republicans will do much. That party, under the Roosevelt idealism, will insist upon a man like him. But where is he? That is the vexing problem and riddle of the coming months. No old-time Conservative will satisfy the vast bulk of that party. They have little liking for Mr. Bryan, but they will prefer him and even vote for him before they will support a nominee of their party who represents a reaction against Rooseveltism.

But thus far the voters have not yet gone. They will not yet seriously consider the question. Never before was there such a condition of affairs. A superficial observer would call it indifference or neglect, and wonder at it. He would be wrong. It really is a sort of confidence in the country; it is as if the country said to itself, "Well, we've got our kind of man now; we'd like to have him again; but if he won't take it, really won't take it, we are pretty sure when the time comes that we can pick out our kind of man again — when the time comes."

John Harvard

WITH this September comes the two hundred and sixty-ninth anniversary of the death of one John Harvard, a clergyman who had been settled in Charlestown but a year and a month, and who, despite the fact that we believe him to have been a learned preacher and a Christian gentleman, would have had small claim to fame had it not been for his last will and testament. In this, he, dying without children, left the half of his estate, amounting to nearly eight hundred pounds, to the sons of other men, in that he with it endowed the school at Cambridge for which the colony had just appropriated eight hundred pounds, and which thus came to be named "Harvard College."

How great a power for good this wise benevolence of the Charlestown preacher has been may well be answered by the thousands of Harvard graduates scattered over the world, carrying with them the atmosphere of culture and the power which comes from such wisdom as their individual capabilities fitted them to absorb.

Two and a half centuries is a brief time as history goes, yet in that brief time the growth of John Harvard's college has been tremendous and steady. It became famous as a seat of learning almost from the first, yet, singularly enough, during more than two hundred of these fruitful years little was done, if anything was attempted, toward clearing up the mystery of the birth and early life of this first benefactor. Not so long ago one writer referred to him as "the Melchisedec of New England," probably because, like the scriptural character, he seemed to be "without father, without mother, without descent," and having "no beginning of days." Another speaks of him as "almost a semi-mythical figure." To-day without doubt we know as much of his ancestry and early life as we do of any of the men of his generation who came from England to assist in the building-up of the colony which was later to outgrow the swaddling-clothes of the mother country and become a sovereign State.

As late as the year 1883 this ignorance concerning the man's life and antecedents continued. At that date, speaking of a proposed statue to John Harvard at Cambridge, the Rev. George E. Ellis said:

"The occasion renews the sense of regret, so often realized and expressed in scholarly circles, that a secret and silence as yet unpenetrated or voiced cover the whole life-history, in the mother country, of him who planted learning in the New England wilderness. We know neither his birth-time nor birthplace nor lineage nor parentage. With the facts about his connection with Emanuel College, Cambridge, all that we know of John Harvard in England stops."

He referred to Mr. Harvard as "sometimes minister of God's Word, assisting Mr. Symmes, the pastor of Charlestown Church," as having "received grants of land from the town," and as on a committee, April 26, 1638, "to consider of something tending towards a body of laws." "The site of his house," he said, "is known. Judge Sewall speaks of sleeping in it. It was probably burned in the battle, June 17, 1775. Harvard died of consumption, in Charlestown, September 12 o. s., September 22 n. s., 1638."

In the year 1883 Henry F. Waters, of the Harvard graduating class of 1855, went to England to search the records there in the hope of finding further trace of John Harvard. Funds for this purpose were supplied by subscription from friends of genealogical research, led by the late John C. Hassam (Harvard College, 1863), and the search was long, vigorous, and eminently successful. As a result of it we know the date of birth and the parentage of John Harvard and much concerning his lineage, all of which is very gratifying now that we are

soon to celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary of his birth.

Looking upon things from the Puritan standpoint of complete belief in the guiding hand of God in the affairs of men, one can but say that Harvard was a special instrument for the planting of an institution of learning in the colonies. A man of scholarly training himself, though the son of a Southwark butcher, he died childless after but a brief year of life in the colony, and was moved to bequeath the half of his fortune and all of his library to the "school" that so sorely needed just these things. The inference is obvious.

Since that time many special instruments have bequeathed sums large and small to the college, and it has grown beyond all possible belief or wildest dreams of John Harvard's day. Yet it is safe to say that no gifts were more opportune or more inspired than his.

Nevertheless, with all honor to the college's first private donor, we must not forget the General Court of the colony which, only six years after settlement, gave the first sum of all, eight hundred pounds, for the establishment of the school. It was the people of the colony, through their representatives, that first saw the need and gave out of their poverty to begin the supplying of it.

In November of this year comes the three-hundredth anniversary of John Harvard's birth, and it is fitting that the date should be recognized as one of special importance. International expositions have been founded on events of less significance to the country.

SEPTEMBER

By ALICE F. TILDEN

The blue, blue sea has a note of grey;
 On the sumach near the red leaves sway,—
 First hint of frost that is coming soon;
 Yet still, as with lightest of steps we pass,
 We startle the crickets out of the grass
 In the great, warm, drowsy afternoon.

TICKLE-TOWN TOPICS



THE VOICE OF THE DOLLAR

By DAVID C. GALE

There's no excuse for poverty
In this progressive age
If only you will profit by
The advertising-page.
Just con the many chances o'er,—
Their number quite bewitches,—
Then choose the way you wish to go,
The way that leads to riches.

One man agrees to give you law,
Enough of it "by mail"
To bring the juries to your feet
And make the judges quail.
Another holds a torch on high
While you become a writer.
Oh, that's an easy road to Fame —
No prospect could be brighter.

"Make money writing songs," or else
"Make money on the stage;"
And if you fail to please yourself
Just turn another page.
They only need an hour a day
To teach you engineering.
"Why don't you raise your pay?" they ask,
In manner domineering.

"Your fortune made in real estate,"
"Keep pigeons in your barn;"
"Be rich and independent too —
Make money on the farm."
Don't toil along the rocky road —
Be done with retrogression.
Lay out a course to suit your taste,
And join the great procession.

BREAD AN' APPLE-SASS

By EDITH MINITER

Pumpkin pies an' cider,
Mighty nice to eat;
Beans an' injun puddin',
Say, they can't be beat!
Smell that fish a-fryin',
Eels, an' trout, an' bass,—
Goin' to Smith's to get some
Bread an' apple-sass!

Flapjacks on the griddle
Brownin' up so fine,
When it comes to "after,"
Apple-grunt for mine;
Souise is in the spider —
Got to let it pass,—
Asked to Smith's for supper,
Bread an' apple-sass!

Salyratus biscuit,
Damson plum preserves,
Seems's if the shape o' one
Suits the other's curves.
King Nebuchudnazzar,
Once he lived on grass,—
An' my menoo 's lately
Bread an' apple-sass.

Smith's a poor provider,
Ain't no secret, that!
Leavin's from his table
Would n't keep a cat.
Pop'lar, though, as can be,
'Cause a pretty lass,
Name o' Susy, bakes the bread,
Serves the apple-sass.

DID AND DID N'T

By HELEN COMBES

Katy did, Katy did.
 What a silly creature
 I, to think she might not do
 Just what instinct told her to
 When I tried to reach her!
 Katy was my more than match,
 At defiance set me;
 When I tried a kiss to snatch
 Katy did n't let me.

Katy did, Katy did
 Scold for full an hour.
 How I longed her mouth to close,
 Underneath her very nose,
 If I had the power!
 Katy called me many a name,
 Would not come anear me;
 When I ventured, "Fie, for shame!"
 Katy did n't hear me.

Katy did, Katy did
 Try her best to tease me.
 When I begged her kind to be,
 Katy did n't look at me,
 Would not smile to please me.
 Katy did, I swear it 's so,
 Win my heart to break it;
 When 't was hers for weal or woe
 Katy did n't take it.

Katy did, Katy did,
 When I stormed and shouted,
 Show an eye with reddened lid,
 Lips that surely pouted.
 When I vowed my bonds to cut,
 To far climes to get me,
 Katy said, "Thank goodness!" but
 Katy did n't let me.

JIMMIE'S PLAN

By GRACE STONE FIELD

When I grow up I'm going to keep
 A home for little boys,
 Where they can frolic all day long
 And no one mind the noise.
 The stairs shall have long banisters
 Where all of them can slide,
 And nothing that they want to do
 Shall ever be denied.
 I'll have the pantry shelves just crammed
 With things they like to eat —
 With licorice and gingerbread
 And cookies, crisp and sweet;
 And mother, when she wishes to,
 May come and spend the day;
 But nursery-maids like Jane, I think,
 Will have to stay away.
 I've heard of homes for orphans
 And the deaf and dumb and blind,
 And homes for nice old ladies
 Are plenty, you will find;
 But all of these are places where
 You must n't make a noise —
 So when I grow to be a man
 I'll build a home for boys.

JOHN GROVES' REVENGE

By FRAZER L. MONTAGUE

I.



AS John Groves sat bending over his desk, intent on adding up a long column of figures, there was nothing about his face or bearing that was especially striking. He was, apparently, merely one of the numerous clerks of Scott and Harding, bankers, came seventh on the pay-roll, and occupied the fourth desk on the right-hand side. The most important trait that had been observed about him was his undeviating regularity. Never since he had been in the office, now nearly two years, had he been absent on a business day. Indeed, the senior partner, though he had scarcely ever spoken more than two words to young Groves, would have felt a slight shock if on entering the office he had perceived that John's desk was vacant, and would have been prepared to have something unusual happen. Even the days after holidays, those trials to senior partners, who are accustomed to thank Heaven that the glorious days in our history are comparatively few, even on those days John was to be seen at his desk at the usual hour in the morning, and, what is more, without the appearance of having lost any of his sleep. If one could have been allowed, however, to look deep down into the mind of the quiet, well-mannered clerk, deeper than any of his friends had ever looked, deeper, indeed, than he was in the habit of looking himself, one would have found there feelings developing which were hardly consistent with his quiet exterior.

Some time previous to his going into the office, when he was but a very young man, he had been over-reached in a business transaction. Certain circumstances attended the affair which, at the time, had been very bitter. It was but one more encounter of youth and inexperience with age and craftiness, and the latter, as is usual in such cases, had come off victorious.

It was not, however, the affair itself which he now remembered. This, with the lapse

of time, had grown indistinct. But the man who had got the better of him, he found, rather to his surprise, occupying more and more of his thoughts. It was the image of this man that he saw whenever he had an unusual fit of introspection, and ever with greater distinctness. To-day, so clearly did John see this image that he almost fancied the man himself stood before him. Yes; there he was, with his long gray beard carefully arranged so as to hide the low cunning in the lines of the chin and jaw; with that false, gray beard which gave a venerable appearance to a man who had grown old in scraping together a fortune made out of petty dishonesties. As for the old man, Ralph Stirling, he had long since forgotten the whole affair, and Groves into the bargain. There had been nothing about it to make it distinctive for him. He had at the time congratulated himself on one more victim. This was, however, not a sufficient distinction to give John a claim upon his memory.

If Stirling had considered the effect that his action would have on Groves — how much mortification and chagrin it might cause him; above all, that more than two years after the event he would be, as we have seen he was, an unpleasantly prominent object in John's thoughts — he might have acted differently. But Stirling was far too old a wolf to make a psychological study of every lamb that he came across.

To-day John was not content to let his thoughts of Stirling pass away without considering the possibility of something more effective than thought against him. As he examined himself, he found that his feelings towards him were gradually emerging from a stage of inactive brooding and taking a more positive color. Meanwhile he had finished adding up the column of figures on which he had been engaged. Taking a new pen, he dipped it into the red ink and drew a line across the page, to indicate that the account balanced. The action brought to mind this other account which had yet to be

settled, and on which no payment had as yet been made. The red line, too, was not without its suggestion.

But how could he settle it? He could never have obtained redress by law; that way was utterly out of the question. Clearly, nothing remained but for him to take his revenge on his own responsibility. What could he do? At first he thought he would give the whole thing up. He would not think of the man again. He would forget him as completely as he himself was forgotten.

When John had reached this point in his reflections he saw that it was time for lunch; hastily putting on his coat and hat, he left the office. He did not go at once to a restaurant, as was his custom, but wandered abstractedly about the streets. A crisis seemed to be approaching him rapidly. He found the idea of giving up all future thought of Stirling much more difficult to carry out than, a few moments before, he had imagined it would be. He now knew that his idea of revenge was not the momentary growth of an instant, but that he had been carrying it about with him, in a dormant state, for two years.

The flame that now burned within him was, indeed, new fire, but the smoke had been there a long time. Still, would it not be better to put out this fire once for all, rather than fan it by further meditation until it got beyond his control? Absorbed in these reflections, he had entered a small side street. On the narrow sidewalk he suddenly ran sharply into a man who stood counting a handful of silver, and as John struck him this was scattered in all directions.

"I ask your pardon," said John. "Allow me to pick up for you the change which was dropped by my fault." As he was uttering the last words he looked into the man's face, and recognized Ralph Stirling. Quickly stooping to hide his confusion, he rapidly began to collect the various pieces of silver. "What evil genius," thought he, "could have sent Ralph Stirling across my path at the very moment I was endeavoring to root him out of my mind forever?" The meeting seemed to him more than a coincidence. He had not paused to reflect that in walking about, with his thoughts full of Stirling, he had unconsciously come into the vicinity of Stirling's office, and that Stirling passed a dozen times a day through this very place.

In the momentary glance that he had given the other, he had seen a countenance that did not fit in exactly with his preconceived idea of it. The old man before him had a peculiarly gentle face, which seemed almost patriarchal with its silky, white beard. Could this be the man who had injured him so deeply? Had he not mistaken the character of this man, and in brooding over his wrong greatly exaggerated it, allowing certain facts which might go far to excuse him to sink into the background? Perhaps, too, the man might have yielded to a sudden temptation, his life in its general course having been honest enough. As other thoughts came crowding into John's brain he quickly took out of his waistcoat pocket a five-dollar gold-piece, and slipped it, with the money he had picked up, into Stirling's hand, remarking:

"This is all the money I see about; perhaps you can tell me if it is the right amount."

Stirling's eyes glistened when he saw the gold-piece. Being a ready reckoner, he had added up the different coins while John had been speaking, and when he had finished, said:

"There ought to be just seven dollars and twenty-five cents; let us see if this makes it."

He counted up the pieces singly before John, and the amount came to what he had indicated.

"You see I keep my money pretty well in hand, after all," he said, facetiously, and added, with a slight chuckle as he walked away, "You 're welcome to what you can find."

It was with a grim feeling of satisfaction that John looked after the retreating figure of Stirling. No, he had not been deceived then. His lamblike looks must have been caused by a more than ordinarily successful day, to which this last transaction was doubtless a pleasantly suited accompaniment. A slight smile played over John's face as long as Stirling remained in sight. He did not regret the loss of his five dollars. He looked upon it as the first step taken in getting even with Stirling. What the last step might be he had but a faint idea as yet.

"After all," he muttered, as he walked with a brisk tread to his lunch, "it is the first step that costs."

John found, after this little occurrence, that he did not have to look so deeply into his own mind in order to bring up Stirling to his recollection as he had had to do previously. In fact, as the days went by, it took rather an effort to keep his thoughts from wandering in this direction. He did not, however, make this effort very often, for with all his repugnance to the man he found a certain satisfaction in thinking of him. And his thoughts by degrees came back to the old problem: what could he do to him? If something would only happen to Stirling, to remove the chance of any further encounter with him, it would be a great relief. He eagerly scanned the daily papers, hoping to find Stirling's name among the accounts of various assaults and accidents which are constantly chronicled in the newspapers.

But although he read of crimes innumerable, so that it appeared to him that one half the world was murdering the other half, Stirling's name never appeared. He wished he had lived in those glorious old Venetian days when the flash of a stiletto at midnight, followed by a heavy fall into the canal below, indicated that there was one less injury in the world to be wiped out. What if he should reintroduce a little of the old Italian life, with its fire and passion, to give a tinge of color to the monotony of his office duties, which had lately grown unaccountably dull to him? Suppose some morning Stirling could not be found, and no one but himself knew the secret of his disappearance? After all, it would be but a man gone — a man, too, whose loss would be a public benefit, and oh, what a private satisfaction! At this idea John bent a little closer over his ledger. But it did not surprise him. He had only put in definite form the vague fancies that had been flitting through his brain ever since his last meeting with Stirling. Upon his resolve to carry out this idea, the room seemed to grow larger, and a certain cramped feeling of which he lately had been conscious disappeared. As he looked at the faces of his fellow clerks, all absorbed in their commonplace work, a slightly contemptuous smile was visible on his countenance.

"Poor devils," he said to himself, "what have they to look forward to?"

For himself, he felt that he had a purpose to accomplish, a real task to perform.

II.

It must not be imagined that John was one whit the less punctual at his office, or that the resolution he had formed led him in any way to slight his daily duties. If there had been any one to observe him closely, he might have caught a momentary smile now and then on his face, but the closest inspection would have detected nothing of the purpose that lay behind it. John had by no means given up the undertaking of this purpose. He was, however, in no hurry to accomplish it. The very fact that he had resolved to put it into execution was enough for him at first. It had rather piqued him, formerly, to know that Ralph Stirling had so completely forgotten him. Now it brought a pleasurable feeling to think that no man had any idea of his hatred of his future victim, who would himself have been as surprised as any one at the revelation. Indeed, he often pictured in his mind the astonishment that would come over Stirling's face when he found himself in his, John's, power, and how the remembrance of their former connection would, at the last moment perhaps, be revealed to him. It is possible that in this picture the drawing was not quite right, and that the coloring was a little forced; if so, John failed to notice it.

As time went on John did more than merely think of his purpose. By degrees he found out the prominent facts in the daily life of Stirling: the time he got up, when he dined, his hour of going to bed, where at any time he was most likely to be found. Did it ever occur to John that his heart might fail him at the last moment? Apparently not, if one might judge by the satisfaction he got from shooting at an ace of clubs at ten paces, and from the delight he felt as he became more and more skilful in the feat.

Finally, early in June, about six months after he had decided on his plan of action, a favorable opportunity for carrying it out seemed likely to occur. He learned that Stirling would be out late on two evenings of the following week, and would be obliged to walk to his house, some distance out of the city. Midway between the city and his home there was a long bridge over which it would be necessary for him to pass. This bridge John decided on as his place of at-

tack. He learned, moreover, that on each occasion Stirling would have a considerable sum of money with him. To relieve him of this at the same time would throw suspicion off the track, suggesting as it would that the object of the assault was simply robbery. John, indeed, did not think that there was any chance of discovery, the motives which operated with him being so closely hidden away in his own breast. Still, in such a case, he thought he could not be too careful. The bridge, too, had rather a bad name, being long and ill-lighted — another fact which would render the robbery theory plausible.

John determined to follow Stirling on the first night in question, in order to get more perfectly the lay of the land, so that there might be no hitch on the final evening. The drama he was meditating was certainly worthy of a dress-rehearsal, he thought. Accordingly, on the appointed evening he followed Stirling. The two reached the bridge without incident, John keeping himself about a minute behind. When Stirling was near the middle of the bridge John paused. This, he saw, was the proper place for him to quicken the pace, as by doing so he would overtake Stirling at the beginning of the deep water, and at a good distance from either shore.

Everything was quiet; why not do it now? thought John. Involuntarily he put his hand into his pocket for his pistol. It was not there. He had come out with no idea of using it that evening, and had left it at home. He felt slightly relieved at not finding it. "After all," he reflected, "I shall do better to stick to my original plan, and carry out the business in a quiet and orderly manner. It would be a pity, after waiting so long, to make a botch of it by being over-hasty at the last moment."

He stopped and looked about for some means of marking the place. On the top of the railing he observed a large, rusty spike, which had been left, by the carelessness of some workmen, only half driven in.

"This spike shall be my cue for entering on the scene of action," he said.

There was nothing more to be done that night. He walked rapidly back to the city and went to bed. In the morning he might have been found at his desk at his usual hour.

It was Wednesday. Only one day inter-

vened between the present condition of things and the execution of his purpose. On Thursday night Stirling was to take his final walk over the bridge. As the time drew near, John found himself looking forward to the event with not quite so much eagerness as he had anticipated. He began to have misgivings lest, with the completion of his revenge, he should find a certain blank in his life, which would be unbearably dull in comparison with the pleasurable excitement that he had enjoyed during the last six months. He would fain have lengthened this period out a little longer. It did not seem probable, however, that such a good opportunity would occur again, and, moreover, he had made up his mind.

As John was putting on his coat Thursday evening, preparatory to leaving the office, the head clerk said to him:

"Oh, by the way, Groves, there is such a rush of work just now that I think we may need a little night work. Could you give it to us if we should?"

"Certainly," said John, with a slight start; and he added, rather spasmodically, "I'll come back to-night if you want me."

"Oh, no," replied the head clerk; "we sha'n't want it for two or three weeks yet; I just thought I would mention it. Good-night."

"Good night, sir," replied John, as he left the office. He had determined to act, above all things, naturally, and thus to avoid suspicion. He was resolved not to draw attention to himself by any strange conduct. This seemed a simple enough thing to do. He did not reflect that under the influence of excitement a man, in doing what he considers natural, often exposes himself to comment. A drunken man makes his wildest demonstrations under the impression that he is acting naturally. The universe has for him put on a new appearance, and he but accommodates himself to the changed conditions.

John, after leaving the office, went to a restaurant.

"Bring me a steak with mushrooms," he said to the waiter.

"Very sorry, sah, that's not served to-day," said the darkey, pointing to a passage at the bottom of the bill of fare which read: "Dishes checked not served this day."

"Well," said John, frowning slightly, "bring me an omelette and coffee."

"Yes, sah, d'reckly, sah," replied the waiter, a little surprised at the change in the order. After he had disappeared John felt at a loss what to do. He tried to think what he usually did at such times, and came to the conclusion that he did nothing. This seemed to him precisely the thing he could not do now. As his eyes wandered aimlessly about the room, he observed a clock. The hands indicated one. It seemed an age since the waiter had left him. He resolved to time him now. After shifting uneasily in his seat and exhausting every means in his power to occupy himself, he determined to look at the clock again. There had been no movement, the hands still indicating one. He gave a slight start. It seemed at least ten minutes since he had last looked at it. What could it mean? Had in reality the time been so short as not to be observable at this distance? Or, as plausible a theory, had time actually ceased to exist? It merely meant that the clock had stopped, nothing more, as he presently discovered when, on taking out his watch, he found it was only a little past six. Ah, John! John! You have many eventful hours to pass through before one o'clock, and you will be considerably older when that time comes!

It was half past six when John left the restaurant. More than five hours must elapse before he could meet Stirling. He had arranged the details of his plan so carefully, as he thought, that he was a little annoyed to find that he had made no provision for passing this time. He must think of something. He could not wander about the city for that length of time. The theatre occurred to him. He thought he would not object to seeing a good tragedy. All the regular theatres, however, were closed, and at the summer ones only the lightest kind of travesty and burlesque was in order. The very idea of anything of the sort jarred heavily on his present mood. It was out of the question. Suddenly a new idea occurred to him. He would ride into the country for a couple of hours, and then take a return train to the city. On consulting a time-table, he found that he could take a seven o'clock train out and get back to the city by another train at eleven forty-five. This would suit him exactly. He took his seat in the car and soon had left the town behind him. The route lay along the shore, and the cool sea-air rapidly restored

him to his normal condition. After riding about an hour and a half, the brakeman put his head in at the car door and called out the name of a station at which the train was about to stop. The name John heard was that of his native place. He remembered now that the town was on this road, although when he got on the train he had not thought of it. He was getting a little tired of riding, and thought that he should like to look about the old place for a while. Upon learning that the return train stopped here, he left the car.

It was a quiet old town. The inhabitants seemed to be chiefly children and old men. The latter had spent their first childhood here, and had returned for the second.

John wandered up and down through the once familiar streets. The young moon, low in the west, lit the scene vaguely, quite in keeping with his hazy recollection. At last he reached the park which lay in the centre of the town. In the middle of the park there was a large pond. John sat down by the edge of it.

Each spot about him was suggestive of some youthful adventure. Just up the slope under a large oak had been the scene of a childish escapade. He with two or three companions had thought it would be a fine thing to camp out all night under the oak. Accordingly, they met together at twelve o'clock, and proceeded, in boy fashion, to enjoy themselves. All went well until about two, when a tremendous thunder-storm wet them through and through, besides badly frightening them.

John had had ample time to think over this frolic, as he lay in his sick-bed during the next ten days.

The pond itself brought vividly before him another childish reminiscence. There was a legend that near the middle of this pond there was a bottomless pit. At least, no plumb-line had ever succeeded in fathoming its depths. How well he remembered paddling out on a raft, having secretly equipped himself with his mother's clothes-line, determined to make investigations on his own account. The raft had separated under him, and John would doubtless have found the bottom, if bottom there was, had not a strong arm upheld him at the critical moment. Perhaps it was the fear of a similar experience that had been effective in making him a bold swimmer. As he looked

at the placid water beside him, he felt a strong inclination to see if, without the aid of a raft, he could not sound the mysterious depth. Suddenly he remembered that he had far different matters than indulging in an evening swim to attend to that night, however attractive it might be.

On looking at his watch he found it was time for him to go. He walked thoughtfully back to the station. Presently the train came thundering in, and he got into the smoking-car and consumed innumerable cigarettes on his way back to the city.

Punctually at a quarter before twelve John stepped out of the train. He felt perfectly calm now. The ride from the heated city along the coast had cooled him in every way. The clock struck twelve as he concealed himself in a doorway in front of which Stirling was to pass. In a few minutes he caught sight of the well-known figure going by on the opposite side of the street. He came out of the doorway and followed it. The old man walked with an easy and confident air. He had no misgivings. He thought of the money in his pocket and of the questionable way in which it had been obtained, and he felt as an honest man feels in thinking of his righteous earnings.

Their road lay through the business section at the edge of the city; through streets that all day long resounded with traffic. They were silent now, and deserted save by the two figures pursuing their way so steadily.

At last the two reached the bridge. The calm water purred softly against the piles. John walked along with his hand on the railing, so as to find the rusty spike with greater readiness. It seemed to him that he had come to the place where it ought to be; still, his hand failed to find it. He looked about. Suddenly he felt in the railing a depression in the wood filled with water, and his eye caught sight of a blackened board, which had been, he remembered, just under the spike. He had found the socket which the spike, now taken away, had left. While John was engaged in looking for the spike he took his eyes off Stirling. When he looked for him again, he saw three or four figures surrounding the man, while a bridge lamp cast a fitful light upon the scene. He saw two figures seize Stirling, while a third rapidly searched him. "All right;

over with him," they cried. The next instant a groan and a heavy splash became audible, while the retreating footsteps of the robbers died quickly away in the opposite direction.

John had stood motionless while all this was taking place. The heavy splash, however, aroused him. He rushed forward with all his speed. Was his victim to escape him at the last moment? No. There was yet time for him.

As he ran the thought came over him: "What, after all, am I pursuing? An old man who has been left to perish by scoundrels." In an instant the baseless fabric of his hate crumbled to pieces. He vaguely realized the vast difference between his own weak, dilatory method of carrying out his crime and the quick, effective manner of the professional workman. Disgust at the pitiable farce he had been playing for the last six months surged over him. A terrible sense of his own insignificance overwhelmed him. What had he, a young clerk, to do with such things? When he reached the spot where Stirling had been thrown over, he gazed eagerly into the river. He could dimly make out the struggling object down there in the water. That the wretched creature, whose weakening cries for help now fell upon his ears, should have been able to excite such active passion in him was inconceivable. His hatred and desire for revenge were gone, he knew not whither, and only a sort of pitiful contempt for Stirling remained.

"Bah! I'll still have my evening swim, after all," he muttered, as he looked at the inviting river at his feet. Throwing off his coat and shoes, he jumped into the water. He sank far down into its cool depths, and rose with every faculty sharpened. He felt as he did when, a boy, he had just learned to swim, and found a new world opened to him. He was able to save a dozen men. The keen physical delight caused by his sudden plunge into the water, which only the strong swimmer can appreciate, contrasted strangely with his mental state, in which humiliation, pity, and gratitude formed a disordered medley.

With vigorous strokes he swam toward Stirling.

"Hold out a little longer, help is coming," he shouted. A moment more, and he had reached him. "Make no movement," he

said, in a warning voice. The caution was unnecessary; without a struggle Stirling gave himself up to the strong arm that supported him. John began to swim quickly in the direction of the shore.

"Hello, there," suddenly exclaimed a voice from the darkness.

"Hello," John responded, involuntarily.

The next moment he heard the sound of oars and a black object became dimly visible. Some sailors on a schooner anchored hard by had been awakened by the noise, and, hastily manning a boat, had set off to the rescue.

The instant after John had replied to the hail, he regretted it. The fact that he would be identified, and his name bruited abroad in the newspapers, flashed across his mind. The idea was hateful to him. He had had enough of stage effect to last him a long time.

While he had been alone with Stirling he had felt a certain repose, but the introduction of the outside world, of those shadowy figures so rapidly approaching, filled him with unequilibrium. He felt something of his old loathing for Stirling coming over him. Had not the old man for weeks past turned his life into a hideous nightmare? A general sense of failure, a strong desire to be rid of Stirling and everything connected with him, an intense longing to be alone, took possession of him. As the boat came alongside John formed his resolution. With a quick movement he loosed his hold on Stirling and dived far under the water.

After the sailors had pulled Stirling into the boat they looked in vain for John. For half an hour, calling repeatedly, they kept up the fruitless search. At length,

perceiving there was no hope of rescuing him, they pulled back to their schooner. Here, after applying restoratives to Stirling, they learned the story of his adventure.

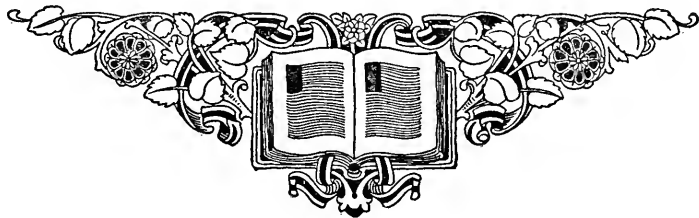
But what had become of John?

Two days after this eventful night a young clerk in the office of Scott and Harding, bankers, was reading the following account of the occurrence from a daily paper:

LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN THE STIRLING ASSAULT CASE

The body of the man who nobly sacrificed his life in saving that of Mr. Stirling, the man who was so cowardly assaulted early Friday morning, has not yet been recovered. Up to a late hour yesterday divers were at work at and about the spot indicated by the sailors whose timely advent was the means of saving Stirling. They were unsuccessful, however, in finding any traces of it, and it seems probable that the body has by this time floated a long distance off. Its ultimate recovery may be deemed doubtful. Some unclaimed garments have given rise at police headquarters to the suspicion that there is some mystery connected with the affair. For ourselves, not professing to have the penetration and subtlety of those connected with that mysterious precinct, we can see nothing strange in the matter. It is to us only too simple. Stirling was assaulted by a lot of ruffians who had evidently found out that he had a large sum of money with him on the night in question. Hearing a noise and seeing some one approach, they threw him overboard, as being the simplest way to dispose of him. The unknown man then plunged boldly into the river, and succeeded in keeping Stirling afloat until, just as assistance came, his strength failed him, and he sank to rise no more. There are men reported missing. Should the body of this unknown hero ever be found and identified, it will doubtless prove to be one of these.

With an impatient gesture the clerk laid the paper down and, turning to the ledger at his side, began to take a trial balance for the week.



THE MISTAKE

By ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL



"I'm six," the Mite said.
"I'm sixty," admitted, unwillingly, Miss Flavia; then hastily amended: "No, not quite," for to-morrow had not yet come. Until to-morrow she was not quite.

The Mite readjusted her fat, bare knees and her ideas of limits. She had hitherto in her dim little way supposed sixty was a limit. But Miss Flavia did not look like one approaching death. The Mite regarded her curiously.

"Does it hurt?" she suddenly demanded. It did not look as though it hurt. But pain leaped into the soft languor of Miss Flavia's eyes.

"Yes — oh, yes, it hurts."

"Six don't," outlaughed joyously the Mite. She stretched fat legs, fat arms, fat little trunk, in triumph of being five. The ecstasy of what was now and what was coming set her good red blood a-drumming in her little veins. For lack of other way to express it she emitted in a startling crescendo a clear, protracted shriek. Without apparent design she leaped and ran wantonly.

A rather eventless, dreary life lay behind Miss Flavia — and ahead. But there had been points of ecstasy that pricked the somberness. Minutes of ecstasy — where other women remembered years Miss Flavia remembered minutes. She kept a little memorandum of them and had occasional recourse to it when present things too heavily palled. The pain she suffered on those occasions was a whimsical, retrospective one. It was rather a pleasant little pain in which she took gentle pride, and not for worlds would she have given it up.

Rosemary Wylie came up the walk down which the Mite had danced. Rosemary was almost dancing; it was her usual gait, the exhaust-pipe of her jubilant spirits. Rosemary was scarcely past her eighteenth milestone.

"Miss Flavia, what do you think!" her gay voice heralded half down the path.

"I think you have forgotten Mademoiselle's instructions. What is the use of being 'finished'?"

"Is n't any. All the good it ever did was to help Daddy Long Legs spend his money — poor old Daddy Long Legs! Poor old Mademoiselle, too; but she's in luck not to have to see me skipping like a young lamb, and if she could —" the young thing of radiance and youth dropped down beside Miss Flavia and fanned herself with her hat — "if she could, she'd excuse it to-day, because Daddy Long Legs is coming home. That's what I came to tell you — you knew him, did n't you, when you were a kid?"

Shades of Mademoiselle!

"When I was young," Miss Flavia corrected, sternly. It was a help to say something sternly; it eased the odd jolt in her breath. All the items of the little memorandum she kept in the secret drawer of her memory had to do with Rick Wylie. She had never thought of him as old or young, only as Rick. Now, first, it occurred to her that he must be Richard Wylie.

"Daddy Long Legs told me — wrote me, I mean. It's queer, Miss Flavia — queer — that all the things my father ever said to me he *wrote*! That I only know him 'sight unseen'! When I think I'm going to see him to-morrow or next day — Miss Flavia, it scares me. You've got to hold up my hands! I came on purpose to ask you to introduce me to my father. 'Rosemary, let me make you acquainted with your father. This is your daughter, Rosemary, Mr. Wylie.' Like that! Then we'll shake hands and say what pleasant weather it is if the sun is shining, or *is n't*, if it rains. Think of meeting your father like that for the first time in thirteen years! Think of my being *scared*! Oh, it's all over — all the lovely times in letters, when you dare to say anything — Miss Flavia, I shall never call him 'Daddy Long Legs' again!"

"No?" Miss Flavia's tone was dreamily vague. She was thinking her own thoughts of the man who was coming home from far countries after so many years. Miss Flavia was conscious of being a little scared herself. As Rosemary, through the medium of a lively correspondence, so she, through that of her own gently romantic memories, had maintained a certain intimacy with Richard Wylie. After his wife died she had allowed herself to remember him — to remember how he used to stand up for her in the old

district school, when he was big and brown and barefooted and she tiny and brown and barefooted. They had called her "Freckled Flavy," and because she resented it Rick had thrashed them all in systematic order. She remembered how splendid and knightly he had looked to her in his blue jeans suit and how she had cried over a splash of red blood on it and, a little older, written a fervent poem about it, beginning: "Battered and Broken and Soar." She even remembered some of the spelling — "He shed for me his jore."

Then, older still, they had gone to the "Academy" together and she had worked Rick's algebra problems for him and well-nigh shed her "jore" for him in a wild endeavor to initiate him into the mysteries of logarithms. Rick had always been better at thrashing than at figures.

The latest memory Miss Flavia kept in so secret a drawer of her mind that she herself rarely



"I came on purpose to ask you to introduce me to my father"

opened it. She tried to think, in her whimsical, lonely meditations, that she had lost the combination of the lock, and would never open the little drawer again.

"Will you?—Will you?—Will you?" chanted the girl, gayly, in her ears. "'Will you walk into my parlor,' and introduce me to my 'par'?' You have n't promised, Miss Flavia."

Miss Flavia hedged. She might be too busy—have another engagement—but of course if she was at liberty—

"You don't want to!" Rosemary pouted. "You're perfectly willing to let me face him alone and perhaps—*be eaten up!* How do I know but that he will put me through an awful 'third degree:'—'Daughter, answer! How many lies have you ever told? How many times have you ever said 'kid,' skipped instead of properly walked, forgotten to say your prayers?' Well, if you are willing to risk—"

"I'll come," laughed Miss Flavia. After the girl had gone she sat on, wondering what she would wear, how it would seem to see Rick again, how he would look. Miss Flavia had had so few happenings of note in her quiet life that this coming home of the boy who had shed his blood for her appeared unduly magnified.

"He will be old!" cried Miss Flavia, in sudden dismay. An appalling picture presented itself: Rick, white-haired and cane-bound, tottering perhaps, stooping! He had been ten years older than she, in the district school and Academy days. Ten years older than sixty—Miss Flavia groaned. The picture of Rick Wylie posing as seventy years old hurt her. Poor Rick! Poor Rick! It would hurt him to be old!

Miss Flavia went slowly into the house and stood before the mirror. The person in elderly dress that looked back at her was familiar in its elderliness, but Miss Flavia sighed. The habit of sighing before her mirror had become a well-established one.

"I must wear a white kerchief crossed on my breast—for poor Rick's sake I must even be a little older than this." She cast about in her mind for other things to do. How could her soft gray hair be made to lie any smoother than now? How could her plain, ungarnished dress be any plainer? But she would see—she would see Rick should not be hurt by any contrasts.

"As if there could be any!" she laughed, in sudden bitterness. "Flavia Drinkwater, what are you thinking of! Do you think you need any more evidences of old age than *this?* Look at yourself, will you? Look! Look!"

For ten years Miss Flavia had been old. She had grown dreadfully used to it. Yet this morning she had found herself going over all her former fierce rebellion anew; the approach of her sixtieth birthday had done it. But now, remembering Rick, she was suddenly glad to be old. She would have cheerfully added ten years more. Youth had lost and age gained savor. In her sympathy for Rick in his piteous undoing she lost by degrees sympathy for herself. The person in elderly dress in the mirror she dismissed cavalierly.

"Don't talk to me! Don't say another word! You don't interest me any more—I've got some one else to pity."

Two days elapsed before Rosemary's hurried little scrawl was put into Miss Flavia's hand. "Come at four—be sure! The train gets in at quarter past. I've done my hair in sixteen ways and can't decide which is most becoming. I've *got* to look my best. If he does n't like the looks of me, bury me in my white dotted muslin. Put 'She hath done her best' over me, and oh, *weep* a little tear for one who died so young!"

It was like Rosemary. Miss Flavia smiled and set about her own sober preparations. She smoothed her hair a little smoother, subduing all stray wisps that yearned to curl about her face. She donned the soft white kerchief. The ten added years might easily have been hers. Then she went to the child.

"Inspect me!" tragically. "Will I do, Miss Flavia? Do fathers alive like the same kind of daughters as fathers on paper? We were so nice and comfy and acquainted on paper!"

"He will ride up, of course," ran Miss Flavia's thoughts, while her eyes inspected the beautiful young creature who whirled dizzily before her. "He would not think of walking a mile and a half. Rosemary, my dear," turning to her, "you must have a glass of cordial poured, and is his room ready for him to lie down? He will be so tired! At his age travelling is very trying."

The girl ceased whirling. Her eyes took

on a mildly resentful expression. "He never *wrote* old," she said.

"He is seventy," Miss Flavia returned, sadly.

"My gracious!" Rosemary was startled. "I never heard of such a thing! Then we'll have to help him up the walk, you on one side, I on the other. He'll be most dead."

"He will need rest," repeated Miss Flavia. Her mind pictured the returned wanderer in a state approaching collapse, after his long-protracted service in foreign lands. The utter pathos of Rick Wylie in such a plight appealed to her. The old weight settled down upon her — oh, this growing old, this growing old!

"There's a draught somewhere," shivered Miss Flavia. Rosemary, coming back from an inspection of doors, regarded her with affectionate anxiety. She was very fond of Miss Flavia.

"You're not ill, Miss Flavia?"

"No, I'm old — like your father. Old people feel draughts, my dear; I hope you will remember for his sake." Old championships, awaking keenly, prevented Miss Flavia's mentioning to the girl her own ten years' advantage over her father. She would stand by Rick.

Rosemary's spirits were sinking. She had not thought of her father as an old man. His jolly, comradely letters had breathed youth and strength, and the picture she had drawn of him had been very different from this one of Miss Flavia's. Poor father — poor Miss Flavia — poor everybody who was old! Her own rioting youth made her feel in some way guilty. She tried instinctively to subdue herself and put on age.

"A hack is coming," announced Miss Flavia from the window. "No, it is not a hack, after all. But surely it is time —"

"A man is coming," Rosemary said, "but it is not an old man. It can't be — He's coming this way! Miss Flavia, will you look; he's coming here!"

Miss Flavia was looking. The man who was coming was not Richard Wylie, tottering on a cane and spent with an old man's pitiful fatigue — it was Rick! His hair, to be sure — but she did not look at his hair. She saw only his straight, broad shoulders and the old splendid swing of them as he walked. She saw his whole alert carriage and jubilant air. It might almost

have been the Academy Rick swinging a strapful of books! Miss Flavia gasped as she looked. But Rosemary, with a cry of joy, flew out of the room. Dreads, fears, all petty apprehensions were engulfed, blotted out, by a wave of love.

Miss Flavia slipped away by a rear door and hastened home. Conflicting emotions rioted within her, chief among them amazement and gentle chagrin and hurry to get out of sight. In front of her mirror she made a breathless speech:

"Well? — Well? — *Well?* Why don't you say something, Flavia Drinkwater? I don't wonder you blush! Do you know what you have done? Grown old, that is what! *You* are the one who needs a cane and a cordial and a chance to lie down! You thought Rick Wylie was the one, did n't you? You put on a kerchief and flattened your hair a little flatter, even — to match him! See how beautifully you match!"

The sensitive lips curled scornfully. Miss Flavia began suddenly to tear off the neat white kerchief and plain black dress. Defiance woke in her eyes, then glimmers of amusement. It was so much like Rick to play this joke on her after all these years upon years! It was *Rick*.

"I'll show him!" she laughed, and caught the elderly person in the mirror laughing, too. She loosened her soft gray hair and let it fall in gentle ripples around her face. It had wanted ten years to curl; now she would let it. She gathered it up in her hands and piled it in a loose mass from which rebellious little locks strayed at sweet will. The mirror-person looked back at her in wicked glee.

"Oh, you like it, do you!" jibed Miss Flavia. "Confess you'd rather be young — you knew all the time you had it in you! Well, we'll see — go ahead and do your best."

She did her best. The dress she selected after careful deliberation was golden brown, with riotous little frills. The soft old lace she had worn in her sacrificial elderliness she discarded loftily; a tiny gold chain, a strip of tucked muslin, a rose hastily picked, — she worked wonders with them and waited for the mirror-person's verdict. The mirror-person smiled.

"Oh, you like it? I believe to my soul you are going to be vain! What do you say



"I guess you ain't only but six, are you?"

to this, then — and this?" clasping a quaint dull-gold bracelet on one slender wrist and slipping several beautiful rings on her fingers. It only remained to crowd a cluster of roses into her belt.

Her very daring was intoxicating. It was as if she had been fasting for a long time and the sight of food was over-tempting. Her youth seemed to come back and turn her head — she laughed at herself, scoffed, but gazed in mild rapture. She exulted in the soft beauty of the mirror-person who was herself.

"Now go and show Rick who else can defy time!" she challenged. "You're not afraid, are you? I dare you to go!" But before she went she slid off the dull-gold wristlet and all but one of the rings. She had the effect of doing it with great secrecy, to hide it from herself.

The Mite sat on her gate-post swinging short-stockinged little legs. Miss Flavia might have been a harmless golden-brown ghost.

"Oh, my mercy!" shrilled the Mite. "The outside o' you *is n't* you! You've took off something."

"Yes, my old age," agreed, calmly, Miss Flavia. "I left it in my closet — don't you like me without it?"

"Ye-es — oh, yes indeed, I *like* you, but I don't feel so 'quainted. Did it hurt?" It seemed a favorite query of the Mite. "To take it off, I mean? I guess now you ain't only but six, too, are you?"

"Only but six," laughed Miss Flavia, but with a wistful undernote. The Mite leaped perilously to the ground and extended a soiled little hand. "Come," she said, "an' play." Miss Flavia caught her up in a gentle gust of tenderness. The motherhood she had been denied cropped out sometimes.

"Dear Mite, it's only a dream — run away and remember never to grow old!"

"I could take it off —"

"Only for a minute — just to try youth on again. Take my advice, dear Mite, and stay six."

Richard Wylie himself came down the walk to meet her, Rosemary a-heel.

"He's a darling!" proclaimed the girl. "And he is n't old —" she stopped in sudden wonder. For Miss Flavia was not old either. She had been quaffing some magic cup; its potency was almost startling.

"Flavia!" the man uttered, "you take my breath away. I thought you would — er — look different." A big wholesome laugh boomed out. "Where's somebody for me to thrash? If any chap's been calling you names —"

"Why are n't you leaning on a cane?" demanded the woman. The girl glanced from one to the other of them in delight. They were both darlings! Quite suddenly and unexpectedly a seed of hope dropped into her breast. It was an undefined, vague little hope, but it was planted in fertile soil — Rosemary's seeds were accustomed to grow. The man and the woman were talking on.

"No cane for me! Do you think I'm going to hobble up to Saint Peter's gate on a cane?"

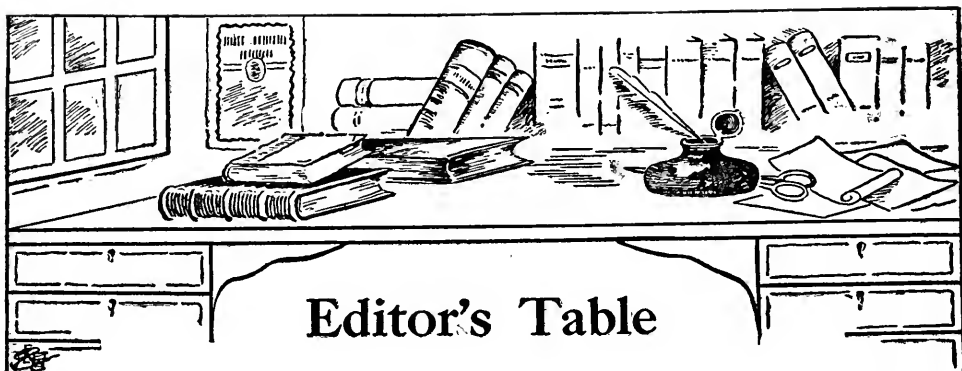
"But you are old," she contended. "We are old."

"Age, my dear friends, —" He struck the old speech-attitude of the Academy and his voice rose dictatorially. His eyes were a boy's eyes, laughing down at her. "Age, my dear friends, is a popular delusion — a myth. There is no age! We are always as young as our hearts — Rosemary, you little chit, why don't you get the lady and gentleman some chairs? Do you think they can stand up all day?"

"At their age," supplemented Miss Flavia. It was a merry little company out on the old lawn across which flitted, visible only to two of them, the little blue-jeans, bare-footed ghosts of a boy and tiny girl. Miss Flavia went home more gently content than for many days. At her gate, the Mite once more —

"You goin' in to put it on again?" in a sweet treble.

"No — no!" Miss Flavia cried. "I shall never put it on again. Age, dear little Mite of a friend — There is no age!" she quoted softly. "We are never older than our hearts."



We carry our children's horizon with us all our days.—Holmes.

An Old-Time School

MORE than one hundred years ago, in a small settlement of Maine, a "skule" was started in a private house. As paper was very scarce, birch-bark was used for writing-books. Our great-grandfathers would be surprised at the wasteful schoolboys of to-day, recklessly tearing off the pages of their blocks and whittling down their lead-pencils. The quill of mother goose was their pen, and the school-ma'am of the olden time pointed a score or more of these goose-quills before she could begin to teach the rudiments of the English language. Many old users of the quill clung to it, refusing to admit the superiority of the stiff steel pen. Sir Walter Scott tells of a certain author who laid at the feet of the poor goose his errors in composition as faults of style due to inconsistency. Who could be blamed but the goose, a bird most inconstant by nature, living in the three elements of water, earth, and air? Sir Walter disagreed, thinking that the most useful quality of the quill was its faculty of giving variety to language — the change from grave to gay, from description and dialogue to narrative and character. However, these ancient scholars scratched out their lessons with quills "Penna;" a feather was their pen. The school prospered, and soon it was transferred from the home to a small wooden house built by the enterprising settlers, a pattern for others in the surrounding country districts, or "deestricks," as they were called. The new building was erected on the slope of "Bradley," now "Pine Hill," in the village of Fryeburg, Me. This small village is chosen as the seat of a primitive school because its first teachers were prominent and interesting characters. The schoolhouse on the hill was built of wood, unpainted, with a rough stone step in front of the open door. The room was about forty feet square. The large fireplace on one side was well supplied with logs and wood for fuel from a great

pile in the yard. The desk was a wooden box set upon a small platform, raised one foot from the floor. The small framed glass windows were placed above the heads of the urchins, that there might be no temptation for them to look out-of-doors. The windows were protected on the outside by wooden shutters, closed at night, as glass was very expensive and a stray stone would necessitate a patch in the glass or a board to keep out the air. The desks were made of plank one and a half inches thick, which gave the boys material to hack, scrape, and bore. In course of time their edges were notched and hewn in many shapes, carved with knife and daubed with ink. The benches were of hardwood without backs. The main floor was uneven, with patches of boards nailed on chinks and knot-holes. The hearth of the fireplace was made of rough unhewn stone like the doorstep, and after a year's use was sunk in many places. The large iron and andirons upon which the wood rested were often without a foot, and were held up by bricks.

Later, a grammar school was started in the forlorn frame building, and Paul Langdon, son of the president of Harvard College, was chosen teacher. Harvard's president had offered prayer with the continental army before the battle of Bunker Hill. Paul Langdon was undoubtedly the original of the character "Bernard Langdon" in Holmes's "Elsie Venner." The salary for teaching this grammar school was \$300. The school thus modestly started was incorporated as an academy and endowed with a tract of land by the General Court of Massachusetts, of which State Maine formed a part. Mr. Langdon was succeeded by Daniel Webster as preceptor, an unknown youth of nineteen years, and here he was given his first start in the world.

A stern pedagogue he was, his great black eyes gleaming, sometimes with a wrath that fairly terrified his pupils, while his powerful voice rang out in thunder tones when one of them was peculiarly stupid. Senator George F. Hoar, in speaking of

him in his riper years, said that his intellect seemed like a vast quarry. Great as were the things that Webster said, profound as was his reasoning, lofty as were the flights of his imagination, stirring as were his appeals to the profoundest passions of his countrymen, there is a constant feeling that Jove is behind these thunderbolts — there is plenty of reserve power behind.

"Half his strength he put not forth, but checked
His thunder in mid-volley."

Webster's salary was \$350, which he increased by copying deeds in the Fryeburg Registry Office. This income was to help him to finish his course of study in Dartmouth College. His maiden effort at speech-making was made on the Fourth of July, in the old village church in Fryeburg, and for one so young it was a remarkably brilliant effort, the original manuscript of this oration being still preserved. It is a remarkable fact that the last speech made by Webster in the United States Senate, July 17, 1850, concluded with the same peroration as this Fryeburg oration, forty-eight years before: "Above fear, above danger, he feels that the last end which can happen to any man never comes too soon if he falls in defense of the laws and liberties of his country." Mr. W. D. Howells passed a beautiful winter Sunday in the historic village of Fryeburg, and employed some of its topography and landscape in his novel, "A Modern Instance." He said afterwards that he might have made a better story if he had derived any part of it from the village life.

One of the text-books used in the old schools was "Peter Parley's Geography," a wonderfully entertaining book for the children — Good old Peter Parley! He knew the value of rhyme and rhythm — a general survey of the earth's surface rendered in rhyme of which these lines are a specimen:

"The world is round and, like a ball,
Seems swinging in the air;
The changing sky surrounds it all,
And stars are shining there.

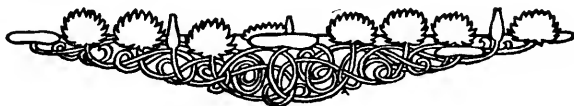
"Water and land upon the face
Of this round world we see;
The land is man's safe dwelling-place,
And ships sail on the sea."

Other rhymes followed, telling of mighty continents and oceans of hills and mountains, all together making a geographical poem to be treasured in the memory. Other books were "The National Reader" and "Perry's Spelling-Book," the only sure guide to the English language. "Young Ladies' Accidence," "Pope's Essay on Man," and "Young's Night Thoughts" were used for parsing. The Bible was the first book opened in the morning, and a chapter was read by the scholars. Then came the calls from the teacher to the reading-classes, the first grade leaving their seats and forming in a line on the floor in front, every foot placed with military precision on a crack in the board floor. "Toe the mark! Make your bow! Mind all the stops and speak up loud!" were the orders from the teacher. On entering the school all pupils were required to "Make their manners," — the boys a bow and the girls a courtesy. The books for oratory for the older boys were "The American Preceptor," "Scott's Elocution," and "Webster's Third Part." These were full of patriotic speeches — "Freedom, Liberty, and Independence for the sons and grandsons of the Revolution."

The primitive schools, notwithstanding their limitations, furnished many successful men and women. A prominent educator said that the old country farm was a great laboratory, and this, added to the country-school discipline, developed a scientific taste and great persistency, in which country boys excel.

The customs, the industries, and the social habits of the early settlers have greatly changed. It is a problem for the future to solve whether the Anglo-Saxon race can keep ahead under these new conditions.

MARY F. T. SOUTHER.





TWO notable biographies claim attention this month: that of Edwin Lawrence Godkin and the story of the journalist, politician, and hard hitter, Charles A. Dana; each carefully and admirably prepared by an intimate friend. Rollo Ogden, of the *New York Post*, writes of Godkin's career, and Major-General James Harrison Wilson, of Dana.

"Great men come in clusters" said Lowell, and others note that three distinguished men often appear in one department of the world's work as contemporaries. Add Horace Greeley and you have a trio well worth careful study, each a born fighter, fearless, severe, and at times cruel. Godkin's face, the lower part, was of the bull-dog type; Dana's side-face, at least, shows the thoughtful scholar; while poor Greeley, to use Godkin's description, had a "simple, good-natured, and hopelessly peaceable face" framed in long yellow locks and a faded all-around beard. "To see him walk up Broadway, you would take him for a small farmer of the Quaker persuasion, who had lost all the neatness of the sect, but had appropriated in his disposition a double portion of its meekness."

Godkin's father was an Irishman, a Presbyterian clergyman ardently committed to the Young Ireland movement, who was forced out of his pulpit on account of some prize essays which were too frank to please. He was identified with the cause of Home Rule till his death; was an editor of a Dublin daily, and served also as Irish correspondent of the *London Times*. "Thus the original sin of journalism was fairly in the blood." He was also a prolific controversial writer; but his brilliant son, his first-born, went far beyond him in "pungency and picturesqueness of style, apt citation from wide reading, and a dash of original humor." I find no allusions to his

mother; perhaps the gift of humor came through her.

He had a good education at private schools and Queen's College, Belfast, taking his degree in 1851. A sister much younger gives her personal impression of him at that time:

"My childish recollection of my big brother at this period is that he was a very handsome, refined, delicate-looking young man; witty, brilliant, charming, proud, with a fiery temper, but lovable and affectionate."

Next, a short study of law; then employed by the Cassells for a time as sub-editor of their magazine; in his twenty-second year he published his first book, a "History of Hungary," suggested by Kossuth's visit to England. It was successful and highly praised, but in writing of it to his dear friend Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, in 1870, he says, "The preface, I am glad to find, is tolerably modest; but I am forced to admit that the philosophical reflections scattered through it are fearfully profound. Indeed, on looking through it, I am surprised that the production of so much wisdom at that early age did not exhaust me more." He insisted that there was too much of "rhetoric" in his first writings; but Mr. Ogden insists on a fine glow combined with maturity of thought. His early definition of Democrats was, "All those whose hopes and sympathies are not bound up in a party or class, but look for the welfare and progress of humanity as the goal of their striving."

Mr. Godkin's service for two years as special correspondent in the Crimean War was a powerfully moulding experience. It helped to give him that realistic view of foreign lands and peoples which was, later on, to make so much of his writing vivid.

"Thrown into a jumble of nationalities, made perforce an intimate of soldiers, diplomats, sail-

ors, adventurers, correspondents, cooks, drivers, peasants, governors, inn-keepers, he brought away a series of clear-cut mental photographs which never grew blurred, and to no part of his life did he recur more frequently or with more gusto." Among these indelible impressions was a hatred of war; he had seen too much of its horrors.

He was young for such important work, and it was a great distinction. "I was only twenty-two, and knew nothing about either Greece or the Greeks or Constantinople; but I was possessed of that common illusion of young men,—that facility in composition indicates the existence of thought."

You will greatly enjoy his letters, which I have no time to quote. And soon come to his eager, restless, adventurous mind a clear call to America—not the America of the starving Irishman, or the land of generous well-to-do people, but that country which was for him the living demonstration of democratic principles of government.

He arrived in November, 1856, just on the eve of a presidential election.

"The excitement was tremendous. I attended a Fremont meeting in the old Academy of Music, at which the Hutchinson family sang songs about freedom in the intervals between speeches that astounded me by their heat and extravagance."

He soon became acquainted with Frederic Law Olmsted and George Waring, Jr., and spent many happy hours in their homes.

Being sent South for information about the cotton crop, he wrote many letters full of surprise at the novel sights.

After describing a Mississippi swamp, only desirable to a wild-duck shooter or a runaway negro, he most graphically pictures the "poor niggerless whites of the slave States—the most wretched, most cadaverous, most thinly clad, most lean, most haggard, most weebegone portion of the human race. They are generally far removed from all neighbors of their own rank; they cannot associate with negroes. They chew, spit, loaf, and die, melancholy, taciturn, surly, and sickly. They are an unpleasing vision."

Returning to New York in 1857, journalism and politics hid him away from the practice of law.

His friends and acquaintances in New York, Boston, and Cambridge were a most important part of his life, and their names would stand at the top of the list in either place.

Among his studies of things American are many valuable reports of the *Tribune* staff and its eccentric editor—men like Charles A. Dana, George Ripley, George William Curtis, and Bayard Taylor.

He says that Greeley was adored by farmers in New England and the Western Reserve, who believed he wrote every word of the *Tribune*, not excepting the advertisements.

But he had many enemies among his contemporaries who had encountered his ferocious contempt. Bryant denounced him as a blackguard.

In the summer of 1859 Godkin married, at New Haven, Frances Elizabeth, the elder daughter of Mr. Samuel Edmund Foote, of that town, a man of culture, wealth, and patriotism. She was a girl of remarkable grace and charm, to whom Henry James, Sr., wrote, several years later: "I have seen no one since I saw you in Rip-ton to be compared with you; no one whom I admire so much, whom I esteem so much, and whom I love so much. Women generally are such slips of things, with so little root in nature, as to inspire only frivolous attachments, while your qualities justify the manliest."

Their marriage was one of great happiness.

During the Civil War Mr. Godkin especially devoted his energies to attacking and dispelling English ignorance and prejudice about America and the war.

So ardent was he in the advocacy of the Federal cause that he was accused in England of having "been employed" by the Washington authorities. His denial of this slander, and his defense, were strong and fierce. Here is one sentence: "It has got to be so much the fashion for Englishmen who come to this country to hold the people who admit them to their houses up to ridicule, to abuse their furniture, and their manners, and their food, and even caricature their wives and daughters, that I believe that when any writer has decency enough to observe the rules of civilized society in these matters he is set down by Confederate sympathizers in London as having been corrupted by the Yankee authorities."

We now come to the starting of the *Nation*, "a weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art, the first number appearing July, 1865."

The estimate of Mr. Godkin's work on the *Nation* from the pen of Professor William James only expresses the views of thousands as to the singular value of his contribution to American journalism. "To my generation, his was certainly the towering influence in all thought concerning public affairs, and indirectly his influence has certainly been more pervasive than that of any other writer of the generation, for he influenced other writers who never quoted him, and determined the whole current of discussion."

There were very serious difficulties to contend with, and there was a decided prejudice against

Godkin as foreign-born. One especially grouchy man who had put a good deal of money into the venture said, "I supposed Godkin was an Englishman, but I find he is a d—d Irishman."

But valuable friends, as Lowell, Emerson, George P. Marsh, Professor Norton, stood by and cheered and encouraged the down-hearted foreigner.

Francis Parkman wrote, "I have always regarded the *Nation* as the most valuable of American journals, and I ought to know, for I have read every number since it first appeared."

"What an influence you have!" exclaimed Curtis. And every one agreed as to his charming personality; Matthew Arnold said that he was a typical specimen of the "Irishman of culture." His was the true Celtic temperament: full of hearty laughter, with mystic forebodings brooding near, impulsive, affectionate, and always ready for combat. In one letter, after narrating a series of grievances, he exclaimed, "What an infernal old world it is! Nobody has a good time in it but Satan, and the Catholics worry even him with holy water." But wrath would soon be driven away by some joke.

The humorous view of life was never long absent. He termed Fate herself "a renowned humorist." He enjoyed intensely what George Eliot called the laughter of the intellect.

"His vivacity, his playful wit, his fund of apposite anecdote, with the stores of experience and knowledge which he could draw upon instructively, made him a delightful and much-sought table-companion. In this man of overflowing spirits in private life, this brilliant talker this raconteur, this full mind at ease, many found it difficult to recognize the austere moralist and reformer."

He was blessed with the admiring friendship of many intellectual and fascinating women, and their tributes are interesting. Mrs. Norton said, "I never saw a man so successful in keeping up social superficialities in spite of the familiarities of continued intercourse." One of his most treasured women friends told him that she valued him not so much for his knowledge or his courage or his strong sense of duty as for his "fooling."

On his sixty-fourth birthday: "I forgot that I had revealed to you the secret of my prison-house; I never expected to be sixty-four. I thought I should get round it in some way; do not tell any one else about it.

"Old age is a subtle poison, and it is sad to feel it in one's veins; but this makes it all the more necessary to get all we can out of life before it floors us."

Mr. Godkin was a born reader and seemed familiar with almost everything worth reading.

In regard to religion; while deeply reverent, he believed that one could be a Christian without being connected with any special church.

In 1870 he was offered the professorship of history at Harvard, but decided to go on with the *Nation*, greatly to the relief of his readers. The letters we are allowed to read from his most intimate friends when in a negligée mood are to me perfectly fascinating, Lowell's especially. Professor Norton was a devoted and lifelong friend.

No one ever had a more faithful coterie of supporters than Godkin, who had a genius for getting to the hearts of those he cared for and holding them close to him through the joys and sorrows, the depressions and the triumphs, of his intense leadership against the political tricks and treachery of the men whose innermost minds he read so correctly.

I once read of this epitaph on a woman's tombstone: "She always made home happy."

There can be no higher praise for man or woman, and the same tribute can be given to this feared and hated gladiator, who struck heavy blows and was never vanquished.

That such a persistent fighter had a nature so tender, loving, and gentle as to charm and comfort his home-life seems rare and beautiful; the reverse of this condition is far more common.

The testimony on this delightful characteristic was universal. This from a "one-glass-eyed letter-carrier" of Cambridge, who said to Norton: "Why, sir, Mr. Godkin was jes' so every time. You see when I was a boy there was an old gentleman who lived near Charles Sumner. He was white-haired; he used to take me in his gig sometimes to hold his horse, and he told me, says he, you can always tell a real gentleman by his bein' jes' so every time. And I've found he was about right, and I don't think I ever met a man who was more jes' so every time than Mr. Godkin." And Godkin instantly capped this Yankeeism with a quotation from Froissart:

"Un gentilhomme est toujours gentilhomme, et se montre toujours tel, dans besoin et dans le danger."

In 1881 Mr. Godkin went to the *Evening Post*, carrying the *Nation* with him — the same antagonist in a new field, and his fight with the wild beasts of Tammany made a great excitement.

Such valiant service brought to his aid more adherents, more appreciation, a truly loving loving-cup, to celebrate the outgoing of the Lords of Misrule.

About this time he wrote to Bishop Potter: "I have reached the time of life at which Matthew

Arnold says we begin to care less about regulating other people's lives, and more for the infusion of grace and peace into our own."

I cannot omit a precious bit of wisdom about certain women: "Quite correct about 'dread of men for vehement women.' Dread is a mild word. I would myself go fifty miles to avoid one who was likely to be 'vehement' with me." And to his second wife in the same letter: "Oh, my dear, cultivate sweetness and kindness and politeness. In the hour of death, and in the day of judgment even, they will help you."

The last chapter of his life was full of suffering and necessity for constant precautions, but the brave, cheery spirit never once weakened. His death occurred in May, 1902. He was buried at Hazelbeach Churchyard, Northampton, and on his tombstone is a long inscription from the pen of Mr. Bryce, who was a close friend for thirty-two years.

The life of Charles A. Dana is equally engrossing; written by a soldier, the military passages are of course made more prominent than his journalistic career, but we know pretty fully about that. Godkin was seriously annoyed by constant allusions to his being an Irishman, as if that were a criminal offence. Dana was of absolutely pure New England blood, and he was "one of the most intense Americans, one of the most stalwart believers in the American people, and one of the most devoted partisans of American institutions that the country has produced." His great-grandmother and his mother were women of unusual character and worth. Charles was always a wonder in his studies, classed with boys six and eight years his senior and picking up languages with great facility.

His uncle, with whom he worked as a clerk in Buffalo, traded a good deal with the Seneca Indians, and in a short time he had practically mastered their language — and never forgot it either; for during the siege of Vicksburg he met a well-educated Seneca Indian who was surprised and gratified to be spoken to in his own tongue. This began a friendship which lasted as long as Captain Parker lived.

At twenty Dana entered Harvard College and was forced to depend absolutely upon himself and the funds of the college. Like many another poor boy rich in brains and afterwards to be heard from he taught school to earn his tuition. Professor Felton was kind to him and gave him encouragement to go on; but so much use of his eyes strained the optic nerve, and it was impossible for him to look at a book.

The third chapter describes his share in the

community life at Brook Farm, and the meeting of the interesting young woman whom he married. I can find no other mention of her but just here, and wish more could have been given of the home-life, as with Godkin's biography.

Horace Greeley had met Dana, and both he and his wife were sympathetic with Brook Farm, and the next move was to New York as city editor of the *Tribune* at ten dollars a week, soon increased to fourteen.

I forgot to mention one little episode just before the engagement with Greeley. He was engaged by Elizur Wright, editor of the *Chronotype*, which was a most orthodox paper and generally taken by the Congregational ministers of Massachusetts, to make himself generally useful and act as editor during Wright's absence.

The first time Wright was absent his paper came out "mighty strong against hell," to the horror of the astonished subscribers and the distress of the responsible editor, who was obliged to write a personal letter to every one of these shocked clergymen and to many of the deacons, explaining the situation.

Yes, it was a dangerous experiment to let Dana loose on a paper; he was sure to get some one into trouble. He soon desired to go to Europe, especially Germany, and send home letters to the *Tribune*.

Greeley told him he did not know enough to write anything from there worth while, but at last agreed to give him ten dollars a letter, and he secured several other places on papers as correspondent.

The letters, while not absolutely identical, constituted the first syndicated correspondence ever contracted for by any one in either Europe or America. With his political studies, they were the most interesting Dana ever wrote, except those covering the Civil War in America.

Then back to the *Tribune*, where, as managing editor, he was interested in every subject, wrote about almost everything, and bossed all the contributors, taking all sorts of liberties with their work. As for instance: Having taken liberties with Pike's proofs, he wrote, "If you don't like this, swear all you wish, but you can't help it. The thing is put through, and what you may say is a matter of perfect indifference."

His influence in the *Tribune* was supreme, and even Greeley, while at Washington, was almost driven crazy by what his co-worker put in. His appeals were really piteous. He implored Dana not to attack people in Washington without consulting him, saying, "It will hurt us dreadfully. Do send some one here and kill me if you cannot

stop it, for I can bear it no longer. My life is a torture to me."

But Dana just tore along, riding roughshod over everybody who did not behave as he thought was right.

Some of Greeley's quaint phrases are preserved in letters to the officer in charge.

Referring to an old reporter whom he could n't use, but wanted carried on the roll a little longer, he wrote, "I would n't mind his being a genius if he was not a fool."

Having had his own correspondence crowded out to make room for a long article on the new opera-house, and the feasibility of sustaining the opera in New York, he inquired of Dana, "What would it cost to burn the opera-house? If the price is reasonable, have it done and send me the bill."

Dana found time in the midst of all this wild turmoil to prepare a small volume of German legends for children and to edit for the press a work illustrated with steel engravings, known as "Meyer's Universum," or views of the most remarkable places and objects of all countries.

Dana and Greeley never could travel in double harness, and their separation was inevitable. Each must be entire master, and in the *Tribune* Dana complained that there were twenty masters.

"The Household Book of Poetry," still a standard anthology, occupied him for some time, and work on a Cyclopædia; then on to Washington to serve as a daily reporter of what he might see and hear. As the *Argonaut* puts it, "Dana had become the eye and the ear of the government, and probably his services, largely confidential as they were, can never receive an exaggerated value."

He thought Abraham Lincoln was a greater general than Grant or Thomas. He had an interesting interview with the President the very day of his death, and probably heard him tell his last story, one which I have never heard. It was in regard to the arrest of a Confederate commissioner, who was trying to escape to Europe. Stanton thought he ought to be caught, but sent Dana to refer the matter to the President.

As soon as the latter understood the question to be answered, he said, "No, I rather think not.

When you have got an elephant by the hind leg, and he is trying to run away, it's best to let him run!"

Oh, what terrible and scathing severity was shown by Dana, with a withering wit shattering like the lightning's power, in his work on the *Sun*!

With what ill-concealed contempt he described Hancock's letter of acceptance! "It is as broad and comprehensive as the continent, as elastic as india-rubber, and as sweet as honey."

In speaking of his personality he said, "General Hancock is a good man, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds." Even Whitman was disturbed by such universal castigation. He said: "Years ago, one day, I met Dana, Charles A. Dana, the *Sun* man, on the street. It was in New York; it was at a period when Dana's public utterances were particularly irascible, he was finding fault with all things, all people, nobody satisfying him, nobody hitting his mark; Grant, particularly, a great national figure, was subjected to constant castigation from Dana. Well, that day, with Dana, the instant I saw him, I made for him, talked my loudest, saying, 'What in hell is the matter with you, Dana, that nothing satisfies you; that you keep up an everlasting growl about everybody, everything?'"

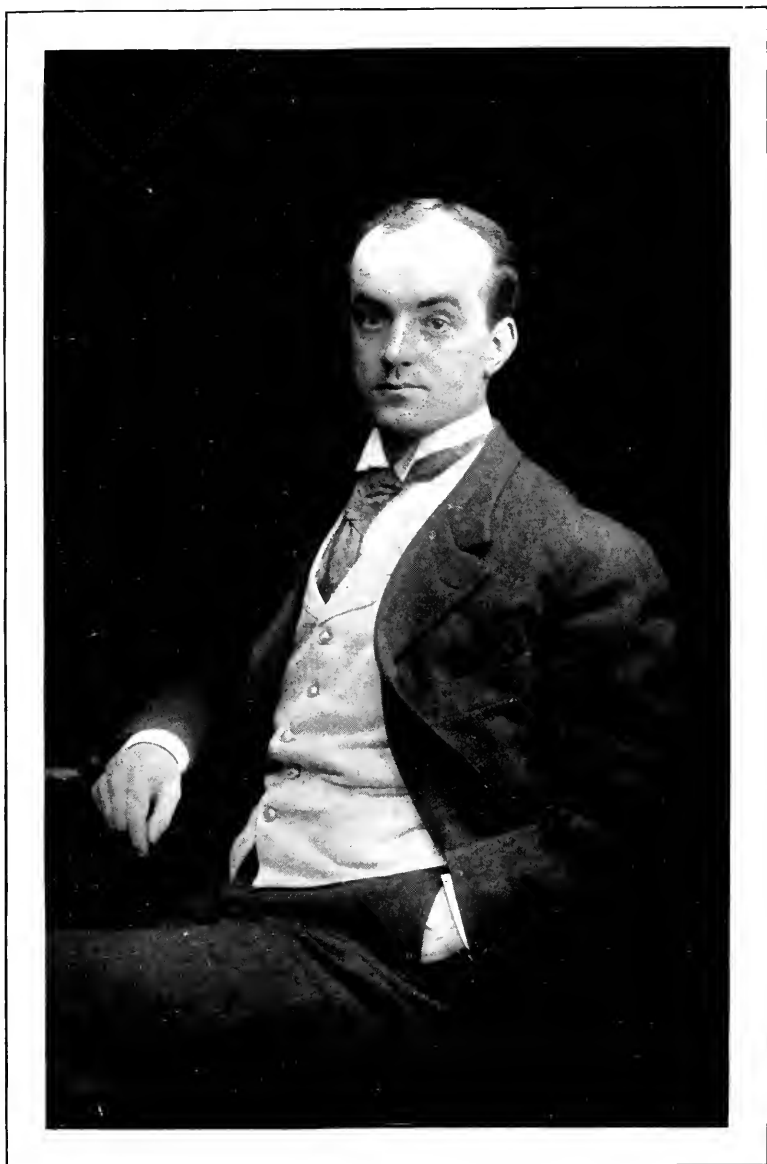
"Dana waited till I was through, and then took me by the lapel of the coat: 'See here, Walt, have you spent all these years in the world and not known, not learned (as I have), what a sorry, mean lot mankind is, anyhow?'"

As to religion, he gave all perfect liberty in matters of faith, but was always a steadfast friend of true religion; had no hope of immortality; said, "The belief is all based on man's egotism and that hope which springs eternal in the human breast."

At home, Dana was devoted to the best in art, literature, music, collected rare specimens of porcelain; and around his island home he created a fairyland of trees and flowers. After a long life of perfect health, the end came suddenly.

"He was a very great editor, if not the greatest the country had produced. His work was done, and there was but one Dana and one *Sun*." [Harper and Brothers, \$3.00.]





His Excellency James H. Higgins, Governor of Rhode Island

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH NEW ENGLAND?

IV

RHODE ISLAND, THE STATE ON THE UP-GRADE : THE HOME
OF THE HIGH-GRADE IMMIGRANT, OF MIGHTY MANU-
FACTORIES, OF PECULIAR POLITICS, AND AN
EARNEST DESIRE FOR BETTER CONDITIONS

By FRANK PUTNAM



RHODE ISLAND, the smallest and most densely populated State in the Union, covers a thousand square miles of land and three hundred miles of water — about the size of a small county in Texas. The traveller, having these facts in mind, is amazed, as he rides up and down the railways, to see how large a portion of Rhode Island is abandoned to wild pasture and scrub timber. Railroad lines cross the State from east to west through the northern, central, and southern tiers of towns, but more than one-half of its area has no outlet by either steam line or trolley. For example, there is no railway along the southern coast of the State, nor any north and south line traversing the western towns.

The population of the State is 480,000, an increase of nearly twenty-one per cent in ten years. This is much larger than the total increase for the same period in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. Of the 480,000, Colonel Webb, the State's

commissioner of industrial statistics, tells me 248,000, according to a census he has just completed, are Roman Catholic, and about thirty-five per cent are of foreign birth. Sixty-five per cent of the State's population are either of foreign birth or parentage. Most of the immigrants came in from Ireland, French Canada, and, latterly, from Italy. The Irish are mainly Democratic in politics; the French as a rule are Republican; and the Italians also show a tendency to join the Republican party. Taken altogether, they fit rapidly and well into the intense and complicated industrial and political life of the commonwealth. Indeed, it is the boast of Rhode Island that she gets the pick of the skilled workmen that come to America from foreign lands. She has no port of entry for immigrants, but the fame of her great mills and factories, which are not only in many instances the largest but also the most perfect of their kind in America, attracts the skilled and intelligent new-comer and so maintains the high standard of her industrial institutions.



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July 1912

Part of Providence seen from a tall chimney, which shows how Rhode Island, with so much waste land outside its cities, is yet the

Almost as Many Shops as Farms

Less than one-eighth of Rhode Island's population is engaged in farming. There are between five thousand and six thousand farms in operation, and almost an equal number of shops and factories devoted to manufacturing and repairing. More than any other State, Rhode Island carries all her eggs in one basket, and fulfils Pudd'nhead Wilson's rule for success by keeping her eyes constantly upon that basket. Manufacturing is the chief and almost the sole business of the people of Little Rhody. There are nearly two thousand shops and factories that have an annual turn-over of more than \$500 each — or one for each 250 inhabitants.

On the farms the chief crop is hay, which finds a good market in the manufacturing centres where many horses are kept. There is very little market-gardening done. This industry is increasing somewhat in the neighborhood of the larger cities, — Providence, Pawtucket, Newport, and Woonsocket, — but most of the cities' supply of fresh vegetables is brought in from the South. Doubtless, now that the Italians are turning their attention to this work, they will in due season bring it to the same high and very profitable development that they have achieved in the market-gardening districts tributary to Boston.

The State maintains an agricultural college at Kingston, and supports it liberally, considering the small extent of the industry; but the manufacturing industries, with their better opportunities for exceptional talent, steadily draw the most enterprising youths from the farms into the cities. As a not unnatural consequence, many of the farming-towns have long been at a standstill in population and development. Some of them have fewer inhabitants than they had fifty years ago. Religion, education, and the social virtues and graces that flow out of these influences have declined with the decline of agriculture and the churches and schools that it once supported.

Rural Towns Need Rail Outlets

But the State is unmistakably on the up-grade in every way, and this advance movement is shared to some extent by

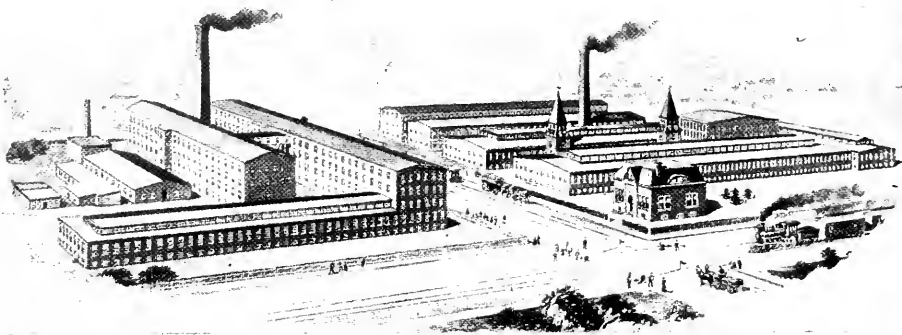
even the most backward of the country towns. They suffer most from the lack of means of getting their products into the city markets. There is no doubt that if either the State or private companies were to build and operate electric trolley-lines connecting the remoter country towns with the urban centres, the resultant gains, both in money and character, would amply make good the investment. Much of the land that now lies idle, or that is worked in a hopeless fashion, is capable, I am assured on good authority, of being made profitably productive if means are afforded to get its products into the city markets. If private capital continues indifferent to the opportunity here presented the State might well take up the work. Its investment should be made good by the resultant increase in taxable values alone, to say nothing of the upward impulse that would be given to the population of those towns now contemptuously and somewhat unjustly dubbed "barbarian" by their more fortunate neighbors in the thriving urban communities.

This subject is one that should command the attention of the Legislature. At present, for causes that will be explained further on, the country towns dominate the Legislature; but the trend is toward a readjustment of representation that will lodge control in the hands of the cities. If the country towns are wise, they will make use of their power while they still have it to provide the obviously needed means of developing their resources. The Legislature might either appropriate State funds to build electric lines through the towns that are now shut out from the world by lack of them, these lines to be operated by the State or leased to private companies, or it might grant franchises to private companies upon terms sufficiently favorable to induce the investment of capital that would otherwise hold aloof from this field.

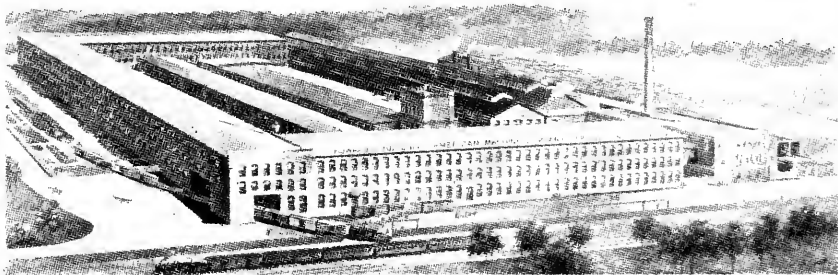
Big Industries Built by Brains and Energy

The manufactures of Rhode Island, like those of Vermont, represent brains and energy far more than any natural advantages. The State has neither coal nor iron. It is served by a single railroad, the New York, New Haven & Hartford, and it has

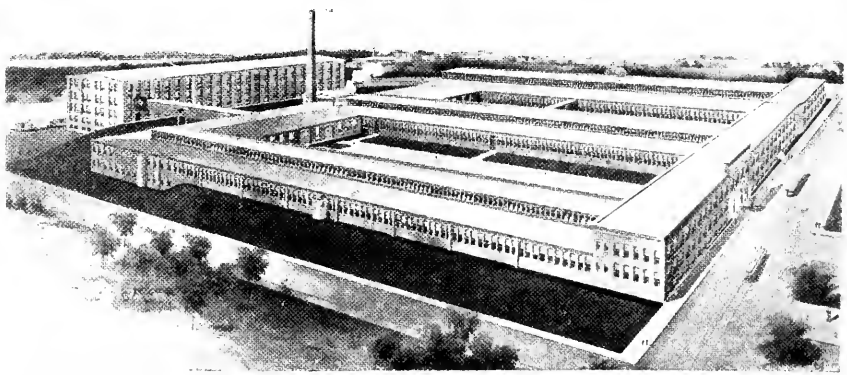
A TYPICAL GROUP OF PAWTUCKET INDUSTRIES.



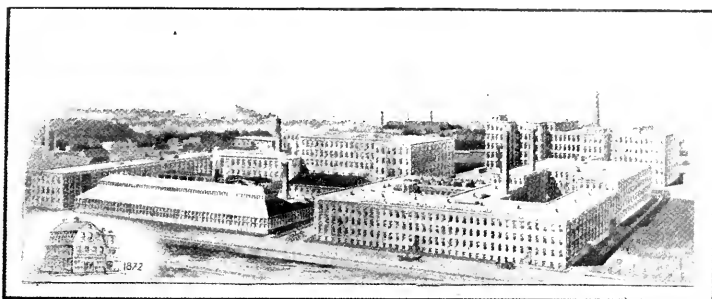
LORRAINE MANUFACTURING COMPANY



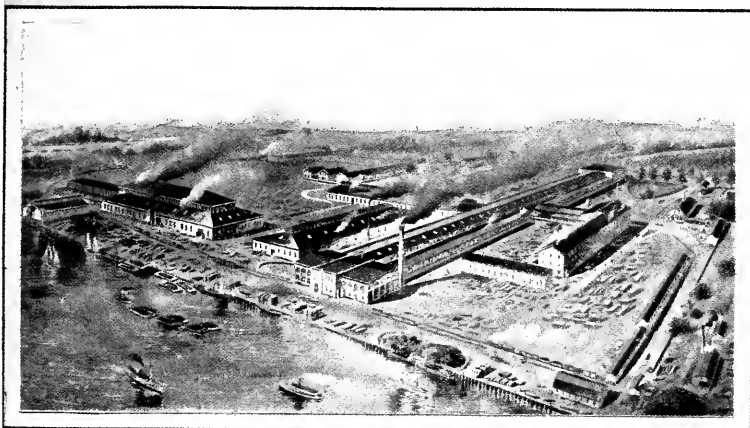
HOWARD & BULLOUGH, AMERICAN MACHINE COMPANY



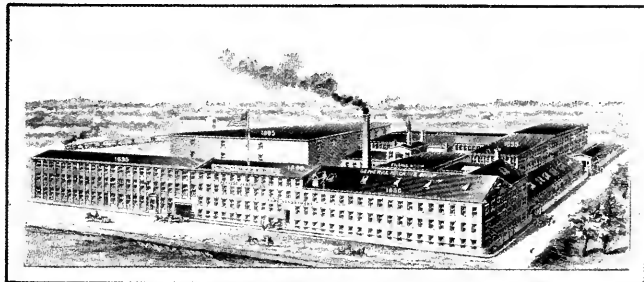
HOPE WEBBING COMPANY



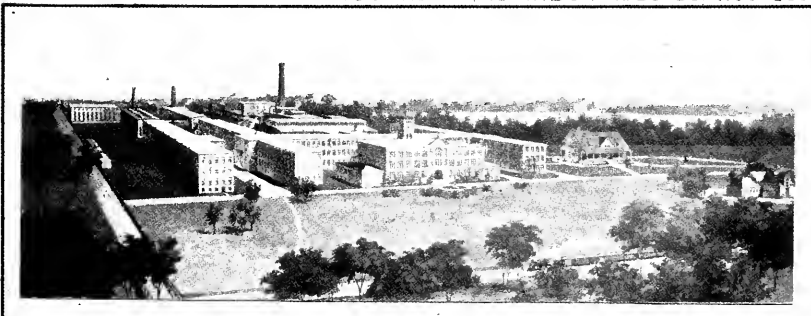
BROWN & SHARPE MANUFACTURING CO. PROVIDENCE R.I.
LARGEST PLANT OF ITS KIND IN AMERICA



C.B. COTTRELL & SONS COMPANY WESTERLY R.I.



WOONSOCKET MACHINE & PRESS CO. WOONSOCKET R.I.



GORHAM MANUFACTURING COMPANY PROVIDENCE R.I.
LARGEST SILVERWARE FACTORY IN THE WORLD

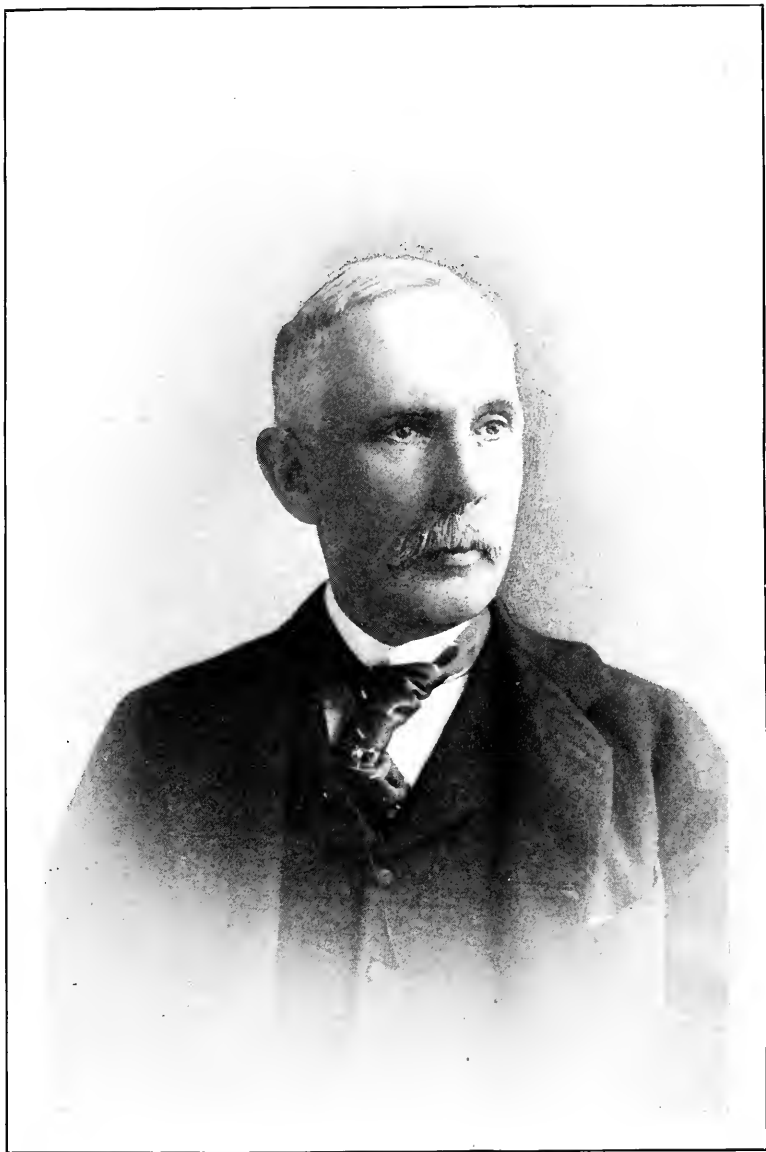


Looking up Westminster Street, Providence, in the retail district

no good seaport. Providence is located a dozen miles above deep water, on Narragansett Bay, and is only a barge port. A few coasting-vessels of light draught enter the port, but deep-sea-going vessels cannot come in there. The city owns no docks, and the private wharves are so few that sea-traffic languishes. During the coal strike vessels had frequently to wait several days for a chance to unload their cargoes. General Brayton told me that it was originally intended to locate the city a dozen miles further down the bay. The land was platted and plans made, but in the curious ways often taken by city growth, the trend was up the bay and away from the sea.

I asked General Brayton, who for thirty years, by common report, has "bossed" the political affairs of Rhode Island, and who probably knows the State as well as any other living man, why Rhode Island's representatives in Congress had never got federal appropriations to give Providence the first-class harbor to which her size

and commerce entitle her. It seemed to me that Providence, situated two hundred miles nearer the South than Boston, ought to have become the principal sea-gate of New England. General Brayton explained that for a dozen miles below the city Narragansett Bay is shallow, and that in order to maintain a good channel it would be necessary to dredge constantly, at large expense. He did not tell me that the railroad, whose chief legislative representative he is, receiving a large annual salary, had subtly opposed harbor improvements; but, remembering how the trans-continental lines have always, openly and secretly, fought the Panama Canal project, I wondered whether Providence's lack of harbor facilities might not be due to the quiet manipulation of the railroad. The government has to dredge constantly in the harbors of New York, Galveston, New Orleans, and other great ports, and its original outlay for harbors in these and other cities has been greater than it would need be at Providence. It seemed to me



Robert Hale Ives Goddard, who answered Lincoln's first call as a private, and was a colonel at the end of the war. A fellow of Brown University, treasurer of the Lonsdale Company and the Berkeley Company, prominent in other manufacturing and financial institutions of Rhode Island. Democrats and independent Republicans hope to make him United States Senator

that Senator Aldrich, the most powerful member of the United States Senate, could have got for Providence at least equal favor with New Orleans, Galveston, and Houston. "But we have only two

representatives in the House," said General Brayton. The explanation seems scarcely sufficient.

Rhode Island would certainly profit largely by procuring a deep harbor and adequate



The head of navigation at Providence

wharfage at Providence, and by rail communication between her isolated farming-towns and her cities. Perhaps these are the most important opportunities which now seem to be neglected in the State's industrial program.

Factory Villages in the Country

You ride along on any of the railway lines in the State, through long stretches of wild lands, unused and almost unin-

Georgia and the Carolinas, where the New Englanders have taken hold of the industry, but it jars upon one bred in the States further West. There, except in a very few of the largest cities, and in a few big trust factories only, the workmen are not restrained by high fences and locked gates. It used to be said, not so many years ago, that when a Chicago man wanted to put livery on his servants he had to send East to get the servants; no Western man would wear livery. There was something in the



The Rhode Island State Normal School

habited, until suddenly you come into a pretty mill village situated on a river. There are many of these communities, located in rural environment but having practically no connection with rural life. If you are from the South, or the Middle West, you will wonder, perhaps, at the high fences with locked gates that enclose the big textile mills. This custom of locking workmen in, and locking the rest of the world out, adapted from the textile districts of the Old World, has not yet found its way West or South to any extent. You will see a few of these mill barricades in

atmosphere that made it seem a degradation, and the West would probably regard the locked gates and the factory high fences in much the same way that it regards the wearing of livery.

On the other hand, there has been little in the West and South of that development of benevolent paternalism, expressed in what is called welfare work among factory hands, that is common in Rhode Island. Many of the larger manufacturing companies, in wool-lens, cotton, and metals, have gone far beyond the letter of the State's requirements in providing clean and comfortable shops,



Colonel Samuel Pomeroy Colt, president of the Industrial Trust Company and the United States Rubber Company, banker, politician, and lawyer, who failed to succeed Mr. Wetmore as United States Senator from Rhode Island

and in assisting their employees to broaden and brighten their social life. Perhaps one of the chief factors in the success of Rhode Island's manufactures, aside from the inventive and constructive genius of the men that built them up, has been the employers' intelligent recognition of the fact that

the most profitable employee is a contented one. Doubtless this general policy explains, also, the tendency of the most intelligent mechanics coming here from abroad to seek employment in Rhode Island.

Wages in the factories of Rhode Island

compare favorably with those in like lines in the rest of New England. They are not high, as compared with wages in the West, but the West has few cotton or woollen mills, and none comparable in size with those of New England. As for the cotton-mills in the South, labor conditions there are far worse than in New England, as a rule.

the wage-earners quite as much as upon the accumulated surplus of the mill and factory proprietors.

There has been in Rhode Island even more than in other States a marked tendency toward concentration of industries. The rubber trade is controlled by the United States Rubber Company, the trust; woollen and cotton manufacturing is chiefly

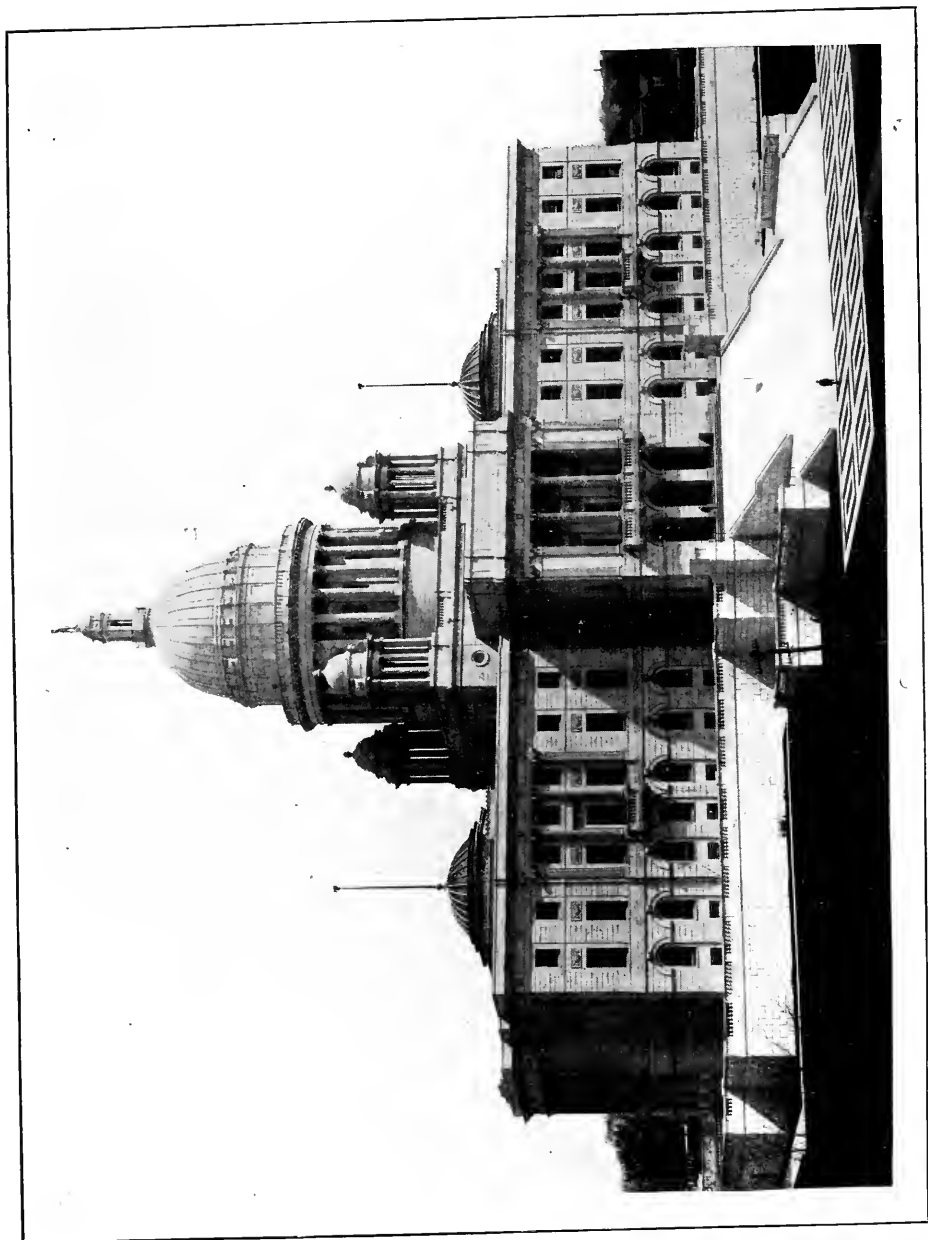


City Hall, Providence (on the right), where a public business of seven millions a year is transacted, as against two millions done at the State-house

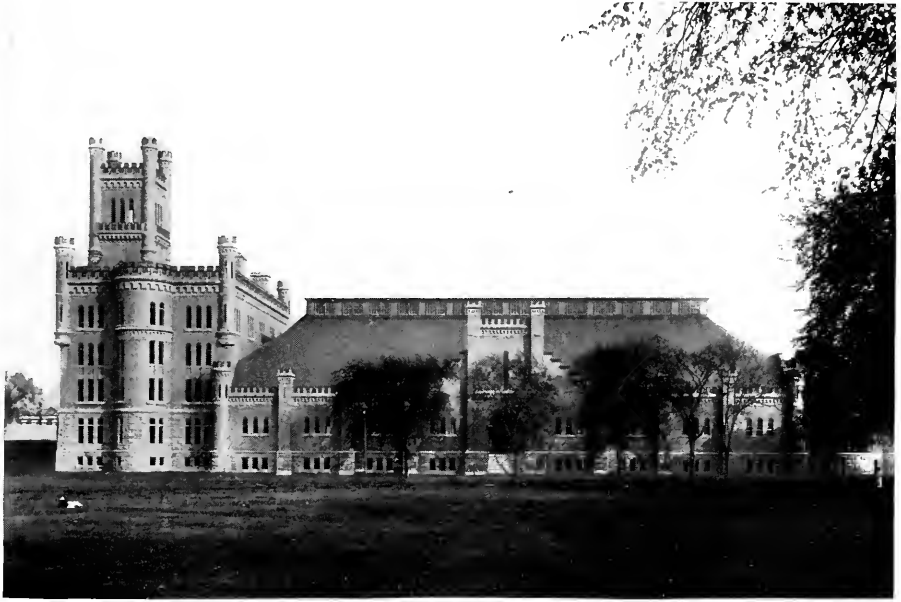
The State Is Very Prosperous

Considered as a whole, the manufactures of Rhode Island show a slow but constant tendency toward the reduction of hours of labor and increased wages. The State is highly prosperous, especially at the top. It has developed a very large number of huge private fortunes, and its wage-earners hold in the aggregate a very large amount of savings. Indeed, it may truthfully be said that the three great trust companies that dominate Rhode Island's financial affairs — the Industrial, the Union, and the Rhode Island Hospital trusts — have been built upon the small savings of

in the hands of a few families and corporations; some of these proprietors own and operate many mills in other New England States. For example, Robert Knight, the largest individual owner of cotton-mills in the world, controls over twenty establishments, — many in Rhode Island, some in Massachusetts. But this centralizing tendency has not suppressed individual initiative operating on a small scale. It may have diverted it from the industries centralized, but the fact that Rhode Island has so large a number of small factories of various kinds proves that her people have a high degree of commercial adaptability, and tends to disprove the theory



Front View of Rhode Island's white marble State Capitol at Providence



Rhode Island's new State Armory, at Providence

that the trusts must rapidly abolish the middle class of independent small manufacturers and traders. That result may come in time, but it is not yet in sight, in Rhode Island.

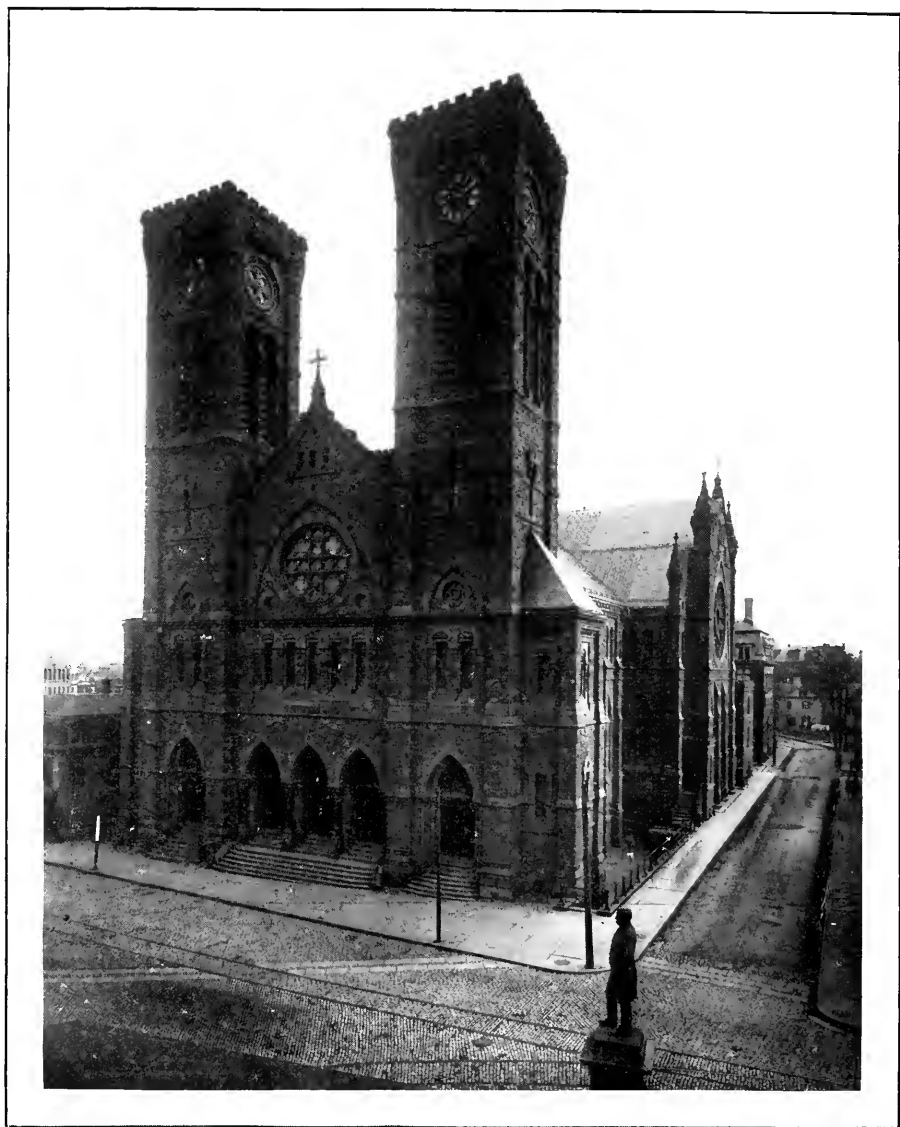
Excepting the scattered mills and factories along the rivers, noted above in the comment upon the country towns, Rhode Island's manufactures are highly concentrated in a few cities. Broadly speaking, Greater Providence includes the thriving cities of Pawtucket and Woonsocket, and with these and other near-by manufacturing centres comprises a large majority of the manufactures and the population of the State.

The "Summer Social Capital" of America

Newport, the other considerable city of the State, situated on the inner shore of the island of Rhode Island, is the seat of the richest seaside colony in America. The old town, once a busy centre of commerce with the far East, and still later a great slave mart, has long since ceased to

figure in the State's industrial statistics. Huge and sometimes beautiful palaces built by the wealthy families of New York, and occupied by them during the summer season, form a social centre that is sometimes referred to as the summer social capital of the United States. At any rate, it supplies most of that palpitating society gossip with which the newspapers are wont to entertain wide-eyed readers of the less affluent classes. The narrow streets, the statues of the Perrys, and the historical buildings clothe the older portion of the town in a romantic atmosphere of bygone times. This mood in the casual traveller's mind is likely to be rudely jarred by the sudden apparition of a splendid carriage with three gorgeously liveried flunkies perched upon it, or by the passing of a group of brisk and gay young blue-shirted soldiers from one of the near-by forts.

The single railway-station at Newport is a marvel of decrepitude and dirt. It is matched only by the ancient and unspeakably dirty, dusty passenger-cars that are run between Newport and Boston. The only inference the stranger can draw from this



The Cathedral at Providence

railway service into "America's summer social capital" is that the rich come in automobiles and private yachts and the rest don't count with the railroad. At this point it may be set down as a general observation that the railroad-passenger service in old, rich, and thickly settled New England is as a whole decidedly inferior in quality to that of the better Western railroads. There is still some show of com-

petition in the Middle West. Even though one group of New York financiers may control several roads in a given territory, the active managers of these roads have an incentive to competition in the desire to excel each other in the amount of business done. This active rivalry for business may obtain between divisions of the great system which controls southern New England, but it does not show in sumptuous equipment.

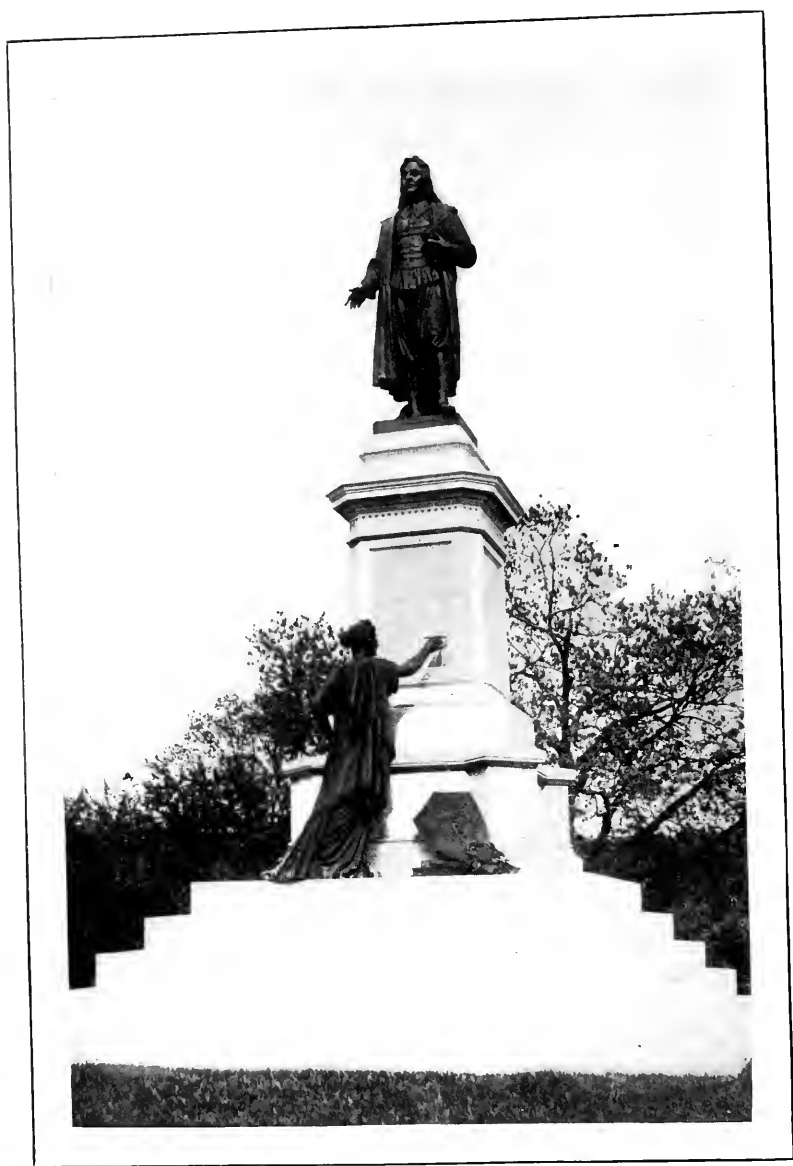


Marsden Jasiel Perry, born poor, of pioneer parents, is president of the Union Trust Company, organizing genius of Rhode Island public-service corporations, and owner of the Central Railway of Georgia jointly with Oakley Thorn, of New York. He never held a political office, but has been mentioned for United States Senator. He has the finest collection of Shakespeariana in America

The State's Leading Industries

The principal industry of Rhode Island, in the number of people employed and the value of product, is the manufacture of

woollen goods. The woollen-mills, including those which make worsteds, employed, according to the last census bulletin, 19,399 people, of whom 9,582 were listed as "men over sixteen years old;" 7,984, as "women



Statue to Roger Williams, founder of Rhode Island, in Roger Williams Park, Providence

over sixteen years;" and 1,833 as children under sixteen years. The capital invested was nearly \$47,000,000; the number of establishments, thirty-two; the wages, nearly ten millions; the value of products, a little above \$52,500,000. Cotton manufacturing runs a close second to woollens. The value of cotton-mill products in the same year was over \$30,000,000, and the wages nearly eight

millions. Foundry and machine-shop products rank third in the list, with 9,294 employees, and an annual output worth nearly \$16,500,000. Providence is the chief centre of the jewelry trade of the United States. With Attleboro, the near-by city in Massachusetts, it produces more jewelry than any other section of the country. The 6,475 workers employed in the jewelry

trade of Rhode Island in 1905, the latest year for which figures are obtainable, earned \$3,181,597 in wages and turned out a product worth \$14,431,756. The industry of dyeing and finishing textiles is of almost equal prominence, the value of its product reaching close to ten millions on an invested capital of something less than seventeen millions. It employed 7,562 hands. The total of the State's wage-earners in manufactures of all kinds was 98,813, with a total product valued at \$184,074,378. It is estimated that there has been a gain of at least five per cent in both figures since the census was taken.

Corruption in Politics

Accepting the theory that bad news travels much faster than good news, we are able to understand how the country at large has heard more about Rhode Island's political corruption than about her remarkable industrial achievements.

It is probable — I have not studied the political systems of *all* the States — that Rhode Island has the most inequitable political system of any Northern commonwealth. The student of conditions in New Hampshire might suppose that State had reached the limit of subserviency to corporate rule of public affairs; but in Rhode Island he would learn of yet further refinements of the game of politics as it is played by the big corporations. Good Rhode Islanders declare that Connecticut is the true "limit." However that may be, Little Rhody is bad enough.

The political bosses of Rhode Island have even refined the art of bribery in elections. Crude amateurs in other States think they have done something worth bragging about when they win an election with purchased votes. In Rhode Island when it is doubted whether enough votes can be bought to insure a desired result, the buyers finish the job by *hiring members of the opposition party to stay away from the polls*. A bought vote, one that would otherwise have been cast against your candidate, counts two points for your man. Hiring a member of the opposition not to vote at all counts only one point for your man. I was assured that there are a good many voters who would scorn an offer of money to sell their votes, but whose

consciences permit them to take money for staying away from the polls. The positive sin they will not commit; the negative sin they do not balk at. In the country towns a considerable minority of the citizens have come to feel that some one ought to pay them for the time they lose in going to the polls. They regard voting, not as a precious and sacred privilege, but as a public service for which they are justly entitled to payment from some source.

I have encountered this curiously perverted idea in various parts of New England. It obtains also in Chicago, in New York City, in most of the larger cities, to some extent; but in the rural West it has not yet taken root. The theory that recent immigrants brought this conception of the suffrage over with them, wickedly corrupting the natives, will not hold water. The buying of votes has been a source of scandal in Rhode Island for more than a hundred and fifty years. The late-comers are those who have suffered from contact with this idea. When they come into a new land, they naturally accept its customs to some extent, both the good and the bad. Indeed, in Rhode Island it is notorious that the most flagrant bribery, the most utterly treasonable disregard of the citizen's duty to the State, takes place in the country towns, where the percentage of so-called native stock is very much higher than it is in the cities.

How the State Has Been "For Sale"

Lincoln Steffens two years ago dubbed Rhode Island "A State for sale." That was probably true, in respect of the official machinery of the State. You could not have gone up to the State-house and bought a piece of legislation from the members direct; but you could, it is generally believed, have got your bill passed if you dealt first with General Charles R. Brayton, the king of the lobby enthroned in the office of the high sheriff. You could not have bought the influence of Governor Utter, but you would have had no need to buy it, since the Governor has no veto power, and the Legislature did General Brayton's bidding.

It is of course absurd to say that any one could buy a majority of the voters,



The Sarah Swan Whiting memorial window in Trinity Church, Newport

in Rhode Island or in any other State. Every man may have his price, but no man or corporation has every man's price. In order to get around this dead wall, politicians frequently so arrange the political machinery of a State that a small amount of bribery will give them control. In Rhode Island the State Senate is the bulwark of the corruptionists, and represen-

tation in the lower House is also far from equitable. Each town and city in the State — thirty-eight in all — is entitled to one State senator. Providence, which cast more than 23,000 votes in the last congressional elections, has one senator. So, too, has Little Compton, which cast 135 votes; and Jamestown, which cast 170. In a word, the four cities, — Providence,



General William Ames, brevetted a brigadier for Civil-War services, president and treasurer of the Fletcher Manufacturing Company, trustee of the Rhode Island Hospital Trust Company, and a man of whom it is said: "He can have any political office within Rhode Island's gift for the asking."

Pawtucket, Newport, and Woonsocket, — which cast 38,033 votes in the last congressional elections, have four members of the State Senate, and the thirty-four smaller cities and towns, which cast a total of 27,476 votes at the same election, have thirty-four members of the State Senate.

Where this condition prevails it is obviously easy for a corrupt boss, supported by greedy or cowardly corporations, to control the State. He has no need to win a majority of the voters of the State to keep his party in power. He need only make sure that his legislative candidates



A glimpse through the gates at "The Breakers," a Vanderbilt palace at Newport

are chosen in a majority of the small towns, where but a few votes are cast, and the trick is done. In Rhode Island the boss found ready to his hands a condition admirably suited for his uses. When General Brayton set up business as a lobbyist thirty years ago he found the country towns dwindling and impoverished agriculturally. He found them inhabited chiefly by descendants of the early settlers of the State, jealous of the growing population and influence of the cities which were rapidly filling up with later immigrants. Plainly it was in the interest of General Brayton, and of his clients, the corporations that might need special privileges, to maintain this condition. They have managed to maintain it, but the signs of this day are adverse to them.

Some Signs of Improvement

In the first place, Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, the brains of the Rhode Island Republican machine, has "made his pile," as the phrase goes, and has accordingly lost his most active personal interest in

the fight. True, he is still most useful to his allies in the United States Senate, and he has shown no disposition to retire from office; but he more and more leaves the heat of the battle to others. Once in six years, near the expiration of his own term, he comes to Rhode Island and takes personal command of the forces. As Governor Higgins, in terms bitterly contemptuous, said to me, "The chairman of the Finance Committee of the United States Senate, the most august legislative body on earth, comes home once in six years and does not hesitate to sit in a low groggery and deal with political crooks and rum-sellers to insure his own reelection."

In the second place, a considerable minority of the Republicans of Rhode Island have united with the Democrats in a campaign to drive bribe-givers and bribe-takers out of politics. The fusionists nominated Robert H. I. Goddard, one of the mill millionaires of the State, a fellow of Brown University, a soldier of the Civil War with a fine record, and a man of ability, for United States senator to succeed Mr. Wetmore of Newport. Mr. Wetmore was again



Cliff walk and palaces of New York millionaires at Newport

a candidate, and Colonel Samuel P. Colt, the president of the United States Rubber Company, was a third aspirant. Colonel Goddard led throughout the balloting in the legislative session of 1907, but could not obtain a majority. His friends say that "if he had been willing to buy votes, he could have won in a walk." Colonel Colt had the support of General Brayton and his influences, and was preferred also by Senator Aldrich, though the latter uttered no word publicly one way or the other. Mr. Wetmore, the candidate with the smallest following, had votes enough, if he could have transferred them to either of his opponents, to insure an election. The session ended in a deadlock. In June Colonel Colt announced his withdrawal from the race. His supporters, like Mr. Wetmore's, being stalwart Republicans, would not vote for Colonel Goddard, because of his affiliation with the Democrats. The issue will be fought out at the polls in October. The adherents of Colonel Goddard hope to capture a majority of the Legislature on joint ballot. They have no chance to get a majority in the State Sen-

ate, but they might conceivably obtain a sufficient majority in the House to overcome the Republican Senate majority on joint ballot.

Reformers Control "the Rhode Island Bible"

In the third place, the Providence *Journal*, "the Rhode Island Bible," with its evening edition, the *Bulletin*, has come under the control of men who refuse to sanction or to remain silent upon those corrupt practices that have characterized Republican rule in the State for many years past. One prominent Republican of the faction now opposed by the *Journal* told me, a bit gloomily, that "as goes the *Journal*, so goes Rhode Island." His feelings seemed to be about equally dominated by pride in the *Journal* as an institution and grief for its going astray.

The Metcalfs and other minority stockholders in the *Journal*, believing that its subserviency to ring politicians of the worst sort would finally wreck its influence, united to get control, and brought the paper

back into the course where it gained its wealth and power. Under the shrewd and clean editorship of Frederick Roy Martin, a Cambridge and Harvard product, assisted by John R. Rathom, one of the ablest newspaper men the West has produced in many years, as managing editor, the *Journal* is conducting a strong and aggressive campaign for political decency in Rhode Island. Its editors do not join the demand of the more radical Democrats for a convention thoroughly to revise the Constitution of the State. They are sufficiently conservative to urge the taking of one step at a time. The *Journal* does advise amendments giving the Governor the power of veto and granting a larger measure of legislative representation to the cities. Meantime, the *Journal* is supporting the senatorial candidacy of Colonel Goddard, as against Mr. Wetmore or any other man whom the old Republican ring may name. The *Journal*, more than any other factor, drove Colonel Colt out of the race. However others may regard it, this is an achievement upon which the *Journal's* new directors freely felicitate themselves—and Rhode Island.

More than one prominent Republican favored me with his opinion that unless his party shall nominate a candidate known to be proof against bribe-giving, and otherwise of the highest type, the State is pretty certain to choose a legislative majority favorable to the election of Colonel Goddard.

Prospective Constitutional Amendments

Even more important than the men concerned is the movement for two amendments to the State Constitution. Governor Higgins, following the lead of Governors Utter and Garvin, strongly urges an amendment making the Governor a real executive. He believes the Governor of Rhode Island should have the power of veto and the power of appointment which now lodges in the Senate. He told me that his vetoless condition was shared only by the Governor of South Carolina. It is an interesting and perhaps not insignificant coincidence that Rhode Island and South Carolina, from the beginning of the Union, were most jealous of State's rights and held on longest to the profitable trade in negro slaves.

The second constitutional amendment sought in Rhode Island aims to correct existing inequalities in legislative representation. We have seen how the basis of senatorial representation lodges an overwhelming majority of that body in the hands of a small minority of the people. There are seventy-two members of the lower House, and the number that Providence may elect, irrespective of population, is one-sixth of the whole. When you remember that Providence has five-twelfths of the State's inhabitants you perceive the injustice of that limitation.

There is a feeling in the State, too, that the qualifications for the suffrage ought to be revised. All registered electors can vote for state and national officers, but in city and town elections property qualifications reduce the number of the voters. In the towns this qualification covers real estate, and the would-be voter must hold at least \$200 worth of it or he cannot vote on town business. In the cities the voter must have personal property worth \$134 in order to vote for city officers. The assessments of these voters are made by a Board of Assessors chosen by the City Council in each instance. Whether true or not, it is commonly charged that the assessors in some of the cities use their power to pack the voting-lists with known supporters of their party. It is said that they frequently neglect to include in the voting-list the names of qualified voters not of their party. The door is obviously open to trickery of this character, and the general tone of Rhode Island politics is not so high as to deprive the charge of all right to consideration.

Masters Versus Workmen

Very naturally, so far as they show any interest in the subject at all, the working people of the State favor manhood suffrage without property qualification of any sort. On the other hand, the masters of the State's politics, the mill millionaires, have a sound reason, from their point of view, for opposing any extension of the suffrage. And they have an equally sound reason, as they see it, for opposing any change in the basis of legislative representation. In the cities, where they are the chief property-owners, they are loath to see any step

made that would weaken their control upon the expenditure of money taken in taxes. In the Legislature, they fear nothing else quite as much as hostile labor legislation. While the balance of legislative power remains in the country towns, and is beyond the reach of the working people of the cities, the large manufacturers can reasonably hope to defeat any legislation in the interest of the workers and at the expense of the employers. The President's recommendation of a national employers' liability law that should work automatically, making the employer responsible for his employee's injuries, however caused, would get about one vote out of a hundred if submitted to the manufacturers of Rhode Island for approval. It goes without saying that a Legislature chosen by working men and acting in the interests of the working men as a group, might be expected to enact such a law as the President recommended.

The Secret of Aldrich's Strength

Another possibility which the manufacturers, or most of them, regard with dread is that Rhode Island may, by going Democratic in State elections, give the nation the impression that she desires tariff revision; for Rhode Island is a high-tariff stronghold. Most of the men that have built up her great industries — there are a few exceptions — firmly believe that the success of these industries rests upon the protective-tariff system. A curious illustration of the way they put this factor above all others in considering politics is their attitude toward Senator Aldrich. Republicans, Independents, and Democrats alike assured me that the senator is "the most selfish man that ever drew the breath of life;" that they heartily disapprove his making use of such men as General Brayton to perpetuate himself in office; and that they resent his contemptuous treatment of his constituents, personally.

"Then why," I asked, "do you keep him in office?"

"Because," one man replied, and he voiced the sentiment of the others, "we can't get along without him, dash blank him."

Senator Aldrich, it is said, has been

singularly inconsiderate of Rhode Islanders at Washington. This was so much the case that it became the fashion in certain circles to say, "Rhode Island has but one senator — Wetmore." The Newport senator was always studiously careful to respond to every communication from his people, however unimportant — a course in marked contrast with that of his lordly senatorial associate. Notwithstanding this, however, and notwithstanding the well-known fact that Senator Aldrich has been only secondarily Rhode Island's representative, giving his first thought to the great New York financial interests, headed by the Standard Oil Company, whose especial senatorial champion he has been for many years, the business interests of the State have felt that his commanding authority in respect to tariffs made him far the most valuable man the State could send to the Senate. And so they have cursed him for his manners and elected him for his ability, and seem likely to continue doing so for a long time to come, or as long as he wishes to hold office.

Senator Aldrich, like former Governor Odell of New York, was a grocer when he entered politics. But he was something else that Mr. Odell was not; namely, a cold-blooded, iron-willed master of men. He kept on growing past the point where Odell's limitations brought him back to the earth with a dull thud. Mr. Aldrich is credited with having gained a million dollars in the reorganization of the Rhode Island street-railways in 1892. That transaction also laid the foundation for the great fortune of Marsden J. Perry, who, with Mr. Roelker and five other men that could look further ahead than the average, shared the profits of the street-railway reorganization. The deal was a blend of political special favors, watered stock, and ultimate monopoly, but it gave Rhode Island cities a tremendous benefit in a system of street-railway and interurban electric transportation immeasurably superior to that which it replaced; and so possibly the promoters were not extravagantly paid for the brains and energy they put into it.

The men who formed the Rhode Island Company, that monopolized practically all of the trolley-lines of Rhode Island, have since sold out the property to the New York, New Haven & Hartford Rail-

road. The New Haven is dictator of Connecticut politics, and master at pleasure of Connecticut industry in its relations with transportation.

Reform Movement Not of Popular Origin

An interesting feature of the reform movement in Rhode Island is the fact that it does not originate among the working masses of the people. It seems rather to be a contest between rival groups of millionaires for control of the State's affairs. I suggested to Senator Gardner of Providence that it was a fight between the clean rich and the other sort of rich. He demurred. Mr. Wetmore's supporters, he said, were "clean rich," too. He thought it likely that at least half of them voted for Parker for President in 1904. Against Mr. Wetmore nothing worse has been alleged than that he is a New Yorker, and that he has made liberal contributions to General Brayton's war-bag to insure his election as senator; in short, that he played the game as he found it. If his opponents were defining the position of a man less amiable and friendly than Mr. Wetmore, they would doubtless say flatly that he bought his office. They do not say that, but they arrive at the same conclusion in much gentler terms.

The opponents of Colonel Goddard do not charge that he is trying to buy the senatorship. They admit without question that he would scorn to do anything of that kind. But they do say that the Democratic organization in the State is using him and his presumably liberal campaign contribution for legitimate expenses, as a means of gaining control of the State offices. They do not explain how a Democratic majority in the House could control State appointments that are made by the State Senate, which will certainly remain reliably Republican.

The Senate is "The State"

By the way, here is another curious feature of the Rhode Island political system. The Senate is practically the whole State government. The Governor can nominate men for the various appointive offices under the State government, but in only

one or two unimportant instances can he confer such office without the Senate's confirmation. And if the Senate does not wish to confirm, it has only to let three days pass without taking action on the Governor's nominations, when it is free to proceed to make the appointments, without the consent of either Governor or lower House. This is the customary course when the Governor is Democratic. Rhode Island judges, of the Supreme Court and the lower courts, are thus chosen by the Senate, and not, as in most other States, elected by the people. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that all the members of the present Supreme Court, and all, or nearly all, of the judges of the lower courts, were members of the Legislature when elevated to the bench.

In fact, as matters stand, the people of Rhode Island — the rank and file — have very little control of their State government. The forty votes cast for Colonel Goddard in the senatorial contest represented more than sixty per cent of the voters of the State, but they were far from being a majority of the Legislature.

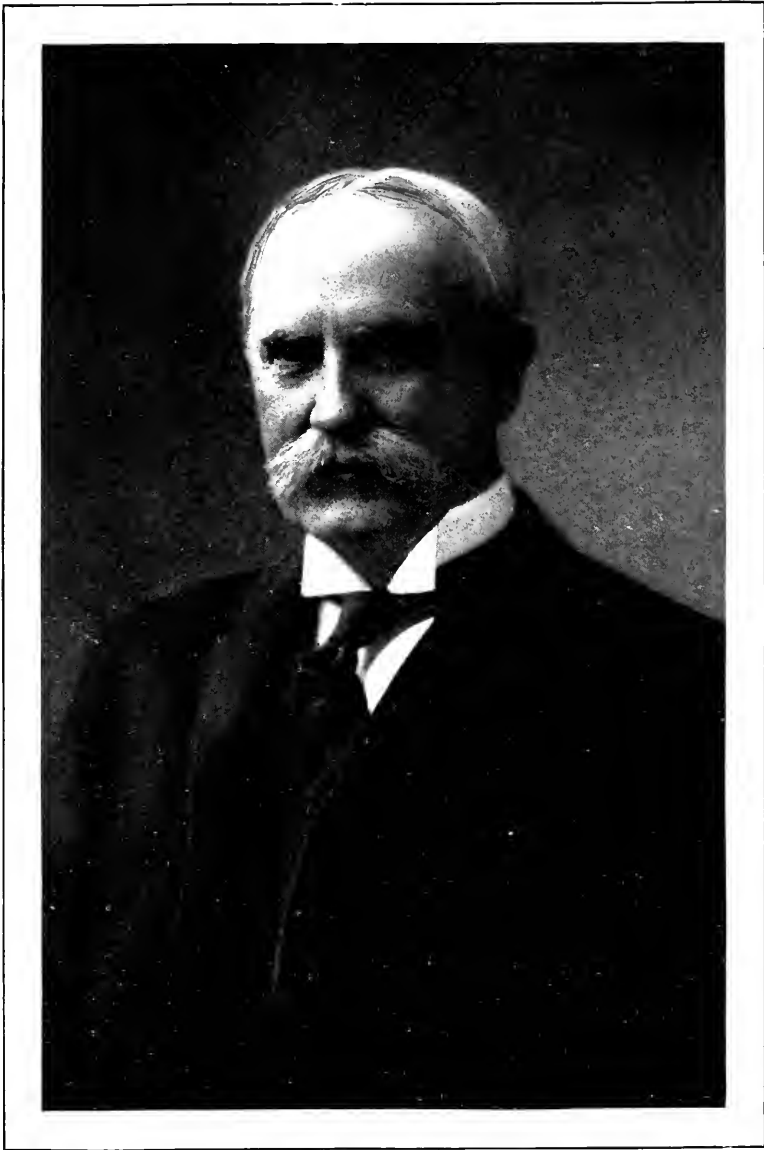
The Boss and the Governors

Rhode Island politics have brought forward a number of interesting personalities — strongly marked individuals. General Charles R. Brayton, blind giant of sixty-seven years, seated in his office on the top floor of the ten-story Bannigan Building in Providence, alone, received me with a curt refusal to talk — then proceeded to talk in the most entertaining fashion for half an hour. He certainly knows his peculiar business, and he knows human nature. If good men in politics possessed one-half the tact, the courtesy, the genuine human sympathy that make the capital of men of the Brayton sort, the virtue of honesty would be triumphant more often than it is. The successful business man, especially if he be also a scholar, is pretty certain to have lost touch with the common run of humanity, and to fail to understand its instincts. This the successful boss never does. He wins far more men with courtesy than with money, and here is a fact that honorable amateurs in politics seldom comprehend.

The men who are asking Rhode Island



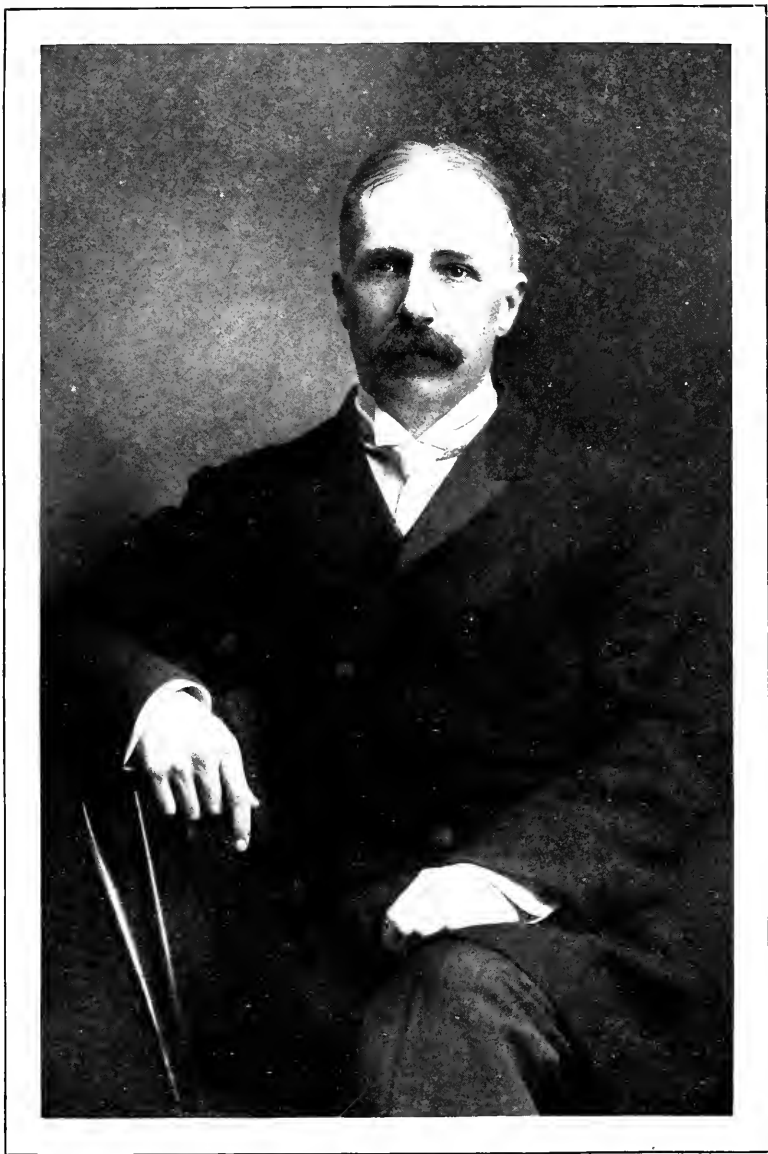
A fanciful grouping of the buildings of Brown University, which crowns a hill just outside the commercial centre of Providence, has nine hundred and fifty students, and glories in possessing the champion college baseball team of 1907



Nelson W. Aldrich, who took the political degrees of city councilman, assemblyman, representative, and speaker, and entered the United States Senate in 1881, where his mastery of finance and his Wall Street backing have made him the Republican leader

to repudiate Brayton and Braytonism, lack something of a complete understanding of the mental processes of the common man, the working man. They call Brayton "Rob Roy," forgetting that Rob Roy was the most popular man in his county, who robbed the rich to share with the poor —

popular because his faults were the faults of most men, and linked him to them in a bond of fellowship. The humble bard who wrote of Robert Burns, "We love him for his human faults," put his finger upon one of the most powerful impulses of the human heart.



William H. P. Faunce, President of Brown University, graduated from Brown in 1880, served ten years as pastor of Rockefeller's church in New York, and came to Brown as president in 1889

Governor Higgins, a young lawyer, seems to me a man exceedingly likely to win popular favor. The Governor, like his predecessor, Mr. Utter, is both clean and human. Both men resented General Brayton's presence in the Statehouse. Governor Utter, realizing that he had no authority to force

Brayton's withdrawal from the public office where he, a private citizen, sat and ordered the course of legislation, said nothing publicly except in one remarkable platform utterance a few days before the last State election when it was too late to help him or his party.

One morning General Brayton called up the Governor on the telephone and asked him whom he intended to nominate for a certain State office.

"The floor of the Senate, it seems to me, is the place to make that announcement," said Governor Utter, and he hung up the 'phone.

Mr. Utter is a newspaper publisher. His paper, the Westerly *Daily Sun*, is the only daily paper in America that publishes a Sunday evening edition. He is a Seventh Day Baptist. His paper does not appear on Saturday. Westerly is a Seventh Day Baptist stronghold. Many of the stores and professional offices there close on Saturday and are open on Sunday.

Governor Higgins, of a more sanguine temperament than Governor Utter, made a sharper attack upon General Brayton. After trying vainly to induce the blind boss by personal persuasion to leave the capitol, the Governor published an open letter assailing General Brayton in fierce fashion and demanding his withdrawal. High Sheriff White was coupled with Brayton in the Governor's broadside, but both men were obdurate, and the boss held his position in the high sheriff's office until the session closed.

Governor Higgins's Letter to the Sheriff

Governor Higgins's letter deserves a wider reading than it has yet obtained, for its analysis of conditions that prevail in many other State capitols beside that of Rhode Island. The communication, which was addressed to General Hunter C. White, sheriff of Providence County, is as follows:

Sir: On January 26th of this year I had a conference with the State-house commissioners, in which I requested them to instruct you to keep Charles R. Brayton out of your office. They stated to me that they did not believe their power was sufficient under the law to justify them in doing so. They referred me to the Legislature and to you. They suggested that if I called the matter officially to your attention you would probably act.

I have acted in accordance with their suggestion. You will recollect that a few weeks ago I asked you to come to my office, where I privately requested you to remove this disgraceful object from your office. In vain have I appealed to you in private. I now appeal to you publicly. This letter shall be given to the public for the express purpose of calling this matter to the attention of our citizens. I do more than appeal. In the name

of the citizens of Rhode Island, I demand that you refuse to allow Boss Brayton to use the property of Rhode Island for his private pleasure and profit. It is a matter of extreme regret to me that the most urgent public necessity impels this request. The wide publicity which has been given Brayton's conduct in this capitol; the impudent manner in which he flaunts himself in the teeth of our people and before the eyes of our legislators; his shameless disregard for the outer forms of public decency, as well as for the elementary rules of proper personal conduct in this building, require that action be taken at once. The people of Rhode Island have tolerated Boss Brayton and his brazen arrogance as long as they should. The time has at last arrived when patience is no longer a virtue, and when in deference to an aroused and indignant sentiment throughout the State this man should be expelled from this capitol.

To none is his conduct better known than to you. Year in and year out he has occupied and used your office for his vile purposes with your knowledge and consent. He could not have appropriated your office without such knowledge and consent. You know that for thirty years this man has been in almost daily attendance upon the sessions of the Legislature, dispensing his orders to certain members with the most imperious despotism. You know that for decades he has stood like an ancient brigand at the door of this capitol and has clubbed into servility and compliance with his demands many seekers of legislation, public and private franchises. You know that for a generation past many citizens have openly charged that it was impossible to secure proper action on certain matters of legislation without first paying tribute to the legislative Rob Roy of these Plantations.

Your office in the Rhode Island State-house (Room 207) has been almost invariably the centre of his activity. Your office, Room 207, has, in other words, been the lobby headquarters of Boss Brayton. The situation, therefore, resolves itself to this: the State-house of Rhode Island, a building paid for by the people of the State, supposed to be used exclusively for public and legitimate purposes, has been turned over, so far as your office has been concerned, to the private and illegitimate use of Boss Brayton.

It cannot truthfully be said that Brayton comes to your office as a private citizen or as a friend. If that were so, why is it that he visits you only on such days and at such times as the Legislature is in session? If he is so extremely solicitous in his friendship for you, why is it that he does not visit you daily at your office in the Providence County court-house? You alone, sir, are picked out as the recipient of a letter of this kind for the reason that you are the only one of all the officials occupying quarters at the State-house who allows those quarters to be used for unlawful lobbying.

I, therefore, again demand of you that this thing cease, and cease at once. I demand that you decline the use of your office to Boss Brayton. This demand is based upon two reasons: first, that neither you nor any other public official has the right to utilize the public property of the State for private or improper purposes. Your room, No. 207, has been assigned to you for the conduct of the duties of your office, not for rent or sub-

letting to those who are in the employ of private corporations or others seeking to secure or prevent legislation. What right has Boss Brayton to Room 207? He holds no public office or commission from the people of this State. What right have you to turn over to him practically the entire possession of that room? Both when you are present and when you are absent the boss is in entire charge and has absolute control of your office. He receives his legislative clients and visitors there; he stations his emissaries at the door of your room, and he, not you, says who shall receive admittance to that room. He acts as if he, not you, were the one to whom that room is assigned. Now I say you have no more right to allow a private individual to take charge of your office and carry on private business, especially private business of a most sordid nature, than I have to use the Governor's office for the conduct of my pri-

your room there. You know further that it is a matter of common knowledge that Brayton's scandalous lobbying has been practically his only business for the past quarter of a century, and that although nominally a lawyer, he has never engaged in the real practice of the profession, but has been content to acquire a lucrative existence from the fees he has wheedled and whipped out of seekers of legislation and of office.

The boss's continued presence in the capitol offers daily scandal to the men, women, and children of the State. Several times a week children from various parts of the commonwealth come to visit the capitol, and immediately on stepping from the elevator are greeted with this unseemly spectacle in your room. On February 8 nearly two hundred little children from the town of Warwick came to visit the State-house. Many of these children were introduced to Brayton in your of-

THE SUN

escape on Watch
Noed.

Fair, light

O. 271.

WESTERLY, R. I., SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 23, 1907.

WASHINGTON ST COMPANY

aw empowered to act as
EXECUTOR,
TRUSTEE,
GUARDIAN or AGENT,
offers its services and facilities
for the transaction of all forms
of Banking and Trust business.
23 Broad Street.

STEAMER BLOCK ISLAND OPENS SEASON TODAY.

Reported that After the Best Route the City of Lawrence Will Be Paid on the Route to Block Island—Many of the Old Officers Return.

The steamer Block Island arrived in these waters Friday afternoon from Newport, where it has been unloading a thorough overhauling and painting. The season for the steamer opens this morning, when she will make the first trip of 1907 to Block Island, stopping at Watch Hill.

The steamer will be in charge of Chief Engineer George E. Van Sled, who has been with the boat for many years, and is very popular with the crew. It was started on Friday evening that order will have been received from the State House to run on the line to Block Island until after the last week of the season. The reason is that the State House is now in session and the State House is now in session.

SMASHED HIS CAR.

George Babcock of Plainfield, N. J. Missed Hitting Rev. S. H. Davis.

MR. DAVIS ALIGHTED FROM CAR.

Rather than hit a former Westerner, the driver smashed his car into a telephone pole and street wall, throwing himself and Frances into a nearby pond. The Sprague Physical Injury, but a badly damaged car results.

FOUR YEARS WORK IN ONE.

By Changing the Time of Sealing Weights and Measures From the Fall of the Year to the Spring, Edwin Barber, Unknown, Gained a Year's Work. Mr. Barber Will Ask Council to Unwind the Sprague Temple.

By Court Monday, the new's latest snarl of weights and measures, has been qualified for that position as yet. Before he does so he is going to appear before the House committee to help him out of a queer predicament. It seems that S. H. Barber, the former owner of weights and measures, supposed to be a man of high character, has been accused, in fact, but not proven, of having stolen four times in the past year.

In the case are that on June 1, 1904, Edwin Barber was elected town master of weights and measures, he followed the usual custom of sealing the weights about some time during the fall of 1904. He then sealed them again in the spring of 1905. This is what he made his error. He changed, unbeknownst, the custom of sealing the weights.

If you wish to send money of the world, if you wish your child in the habit of you wish to keep a secret. Account for your housekeeping with Banking that you the leading Banking Inst State of Rhode Island, your needs in every way.

Industrial Trust

Resources 00

14 High

The Sun, published at Westerly, the only Sunday evening paper in the country

vate law practice. Unless this be so, then every State official who is in any way connected with business enterprises of a public character has full right to transfer his private offices to the State-house. Does Brayton pay rent for Room 207 to you or to the State?

The second reason for my demand is that you have no right to encourage a common nuisance on State property. Brayton is unquestionably a common nuisance. You know the man's degenerate character better than I do. You know that he is unfit to hold public office or to be entrusted with any honorable duty. You know that the last federal office he held was surrendered by him in disgrace and by compulsion. You know that he misappropriated the public funds of the United States while postmaster of the city of Providence. You also know the disgraceful scandals attached to his administration of the office of chief of State police. Yet you daily parade him in the State-house in the eyes of the public as the master of

fice, and shook hands with him. A nice spectacle, is it not, for the youth of the State to witness? A beautiful example, is n't he, for little boys and girls of tender years to gaze upon and look up to with youthful admiration?

In my conference with the State-house commissioners on January 26 it was not denied by them that Brayton was a paid lobbyist and a disgraceful character. One of the commissioners declared that he himself had told you on a former occasion that you ought not to allow the boss to make his headquarters in your office, and that you replied: "What can I do? I would not put Brayton out of my office for all the positions in the State." In other words, you have admitted not only to this commissioner, but to others as well, that you were under obligations of such a nature to the boss that your hands were tied and you would not put him out. Now, sir, I am going to ask you what right you have to barter away the public property and the public honor of this State in the payment of

your political obligations? I want to ask you further what right have you to prostitute a public office in this capitol in compensation for the influence of that boss? I want to ask you, further, how long you propose to continue this glaring misconduct? How much longer are you going to fly in the face of public opinion? If you were State Treasurer, do you think you would be justified in taking money from the treasury in order to pay a political debt of yours? If you were the State Librarian, do you think you would be justified in giving away the public books belonging to the State to somebody who helped you to get into office? That, sir, is just what you are now doing, according to your own statement and your own actions. You are turning over to Boss Brayton the public property of the State of Rhode Island (namely, the use of Room 207) because the boss has "made you politically."

It is unnecessary to add that this communication is not prompted by personal ill-feeling or malice toward either you or Boss Brayton. You understand my position thoroughly from the private interview we had a short time ago. I regret further that you force me to the disagreeable task of telling publicly the disgusting story of this man. I had hoped, after our interview, that it would be unnecessary for me openly to refer to the miserable life and character of Charles R. Brayton. I regret, too, that you have not allowed me to look on Brayton as I had wished,—with respect for his war record and pity for his physical infirmity,—rather than with contempt for his thirty years' public infamy. The responsibility, therefore, for this unpleasant task is not on my shoulders. Both you and Brayton have had fair warning. I have tried in every honorable way I knew to avoid resorting to this means, but you would not have it. The gauntlet has been thrown down to me by you both with a spirit of insolent defiance, but I shall not hesitate to pick it up—not in a spirit of pugnacity, but with a firm determination that the right of our people to have their public places kept for proper public uses and free from scandals and nuisances, moral, political, and otherwise, shall be vindicated once and for all.

In the name, therefore, of the decent citizenship of this commonwealth, I demand that you clean this moral and political pest out of your office. In the name of common, civilized virtue, I

demand that you no longer persist in allowing a part of this capitol to be used as the headquarters of a notorious lobbyist.

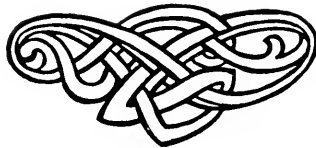
The Reply of the Blind Boss

To which the big blind boss, turning his sightless eyes toward the open window through which he gets a faint lightening of the physical vision, makes answer: "Yes, I know they don't like me; but they know I don't care a damn."

It would be hard to find a more striking contrast than that of the Governor, a slight figure, almost boyish, with his clean, earnest countenance, and the huge gray bulk of the blind boss, alone in his eyrie, his face now as expressionless as a gambler's mask, now breaking into a smile of kindly humor, overlaid with conscious bravado and deeply underlaid with a desolate loneliness of the spirit. Here, as always, youth will be served. The passing of the boss—of this particular boss, at any rate—is already taking place as a part of the general regeneration of Rhode Island's politics.

Except in a few of the country towns, public education in Rhode Island is maintained at a high standard. The statement is made officially that free high-school training is provided for all but five per cent of the children of the State.

As a final word, it may be said that aside from the need to get her boys and girls out of the mills into school, to open up her dusty back-country closets, and to obtain a first-class harbor at Providence, the most pressing business of Rhode Island at this time is to get representative government.



LETTERS OF A WELLESLEY GIRL

By H. B. ADAMS

III. GOO

"Love it am a killin' thing,
Beauty am a blossom;
Ef you want yo' finger bit,
Poke it at a possum."

— *American Classics.*



YOU complain of me that I have been using a word whose sense you fear you cannot rightly divine. What is "goo"? you ask.

Dear old Babbo, with your philological craziness! I suppose when you get to heaven the first thing you will want to do will be to purchase a book of idioms and trace out the origin of all the angelic locutions. I can see you now in your little red study, gouging away at your Dante and rejoicing over a new and strange idiom even as the hen rejoiceth when she hath scratched up a worm! Words, words, words! What would you do if it were not for these "daughters of earth"? How could you manage if there were no words? You'd have nothing to play with, Daddy!

Well, I suspect that the most interesting thing about this college life to you would be its peculiar vocabulary. We have our argot here, as distinct as that of the *Quartier Latin*. I'm not going to gratify you by compiling a list of all our slang for you, but I will tell you about "goo," for that is very suggestive.

The root meaning of "goo," I should think, is, "anything sticky or viscous." The idea of sweetness is also usually conveyed, as molasses; but not always, for gravy is called goo, as, for instance, "What is that goo all down your shirt-waist?" meaning any sort of sauce, etc., from the table.

From this literal, arises a figurative, meaning, as the Wellesley mind is markedly poetic and creative: and hence all sorts of affection are called goo, particularly those demonstrations which are rather embarrassing — the idea of stickiness, you see, connoting the notion of molasses.

Is that learned and precise enough for

you? I feel so proud of it that I should prepare a theme upon goo for my English Twelve (meaning a certain course in the study of English) were it not for fear of Miss Hartranft, the instructor therein.

Miss Hartranft is a typical New Englander. I wish you could see her. Brrr! but she's a frosty one! Do you know what she'd do if I handed her a composition like one of these crazy letters I'm writing you? She would n't get angry. Oh, no! New England never gets angry. She would n't smile. Not for six million dollars! She would calmly, unruffledly, coolly, but effectually, sit on me — figuratively, of course. That is the Wellesley teacher's last and cruelest punishment. Like a passionless block of real cold ice she simply extinguishes the offender. And of all the snuffers-out of youthful spirits, Miss Hartranft easily is It.

When her name is mentioned in a crowd of girls some one generally starts the chant called "My Room-mate," and we all join in. Would you like to know the words — I can give you no idea of the immense dolefulness of the tune — of the wreath of song which we thus lay at the feet of this glacial virgin? Here they are:

"My room-mate is a lizard,
Cold and clammy is she.
At night she frets her gizzard
And champs her teeth in glee.
Oh! Ah! Oh!
My room-mate is a lizard,
Cold and clammy is she!"

This coldness is just the opposite to gooishness. You enter Wellesley full of goo sentiments; as a Freshman you manifest goo quite a good deal; you gradually lose this property as you progress; and if you graduate, and take a postgraduate course, and finally become one of the Faculty, the last drop of goo will have been expressed from your soul and you will be a lovely hunk of ice, perfect and sparkling as a jewel, and as kittenish and affectionate as the mummy of Rameses II.

But you cannot gather a thousand girls or so in one locality without more or less indications of goo. Most girls, especially those of our years, are bound to love something, and as there are no men around here, except a few relics who make fires and shovel snow, why, we love each other. Some of the most amazing affinities spring up. One girl will fall in love with another, write her notes, send her flowers, be jealous of her, just the same as though it were a real man.

And what do you think? There is a girl here who has fallen desperately in love with me! Oh, it's the most ridiculous thing in the world, and yet pathetic, too. She's such an impossible sort of a girl!

She is a big, raw-boned girl from Illinois, with little pig-eyes and rosy cheeks, and she talks as if she were about to cry. She reminds me of the Dante folks you made me learn about:

*"V'eran gente con occhi tardi e gravi,
Che parlavan rado, con voci soavi."*

I met her at a reception of some sort and was nice to her. Never was kindness so usuriously repaid! Since then she has been my "Fido" Achates. I find her waiting at the door to walk with me a little way, and she insists on carrying all my parcels. I asked her up into my room once, and her eyes lit up like those of a faithful dog, and if she'd had a tail she would have wagged it. She took my arm and helped me up the stairs. She took off my jacket. She smoothed my hair and patted my cheek. And then she just stood and looked at me as though she could eat me. Mercy! I wanted to open the window and scream for help.

After that she took to sending me flowers. One day there'd be violets, and the next, roses. And roses four dollars a dozen, too! She would tie little notes in the flowers, asking me to wear them, and saying that she would be watching to see if her tokens were in my hair or at my belt.

In addition to this she began writing to me, long letters, and such letters! The girl was a perfect fountain, a living artesian well, of goo. She made me so ashamed I did n't know what to do.

Here's what she said in one of her inflammatory effusions:

"I count it a day lost, sweetheart, when I do not see you. From my seat in chapel I watch for you,

my eyes riveted upon the door. The others come in. I see them not. They are a blur. People, mere people. Until my Edna comes in. Then it is as if the whole room were bathed in light."

Now, would n't that hold you for awhile, Mister Babbo? That's your button-nosed daughter that is a-creating of them there sentiments! Here's another!

"Dearest girlie, shepherd soul, how I long for you always, always, always! Do you know how I feel when I think of you? It is something like honey, something like lightning, something like blood!"

Now just put that in your pipe, lieber Herr Vater, and smoke it! What do you think of that mixture?

Another letter she ends thus:

"O sweet, sweet! What long white hands you have! What deep wild eyes you have! What dear white teeth you have!"

Help! help! The bugger-man'll get you, Daddles, if you don't watch out!

I wrote to her finally and asked her please not to send me any more letters, for they disturbed me, nor any more flowers, for I did not think it right to accept them. Next day she captured me on the way to the village, and asked a hundred and fifty pardons, backwards, forwards, and crosswise, and altogether acted as if she were going to throw a fit right there on the boardwalk, so great was the depth of her fear that she had offended me.

I answered her that I had taken no offence, but simply thought she should not pay me so much attention, as it might cause unpleasant criticism. I put on a regular Faculty frost, and walked along like an icicle on parade. But, goodness me! she had caloric enough in her apologies to have melted a stalactite, and she would have reduced me to a mere puddle had we not fortunately met some girls (they were a bunch of girls I hate, too), and I clung to them like a drowning man to a plank.

Now, in this interview she had promised she would never write me another word, and I felt reasonably secure. And next morning in comes my usual daily envelope inscribed with her familiar handwriting. "So much for her promise!" I thought, and tore it open to see what excuse she could have. But she had kept her word; she had not written. Oh, no! She had taken a newspaper and cut out single words

and pasted them on a sheet of paper so as to make her sentences! Now, what do you think of that?

But it would not have been so bad, I could have stood the epistolary effusions and the flowers and the being followed as by a sleuth, if she had only kept her hands off me. But she always wanted to sit in my lap and kiss me and put her arms around me. Ooh! it made me sick!

So one day I flared up and gave her a choice specimen of that elegant temper of which you are not ignorant, O Catiline. I told her never to lay her hands on me again, nor to touch me, and if she did so I'd slap her face and never speak to her as long as I lived; and then I boohooed, of course. There's a specimen of your child for you, Daddles, the pride and stay of your declining years!

Well, it finished her, anyhow, and since then she's let me alone, and I go my way flowerless, letterless, and hugless — at least as to the raw-boned filly from Illinois.

But I did feel sorry for the poor thing, too, Babbo. It's worried me just sloughs. (Sloughs is Wellesley argot for a large quantity.) It makes me feel all crawly when I catch sight of her little pig-eyes fixed on me with the "eloquence of despair." She must feel bad. You know, I think she's the kind of a woman whose husband will beat her. And the more he beats her the better she'll love him.

Tell me, O learned Pater, what's the matter with love sometimes, that it is so disgusting? The Bible commands love, and the poets rave over it, and novels crack it up so, and yet sometimes when we meet it, as above described, it makes us seasick. Es ist zum Davonlaufen! When I get married I hope he won't be too awfully fond of me.

So there you have goo — defined and illustrated! I suppose it's different, though, when you're both fond of each other. For I feel you've never loved me enough, Babbo; and if you were here now I'd pull your whiskers till you hated me, and then hug you to death.

The next time you write in German, please don't use that odious German scrip. It looks like fried tripe and is about as un-decipherable.

Sloughs of love from your idiotic

CHILD.

IV.

SYBIL'S FATHER

"Oh, keep your eye upon me,
And careful note my face;
I'm a hustler from the West and
I ain't Eastern-like and blase.

"I pronounce my French accordin'
To the way it looks to me;
And I don't bear down so hard as some
Upon the final e."

— *Legend of the Trusts.*

We are all taking deep breathing to-day, trying to make the most of the vast quantities of ozone in the air, said 'ozone being left here by a middle-aged cyclone from Chicago, named Perkins, father of Sybil Perkins. Sybil is a quiet sort of a girl, who reads Christian Science books because her mother wants her to, and wears extravagant underclothes because her father insists. She's very nice and most unobtrusive. How she can be the daughter of such a sixty-mile-an-hour steady gale as J. Perkins, Title and Trust Building, 100 Washington Street, Eighteenth Floor (I here have his card — in fact, few here have not his card), I cannot imagine.

Sybil said to me Wednesday:

"Papa telegraphed me he was coming to-day. Don't you want to go down to the station with me to meet him?"

I said I did. We picked up Belle at the door, and walked to the station. It's a good mile or so, you know, for Wellesley is as big as all outdoors, and whether you get anything in your head or not you're bound to develop pretty strong legs, for everybody walks and everybody walks fast. All the girls go bareheaded, too. It's a tremendous relief to be rid of the mental strain of selecting head-gear, and any one that is not bald-headed is always ready dressed to go out.

Speaking of walking to the station, did you notice, as you went by on the train, that long board-walk that winds, like a ligneous joint-snake, through the grounds and to the gate? Well, two observations anent that: (1) it is the hottest walk on hot days and the coldest on cold days in these United States; (2) nobody ever saw it (during school term) when there were not on it from one to a dozen girls. It's never deserted. It's a vein along which red or white or blue feminine corpuscles are ever creeping.

The train came snorting in, as we three stood there on the platform, arm-in-arm. Two women climbed out. Then came a gray-haired gentleman clad in a stylish light-gray suit, with a satin-lined overcoat on his arm and a suit-case in his other hand. He said a pleasant good-by to the brakeman and shook hands with the conductor and bade them take care of themselves and write often.

"Tell your Mr. Boston and Albany," he shouted to the grinning trainmen, "that they've got the bummiest rollin'-stock this side o' the Pawnee, Illinois, Short Line. Would n't carry cattle in cars like them out West. Rotten! Simply rotten! Now good-by, sweethearts. And don't run off the track. I'd hate to have those Oriental divans o' cheap plush and dirty pine hurt. Ta-ta!"

He waved a salute at the departing train, and then, turning, saw us.

"Well, well, well, well, well! There's my girl! Come here and tell your dad you're glad to see him, you little liar. You won't mean a word of it. All you want's my money. But I like to hear it, just the same."

He kissed Sybil, and she presented us to him as her friends.

"Friends of Sybil, eh? Then, b' gum you're my daughters — adopted, adopted right now," and before we knew what was going to happen he had kissed us both. "Elegant — elegant," he rattled on. "Lord, but I do love to kiss the girls! How many you got here, Sybil? Eleven hundred? Well, wake up, J. P., wake up! You've got your work cut out for you. Gee! Eleven hundred! But I'll make good. Yes, sir, I'll make good. — Say, that don't include the Faculty, does it? I draw the line at about forty."

"How do you get to your blame school? Take one of these carriages? Carriages! Ha! Well, let's see. How many are there of us?"

There was a crowd of girls standing around looking on with an amused expression.

"These all college girls? Sure! Come right along! We'll all go up."

The hackmen were standing each by his carriage. The porter asked him which carriage he wished.

"Which? Want 'em all. All of 'em.

Every one. Come on, girls. Me and Prince Henry never travel except in a procession. Pile in. Pile in."

He made the girls all get in and away we went, four hacks full, down the road. He sat by me, and never ceased talking.

"Now you must show me the points of interest," he said. "What's that? Oh, Congregational Church, eh? 'Commodation Church, we call it out West. — Ah! there's a lovely graveyard — nice, quiet spot, right on the main street. There is the Yankee for you — don't want to be lyin' back in any cool, sequestered vale — nay, nay, Pauline — wants to be right where things are goin' on. That's the stuff. Enterprisin' even in death."

"Wait! Ho, there! Stop, driver. Ladies and gentlemen," he continued, as the driver pulled up in front of a little Italian fruit and confectionery stand, "this looks to me like the real thing. Ho, there! Stop, all of you," and he made the other three vehicles stop.

He leaped out and accosted the shopkeeper. "Hello, there, friend Leonardo da Vinchy. Comey sta? Sta baney? Want a whole lot of fruiterino and candy. Limber up, now! Lively! Give us that box of oranges. — How many? The whole box. — What do you take me for? Do I look like I wanted to buy a small-sized gum-drop? Give us the whole box. — Got any nice chocolates? — What? Lowney's? Got any Allegrettis? — Pshaw! Allegrettis are the only real stuff — made in Chicago. Well, I suppose Lowney's will do. How many boxes have you got? — Sixteen pounds? — Good! I'll take 'em."

He loaded a box of oranges in one hack and piled into the others packages of chocolates and all sorts of confectionery.

"When J. Perkins heaves in," he continued, as he resumed his seat beside me, and the procession moved on, "everybody's goin' to have a good time. What girls need is candy and stuff. They probably feed you on skim milk and oatmeal here, but it takes chocolate-drops to make good red blood. Never had enough candy when I was a boy. By gum, I used to wish Lake Michigan was all chocolate caramels and I was shipwrecked in the middle of it and had to eat my way out."

"Ah! what's that? The Astronomy Building, eh? That's where you look at the man in the moon, I suppose. Only man

you see around here, huh? Pretty, ain't it? Not much shakes, though. You could get four of 'em that size into our Yerkes telescope at Chicago.

"Say, this is an elegant place; just like a park, ain't it? All you need is a Dutch band a-playin', and a lot of cheap-skate North-siders layin' around under the trees, and you'd think you was in Lincoln Park.

"That's the heatin'-plant, eh? Huh — given by Rockefeller, you say? Tainted money! Ah, John, John, you will ruin us yet with your colleges and churches and things! Why did n't you spend it on beer? Then there'd have been no complaint.

"Say, did you hear the doxology they sing out to the Chicago University?

"Praise John, from whom oil blessings flow'?"

We halted before the entrance of College Hall.

"Here," he said to the drivers, "take these girls to their respective abodes.— No, no, girls. Keep the candy. Divide it among you. In memory of J. Perkins. Fondest love.— You," to our own driver, "had better wait here. Don't suppose they'll allow a male man here for long, so I may want you. I may need help, too. No knowin'. When I whistle three times loud you run in and rescue me. I may get gay in this here harem and they may sic the dogs on me. So long, brother. Here's five dollars. Divide it up amongst you."

We entered. He shook hands cordially with the two servants at the door and asked them if they did n't think it looked like rain. Then we went into the reception-room.

"Now, Sybil," he said, "approach her royal nibs that bosses this ranch, present the compliments of J. Perkins, and tell how he wants permission to go and see his daughter's room — peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary."

"The maid has gone to ask Miss Pendleton if she will see you, Papa," replied Sybil.

"Good! Bring her in. Miss Pendleton, huh? She's It here, is she? I want to see the one who's It. Never like to talk with a hired hand. Always want to go right to the headquarters. See a railroad president and he treats you like a gentleman; see a forty-dollar clerk and he treats you like he was the Akoond of Swat.

"Ah, Miss Pendleton! Glad to see you. De-lighted, as our president says." He held on to her hand until she was visibly embarrassed. "You know, Miss Pendleton, I like to grasp the real hand of power. From what my daughter writes me I infer that you've got 'em all to rights here, and I am sure glad to see you. Any time you're in Chicago, if you'll drop around to the Title and Trust Building, I'll see that you have a good time.— Now, if it ain't breakin' the rules here— don't want to upset the discipline, you understand — me for law and order every time — don't want to ask any favors, you know, but I'd like to see my daughter's room."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Perkins. Sybil will be pleased to show you her room."

He turned to us with an air of triumph. "What did I tell you? Simple twist of the wrist. All easy enough when you get right at headquarters. Now, if I'd asked one of those girls with white caps on out there in the hall, I'd been standing out in the wet till evening.

"Thank you, Miss Pendleton. Any time you want a new building, wire me. Lots o' tainted money lyin' around Chicago, and no trouble to get it if you're on." He went away with Sybil, and we could hear him talking all the way down the hall.

Well, J. Perkins stayed two days in the village and everybody knew it. He crashed through college regulations like a bull in a china-shop. He walked through the dormitories and chatted with girls and teachers alike with consummate naïveté. He visited the chapter-houses and wrote his name in tremendous chirography on all the registers. He called on the president, and she invited him and Sybil to dinner.

He got permission to take a few girls into Boston to the theatre, accompanied by a teacher. His few girls amounted to eighteen in all, which with himself and the teacher made a party of twenty, of which I was one. We had four whole boxes at the Tremont Theatre, and after the show went to supper at the Touraine. Here we had a spread that would have done credit to James Hazen Hyde, and he was in despair because we would n't all lodge the night in the hotel at his expense.

The next day every one in the party received a five-pound box of Allegrettis and an enormous bunch of violets with the card

of J. Perkins, 100 Washington Street, Chicago, attached.

He was deeply pained when the president graciously declined to dismiss school for one day and let the whole eleven hundred girls and Faculty and all take an automobile ride, which he said he would be delighted to give them, as it would be no trouble at all, for he had been to the new Motor-Mart and had secured an option on every machine in the city.

Nobody could get offended at him, he was so good-natured. He simply melted the Wellesley ice like a furnace-blast and was gone before we had time to be shocked.

When he went away he drove up to College Hall to get Sybil to go to the train with him, and insisted on taking me along. He made the driver go around by the president's house. She happened to be just coming out of her door as he drove up. He jumped out of the vehicle and shook hands with her cordially.

"Well, good-by, Miss President. I've had the time of my life. Elegant place here — elegant. May be too many females in one bunch for some, but not for me. You can't get too many of 'em together for J. Perkins. You're all right. Now, don't forget; when you come to Chicago look me up. Here's my card. Take the elevator — and you're right there. Whole top floor. Inquire for J. Perkins. Say, I'll show you a good time. Mrs. Perkins will be tickled to death to see you. She's all to the good — a little woozy on Christian Science — but

that's better than bein' addicted to breakfast foods, and she's a good spender and don't have to go to bed early. Come any time and bring the whole Faculty; bring the whole school! Come on, we would n't do a thing to that old town! Well, good-by! Write to me if anything happens. Keep your eye on my girl here and make her get her lessons. That's what she's here for, to study, I tell her, to study, and not to be running in to Boston to shows — unless, of course, there's something real good on the boards. Well, good-by, lady. Be good!"

Imagine! This to our president! We expected the heavens to fall. But the president laughed heartily and bade him good-by, and off we drove.

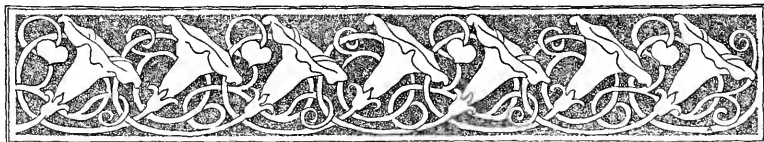
He kissed us good-by at the station, and said: "Now, girls, be careful, do be careful. Wear your overshoes. Wash your hair and comb your face, and all that sort of thing. But whatever you do, have a good time. You ain't goin' to live but once, so get busy. Keep away from the boys and never kiss anybody but me.— Say, do you know, I've kept account, and I have n't kissed but eleven girls— Gee! One thousand and eighty-nine got past me! I'll carry that scar to my grave.— Well, good-by, good-by! Here's my train!"

So there, perhaps I've given you some idea, Daddles, of what I mean when I say that we are all still breathing the ozone left in the wake of this tornado from the Windy City.

Your daughter,


EDNA.

[To be continued.]



THE CULTURE-VALUE OF MODERN AS CONTRASTED WITH THAT OF ANCIENT LANGUAGES

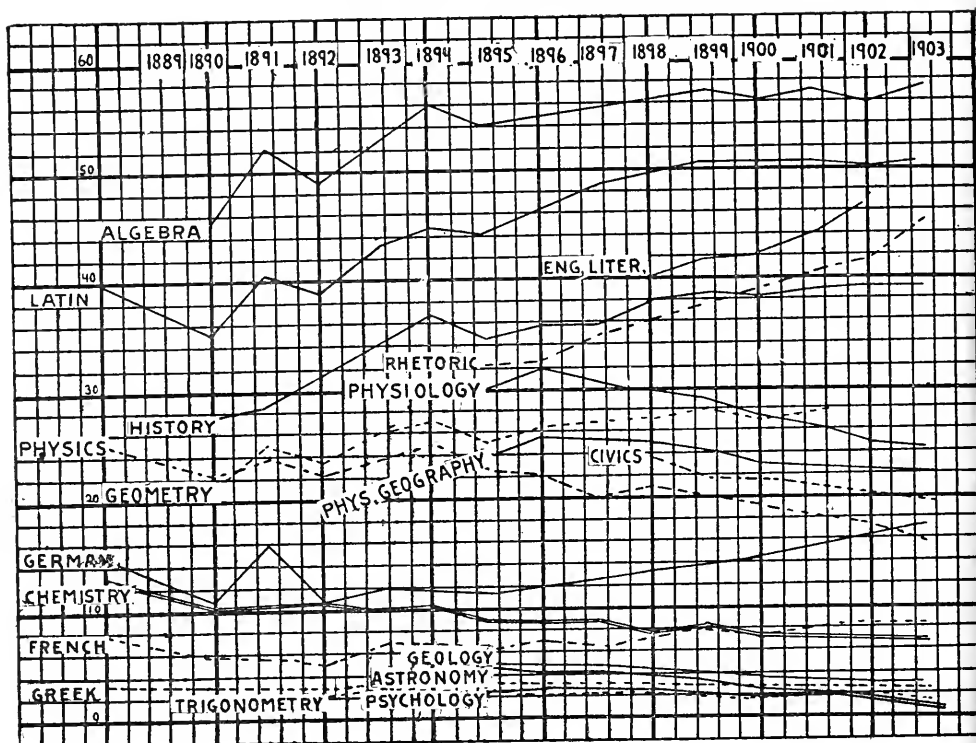
By G. STANLEY HALL

HE accompanying table, compiled from the reports of the Bureau of Education since 1888, presents graphically the very pregnant tendencies in American public high schools attended by some 600,000 select youths and maidens, and may well be the point of departure for the following discussion. A few of its general lessons, however, may be described by way of introduction. One of the most general of these is that about every science has declined: physiology, which was largely a temperance study, has fallen off since 1896 from thirty-five to twenty-four per cent; physics since 1904 has dropped more than four points, despite the fact that it has received more of the fostering care of both college and high-school teachers than any other subject; physical geography has dropped; chemistry has fallen off so that now hardly more than seven per cent are studying it in any given year; astronomy and geology have declined; algebra surpasses all other topics in the size of its classes, being studied by nearly three times as many as study geometry; and history, although advancing, has been outstripped by English literature and by rhetoric; Greek is slowly dwindling and is taken by only two or three per cent; while Latin some years ago crossed the fifty per cent line, French has never reached ten per cent, and German, beginning at this point in 1890, has advanced to about eighteen per cent. These curves tell the story of the favored and disfavored topics, and the most comprehensive and the saddest lesson is that formal studies not only far exceed those that are contentful, but are rapidly gaining. What used to be called the humanistic studies now have nearly twice as many devotees as science. All these lessons it behooves us

to lay to heart, and, having rightly interpreted the figures, to also seek to interpret their lessons.

It is, however, only of foreign languages that I write here.

A language expresses the life of a race, domestic, industrial, social, political, religious; and so far as the life that once animated it is extinct or transformed, the language is dead. In this sense, the life is gone out of Latin. Not a human being speaks it as a vernacular, or worships Jupiter, once supreme over gods and men. The old ways of war, labor, private and public life, are obsolete, and all this makes such a language, if not *vox et preterita nihil*, a little unreal and ghostly. The Latin tongue and race, ethnologists tell us, died a natural death from decrepitude, if not old age. Now, death is to make room for more and fuller life, and nature has submerged unnumbered other tongues and stirps without leaving a vestige or a name — all for the sake of the unborn. So of all the extinct animal species that far outnumber those living, not one once dead was ever again evolved. Remarkable as has been the persistence of Latin, which the Church took from a dying state, and which scholars have explored from the Renaissance down to the archæological resurrectionists with spade and pick, the product, precious as it is for culture history, is a little like the ghosts of folk-lore, anæmic, unsubstantial, with a voice lisping, hollow, or raucous with age. The red blood and green chlorophyll of meaning now have been more or less bleached out of it by time. In the cult of a language dead in this sense, form always has, does, will, and must take precedence over content, and the choice between a dead and living language as an instrument of culture has many pregnant analogies which it would be interesting to trace out



in detail, with the question whether a student of biology would learn most of life by studying paleontology or giving his attention to the fauna and flora of to-day. Happily for science, experts in fossils have been very judicious and temperate in their claims and more mindful of the larger interests of the whole biological field than are the classicists for the cause of language-study generally; for their claim of paramount culture-value has under changed conditions become a pedagogical anachronism. With a few distinguished and honorable exceptions, American Latinists are men of rather limited second-hand learning, with but few fruitful original achievements to their name, but are too largely a guild of text-book makers for the hordes of elementary Latin students in college and high school, and now even in grammar schools, who are urged on by teachers, parents, and traditions to sample a high culture for which Latin stands to their mind.

How different all this is when we turn to a living tongue! Here thing, fact, act, or, in a word, content and meaning, lead and

words follow and serve; and form, instead of being supreme, is, as it should be, ancillary. Germany, France, Italy, and Spain palpitate with life. Their people are all about us. Contemporary, political, commercial, literary events and interests there touch us. There are no disputes as to how these nations pronounce their language. If we visit one of these countries, a day's experience would give material for a small lexicon or book. There is a certain legitimate charm, too, in contemporaneity, as is seen in the daily press. The art of conversation, too, which Lotze thought at its best the highest human felicity, is possible in a living tongue, and utilities of many kinds add their impulsion to speak or read it. At every stage of progress we are studying the physiology of living and not the anatomy of dead tissue. The mind is laden with impressions and experiences till we are impelled to put words to them, precisely as the child does and as the creators of language did, who had to evolve it because their mental content overflowed. The modernist does not have to begin with the *flatus vocis* of a word spoken or even

printed, and then proceed to find a meaning with which to besoul it from the little known of antique life.

Apologists for the classics have often urged that the culture-value of a tongue is increased because it is dead. This argument played a rôle in the German discussion twelve years ago and is very prominent in the book of Bennett and Bristol.* The argument runs as follows: To reconstruct the life of a great or vanished race from words alone, to read and understand their records, to reproduce their states of mind in ourselves (which constitute all that now lives of ancient Greece and Rome), and to do this with none of the above aids which the teacher of the modern tongue can invoke, is almost a creative process which gives us a purely ideal mental product that lives, moves, and has its being in the imagination informed by memory and tempered by reason. One writer even adds that when England, France, and Germany have gone the way of Greece and Rome, as they may some thousands of years hence, then their language and literature will acquire the same higher-culture power for our remote posterities who study them that Latin and Greek now possess. If this is so, it follows that the far future fruits of our loins, or the descendants of races now savage, when they have their innings and occupy the centre of the historic stage and wield the ever-accumulating resources of civilization, will have a still larger repertory of instruments of culture than we now have, unless the later tongues depose the older and Greek and Latin fall back toward the place now occupied by the old Aryan and Acadian.

But let us look at this argument seriously. If the impoverishment of living content is desirable, why are the classicists so anxious to restore it by every device of maps, diagrams, photographs, casts, and why was, e. g., the St. Louis exhibit of models of Roman implements of many industries and illustrations of customs, dwellings, school, theatre, daily life, public and private, religion, etc., hailed as such a pedagogic triumph, when it only marked one step toward giving the work of the Latin teacher just the realia which constitute the great

and ready aid of the teacher of living tongues? Who denies that this is good or that more would be better?—but these the modernist has.

But, further, the classicists' arguments have slight regard of the psycho-physiology of speech as lately revealed by the study of its diseases, which show that language which really lives and is normal, with ear and mouth its primary centres and with those of the eye that reads and the hand that writes accessory, also has multi-form connection with the centres of all visual images, not those of words alone, and of all motor impulsions. A tongue that lives is first of all heard and spoken, and its foci are auditory and oral. If it is not spoken it thus lacks even linguistic actuality, and all that is bookish is two removes from life. But, more than this, the speech centres are connected with those of touch, of taste, smell, and with reflex and voluntary movements, and very closely with all the processes of thought, will, and feeling, so that if any of these are impaired in the slightest degree the speech function suffers. Hence, language becomes a true organ of the soul just in proportion as we think, will, feel, sense, act, in it or make it the focus where all afferent processes converge and whence all efferent activities diverge. That these cerebral and psychic currents of life and mind are more vital, more numerous, and more widely irradiated in a living than they can be in a defunct tongue is plain to every one familiar with the facts of the sensory and motor aphasias. The tailor who cannot say "shears," that farmer who has lost the words "corn" or "wheat," the shoemaker who cannot utter the word "awl," the butcher who cannot say "meat"—all these at once pronounce these words and others nearest their vocation if they see, taste, smell, or use the objects; and almost any form of presentation along these associative lines always tends to bring out the proper word, showing how one and in separable in our psycho-neural constitution are speech and contact with real and present life, and how merely verbal and artificial a language can become, the content of which is found only in the remote past.

Thus the professors of Greek and Latin always tend to exalt form over content and substance. It would be interesting to

* Bennett, Charles E., and Bristol, George P., *The Teaching of Latin and Greek in the Secondary School*. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, 1901.

trace what I believe are the remote results of this tendency in our language school-books and in our rhetorics, the writer of one of which declares that it is not part of his business to give students anything to say, despite the fact that their minds are prodigiously empty, but his function is to make their words and sentences, if they use any, proper, appropriate, and grammatical, or clear, concise, and definite. This undue separation of form and content in the classroom depletes any subject of human interest, so that most of our Latin teachers are no longer humanists, but philologists, antiquarians, critics of texts, editors, authors of copious foot-notes, verbalists, syntacticians, pedants of form, and too often negligent of the moral and literary content of even the authors they teach; and these pedagogic errors copied from the university by the high school have brought about the extraordinary fact that while more secondary pupils in this country take Latin than any other topics, save algebra alone, more drop it soon and forget it more completely than is the case with any other topic. The vast majority of Latin students in this country to-day are high-school girls, and if my census of from four thousand to five thousand is typical, more boys drop Latin and also drop out of high school from this than is the case with any other subject; while in colleges with electives boys are rapidly abandoning the study of ancient for that of modern tongues and sciences. If, indeed, the ideals of young men are the best materials for prophecy, college Latin will soon be left to girls, most of whom hope to teach it in the high school, or perhaps now, in New England, in the grammar school.

Another very important result of this meagreness of content in a dead language is that the novice lingers longer in the translation stage than he does in learning modern tongues. In the latter he can soon associate the word with the object, act, or quality directly, without the mediation of the vernacular, while in Latin or Greek the word must be translated into English and then given its meaning, so that here there is more word-matching, which is a very formal process, because language itself abstracted from meaning is the object of study. Indeed, this is now even set forth as the great advantage of a dead tongue. Latin, we are told, teaches more of Eng-

lish than the study of English itself, and Bennett goes so far as to urge that when the student is so proficient in Latin that he thinks in it without mentally translating its culture-value declines; or, in other words, the chief advantage comes in the earlier stages of study, and it is the secret of its pedagogic worth that this stage is prolonged.

Now I submit, if this were true, the ideal of Sturm, perhaps the prince of all Latin teachers, of so training boys that if they could be transported to ancient Rome they would feel more at home there than in Schul Pförtchen itself, was wrong, despite its magnificent results. He was jealous of the vernacular and waged war upon it in every way that he could devise. He wanted none of this mediation and abhorred translation. Were this view sound, it would also follow that we must beware lest our classes in Latin advance too far, lest it cease to be ancillary or *ad maiorem gloriam Anglicam* and set up for itself a danger that need give us no present cause of great alarm. If this view be sound, the efforts above described to animate the speech of old Rome with copious illustrations from its life and to make all *anschaulich* are erroneous, because all such devices tend to bring life and eliminate the mediation of English. We should work with grammar, lexicon, and text-book alone, and keep the walls of our classrooms bare of pictures; but to do any or all of these things is absurd.

What of the boasted effects of the classical tongues upon English in the callow stage of linguistic development in which most students of ancient languages are? Some of you remember the curious pigeon or translation English of the Harvard examination-papers which Charles Francis Adams reproduced in a pamphlet some years ago. From most of these sentences it seemed as though all idiomatic sense of the purity, propriety, and precision of which our rhetorics, fitter to make proof-readers than orators, prate so much had been completely lost. The process of deterioration is easily understood. The boy selects one of the first of the meanings of each new word from his Latin-English dictionary, and arranges these, each with its proper termination for case, mode, and tense, in the general order of his own tongue, and the version is made perhaps

literally correct, but stylistically clumsy and grotesque. His effort to be faithful on the one hand to the original, and to be true to the genius of his own tongue on the other, ends in a compromise which makes his rich and cherishing mother tongue stepmotherly and the pupil a linguistic orphan or bastard. He may go on to develop a speech-consciousness which is oppressive and from which he hastens to escape, when class hour ends, into slang, which is now the *lingua franca* of the American adolescent boy and girl. This translation stage is a very critical period for linguistic development, beset with many and grave dangers, and it is one of the chief advantages of the modern languages that they shorten it and thus reduce these dangers and give two independent languages, and not a mongrel or cross-breed between two philological species; and all hybrids are sterile.

But of course translation may be a high art. Long ago I spent a year with a philosophy class on Jowett's translation of Plato with what I thought fair results, but my colleague, a splendid Grecian, reproached me, saying that my work was not truly academic, that Plato could be understood only in Greek, and he even intimated that it was almost a profanation on the part of the great master of Baliol and his pupil who worked at it many years to translate it at all. I know a Dante scholar who calls Longfellow's translation a well-meant vulgarization of "The Divina Commedia," and others who think the same of Palmer's *Odyssey* and of other great translations of masterpieces, and hold that a quintessential something with inconceivable culture-power, although too subtle for psychology to detect, is lost in these versions. This is often true, and if so, how great the value that is dissipated in school translations! On the other hand, such claims as the above are often pushed to the extent of academic affectation and cad-dishness. Did not King James's corps of scholars translate the very saving soul of Scriptures into English, and Fitzgerald that of Omar Khayyam? Indeed, it is said of both these and others that their content was better when rendered into English than it was in the original, because it found in our tongue a better organ. I think that the pedagogy of the future will begin the

study of all great masterpieces in other tongues, ancient and modern, with that of great versions in the vernacular, if they exist. Every real translator must first make the original tongue a second vernacular and truly read it, which consists of taking in all the author's meaning unchanged, and thus attaining his standpoint and partaking somewhat of his genius. Only when he has done this can he transport and recreate the content and make it speak equally well and possibly better than its original tongue. Many, if not most, of the great ancient classics are now monuments of English literature and should be read and rated as English classics. Now this art of many arts, translation, the tyros can only parody, and their babble-babel is a confusion of tongues. They cannot translate anything worth while, and the classicist who looks only at the ideal translation when he speaks in public, and not at the actual performance of his pupils in this classroom, lives in a Fool's Paradise. That the best methods of teaching modern languages reduce the perils of these efforts to ever smaller dimensions is one of their chief merits, and the classicist has much to learn of them.

Again, training and culture can no longer be contrasted with or even separated from utility. Psychologists agree that all that we have thought to be purely noetic is at bottom purely practical, for the intellect is one form of the will. Pure no longer stand over against applied sciences, and service is the supreme test of all culture-values. Only use-value is real, and there is no general ability that can be trained by certain subjects and then, once developed, be turned in any direction. Reason, imagination, memory, and the rest are from first to last specialized by nature, and must be so by education. Hence we must also consider pragmatic values.

Latin and Greek terms are most needed in the glossaries or technical nomenclature of the biological and medical sciences, including chemistry, which it is estimated use more such terms than all the words known in Latin. The German seeks to duplicate every one of these words by those of Teutonic origin, often clumsily enough, while we have but one technical terminology. Mineralogy, geology, and paleontology also draw largely upon the classi-

cal dictionary. Mathematics, physics, and astronomy need but few such terms. Legal practice demands but a few score phrases bequeathed it from the Roman law, unless one is to be a student of the history of jurisprudence and wishes to read the Justin Codex in the original. The clergy need Latin and Greek, but few of our Protestant theological seminaries use the former, and some do not require it, while even New Testament Greek may be fairly said to be in a languishing condition. It would be interesting to know how many use it later. Technical students often get on well without either, but for all these scientific uses terms from a dead language are better, because they will not change with growth and so can be given a fixed, arbitrary, and sometimes even a new meaning. The other, and probably the chief, use to which Latin is now put is for teaching.

In the advanced and intensive study of Greek and Latin I believe with all my heart. I have visited the different national schools at Athens and Rome, and though not a classicist, have felt as a pedagogue their splendid scientific enthusiasms, and can in my dim lay way appreciate the magnificent results which the great leaders have achieved, and share their hopes. I would strengthen the classical departments in every university in this land and cheer them on with my heartiest *vivat, crescit, floriat*. My protest is against the qualitative degeneration that has gone with the quantitative expansion of these studies, especially in secondary-school grades where tradition and respectability have made them but the shadow of a shade, where the first year's high-school Latin of five hours a week gives a vocabulary (on which too much stress is given here) of less than four hundred words, about as much as a baby acquires of its own tongue the second year of life, about one quarter of this slender stock of words being so near their English equivalents that they could be rightly guessed without study. It requires little or no knowledge to translate *convenio*, *convене*, *femina*, feminine, etc. Under current methods of setting and hearing lessons, instead of studying with his pupils as I described in my last article in this journal,* the American teacher does not need to

be nearly so far in advance of his pupils as does the teacher of modern languages under the methods they now use. For the rank and file of Latin teachers, the pedagogic method is, if I am not mistaken, more antiquated than are methods in any other field, the preparation less substantial, and the work more often abandoned by the pupils. Some of the more conservative masters almost seem to feel it bad form to try to make their work easy or interesting, and have a certain esoteric aloofness; so you easily detect in educational discussions their sense of élite superiority that talks *de haut en bas*, as if they were culture's own chosen and elect. In the days when Donatus and later Priscian were most in vogue, Virgil was read for the sake of the grammar, so supreme was form and so insignificant was content; and later, to show how low Latin training can degenerate, we have abundant records in the history of education of clergy who used the Latin formulæ of the Church, but did not understand it enough even to change the genders in the prayers for the dead. Charlemagne's "Capitularies" describe sufficiently this condition of Latin training.

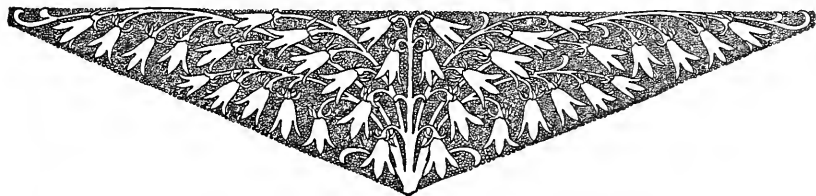
The modernists, too, have their enthusiasms. How many American teachers in all advanced departments look to Germany as the birthplace of their souls into the higher intellectual life! There, and perhaps in France, possibly in Italy, we found our vocation, set our standards high, and our later pilgrimages thither are almost as to a Holy Land of science. Perhaps we, too, idealize their art, literature, life, fashions, and even errors. We need them to supplement and complement, as well as to spur us on; and now, as everything is taking on cosmic dimensions and the world is acquiring a solidarity, he who knows but one living tongue is provincial. The Greeks did not have to study a foreign language, and who can say how much more indigenous their development was from this cause? Had they done so, it may well be doubted whether they would have produced the immortal works which make their language a literature now so precious. And the Romans studied only Greek, which was to them a living, modern tongue. To be a citizen of the world, as the educated man and woman of to-day must be, we must know at least several tongues. Which is

* See G. Stanley Hall's "The German Teacher Teaches," NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, April, 1907.

better, to be ancients, or to extend the range of our linguistic rapport among contemporary nations? Every teacher of every department who wishes to follow the progress in his field must command at least French and German; for translations from these languages, even the works of the first rank, are less and less. Reading knowledge of them is almost necessary for respectability in any line of scholarship to-day. If the American lawyer needs them less for the practice of his profession, the American clergyman needs them more if he would lead or even grow. They open a rich, new, and varied field of untranslated literature, and not merely to the critic or student of comparative literature, but even to the reader of novels, dramas, and poems.

Much American talent goes into politics, and most of it into business, and if there is anything now needed more than anything else in these fields, both so suddenly broadened as we have become a colonizing world-power, it is just the culture that comes from a broader, sympathetic view of how things in the field of industry and statecraft look through French, German, Spanish, and Italian, not to say still other, eyes. Our American Bureau of South American Republics tells us over and over again that we are losing all these markets because we do not know French and Spanish, and fail to find or send there sagacious agents who do.

Our ambassadors in foreign lands are often totally ignorant of the tongue of the sovereigns and courts to whom they are accredited, and are often victims of imposition from the underlings in their own office; and the same is often true of those appointed to rule the races that have recently become subject to us. We have been strangely provincial and linguistically insulated from the great family of nations, and have thus grown singularly incapable of profiting by the experiences of other lands, although we are now slowly improving in this respect. It would have been better for the past and present and future if the proportion of youth studying ancient and modern languages had been exactly reversed. Nothing gives such insight into and respect for another country as to study its language and thus to get into touch with its soul. To do this, to feel the aspirations, to know the achievements, to be spurred by the sentiment of emulation and rivalry and seek the virtues, and to avoid the errors and vices of other countries in which the *zeitgeist* is now weaving the complex web of history, to realize that there are other excellences than ours, to be shamed for our political and social shortcomings by others' merits,—this and not converse with the past is the new larger and truly humanistic culture of the present and of the future, toward which we must now strive; for content and not form must lead.



INDIAN SUMMER

By PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

Pennons of flame, to west, to east, to north!
 October flings his fiery challenge forth.
 From rustling hedgerows pipes the fifing quail,
 Swift answered by old Winter's gusty hail.
 Too soon his vanguard sweeps throughout the land,
 And strips the gaudy trees with ruthless hand.

Then, like the redskin maid of long ago,
 Rare Indian Summer steps 'twixt foe and foe.
 Each draws him back, reluctant, from the fray,
 With promise given to meet another day.
 Then burr of locusts sounds through mellow days,
 And happy children haunt the woodland ways.

Shrill, boyish whistles fill the hazy air,
 And little figures, flitting here and there,
 Gay silhouettes against a crimson frieze,
 Make living pictures 'tween the framing trees.
 While squirrels frisk, and scold the merry thieves
 Who glean their nutty harvest 'neath the leaves.

IN MEMORY OF A DAY


By MARGARET N. GOODNOW

And what is so rare as a day in June —
 Except it be one in November! —
 When earth, sky, and heart glow, warmly attune
 With the year's fading glory and splendor?
 And what is so kind as the clasp of warm hands
 When the heart pulses true to the meeting;
 And friendship, abeam, at the open door stands,
 Her eyes all aglow with love's greeting?

And what is so sweet as an old-time song.
 Sung by voices aquiver with feeling,
 Whilst tender old memories lovingly throng
 And tears down the furrows are stealing?
 And what is so pure as a good-by kiss,
 The "God bless you" so sweet to remember? —
 For naught in the world of acclaim would I miss
 This one perfect day in November.

THE CHOJU-SO: A LEGEND OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM

By ESTHER MATSON

T befel in the Little Spring which we call autumn. Wanita-Mimi must die. The most learned man in Japan said it. The Shogun declared it to the Court. The vine that grew on Wanita-Mimi's window-lattice mourned it to the breeze, and the breeze sighed it to the world.

Nothing could save her unless it be a draught from the crystal clear River that flowed under the Mountain Kai. There grew a wondrous rose-red flower: now if the petals of it blew into the River a drink of the water would give health and beauty and happiness to him who drank.

So it was writ. But none knew where to find the magic River.

"Yet," said the Prince who loved Wanita-Mimi, "Joy-of-the-Court shall drink of it and live."

So he went out to search.

On the morning of the first day he passed through the Garden-of-a-Hundred-Flowers. It was here a pale pink chrysanthemum leaned toward him. It was Ahé-No-Sora, "Sky at Dawn," who whispered hope to him.

On the second day he had gone beyond the Garden, but Blessings-of-Majesty, that was yet another pale rose flower, spoke to him a word of comfort.

By the end of the third day, when Shad-ows-of-the-Evening-Sun glowed red along the horizon he felt his love burning likewise hot within his breast.

It was midway of the day after that he

met the Red Dragon, and that was a lost day.

But early on the fifth morn Golden-Dew laid her cool finger-tips on his forehead, and that was a day of cheer.

As the night of the sixth fell Moon's-Halo shone so bright that a great peace stole over his heart.

But the Prince was not yet come to the end of his journeyings. Nine long days and nine longer nights he wandered east and west, and still he found not what he sought.

It was at set of sun on the ninth day that Mist-o'-the-Moon blinded his eyes with tears. Then came over him a faintness like to death, for in all that time he had not eaten nor drunk nor slept.

Face down then, he fell on the ground, and so lay through the night and knew nothing.

At gray of the day he awoke to burning thirst. A moist pebble touched his hand. "Water," he gasped, and crawled to where he heard a river purling.

Not till he had slaked his thirst did he look up, and lo! before his eyes was the King's house, and hard by that of Wanita-Mimi. Alas, then he had gone far astray, and was but come home again empty-handed.

At the thought despair seized him. He stared as if he had been carven stone himself. The King's house here? Aye, there was no mistaking the yellow gate with the bronze dragons on either side. Wanita-Mimi's? Aye, there was no mistaking the

vine-framed lattice with the golden bird-cage hanging without.

And yet — the Prince rubbed his eyes. At his feet rolled a river clear as crystal; on his right hand rose a mountain over whose side there grew a wonderful plant.

Could it be possible that this? —

The Prince's heart beat furiously. At the moment a wind blew one of the flowers from the plant into the river. In the wave it glowed rose-red, and the Prince knew that there in truth was the crystal-clear-River, the Mountain Kai and the healing Choju-So.

Then, quicker than it takes to tell of it, he ran to Wanita-Mimi, and no sooner had she drunk the magic drink than she grew straightway rosy and strong again, and goodness and happiness and long life were hers thereafter; even as it is writ.

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So now you have the story, and know why the Chrysanthemum is the flower of the royal house in Japan, and why on the ninth day of the ninth month of every year is celebrated the Festival of the Choju-So, that "Flower-of-the-Four-Seasons."

A MIRACLE

By WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH

Down through the dusty streets I go:
The prosy brick fronts stand arow;
Electric wires besieve the sky;
Electric cars go clanging by;
The July sun malignant glares
Upon the huckster's drooping wares;
The sparrows in the gutter flirt
Ditch-water on my lady's skirt;
Two miles of this to Boston town —
Enough to cast one's spirits down!
Then suddenly a breath of air,
Unheralded, from who knows where,
Brings to my sense an odor faint,
Unrecognized yet eloquent,
And whiff! the dullsome street is gone —
Before me towers the Pantheon!
Behind that mighty portico
Lurk the great gods of long ago;
About me flit the imperious shades
Of those who built these colonnades:
Agrippa, he who talked with Paul,
Trajan, Septimius, and all
The older and the newer lords
Who bound the Seven Hills with cords.
Time is wiped out, and once again
I mingle with Italian men,
While on me, scarce a step from home,
Falls the immortal spell of Rome.



View of the Consular quarters at Bagdad

BAGDAD, THE HOME OF SINDBAD AND ALADDIN

By EDGAR J. BANKS

CONSTANTINOPLE, the most turbulent city in the world, is officially known throughout the Ottoman Empire as "The Abode of Peace;" with the same sense of the inappropriateness of things, Bagdad, one of the filthiest of all Oriental towns, is still known as "The Glorious City;" yet, in spite of its modern poverty, its narrow, winding streets, its squalid mud huts, and the filth of its people, the Bagdad of Haroun-al-Raschid, of Scheherazade, of Sindbad the Sailor, and of Aladdin, the city in which every boy has lived over and over again the stories of "The Arabian Nights," will always be glorious.

Bagdad is far from the track of the traveller; the long journey of nearly a month across the Arabian desert, or the still longer sea route through the Persian Gulf and five hundred miles up the Tigris River, is so difficult or so expensive that hardly a tourist of the "Cook" variety has ever visited it.

The historian describes Bagdad as the creation of the Calif Mansur in 762 A.D.; but in the earliest Assyrian times, nearly three thousand years before Mansur made it the capital of Arabia, a city then called Bagdadu stood upon the Tigris. Nearly two and a half millenniums ago the great Nebuchadnezzar rebuilt it; a pleasant sunset hour may now be spent in ascending the river in a little boat similar to the one in

which the three wise men of Gotham went to sea, and in digging from the great embankment above the modern bridge a large, square brick stamped with the name and titles of this illustrious Babylonian king. The bowl in which the boatman rapidly whirls his passenger back and forth while slowly paddling up the stream is a wicker coracle smeared over with bitumen. Such boats are portrayed upon the sculptures of ancient Nineveh, and in them Sindbad may have had one of his first unrecorded adventures.

Of the old round city of Calif Mansur, to the left of the river, nothing but low mounds concealed by squalid brick houses of the Moslem quarter remain to mark its site, and if in laying the foundations for the modern houses there failed to appear the fragments of carved marble, the old city and its culture would long have been forgotten by its modern inhabitants.

The city of Haroun-al-Raschid, the hero of "The Arabian Nights," the Calif who in the guise of one of his subjects delighted to wander about the streets at night in search of adventure, was to the left of the Tigris. The site of his famous palace is now occupied by the great ungainly buildings of the foreign consuls. The walls of his city, describing a semicircle along the eastern shore, were standing until 1870, when Midhat Pasha, a Turk who aped the civilization of the West, was governor. In his attempt to



Bab-es-Shergi, the south gate. Originally the traffic passed through this gateway, which is now bricked up

Europeanize the Arabs, his first great work was to pay the salaries of the officials and the public debt with the bricks of the old city wall. Speedily the fortifications of the Califs disappeared, and the foundations and the half-filled moat became sufficiently unsightly to serve as a cemetery for the Bagdad Jews.

The gates of Bagdad, five in number, were large, covered fortifications; the three which were fortunate enough to escape the destructive process of paying the salaries of public officials still bear evidence of the true glory of the city of the Califs. The south gate is now a guard-house, and in the spot where the proud Arabian sentinel formerly paced his beat a ragged Turkish soldier, armed with a Springfield rifle, the discarded relic of our Civil War, lounges about to salute his superiors as they pass. The entrance to the gate has been bricked up, forcing the modern traffic over the bed of the wall at its side.

The Gate of the Talisman, the next in order as one follows about the city, is now a powder-house. Stone lions and dragons

still keep guard above the outer entrance, and the Arabic inscription in huge letters running about the circular tower is an illustration of the skill of the Arabian artists. The gateway was bricked up in 1638, when Sultan Murad IV. captured the city. A few years ago a native woman excavated a pot of Arabic gold near the gate, and now the ground in that vicinity is filled with holes dug by the people who would follow her example.

The middle gate is well preserved, and although the Arab prefers to enter the city by climbing down into the bed of the moat, it is still capable of use. A fortified bridge leads over the moat to the octagonal tower, and a second bridge, at right angles with the first, leads from the tower, over the surrounding arm of the moat, to the desert.

Of the three Arabian women whose names will always live in story,—the Queen of Sheba, Zenobia, and Zobeide,—the last is buried at Bagdad. It is with considerable awe that one passes through the large Mohammedan cemetery in the desert to the right of the river, and approaches an



All that is left of the ancient walls of Bagdad

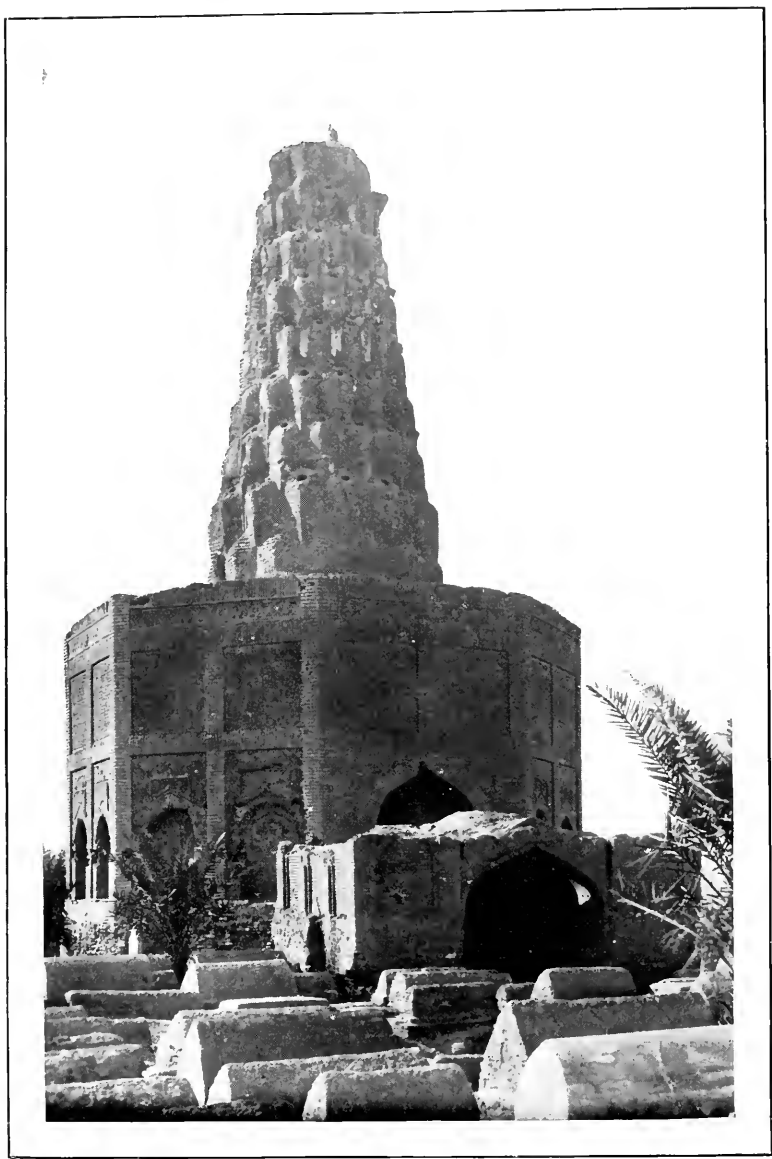
octagonal brick tower surmounted with a pineapple dome, for there tradition says Zobeide, the favorite wife of Haroun-al-Raschid, was buried. Although the critic would destroy our faith in the tradition, the tomb was once worthy of the gentle lady who ruled and deceived with her cunning the greatest monarch of the Arabic world. The repair in which the tomb is now kept is characteristic of the governing Turk. The door has disappeared; the stairway leading to the top of the octagonal base is almost impassable; the tower is slowly falling to pieces; the carvings upon its walls have been torn away to decorate modern tombs; and the mound which marks the grave is a shapeless heap of brick fragments. The open tomb is the hiding-place for bats and a playhouse for young Moslems; at sunset it serves as a watch-tower for the robber who would waylay the belated traveller. Poor Zobeide, with her beauty, her charms, and her intrigues, was worthy of a better fate.

Near-by in the desert is a little square house which was recently constructed above the grave of the Calif Mansur. Of the long line of the Bagdad Califs, the Grand Viz-

iers, the Ministers, the Chief Executioners, whose names are familiar to most school-boys, the grave of but one remains; the rest have been swept away by the current of the changing river, or plundered by the Arabs for their bricks, or buried beneath the modern city.

Whoever would search for traces of the city's glory should visit the remains of the university, where, long before Columbus discovered America, the greatest scholars of the world taught that the earth is round, and, reviving the forgotten learning of the Chinese, added to it, and passed it on through the Spanish Moors to the western nations. The world may thank the Arabs for paper, for gunpowder, for the water-wheel, and for the knowledge of grafting fruit-trees; many of our most common words — sugar, cotton, alcohol, alchemy, and a host of others — are Arabic. Now the university is a *han*, and the petty traders who pass beneath the proud inscription of the archway have forgotten that their storerooms were once the lecture-halls of learned professors.

In the centre of the modern city is a sculptured and inscribed minaret towering far



Sitt Zobeide, the tomb of the favorite wife of Haroun-al-Raschid

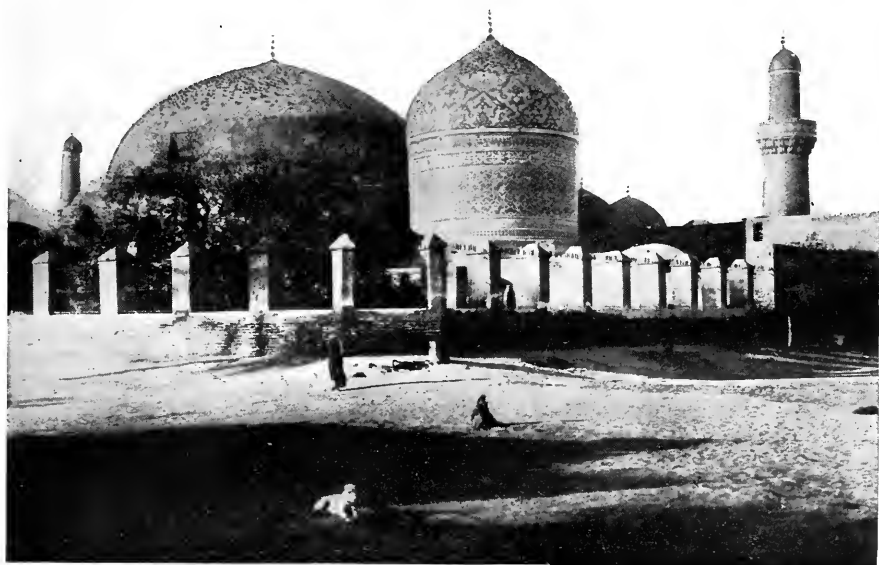
above the flat roofs of the houses. The mosque which it once adorned has disappeared; from its gallery the muezzin no longer calls the Faithful to prayer, and thousands of blue doves, the sacred bird in which the soul of the prophet Mohammed is expected to return to earth, are its occupants. From its summit one may see, beyond the flat roofs of the city, the golden

minaret of Kazamieh rising above the surrounding date-palms, and the Tigris winding like a huge snake through the desert until it disappears on the horizon. In every direction, as far as the eye can reach, is the once fertile plain of two of the most civilized nations of the world,—the Babylonians and the Arabs; now it is deserted save for an occasional group of black tents.

The modern city is a network of winding lanes, too narrow in places for horsemen, and sometimes when pedestrians meet they must squeeze against the walls to pass. It is more or less of a labyrinth; when the natives are lost in its maze their method of extrication is to follow along the path worn deep by the donkeys which carry the water to the houses, for all such paths lead to the river. Few of the native houses have windows opening upon the streets. From the large, open court about which the house is

punkah or fan swinging from the ceilings and with the thick camel-thorn screen, moistened to cool the passing air by evaporation, the Bagdadi may endure the sweltering heat of summer when the thermometer registers one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade; but during the winter, when the thermometer is at freezing-point, he shivers the days away over a charcoal-brazier.

The government of Bagdad is Turkish: many of the officials are exiles from Con-



Abdul Kadr, the largest mosque in Bagdad

built open the kitchen, the rooms for the servants, and the half underground *serdaubs* which serve as a refuge from the heat of summer. On the second floor are the living-rooms, and above is the flat roof where during the six hot months of the year the family retires for the evening meal, and sleeps until the morning sun drives them below. There is an unwritten law that the Bagdadi may not gaze over the railing of his roof to his neighbor's harem; if the harem's husband is present the law is seldom broken.

With the underground *serdaub* provided with air-shafts reaching to the roof, with a

stantinople; others have purchased from the Sublime Porte the right to plunder the province. Half of its hundred thousand inhabitants are Arabs and Persian Moslems; the other fifty thousand, with the exception of a few Chaldæans and Armenians, are Jews, the descendants of the Hebrews who were exiled from Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. The Bagdad Jew is the poorest specimen of his race, and all of the tricky qualities which are supposed to be Jewish are combined and exaggerated in him. He no longer wears the yellow turban, nor is he required, as in the time of the Califs, to dismount



The ancient minaret, the loftiest tower in Bagdad, one of the few nonuments dating from the time of the Califs



Embankment constructed by Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon. Each of its large square bricks bears his name and title

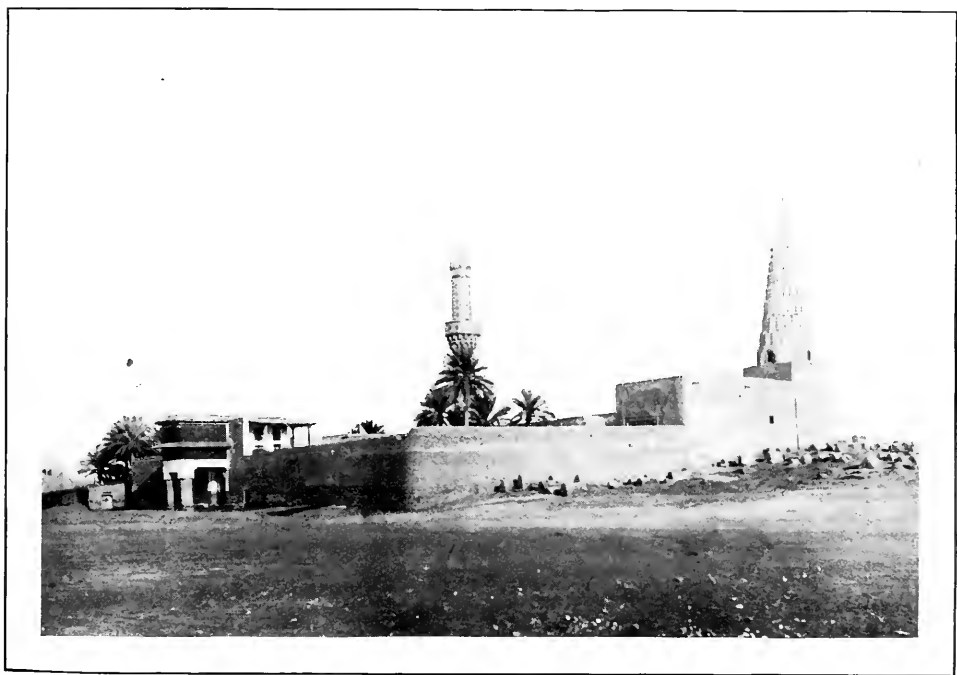


A Bagdad woman driving buffalo to water

from his donkey when meeting a Moslem in the street; yet as a survival of the old regulation he wears a turban about the fez, and his wife, concealed in her dark blue gown which is interwoven with silver, hides her face behind the horsehair, vizor-like veil. No more superstitious creature exists than the Bagdad Jew. Thirty-five years ago he was excommunicated for sending his children to school, and when under the ban no one might feed him or give him work. His wife may not look into a mirror, nor sweep

the floor, nor bring a saucepan into the house after dark. When her child dies she forgets the Hebrew law and takes into the household a pig to guard the other children from the evil eye; if the pig should die its skin is used for their clothing.

The Arabs of Bagdad are mostly Bedouins who have deserted their wandering life for the peace of the city. The men wear the Turkish fez or the head-dress of the desert, the long aba and the red, pointed shoes; the women tattoo their faces and



The tomb of Sheik Omar, one of the important shrines of Bagdad

sometimes their entire bodies with an intricate pattern of vines and flowers, dye their nails with henna, and decorate their ears and noses with rings. It is now seldom that the young Arab noble, mounting his pure-blooded horse, joins his companions in races and sports outside the city. No longer is his love for adventure so great that he loads his camels with merchandise and crosses the desert, or embarks at the port of Busreh on a sailing-ship to the unknown parts of the world. The story-teller, it is true, sits in the café as of old, but his stories attract only those who are fond of their lewdness. The same large white donkey from the far distant city of Hassa, with the end of its tail and its forehead dyed with henna, like the beards of the Persians, still brings the water from the river. The fisherman wanders along the Tigris and, while

calling upon Allah to help him, casts his net into the water; but he no longer finds it weighted with an iron box confining an afreet, or the body of a beautiful maiden. The merchant still sits in the bazaar before his little booth, but his stock of goods is not so extensive as when the city contained three millions of people. The old men go to the mosque and to the shrines of the saints to pray, but not with the same fervor as in the old days. The peasant-woman still drives her water buffaloes to the river to drink, but the herd is diminished. The ladies resort to the hot baths, but the slave attendants and the sweet perfumes are missing, and the love-lorn Arab lad no longer improvises his passionate songs beneath the windows of the houri-like maiden who has enraptured his heart. All this has passed away forever.

DESTINY

By JAMES BUCKHAM

I know the house wherein my soul shall dwell.
My soul hath built it, or in heaven or hell.
Needs not the Judgment Book my fate to tell.

No fiat doth await the free-born mind.
Itself elects, itself doth loose or bind.
As writes the soul, so is the edict signed.

Immortal life is evolution still.
The stream of being floweth as it will.
God doth not hinder. God doth but fulfil.

The nature-child shall unto nature go.
The Spirit-lover shall the Spirit know.
The earth-bound back to stream of atoms flow.

My joy of joys my spouse must ever be.
I go to that I love. Nor shall I see
The Face that e'er on earth was dark to me.

In life to come, O soul, what shalt thou be?
Thine own election and affinity!
Absorbed in what hath here absorbèd thee.



The Spalding House, built about 1670, owned by Molly Varnum Chapter, D. A. R., of Lowell, Massachusetts

REDISCOVERING AN OLD HOUSE

By ELLEN STRAW THOMPSON

How Molly Varnum Chapter, D. A. R., of Lowell, Mass., discovered and revived the almost obliterated beauties of an historic New England house.

A typical New England opportunity

In 1653 two petitions reached the Great and General Court of Massachusetts at the same time: one signed by twenty-nine men principally from Woburn and Concord asking for a tract of land "beginning on Merrimack River, at a neck of land next to Concord River, south and west into the country to make up a quantity of six miles square."

The second petition was signed by the Rev. John Eliot, agent and trustee for the Indians, asking that a grant of land situated between Pawtucket Falls and the Concord River — known as Great Neck —

"be appropriated for the sole and exclusive use of the tribe inhabiting thereabouts."

Both petitions were granted. The first land mentioned formed the original limits of the town of Chelmsford. The second became known as the Wamesit grant.

The tribe of Indians inhabiting the land obtained by Eliot had been converted by him, and were known first as the Pawtucket and later as the Wamesit, or Praying Indians. They lived at peace with their neighbors, the citizens of Chelmsford; but after many years, their numbers became greatly reduced, and they sold their land and removed farther north, to Pennacook. The

old "Spalding House," the subject of this sketch, stands on land once a part of the "Wamesit grant," while Pawtucket and Wannalancit Streets, close by, serve to commemorate the first proprietors and their celebrated chief.

The Daughters of the American Revolution throughout the country have preserved many historic houses, some of which have sheltered Washington, Lafayette, or other distinguished men. Others mark the scenes of memorable events; but this

deeds made by a former historian of the Molly Varnum Chapter shows that this house, built about 1761 by one Robert Hildreth, had been the property of four different soldiers of the Revolution: Andrew Fletcher, Joseph Tyler, Captain John Ford, and Moses Davis. The last was known as an innholder, and it was to his ownership, doubtless, that we owe many of the treasures unearthed during our period of restoration.

From Moses Davis the estate next passed,



Upper large hall, showing swinging partition, landscape paper, and restored seats

place is entered on the old Middlesex county records for many years, in deed after deed, as part of the Wamesit grant, thus pointing like an index finger to a just and generous act of the white men toward the Indians. Eliot saw to it that their interests were in every way safeguarded. No white man could buy their land without permission of the Court; hence when, in 1686, the Wamesits themselves asked permission to sell, the citizens of Chelmsford were allowed to buy only on condition that the Indians should receive full value.

An exhaustive search through the old

in 1790, into the hands of Joel Spalding, the first of that name to possess it. He also had served in the Revolution, and his father, Col. Simeon Spalding, a most distinguished officer and citizen, owned land close by. Although the Spalding House may lack the distinction of many others in which Washington and Lafayette have been entertained for a few hours, it comes down to us, its present proud possessors, under the signatures of five soldiers of the Revolution, with a title bearing the mark of the "noble red man," its first inhabitant.

The transformation of an inn into a pri-

vate house needed much putting up and tearing down of partitions, and the old house must have been quite overhauled when, in 1790, Joel Spalding, the first, took possession and started it on a new lease of life. In 1819 Capt. Jonathan Spalding, a son of Joel Spalding, brought a bride to the home, which was destined soon to become a part of the city already striving for recognition. In 1826 this section of Chelmsford was set off as a part of Lowell, and gradually the quiet surroundings changed as the

many years. A distinguished Free Mason, for a long time a practising physician in Lowell, his death touched most deeply a large circle of friends and patients. Left alone, the sister drew more closely into the seclusion of her home, the house seeming to guard all the more jealously the loneliness and grief of this the last survivor of the family. On her way home from Jamaica, she died suddenly and left the house at last to face a dubious future, if not entire dissolution.



The Spalding Memorial Room

busy life of the city crept nearer. As the years went on, this family circle grew smaller and more reserved, and like many an old New England homestead, as the family grew less and less so the old house grew more and more aloof from the world, until, with closed blinds and chilling exterior, it concealed all traces of life within, just as the high board fence concealed the wealth of beauty and fragrance in its roses, lilies-of-the-valley, and other flowers which grew so luxuriantly in the garden. Dr. Joel Spalding, son of Captain Jonathan, and grandson of Joel, the first, lived here with his sister

But helping hands came to the rescue, and the house, after more than one hundred years since Joel Spalding's purchase in 1790, now starts out in a new rôle. It stands to-day as a memento of the Wamesit grant; as a link between the present and the old tavern days, its fireplaces, buried so many years under laths and plaster, once more sending out their cheery light; as a monument to the services of five brave old soldiers, and as a memorial of the gratitude and love of the friends and patients of Dr. Joel Spalding, and of the regard and the esteem of his brother Masons. A



The ancient "tap-room," now the living-room, showing the restored fireplace

house so richly endowed cannot fail to succeed.

When the house first came into our possession we had no thought of what the future might have in store. Soon rumors of ancient fireplaces, into which kittens disappeared, only to reappear in other rooms, following mysterious passages in the old chimney, caused us to sound walls and pry into cracks; but the old chimneys kept their secrets well. Suddenly, the spirit of adventure seized us, and stripping the paper from the walls of the hall, tearing off plaster and ripping off boards, out came at last a fireplace, with the remains of a mantel. It was not exactly what we had expected to find, as it was small and shallow, but it was a fireplace. Next it was discovered to have a false back; then, a hint from a wise man sent us looking for a larger fireplace beyond, and we found it. Relic of the days when wood was to be had for the asking, black with soot and gray with the ashes of many a smoke-talk, our fireplace stands to-day, nearly six feet across the front, with a mantel that is a joy to behold. Straight and plain, unbroken by

shelf or ornament, its beautiful raised panels with their concave moldings mark it as one of the earliest forms of mantel; while the quaint little closet on the right, its position setting all rules of regularity at defiance, calls up visions of what that closet may sometime have contained. Stalwart lumbermen group in my dreams about this fireplace, smoking their pipes and relating stories of wonderful cargoes seen unloaded at Newburyport, or of their last hazardous journey through the New Hampshire forests, while every now and then some hand reaches up for the little squat bottle on the closet-shelf — it may have been your ancestor's hand, or mine; who knows? Nothing remained of the old hearth but the foundation. Bricks and tiles of all kinds and complexions were tried in the process of restoration, without avail. Each attempt made the fireplace look older and more dilapidated, while the colors stood out like bright patches on a faded surface. Finally, some one suggested old sidewalk brick, and after infinite patience a sufficient number of the same size and shape were procured, laid in place herring-bone fashion,



Front hall fireplace, with restored hearth

by a Norwegian bricklayer who grasped the sentiment of the occasion, threw law and order to the winds, and produced a hearth which blended the old and new together in one harmonious whole, and again we were at peace. Now, our hall, with its quaint curving staircase, its wainscoting rescued and restored, with its white paint, brass lamps, and the soft warmth of its yellow walls, is a sight to warm the heart of any lover of "ye olden time."

We at first thought our kitchen could not be improved. Here we had a brick oven in fine working-order, a big fireplace with swinging crane, and a bewildering array of kettles, bakers, gridirons, and all kinds of cooking-utensils. At the side of the fireplace was situated a rambling closet, but entered by a door so narrow that but few could venture to explore its mysteries. The old ceiling was so low it could be easily touched by the hand, and in some places actually rested on the window-casing. Not until some one incited our ambition by stories of raftered kitchens did we dream of disturbing it, but once the question was brought up, we had no rest until, after

many decisions pro and con, we pulled down the plaster and to-day our beautiful brown rafters stand out in bold relief against the bright coloring of our "Cranford" paper, placing our kitchen beyond criticism.

The success of our explorations so far gave us renewed courage, of which we needed all we could muster for working out our next problem.

When the paper was removed from the walls of our hall the marks of a former doorway, connecting with the room at the rear, were plain to be seen. This little back room had three windows very close together, no two alike either in length or breadth. Restoring the old doorway, we gloried in our "tavern tap-room," as we in our ignorance called it. When the wall-paper was taken off traces of a fireplace were visible in one corner, and the floor also bore the marks of a hearth to correspond. Made overconfident by success, we gave orders to *restore* this fireplace, without stopping to consider much about the consequences. Down came the partition next to the chimney, showing — not a fireplace,



The old-time canopy bed

but a hole; not a hole, but a chasm! Even the most courageous hesitated as we gazed into the labyrinth of the monster chimney, into which we had so recklessly plunged. Experts came, shook their heads and departed, giving no advice as to future action. The yawning chasm refused to give up its secret, and timid souls trembled lest the old house collapse over our heads. For thirty-six hours this wretched chimney, for all the world like a giant tree shattered by lightning, harassed our waking hours and haunted our dreams.

At last, after repeated measurings, soundings, and paces about, after peering into the attic and groping in the cellar, an expert mason was found who announced that we had a circular chimney of six flues. Two of these flues were in use by fireplaces on the second floor, the remaining four being originally distributed as follows: one used from front hall, one from front room on left of hall, the two remaining having been used from a large fireplace situated in a long tap-room or living-room of which our present so-called tap-room had formerly been a part. At the time of change, doubtless,

from tavern to private house, a partition had been built without any compunction, running straight into the chimney, cutting into hearth, flue, or anything else in its way, for the sole purpose, apparently, of providing the small room with a nice square corner; at the same time, in the other room thus formed, a corner fireplace was built, using the flue left undisturbed by the erratic partition. The experts' theory was later proved true by the mason, who found the remains of a "boiler" or brick oven, showing the location of the former fireplace, which had employed two flues.

Encouraged now by advice from all sides we tore down the modern partition, aged some seventy-five or one hundred years, rebuilt the fireplace, copied the "mullin-leaf green" paint found on a part of the walls under the paper, thus wholly restoring our tap-room. In the process of this restoration we had encroached on one-half of the fashionable "long parlor" of more recent years. Possibly, Capt. Jonathan Spalding thought a long parlor none too good for his bride. Be that as it may, at some time the partition was taken down,

and a truss of such formidable size as to entirely close a doorway on the floor above, was put up to support the ceiling. A chimney-breast had been built in to the room, of sufficient width to entirely cover all traces of the corner fireplaces, which were, doubtless, unsightly objects at that period, and a black ventilating-arrangement had been added as a finishing touch to the modern room.

We put up a steel beam, sheathed in, across the ceiling, to relieve the old truss from duty; had four doors made duplicates of those found in the house, and hung them each in the old-fashioned leaf style, to open singly or in pairs. We built a corner cupboard to cover up the scars left by taking down the chimney-breast, its upper door an old window, its lower an old hand-made door found in the house; wainscotted the room to match the hall; put on a paper copied from an old buff brocade, and thus completed the tour of our chimney, with hall, living-room or tap-room, and a front room dainty enough to suit the most fastidious, and thus carrying the arrangement back to the old tavern days.

Upstairs across the front of the house were three rooms, two of which were separated by a hinged partition, which, when raised, was firmly secured to the ceiling by large hand-wrought iron hooks. It was discovered one day that the second partition was modern. That, of course, meant its downfall. Without it, we now have a room between forty-five and fifty feet long, divided in the centre by the swinging partition. The fronts of old seats running round one-half of this room were found fastened back against the wall. These were easily restored to position, and furnished with hinged covers, as were formerly used. In this hall were situated two fireplaces, one small and the other of more generous proportions, with a fine mantel. This room contained nine windows, seven across the front. These windows, like all the others in the house, had small, square panes with hand-made sashes. All the woodwork throughout the house was made and finished by hand.

Another problem we had to meet was the method of lighting the house. Of course we sighed for candle-light, but realized it was



View showing front room, with corner cupboard, folding doors, and one end of the old tap-room

impracticable. Lamps were not considered quite safe, for various reasons, while gas or electricity seemed much too modern. The question was definitely settled by a gift of old brass brackets of sufficient number to furnish light for the large upper hall. These brackets were antique oil-lamps, with pear-shaped globes, that had already been changed for electricity. Later, another gift of five old brass lamps and two of bronze reconciled us still more to the use of electricity. We then found pewter lamps, iron and brass candlesticks, which we pressed into service, hanging an old lantern from the kitchen rafters, making a very picturesque appearance. The electricians found, when they attempted to wire the house, that the walls were literally stuffed with corn-cobs. Whether placed there by human hands or dragged there by rats never will be known. After a long search for the right thing, a two-tone gray paper forming a continuous picture was hung on the walls, and the floor was painted yellow and waxed. The bedroom opening out of the hall contains a "four-poster" known to have once been the property of the wife of Capt. Jonathan Spalding. The netted canopy and home-spun quilt are genuine "antiques," loaned by members of the Chapter.

The Spalding House was formally opened on the eighteenth of December last. The President-General of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. Donald McLean, was present and made a most eloquent address. The association of the Free Masons of Lowell, which subscribed generously towards the restoration and preservation of the house as a memorial to Dr. Joel Spalding, was represented on the program by Mr. C. C. Hutchinson. The room on the right of the front hall has been set aside as a Spalding Memorial Room. Over the mantel will be placed a brass tablet, designed and executed by Mr. Laurin Martin, with the following inscription: "This room is dedicated to the memory of Brother Joel Spalding, M.D., by the Free Masons of Lowell." The original paper remains on the walls of this room, and the Windsor chair which stands by the fireplace also belonged in the house.

The Molly Varnum Chapter, named for the wife of Major-General Joseph Bradley Varnum of Dracut, was formed in 1894 by Mrs. Frederic T. Greenhalge. It now consists of two hundred and twenty-five members, and has already done much in the active patriotic work of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

NATURE'S ALL SAINTS' DAY

By J. C. CROWELL

When trees have given up their leaves,—
 The russet, yellow, scarlet-hued,
 In sore bereavement each one grieves,
 Bewailing oft her solitude.
 Witch-hazel shrines then keep the day,
 All Saints, in memory of these dead;
 Along their spreading branches sway,
 When mystic Hallowe'en hath fled,
 Pale yellow tapers, burning slow,
 That breathe an incense pungent, sweet;—
 Nor but the day: they flicker low
 Thro' Indian Summer's sad retreat,
 Till from the hills she lifts the haze;
 Then vanish. Now stand desolate
 The shrines, deserted thro' long days.
 They, too, for Nature's Easter wait!

OLD KING SPRUCE

By HOLMAN F. DAY

IX. THE HA'NT OF THE UMCOLCUS



WADE, blinking the big flakes out of his eyes as he breasted the swirling storm, came across to the main camp from the wangan, his pipe and tobacco-pouch in hand. He rejoiced in his heart to see the snow driving so thickly that the camp window was only a blur of yellow light smudging the whiteness. This third storm of the winter promised two feet on a level and guaranteed the slipping on ram-downs and twitch-roads.

The cheer of the storm permeated all the camp on Enchanted. The cook beamed on Wade with floury face. The bare ground had meant bare shelves. He predicted the first supply-team for the morrow. He had been thriftily "making a mitten out of a mouse's ear" for several weeks, on the food question. Tommy Eye, plowing back from his good-night visit to the horse-hovel, proclaimed his general pleasure for two reasons: no more bare-ground dragging for the bob-sleds; no more too liberal dosing of bread dough with soap to make the flour "spend" in lighter loaves. "Eats like wind and tastes like a laundry," Tommy had grumbled.

The boss of the choppers moved along to give Wade the end of the "deacon seat," and grinned amiably.

"That's a cheerful old song she's singin' overhead to-night," he remarked.

It needed a lumberman's interpretation to give it cheer.

There were far groanings — there were near sighings. There were silences when the soft rustle of the snow against the window-glass made all the sound. There were sudden, tempestuous descents of the wind that rattled the panes and made the throat of the open stove "whummle" like a neighing horse.

Wade lighted his pipe with deep content. He enjoyed the rude fraternity of the big

camp. There was but little garrulity. Those who talked did so in that drawling monotone that was keyed properly to the monotone of the souging trees outside — elbows on knees and eyes on the pole-floor. Clamor would not have suited that little patch of light niched in the black, brooding night of the forest. But there was comfort within. The blue smoke from pipe-bowls curled up and mingled with the shadows dancing against the low roof. The woolens, hung to dry on the long poles, draped the dim openings of the bunks. The "spruce feathers" within were still fresh, and resinous odors struggled against the more athletic fragrance of the pipes.

Most of the men loafed along the "deacon seat," relaxed in the luxury of laziness for that precious three hours between supper and nine o'clock. A few, bending forward to catch the light from the bracket-lamp, whittled patiently at what lumbermen call "doodahs" — odd little toys destined for some best girl or admiring youngster at home. "Windy" McPheters regaled those with an ear for music by cheerful efforts on his mouth-harp, coming out strong on the tremolo and jiggling the heel of his moccasined foot for time. And when he had no more breath left, "Hitchbiddy" Wagg sang, after protracted persuasion, the only song he knew — though one song of that character ought to suffice for any man's musical attainments.

Its length may be understood when it is stated that it detailed all the campaigns of the first Napoleon, and "Hitchbiddy" sang it doubled forward, his elbows on his crossed knees, and the toe of his moccasin flapping for the beat. He came down "the stretch" on the last verse with vigor and expression:

"Next at Waterloo those Frenchmen fought,
Commanded by brave Bonaparte [pronounced
'paught']
Assisted by Field Marshal Ney —

He never was bribed by gold.

But when Grouchy let the Prussians in
It broke Napoleon's heart within.

'Where are my thirty thousand men?

Alas, stranger, for I am sold.'

He led one gallant charge across,

Saying, 'Alas, brave boys, I fear 't is lost.'

The field was in confusion with dead and dying woes.

When the bunch of roses did advance,

The English entered into France —

The grand Conversation (sic) of Napoleon arose."

To signal that the song was done, "Hitch-biddy" dropped the tune on the last line and in calm, direct, matter-of-fact recitative announced that "the grand Conversation of Napoleon arose." In the fifty years during which that song has been sung in the Maine lumber-camps no one has ever displayed the least curiosity as to that last line. Away back, somewhere, a singer twisted a nice, fat word of the original song, and it has stayed twisted.

"Hitchbiddy's" most rapt listener was Foolish Abe of the Skeets. The shaggy giant squatted behind the stove beside the pile of shavings he was everlastingly whittling for the cook-fire. It was the only task that Abe's poor wits could master, and he toiled at it unceasingly, paying thus and by a sort of canine gratitude for the food he received and the cast-off clothes tossed to him.

A mumbled chorus of commendation followed the song. But the chopping-boss, his humorous gaze on the wiling, remarked:

"I reckon I'll have to rule that song out, after this, Hitchbiddy."

"What for?" demanded the amazed songster.

"It seems to have a damaging and cavascacious effect on the giant intellect of Perfessor Skeet," remarked the boss, with fine irony. "Look at him!"

Abe was on his knees, stretching up his neck and twitching his head from side to side with the air of an agitated fowl.

"We'll make it a rule after this to have only common songs — like Larry Gorman's," continued the boss, with a quizzical glance at the woodsman poet. "These high operas are too thrillin'."

But those who stared at Abe promptly saw that his attention was not fixed on matters within, but without.

"He heard something," muttered one of the men. "He's got ears like a cat, any way."

If the giant had heard something it was plain that he heard it again, for he dropped his knife and scrambled to his feet.

"Me go! Yes!" he roared, gutturally; and, obeying some mysterious summons, his precipitateness hinting that he recognized its authority, he ran out of the camp.

"Catch that fool!" yelled the boss; but the first of those who tumbled out into the dingle after him were not quick enough. The night and the swirling storm had swallowed him. A few zealous pursuers ran a little way, trying to follow his tracks, lost them, and came back for lanterns.

"It's no use, Mr. Wade," advised the boss. "He's got the strength of a mule and the legs of an ostrich. The men will only be takin' chances for nothin'. He's gone clean out of his head, and there's no tellin' when he'll stop."

And Wade regretfully gave orders to abandon the chase. He and the others stood for a time gazing about them into the storm, now sifting thicker and swirling more wildly. He was oppressed by the happening, as though he had seen some one leap to death. What else could a human being hope for in that waste?

"He's as tough as a bull moose and as used to bein' outdoors," remarked the boss, consolingly. "When he's had his run he'll smell his way back."

Teamster Tommy Eye was the most persistent pursuer. He came in stamping off the snow after all the others had reassembled in the camp to talk the case over.

"Did ye hear it?" demanded Tommy. "I did, and I run like a tiger so I could say that at last I'd seen one. But I did n't see it. I only heard it."

"What?" asked Wade, amazed.

"The ha'nt," said Tommy. "I've always wanted to see one. I was first out and I heard it."

"What did it sound like?" gasped one of the men, his superstition glowing in his eyes.

"It's bad luck forever to try to make a noise like a ha'nt," said Tommy, with decision. "Not will I meddle with its business — no, s'r. 'T would come for me next. Take a lucivee, an Injun devil, a bob-sled runner on grit, and the gabble of a loon, mix 'em together, and set 'em, and skim off the cream of the noise, and it would be something like the loo-hoo of a ha'nt. It's awful

on nerves. I reckon I'll take a pull at the old T. D." He rammed his pipe-bowl with a finger that trembled visibly.

"I've seen one," declared positively the man who had inquired in regard to the sound. "I've seen one, but I never heard one holler. I did n't know it was a ha'nt till I'd seen it half a dozen times."

"Good eye!" sneered Tommy. "What did it, have to come up and introduce itself and say, 'Please, Mister MacIntosh, I'm a ha'nt'?"

"I've seen one, I say," insisted the man, sullenly. "I was teamin' for the Blaisdell brothers on their Telos operation, and I see it every day for most a week. It walked ahead of my team close to the bushes side of the road, and it was like a man, and it always turned off the same place and went into the woods."

"Do you call that a ha'nt—a man walkin' 'longside the road in daylight—some hump-backed old spruce-gum picker?" demanded Tommy.

"The last time I see it, I noticed that it did n't leave any tracks," declared the narrator. "It walked right along on the light snow and did n't leave any tracks. Funny I did n't notice that before, but I did n't."

"You sartingly ain't what the dictionary would set down as a hawk-eyed critter," remarked Tommy, maliciously. "It must have been kind of discouragin', ha'ntin' you."

"It was a ha'nt," insisted the man, with the same doggedness. "I got off'n my team right then and there and got a bill of my time and left, and the man that took my place got sluiced by the snub-line bustin' and about three thousand feet of spruce mellered the eternal daylights out of him. Say what you're a mind to—I saw a thing that walked on light snow and did n't make tracks, and I left, and that feller got sluiced—everybody in these woods knows that a feller got killed on Telos two winters ago."

"Oh, there's ha'nts," agreed Tommy, earnestly. "Mebbe you saw one; only you got at your story kind of back-ended."

The old teamster had been watching incredulity settle on the face of Dwight Wade, and this heresy in one to whom his affections had attached touched his sensitiveness.

"You are probably thinkin' what most of the city folks say out loud to us, Mr. Wade," he went on, humbly. "They say

there ain't any such thing as ha'nts in the woods. It would be easy to say there ain't any bull moose here because they ain't also seen walkin' down a city street and lookin' into store windows. But I'd like to see one of those city folks try to sleep in the camp that's built over old Jumper Joe's grave north of Sourdnaheunk."

There was a general mumble of endorsement. It became evident to Wade that the crew of the Enchanted were pretty staunch adherents of the supernatural.

"Hitchbidddy" Wagg cleared his throat and sang for the sake of verification:

"He rattled underneath, and he rattled overhead;
Never in my life was I ever scared so!
And I did not dast to lay down in that bed
Where they laid out old Joe."

"They can't use that place for anything but a depot camp now," stated Tommy; "and it's a wonder to me that they can even get pressed hay to stay there over night."

"Well, from what I know of human nature," smiled Wade, "I should think that hay and provisions would stay better over night in a haunted camp than in one without that protection."

He rapped out his pipe-ashes on the hearth of the stove and rose to go.

"And don't you believe that it was a ha'nt that called out Foolish Abe?" asked Tommy, eager to make a convert. "You saw that for yourself, Mr. Wade."

"I am afraid to think of what may have happened to that poor creature," replied Wade, earnestly, looking into the black night through the door that he had opened. He heard the chopping-boss call, "Nine! Turn in!" as he strove with the storm between the main camp and the wangan, and when he stamped into his own shelter the yellow smudge winked out behind him—such is the alacrity of a sleepy woods crew. He shuddered as he shut out the blackness. He had no superstition, but the unaccountable flight of the witing, and the eerie tales offered in explanation, and the mystic night of storm in that wild forest waste unstrung him. He went to sleep, finding comfort in the dull glow of the lantern that he left lighted.

Its glimmer in his eyes when the cook called shrilly in the gray dawn, "Grub on ta-a-abel!" sent his first thoughts to the wretch who had abandoned himself to the

storm. He hoped to find Abe whittling shavings in the cook-house.

"No, s'r, no sign of him, hide nor hair," said the cook, shaking his head. "Reckon the ha'n't flew high with him."

The snow still sifted through the trees — a windless storm now. The forest was trackless.

"For a man to start out in the woods in that storm was like jumpin' into a hole and pullin' the hole in after him," observed the chopping-boss. That remark might have served as the obituary of poor Abe Skeet. The swampers, the choppers, the sled-tenders, the teamsters, trudging away to their work, had their minds full of their duties and their mouths full of other topics during the day.

And all day the cook bleated his cheerful little prophecy in the ears of the cookee: "The tote-team will be in by night." That morning, with his rolling-pin he had pounded "hungryman's ratty-too" on the bottom of the last flour-barrel to shake out enough for his batch of biscuit, and burned up the barrel even though the pessimistic cookee predicted that "the human nail-kags" would eat both kitchen mechanics if the food gave out.

At nightfall Dwight Wade surveyed the bare shelves of the cook-camp with some misgivings.

"Don't you worry," advised the master of that domain. "Rod Ide ain't waitin' three weeks for good slippin' jest for the sake of settin' in his store window and singin' 'Beautiful snow!' He's got a load of supplies started, and they're due here to-night and —" the cook paused, kicked at the cookee for slamming the stove-cover at that crucial moment of listening, and shrilled — "there she blows!"

Wade heard the jangle of bells and hastened to meet the dim bulk of the loaded sled. The driver did not reply to his delighted hail; but before he had time to wonder at that taciturnity some one struggled out of the folds of a shrouding blanket and sprang from the sled. It was a woman, and while he stood and stared at her she ran to him and grasped his hands and clung to him in pitiful abandonment of grief. It was Nina Ide. In the dim light Wade could see tears on her cheeks and the heart-broken woe in her features. He had had some experience with the self-poise of the daughter

of Rodburd Ide. This emotion, which checked with sobs the words in her throat, frightened him.

"It's a terrible thing, and I don't understand it, Mr. Wade," quavered the driver. He slipped down from the load and came and stood beside them. "We was in Pogeys Notch and the wind was blowin' pretty hard there, and I told the young ladies they'd better cover their heads with the blankets. And I pulled the canvas over me 'cause the snow stung so, and I did n't see it when it happened — and I don't understand it."

"When *what* happened?" Wade gasped.

"They took her — whatever they was," stated the driver, in awed tones. "I did n't see 'em nor hear 'em take her. And I don't know jest where we was when they took her. I went back and hunted, but it was n't any use. They was gone, and her with 'em. They was n't humans, Mr. Wade. It was black art, that's what it was."

"Probably," said Tommy Eye, with deep conviction. He had led the group that came out of the camp to greet the tote-team. "There were ha'n'ts here last night. They got Foolish Abe."

"They sartinly seem to mean the Skeet family this time," said the driver. "It was that Skeet girl — the pretty one that's called Kate — that they got off'n my team."

The men of the camp, surrounding the new arrivals, surveyed Nina Ide with respectful but eager curiosity.

"If I was a ha'n't," growled the chopping-boss, "and had my pick I reckon I'd have shown better judgment." His remark was strictly *sotto voce*, and the girl did not hear it. She still clung to Wade. Her agitation communicated itself to him. A sense of calamity told him that there was trouble deeper than the disappearance of the waif of the Skeet tribe.

Her words confirmed his suspicion. "My God, what are we going to do, Mr. Wade?" she sobbed. "I planned it, I encouraged her. It was wild, imprudent, reckless. I ought to have realized it. But I knew how you felt toward her. I wanted to help her and — and you!"

Something in the cowering horror in her wide-open eyes told him plainly now that this could not be merely the question of the loss of the girl of the Skeet tribe. And with that conviction growing out of bewildered doubt, he went with her when she led him

away toward the office camp. A suspicion wild as a nightmare flamed before him. In the wangan she faced him, as woe-stricken, as piteously afraid, as though she were confessing a crime against him.

"It was John Barrett's daughter on that team with me," she choked. "She wanted to come — but I'll be honest with you, Mr. Wade. She would not have come if I had not encouraged her — yes, put the idea into her head and the means into her hands. I've been a fool, Mr. Wade, but I'll not be a coward and lie about my responsibility."

He gazed at her, his face ghastly white in the lantern-light.

"She wanted to — she was coming here — she is lost?" he mumbled, as though trying to fathom a mystery.

Infinite pity replaced the distraction in the girl's face.

"Forgive me, Mr. Wade!" she cried. "Not for my folly — you cannot overlook that. Forgive me for wasting these precious moments. But I did not know how to say it to you." She put her woman's weakness from her, though the struggle was a mighty one, and her features showed it. "I will not waste any more words, Mr. Wade. John Barrett has been at my father's house for weeks. He has been near death — he is near death now, but the big doctors from the city say that he will get well. He must have been through some terrible trouble in the woods up here."

She looked at him with questioning gaze, as though to ask how much he knew of the trouble that had prostrated John Barrett, the stumpage-king.

"He was near death — and his exposure —" stammered Wade, but she went on, hurriedly.

"It was fever, and it affected his head, Mr. Wade, and he talked much in delirium, and his daughter came from the city, and she has nursed him and she has heard him talking, talking, talking, all the time — talking about you and how you saved his life from the fire; talking about a woman who is dead and a man who is alive and a girl —"

"Does Lyde Barrett — *know*?" he demanded, hoarsely.

"It was too plain not to be known — after she saw that girl, Mr. Wade. The girl was there at our house — she is there now. It is n't all clear to us yet. We have

only the ravings of a sick man — and the face of that girl. Father does not understand all of it, either. But he knows that you do, although you have not told him." She clutched her trembling hands to hold them steady. "And he has talked and talked of other things, Mr. Wade — the sick man has. He has said that you have his reputation, and his prospects, and the happiness of his family, all in your hands, and that you are waiting to ruin him because he has abused you; and he has tossed in his bed and begged some one to come to you and promise you — buy you — coax you —"

"It is a cursed lie — infernal, though a sick man has babbled it," Wade cried, heart-brokenly. "It holds me up as a black-mailer, Miss Nina. It makes me seem a wretch in her eyes. She cannot believe such things of me. And yet — was she — she was coming here thinking I was that kind — coming here to beg for her father?" he demanded.

"We — I — oh, I don't like to tell you we believed that of you," the girl sobbed. "No, I did n't believe it. But if you had only heard him lying there talking, talking! And you were the one that he seemed to fear. And we thought if you knew of it you would not want him to worry that way. And if we could carry back some word of comfort from you to him! — She wanted to come to you, Mr. Wade, and I encouraged her and helped her to come — because — because," the girl caught her breath in a long sob, and cried, "she loves you, Mr. Wade; and I have pitied you and her ever since that day in the train when I found out about it."

It was not a moment in which to analyze emotions. Nina Ide in her ingenuous declaration of Lyde Barrett's motives in seeking him in the north woods had made his heart blaze with joy for an instant. For that instant he forgot the shame of the baseless babblings of the sick man — the awful mystery of Lyde Barrett's disappearance. The blow of it — that Lyde Barrett was gone — that she was somewhere in those great woods alone, or worse than alone, had stunned him at first. Groping out of that misery, striving to realize what it meant, he had faced first the hideous realization that she might believe him to be a despicable retaliator; then had burst into the dazzling

hope that Lyde Barrett so loved him that she adventured — imprudently and recklessly, but none the less bravely — in order to make her love known. Then over all swept the black bitterness of the calamity.

"But you *must* have some suspicion — some hint of how she was taken, or how she went," he cried. "In the name of the good God above us, Miss Nina, think! think! You heard some outcry! There was some hidden rock or stump to jar the sled. The man did not search back along the road far enough. She must be lost — lost! Merciful Christ, it makes me want to shriek for the horror of it!"

"There was no cry, Mr. Wade. And I went back with the man. We searched, we called — we even went as far as the place where we covered ourselves with the blankets. We could find no tracks — and the snow was driving and sifting. The man does n't know it is Lyde Barrett," she added.

He remembered suddenly the driver's statement as to his passenger.

"She came in Kate Arden's clothes," confided the girl. "Those who saw her ride out of Castonia Mr. Wade, thought it was Kate Arden. And Kate Arden in Lyde Barrett's dress is sitting now beside John Barrett, holding his hand, for nothing except his daughter's hand and his daughter's face has soothed him. He thinks it is his daughter beside him. They are so like, Kate and Lyde. We waited until we had made sure. It was I who thought of the plan. Then it could not be said that John Barrett's daughter had come seeking Dwight Wade."

Even in the stress of his feelings he could still feel gratitude for the subterfuge that checked the tongues of gossip.

"I wish father had more authority over me," sobbed the girl; "he would n't have let us come on such a crazy errand, if I had n't bossed him into it." The lament was so guilelessly feminine that Wade put aside his own woe, for the moment, to think of the girl's distress.

"This will be your home until I can send you back, Miss Nina," he said, gently. "I will have old Christopher bring in your supper and mend your fire."

"And about *her*, Mr. Wade?" she cried.

"I'm going," he said, simply, but with

such earnestness that her eyes flooded with tears.

He found a lively conference in progress in the main camp.

Tommy Eye was doing the most of the talking, and it was plain that his opinions carried weight, for no one presumed to gainsay.

"And I'll say to you what I'm tellin' to them here, Mr. Wade," continued the teamster. "You saw for yourself what happened here last night. A ha'nt done it. And the ha'nt done this last. They're pickin' Skeets right and left."

"Ha'nt must be in the pay of Pulaski D. Britt," remarked one rude joker. "He's been the one most interested in gettin' the tribe out of this section."

Dwight Wade, love and awful fear raging in his heart, was in no mood to play dilettante with the supernatural, nor to relish jokes.

"We'll have done with this foolishness, men," he cried, harshly. "A girl has been lost in these woods." He was protecting Lyde Barrett's incognito by a mighty effort of self-repression. The agony of his soul prompted him to leap, shouting, down the tote-road, calling her name and crying his love and his despair. "I want this crew to beat the woods and find her."

"She can't ever be found," growled a prompt rebel. "I heard the driver tell. She was picked right up and lugged off. There ain't any of us got wings."

"Oh, you've got to admit that there are ha'nts," persisted Tommy, with fine relish for his favorite topic. "And they pick up people. I see one in the shape of a tree pick up an ox once and break his neck."

"Damn you for drooling idiots!" raved Wade, beside himself. In oaths and brutal insults he found the only outlet for the storm of his feelings.

He ordered them to get lanterns and start on the search—he strode among them with brandished fists and whirling arms, and they dodged from in front of him, goggling their amazement.

"My Gawd," mourned Tommy, "this camp has had the spell put on it for sure. The ha'nt has driv the boss out of his head, and will have him next. And if It can drive a college man out of his head what chance has the rest of us got?"

Panic was writ large in the faces of the simple woodsmen, and fear glittered in

their eyes. A single queer circumstance would merely have set them to wondering; but these unexplainable events, following each other so rapidly and taking ominous shade from the glass that lugubrious Tommy Eye held over them, shook them out of self-poise. It needed but one voice to cry, "The place is accurst!" to precipitate a rout, and old Christopher Straight had the woodsman's keen scent for trouble of this sort.

"A moment! A moment, Mr. Wade!" he called. He patted the young man's elbow and urged him toward the door. "I want to speak to you. Keep quiet, my men, and go in to your supper."

As he passed the cook-house door he sharply ordered the cook to sound the delayed call — the cook being then engaged in discussing with the chopping-boss and the cookee a certain "sidehill lounge," a ha'nt that wrought vast mischief of old along Ripogenus gorge.

"Mr. Wade," advised the old man, when they were apart from the camp, "I'm sorry to see you get so stirred up over the Skeet girl, for I don't believe she appreciates your kindness. I have this matter pretty well settled in my own mind. I don't know just why Miss Nina is up here, nor why she has brought that girl back — or tried to. It is plain, though, that the girl has deceived her."

"I don't understand," quavered Wade, struggling between his own knowledge and old Christopher's apparent certainty.

"The Skeet girl, having her own reasons for wanting to come this way from Castonia, got as far as Pogeys Notch, slipped off the team, and has made her way to Britt's camp on Jerusalem to join Colin MacLeod. It's all a put-up job, Mr. Wade, and they've simply done what they set out to do in the first place, when Britt and his crew followed John Barrett and me to Durfy's. So I would n't worry any more about the girl, Mr. Wade. Let her stay where she plainly wants to stay."

Wade blurted the truth without pausing to weigh consequences. He bitterly needed an adviser. Old Christopher's calm confidence in his theory pricked him.

"Great God, man, it is n't the Skeet girl! It is John Barrett's daughter — his daughter Lyde!"

For a moment Christopher gasped his amazement.

"There have been strange things happening outside since we've been locked in here away from the news," the young man went on, excitedly. "It is Lyde Barrett, I tell you, Christopher, and she has been stolen."

"Then it's a part of the plot — somehow — some way," insisted the old man. "Colin MacLeod, or some one interested for Colin MacLeod, saw that girl and took her for the Skeet girl. I have never seen Lyde Barrett, but you have told me that the Skeet girl is her spittin' image — or words to that effect," corrected the old guide.

"And she was dressed in Kate Arden's clothes!" groaned Wade, remembering Nina Ide's little scheme of deception.

"Then she's at Britt's camp — mistaken for the Skeet girl, as I said," declared Straight, with conviction.

"But hold on!" he cried, grasping Wade's arm as the young man was about to rush back into the camp, "that's no way to go after that girl — hammer and tongs, mob and ragtag. In the first place, Mr. Wade, those men in there are in no frame of mind to be led off into the night. I know woods-men. They've been talkin' ha'nts till they're ready to jump ten feet high if you shove a finger at 'em. This is no time for an army — an army of that calibre. They know well enough now at Britt's camp that it is n't Kate Arden. And I'll bet they're pretty frightened now that they realize who they do have. It's a simple matter, Mr. Wade. I'll go to Britt's camp and get the young lady. I'll go now on snow-shoes and take the moose-sled, and I'll be back sometime to-morrow all safe and happy."

"I'll go with you," declared Wade.

"It is n't best," protested the old man. "I have no quarrel with Colin MacLeod. It means deep and serious trouble if you show in sight there without your men behind you."

"But I'm going," insisted Wade, with such positiveness that old Christopher merely sighed. "I'll let you go into the camp alone," allowed Wade, "for I am not fool enough to seek trouble for the mere purpose of finding it; but I'll be waiting for you up the tote-road with the moose-sled, and I'll haul her home here out of that hell."

"I can't blame you for wantin' to play hoss for her," said the woodsman, with a

little malice in his humor. "And if she is like most girls she'll be willin' to have you do it."

Ten minutes later the two were away down the tote-road. They made no announcement of their destination except to Nina Ide, whom they left intrenched in the wangan — a woods maiden who felt perfectly certain of the chivalry of the men of the woods about her.

The storm was over, but the heavens were still black. Wade dragged the moose-sled, walking behind old Christopher in the little patch of radiance that the lantern flung upon the snow. Treading ever and ever on the same whiteness in that little circle of radiance, it seemed to Wade that he was making no progress, but that the big trees were silently crowding their way past like spectres, and that he, for all his passion of fear and foreboding, simply lifted his feet to make idle tracks. The winds were still, and the only sounds were the rasping of the snow-covered legs of the snow-shoers and the soft thuddings of snow-chunks dropped from the limbs of overladen trees.

In the first gray of the morning, swinging off the tote-road and down into the depths of Jerusalem Valley, they at last came upon the scattered spruce-tops and fresh chips that marked the circle of Britt's winter's operation.

The young man's good sense rebuked his rebelliousness when Christopher took the cord of the sled and bade him wait where he was.

"I don't blame you for feeling that way," said the old man, interpreting Wade's wordless mutterings; "but the easiest way is always the best way. If she is there she will want to come with me to where Miss Ide is waiting for her — and the word of the young lady will be respected. I'm afraid your word would n't be — not with Colin MacLeod," he added, grimly.

And yet Dwight Wade watched the lantern-light flicker down the valley with a secret and shamed feeling that he was a coward not to be the first to hold out hand of succor to the girl he loved. That he had to wait hidden there in the woods while another represented him chafed his spirit until he strode about and snarled at the reddening east.

At last the waiting became agony. The sun came up, its light quivering through the

snow-shrouded spruces. Below him in the valley he heard teamsters yelping at floundering horses, the grunting "Hup ho!" of sled-tenders, and the chick-chock of axes. It was evident that the visit of Christopher Straight had not created enough of a sensation to divert Pulaski Britt's men from their daily toil. Wade's hurrying thoughts would not allow his common sense to excuse the old man's continued absence. To go — to tear Lyde Barrett from that hateful and polluting environment — to rush back — what else was there for Straight to do? In the end, the goads of apprehension were driving him down the trail toward the camp, regardless of consequences.

But when, at that first turn, he saw Christopher plodding toward him, he ran back in sudden tremor. He wanted a moment's time. It occurred to him that he had not paused to consider what should be his first words to her. The old man came into sight again, near at hand, before Wade had control of the tumult of his thoughts.

The sled was empty.

Christopher scuffed along slowly, munching a biscuit.

"They would n't let her go? I — I thought they had made you stay — you were so long!" gasped the young man, trying by words of his own to calm his awful dread.

"She is n't there, Mr. Wade," said the old man, finishing his biscuit and speaking with an apparent calmness that maddened the young man. This old man, placidly wagging his jaws, seemed a part of the stolid indifference of the woods.

"I brought you something to eat, Mr. Wade," Christopher went on. He fumbled at his breast pocket. "We've got tough work ahead of us. You can't do it on an empty stomach."

"Almighty God, what are you saying, Straight?" demanded the young man. "They are lying to you. She is there. She *must* be there! There's no one —"

"And I say she is n't there," insisted Christopher, with quiet firmness. "I know what I'm talkin' about. *You* are only guessin'."

"They lied to you to cover their guilt."

"Mr. Wade, I know woodsmen better than you do. There are a good many things about Colin MacLeod that I don't like. But when it came to a matter of John

Barrett's daughter Colin MacLeod would be as square as you or I."

"You told them it was John Barrett's daughter?"

"I did not," said the old man, stoutly. "There was no need to. If it had been John Barrett's daughter she would have been queening it in those camps when I got there. She would n't have been a prisoner. But she was not there. She has n't been there. There has been no woman there. Colin MacLeod and his men did n't take Miss Barrett from that tote-team. And I've made sure of that point because I knew my men well enough to make sure. She is n't there!"

"There is no one else in all these woods to molest her," declared Wade, brokenly.

"No one knows just who and what are movin' about these woods," said Christopher, in solemn tones. "In forty years I have known things to happen here that no one has ever explained. Hold on, Mr. Wade!" he cried, checking bitter outburst. "I'm not talkin' like Tommy Eye, either! I'm not talkin' about ha'mnts now. But I say strange things have happened in these woods — and a strange thing has happened this time. Barrett's daughter is gone — has been taken. She did n't go off by herself." He gazed helplessly about him, searching the avenues of the silent woods.

"North or east, west or south!" he muttered. "It's a big job for us, Mr. Wade! I'm goin' to be honest with you. I don't see into it. You'd better eat."

The young man pushed the proffered food away.

"You eat, I say," commanded old Christopher, snapping his gray eyes. "An empty gun and an empty man ain't either of 'em any good on a huntin'-trip."

He started away, dragging the sled, and Wade struggled along after him, choking down the food.

When they had retraced their steps as far as the Enchanted tote-road Christopher turned to the south and trudged toward Pogeys Notch. The trail of the tote-team was visible in hollows that the snow had nearly filled. The snow lay as it had fallen. The tops of the great trees on either side of the road sighed and lashed and moaned in the wind that had risen at dawn. But below in the forest aisles it was quiet.

Had not the wind been at their backs,

whistling from the north, the passage of Pogeys Notch would have proved a savage encounter. The stunted growth offered no windbreak. The great defile roared like a chimney-draught. As the summer winds had howled up the Notch, lashing the leafy branches of the birches and beeches, so now the winter winds howled down, harpists that struck dismal notes from the bare branches. The snow drove horizontally in stinging clouds. The quest for track, trail, or clue in that storm aftermath was waste of time. The drifting snow even made the sun look wan. But the old man kept sturdily on, peering to right and left, searching with his eyes nook and cross-defile, until they came to Durfy's hovel, having traversed the Notch to its southern mouth.

Christopher took refuge there, leaning against the log walls, and mused for a time without speaking. Then he bent shrewd glance on Wade from under puckered lids.

"There's no tellin' what a lunatic will do next, is there?" he blurted, abruptly.

Wade, failing to understand the application of this statement, stared at his questioner.

"I was thinkin' about that as we came past that place where 'Ladder' Lane trussed up John Barrett and left him, time of the big fire," the old man went on. "Comin' down the Notch sort of brought the thing up in my mind. It's quite a grudge that Lane has got against John Barrett and all that belongs to him."

Wade was well enough versed in Christopher Straight's subtle fashion of expressing his suspicions to understand him now.

"By the gods, Straight, I believe you've hit it!" he panted.

"I've been patchin' a few things together in my head," said the old man, modestly, "as a feller has to do when dealin' with woods matters. I've told you that queer things happen in the woods. When a number of queer things happen you can fit 'em together, sometimes. Now there was n't anything queer at Britt's camps to fit into the rest. I came right on 'em sudden, and there was n't a ripple anywhere. I did n't go into details, Mr. Wade, in tellin' you why I knew Miss Barrett was n't there. It would have been wastin' time. But now take the queer things! Out goes Abe Skeet into the storm! Who would be mousin' around outside at that time of night except a lunatic — such

as 'Ladder' Lane has turned into since the big fire? You saw on Jerusalem how Lane could boss Abe—he jumped when Lane pulled the string."

"I remember," cried Wade, eagerly. "The fool guarded that girl like a dog for twenty-four hours and never took his eyes off her—and it needed only a word from Lane to make him do it."

"And it was Lane that called him out of our camp," said the old man. "No one else could do it—except that old Skeet grandmother. Lane has been in these woods ever since he abandoned the Jerusalem fire-station. He's no ordinary lunatic. He's cunning'. He's only livin' now to nuss that grudge. Now see here." Christopher held up his fingers and bent them down one by one to mark his points. "He has ha'nted camps in this section to locate Abe Skeet. Knowed Abe Skeet could probably tell where Kate Arden had gone, Abe havin' been left to guard her. Called out Abe to go with him to get that girl back—maybe havin' heard that John Barrett got out of these woods scot-free and had dumped the girl off on some one else. Lane is lunatic enough to think he needs the girl to carry out his plan of revenge. And he does, if he means to take her outside and show her to the world as John Barrett's abandoned daughter, as it's plain his scheme is. Lane and Abe started down toward Castonia. Heard tote-team and hid side of road—would naturally hide. Saw girl that looked like Kate Arden—even dressed in her clothes, I b'lieve you told me? Followed the team, and when she covered herself in that blanket, as though to make herself into a package ready for 'em, they grabbed her off the team before she had time to squawk. Had her ready muzzled and gagged, as you might say! Mr. Wade, as I told you, I've been patchin' things in my mind. I ain't a dime-novel detective nor anythin' of the sort, but I do know somethin' about the woods and who are in 'em and what they'll be likely to do, and I can't see anythin' far-fetched in the way I've figgered this."

While his fears had been so hideously vague Wade had stumbled on behind his guide without hope, and with his thoughts whirling in his head as wildly as the snowsqualls whirled in Pogeys. Now with definite point on which to hang his bitter fears he flung himself into a fury of activity.

"We'll after them, Christopher!" he shouted. "They've got her! It's just as you've figured it. They've got her! She will die of fright, man! I don't dare to think of it!" He was rushing away. Christopher called to him.

"Just which way was you thinkin' of goin'?" he asked, with mild sarcasm. "I can put queer things together in my mind so's to make 'em fit pretty well," went on the old man, "but jest which way to go chasin' a lunatic and a fool in these big woods ain't marked down on this snow plain enough so that I can see it."

Wade, the cord of the moose-sled in his trembling hands, turned and stared dismally at Straight. The old man slowly came away from the hovel, his nose in the air, as though he were sniffing for inspiration.

"The nearest place," he said, thinking his thoughts aloud, "would be to the fire-station up there." He pointed his mittened hand toward the craggy sides of Jerusalem. "They may have started hot-foot for the settlement. Perhaps 'Ladder' Lane would have done that if 't was Kate Arden he'd got. But seein' as it's John Barrett's own daughter—" he paused and scuffed his mittens over his ear. He stared into Wade's piteous face. "Knowin' what we do of the general disposition of old Lane, it's more reasonable to think that he ain't quite so anxious to deliver that particular package outside, seein' that he can twist John Barrett's heart out of him by keepin' her hid in these woods."

The young man had no words. His face pictured his awful fears.

"It's only guesswork at best, Mr. Wade," said Christopher. "It's tough to think of climbin' to the top of Jerusalem on this day, but it seems to me it's up to us as men." They looked at each other a moment, and the look was both agreement and pledge. They began the ascent, quartering the snowy slope. The dogged persistence of the veteran woodsman animated the old man; love and desperation spurred the younger. The climb from bench to bench among the trees was an heroic struggle. The passage across the bare poll of the mountain in the teeth of the bitter blast was torture indescribable. And they staggered to the fire-station only to find its open door drifted with snow, its two rooms empty and echoing.

"I was in hopes — in hopes!" sighed the old man, stroking the frozen sweat from his cheeks. "But I ain't a-goin' to give up here, sonny." Even Wade's despair felt the soothing encouragement in the old man's tone.

"We've got to fetch Barnum Withee's camp on Lazy Tom before we sleep," said the guide. "There'll be somethin' to eat there. There may be news. We've got to do it!" And they plodded on wearily over the ledges and down the west descent.

They made the last two miles by the light of their lantern, dragging their snowshoes, one over the other, with the listlessness of exhaustion. The cook of Withee's camp stared at them when they stumbled in at the door of his little domain, their snowshoes clattering on the floor. He was a sociable cook, and he remarked cheerily, "Well, gents, I'm glad to see that you seem to be lookin' for a hotel instead of a horse-pittle."

Not understanding the tenor of this genial remark, they bent to the latches of their shoes without reply.

"T'other one is in the horsepittle," said the cook, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in direction of his bunk in the lean-to. "He was brought in. I've been lookin' for somethin' of the sort ever since he skipped from the Jerusalem station. Lunatics ain't fit to fool round in these woods," he chatted.

"Who have you got in there?" demanded Christopher, snapping up from his fumbling at the rawhide strings.

"Old 'Ladder' Lane," replied the cook, calmly. "Murphy's down-toter brought him in here just before dark. He's pretty bad. Froze up considerable. Toter heard him hootin' out in the swirl of snow on the Dickery pond and toled him ashore by hootin' back at him. No business tryin' to cross a pond in a day like this! 'T ain't safe for a young man with all his wits, let alone an old one who has beat himself all out slam-bangin' round these woods this winter.

"Yes, he's pretty bad. Done what I could for him, me and the cookee, by rubbin' snow and ladlin' ginger-tea into him, but when it come supper-time them nail-kags of mine had to be 'tended to, and here's bread to mix for to-morrow mornin'. We don't advertise a horsepittle, gents, but you wait a minute and I'll scratch *you* up

somethin' for supper. The horsepittle will have to run itself for a little while."

Wade and the old man stared at each other stupidly while the cook bustled about his task. For the moment their thoughts were too busy to permit words. Even Christopher's whitening face showed the fear that had come upon him.

"Guess old Lane was comin' out to get a letter onto the tote-team," chatted the cook. "I was lookin' through his coat after I got it off and found that one up there!"

He nodded at a grimy epistle stuck in a crevice of the log, and went down into a barrel after doughnuts that he piled on a tin plate.

Noiselessly Christopher strode to the log and took down the letter; he stared at the superscription and without a word displayed the writing to Wade. It was addressed to John Barrett at his city address.

The cook was busy at the table.

"By Cephas, this is our business!" gritted the old man; and turning his back on the cook, he ripped open the envelope. On a wrinkled leaf torn from an account-book was pencilled this message:

"You took my wife. I've got your daughter. Damn you, crawl and beg!"

"Look here, cook," called Straight, sharply, "there's bad business mixed up with Lane. Don't ask me questions." He flapped the open letter into the astonished face of the man to check his words. "We've got to speak to Lane, and speak mighty quick."

"He was in a sog when I put him to bed," said the cook. "Did n't know what, who, or where. They say lunatics want to be woke up careful. You let me go." He took a doughnut from the plate and started for the lean-to, grinning back over his shoulder. "He may be ready to set up, take notice, and brace himself with a doughnut."

The two men waited, eager, silent, hoping, fearing — each framing in his mind such appeal as might touch the heart of this revengeful maniac.

They heard the cook utter a snort of surprise; then they saw the flame of a match shielded by his palms. A moment later he came out and stood looking at them with a singularly sheepish expression.

"Gents," he blurted, "I'll be cussed if the joke ain't on me this time. I went in there to give the horsepittle patient a fresh-

laid doughnut to revive his droopin' heart,
and —"

"Is that man gone?" bawled Christopher,
reaching for his snow-shoes.

"Yes," said the cook, grimly; "but you
can't chase him on snow — not where he's
gone. He's deader'n the door-knob on a
hearse-house door."

A LINE-STORM SONG

By ROBERT FROST

The line-storm clouds fly tattered and swift,
The road is forlorn all day,
Where a myriad snowy quartz-stones lift
And the hoof-prints vanish away;
The roadside-flowers, too wet for the bee,
Expend their bloom in vain.
Come over the hills and far with me,
And be my love in the rain.

The birds have less to say for themselves,
In the wood-world's torn despair,
Than now these numberless years the elves,
Although they are no less there;
All song of the woods is hushed like some
Wild, easily shattered rose.
Come, be my love in the wet woods; come,
Where the boughs rain when it blows.

There is the gale to urge behind
And bruit our singing down,
And the shallow waters a-flutter with wind
From which to gather your gown.
What matter if we go clear to the west,
And come not through dry-shod?
For wilding brooch shall wet your breast,
The rain-fresh goldenrod.

Oh, never this whelming east wind swells
But it seems like the sea's return
To the ancient lands where it left the shells
Before the age of the fern;
And it seems like the time when, after doubt,
Our love came back again.
Oh, come forth into the storm and rout,
And be my love in the rain.

FARMING AS I SEE IT

By KATE SANBORN



HERE'S nothing like a Farm: a Discouragement and an Inspiration. It gives you health and takes your money.

If "you" are a man with a strong, healthy wife and half a dozen boys, and near a good market, and do all the work yourselves, you can make a living — *if* farm is not mortgaged.

And conditions are greatly improved by R. F. D., telephones, the social life of the Granges.

But I, a lone, lorn woman with no husky hubby, and my only boys those I hire, and thirty miles from a city market, can truthfully say that after seventeen years of constant toil, outlay, and experiment, I have raised better crops than any man near me, but could not find a really paying market for anything but hay and rye.

I have sold eggs, broilers, and hens for fricassees to Boston clubs and Boston markets, and always at a good price, but it never paid for necessary outlay. One prominent hotel proprietor who loves to come out here and lunch on broilers and all my delicious vegetables, when I asked him to *buy* my broilers exclaimed, "Do you suppose we buy tender birdlings like these for our daily table? Not much! We know how to make old fowls taste like the real article."

I asked the head of the Commissary Department of Southern-Terminal-Upstairs-Restaurant if he used a large number of chickens. "Oh, yes, madam." I complimented him on the delicacy of a bit I had been enjoying, and then said, "I have about two hundred chickens now ready for sale. Will you not take some?" How his face changed! How his jaw fell! "Could n't take 'em. We use mostly old hens! Morn-ing, Madam."

I step into a Boston provision-store when eggs are the highest, and inquire the present price per dozen. "Fifty-five cents, madam; how many will you take?" "Oh, I want to *sell* a large number of the very best, and perfectly fresh; how much do you pay?"

"Not more than thirty cents and have regular supplies coming in all the time, so can do nothing with yours."

I sold large boxes of eggs to New York friends, but that never paid. I've traded the best eggs for groceries, but the grocer always got the best of the bargain at both ends.

How can any one make anything on vegetables unless raised in a hothouse? Rhubarb sells in all the neighboring towns at a cent a pound, and they want fifty pounds at a time; they sell at three cents a bunch.

The finest of sweet corn I could get only eight cents a dozen ears! Better to give it away right out.

I did once get up quite a vogue for my beans in West Dedway, and while driving through town an upper window was raised hastily, and a woman shouted, "Are you the woman that sells beans?"

My spirits rose. "Yes, how many would you like?"

"Ten cents' worth, and come to-morrow at ten sharp!"

And I did.

I kept a dozen cows for a time and a superb Holstein bull, thereby enriching the commission-man in Boston (whose name begins with B). He gave but two cents and a half for Jersey milk of the purest, which sold for ten cents after taking off one skimming of richest yellow cream for special sale for ice cream. The extortion of what he called "surplus," and his impudent return of sour milk which never came from my farm, was so disheartening that I sold my cows in anger and despair. If you are willing to devote your life to a "milk route" there is a little profit — nothing startling.

The farmers who sell milk to the cities, unless they get some special and fat job, like the City Hospital, are as much over-ridden and ground down as were ever the slaves of the South.

And pigs? Yes, the agricultural papers

assure us there is money in pigs. The recollection of one summer devoted and dedicated to thirty-seven Cheshires I could neither sell nor give away, is still vividly before me. But a couple are a necessity, and I believe there are always two somewhere under the barn. I don't visit them, and they are the only living things on the farm which I do not over-feed and spoil by undue kindness. When I see "Pig, for Sail here," on a shingle at a gate, I rejoice at my freedom.

Still I aver I am a great success in raising anything and everything—even pigs. Read this:

Dear Miss Sanborn:

Enclosed find check for pig. It was a very nice one. I have given you the top price for it, as I have only paid 7 cts for some 390 pounds at \$.08 is \$31.20.

But count up the time spent in caring for and feeding pigs, the grain and vegetables given to them, the charge for violently ending their lives and cutting up and all that, and how much clear profit do I get?

I have tried every sort of crop and almost every kind of animal and bird usually found on farms, and have finally eliminated everything but hay and rye.

Have resisted ginseng and the elusive mushroom, after hovering on the edge of temptation for months, as a fly coquettes with tanglefoot paper. No need of starting a skunk farm or a frog swamp; these are indigenous.

Hens—there is money in them if they happen to swallow some. The enemies of poultry, four-legged, two-legged, winged, and crawling, and the snapping turtle, were all against my efforts. A skunk once got into a coop with a patent floor warranted to defy all foes and was seated by the mother of a large brood, devouring one after another, while she fought bravely, but in vain. She and the remnant were rescued by a boy who shot the thief. He told of the adventure, adding, "I tell you, Ma'am, that hen was a Hero!"

Mem.: any hen is a hero who carries on a farm.

And my motto when thoroughly disheartened was this: "The only way to make a farm pay is strictly to avoid every kind of farming."

But now, hope is revived—on hay and rye.

I have received over \$70 the last week for three big loads at \$26 a load, or a dollar a hundred, and two smaller orders, and encouraging letters come in:

May 26th, 1907.

Miss Sanborn: Enclosed please find check. You may send another load the same quality if you like.

I sold to my foreman, who comes several miles every day to assist me, hay and vegetables amounting to \$188.92 during six months—that's something, is n't it?

There was a resounding tap tap on the old brass knocker this evening and a man from Dullesttown wanted a ton of my hay "if it did n't get wet." "Not one drop fell on it," I proudly replied.

Another excerpt from my daily correspondence:

MISS KATE SANBORN, METCALF, MASS.

Dear Madam:

We should be pleased to supply you with Bug Death for the season at \$6.75 per bag of 100 lbs. Yours truly.

Does n't that sound as if I was regarded as a prosperous agriculturist?

This recalls my final brilliant success with potatoes, after years of discipline. One year it was "uncommon wet," and most rotted; next was "terrible hot," and they burned; another time 't was "scab."

I at last planted a large amount on newly ploughed and enriched land that had lain fallow a score of years. Result: taters that were marvels for size and excellence, some weighing a pound and three quarters.

Elbert Hubbard styled them my No. 10 potatoes, and I received grateful appreciations of their magnitude and worth from many of the literary nobility of New England.

That fall two men drove in and asked, "Is this the Ol' KaSanborn Farm?" I said, "I do not know whether you want my former farm or the present Kate Sanborn Farm."

"Wall, I heard of her big potaters, and want some seed like 'em."

Last year I raised one hundred and thirty bushels of potatoes, and with these and many other delicious vegetables managed to keep the wolf from the door by swapping them for meat with the butchers.

Ought to mention apples, but they are an unpleasant theme.

Why did n't the Footie old Farmers, two

generations ago, set out apple-trees that would yield valuable fruit?

My gnarly trees were only a breeding-place for caterpillars and a cause of more unrestrained drunkenness in this hamlet than had ever been noticed before. I gave up trying to sell to commission-merchants in Boston, because, deducting all the expenses,—as good barrels, twenty-five cents each; two men at the “goïn’ price,” \$1.75 per day, to pick, sort over, select only the “firsts,” pack with stems up as near of a size as possible, head up, take to station; then the express charges and the commission,—I got but sixty-five cents per barrel!

One wily assistant suggested that good cider *vinegar* was always a sure seller. I bought eleven large hogsheads and filled them with cider; made frequent inquiries, and was assured it was being treated all right—and so it was: it was all treated out, and the whole eleven were empty.

I have now cut down every apple-tree and the guzzlers mourn.

I am told of a man in Hancock, N. H., who sells annually 50,000 barrels of apples in London. I wrote him and found this was so, he selling for himself and neighbors. And he keeps 14,000 hens to scratch up the earth around the trees and incidentally enrich them. I almost dislike that man. Hancock forefathers must have had brains and used them. I am so jealous that I intend to call on him and see for myself.

Two desirable crops I am never allowed to enjoy: blueberries and chestnuts. They are away from my surveillance, and I can't really afford to hire an armed constable to protect me, as a woman who rented my “olkasanborn” farm was obliged to do when her peaches were ripe.

So I do not sell blueberries (high or low), as interested parties relieve me from that responsibility.

One season, a shrewd hired man rose at four one Sunday morning, determined to get those berries, and surprised an entire family on their knees, filling pails and baskets—a family who had condoled with me a few days before on the meanness of folks who would dare to steal from me—“and you so kind to every one!” He actually brought in forty quarts that summer, for the rumor of his police efficiency soon spread abroad.

Boys and squirrels take every chestnut the instant they are eatable.

Guests wonder why I do not stock my beautiful brooks with fish. One Editor chuckled in print about my filling my streams with forget-me-nots instead of fish, an amusing instance of my whimsiness and lack of practicality.

But he was the man who, saying he always loved, when he was a boy, to go to the barn and gather eggs, was allowed to visit my long hen-houses to renew his youth by filling the egg-baskets, and returned proudly, having ruthlessly robbed the setting hens and then added to his store a dozen of the white disinfectant make-believe eggs!

A fish culturist once sent me a generous supply of carp to stock a boggy piece of water; these were spied upon even at the station, and I bet that few lived over-night! And before my return in the spring piscatorial enthusiasts roam along my brooks at night with lanterns and rods to extract every sucker, horned pout, or pickerel that are there.

I used to delight in the really tame quail and the partridges that lived about my woods; but in spite of a dozen conspicuous notices of “No Hunting Allowed Here,” just as soon as the law is off for game I always find men tramping all over the fields and groves with a number of dogs and the largest stock of impudence I ever encountered. I hear the crack of their guns and dare not walk in my own grounds. Once, after just escaping a shot, I did remonstrate, and the biggest-stomached of the group replied, “This is a free country.” “Yes,” I ventured to reply, “but this is my private property, on which I pay taxes, and you must read that I forbid hunting here.”

“We’re going through, all the same; guess ’t won’t hurt you none.”

I retorted, “You *are* gentlemen!”

And there came a sneering, jeering, long-drawn-out “T-h-a-n-k-s.” I suppose they were Socialists!

Madame de Genlis used to say that a woman was usually given credit for but one thing. If she was a celebrated beauty, no man would give her credit for either wit or sense. And she instanced Madame Récamier, of whom I always think as reclining gracefully on a couch, in an Empire gown, the waist of which had been forgot-

ten. Yet she was a most sensible and practical woman of affairs.

And I suffer on a very small scale from the same tendency. Because I see the funny side of a woman's farming, all the world smiles at my most serious and strenuous efforts to make a farm away from markets pay. I do not think it a great wonder that experienced men like Rudd and Rankin make hens and ducks pay well, when they own city markets to dispose of their thousands of incubator-raised fowls, and have large capital to use, and sell ducklings and chicklets at such an early stage that they can't cost much, to epicures, *teaching* them to like these immature morsels. I do not see the logic of crying aloud, "Milk *does* pay," as on a famous farm, where a most high-priced large estate was purchased; then stocked by a millionaire with fancy-priced cows; then a large sum given by him yearly to "keep it up." As a natural following, milk from that ideally managed place sells at a fancy price.

But with ordinary farmers the milk and grain bills are equal, and all that is saved is the manure. It's at best a non-paying permutation: cow, grain, milk, manure; manure, grain, milk; and the wisest say there's at present no money in making butter.

There is a fine assortment of faker farmers of late, bedridden invalids who confess that if they could farm as profitably on land as they have on paper it would be all right.

Women who do easily the work of a dozen men before breakfast, besides preparing the breakfast; women who find no difficulties about keeping a cattery and birdery in the same room. No cat ever even looked up longingly; no bird ever had a feather ruffled. Beautiful!

And the kittens sold for fifty dollars each, and I presume every bird also was called for at high prices.

And Bolton Hall, in "Three Acres and Liberty," tells us how invalids and paupers can take vacant lots near a great city; have their ploughing done and fertilizer supplied gratis; and *do not need any house*, just shanties made of "old boxes and such-like," and get a good living! I wish he would try it one season with a few dry-goods boxes.

Guess he'd conclude his own head was a "vacant lot."

I'm reaching "finally."

My bretheren and sisteren, in closing I will give you one most useful fact, worth a dozen times more than all the rest of my talk.

Are you bothered by ravenous crows eating all your corn? Then list, oh, listen to me! If too late for this — winter, try it if spring ever does bourgeon forth once more.

Get a fifteen-cent can of Wilmington Tar. Put it with water in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a quart of water. Wet the corn with it and sow fearlessly. The crows will swoop down as usual in flocks; one will pick out a kernel and test it; result, disgust. There will be a warning "Hah!" and never again will a kernel be touched, while the predatory birds will now make themselves really useful by eating up all the bugs, worms, and other pests.

Lastly, to end with a laugh, I'll quote what a friend of mine actually overheard on a trolley at the time I had gotten the better of a human brute who had been particularly dishonest with me, but was ostracized by the whole community and forced to give up his mean advantage. I'm willing to allow that even a dozen years ago the man who stood up for me must have been a Methuselah. I heard he looked very patriarchal, and wore one of those regulation patriarchal goat-beards of a yellow white.

He was endeavoring to interest the conductor, who was strangely indifferent.


He said in a loud tone, "There's a queer gal down our way, about half as old as I be. Her name's Kate Sarnborn. Well, she writ the goldarndest book and called it 'The Disbanded Farm.' She had a good deal of trouble about the farm, and I'll be goldarned if she did n't come out the top of the heap! I'll bet my life she did, and I don't bet my life unless I am mighty sure of anything. Did n't you ever read any of her things? She writes for the farm papers, too; I read all her things."

"Ol' Ka' Sanbon." Farmer and Litterateur!

MEN AND AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

By DAVID S. BARRY

*President Roosevelt Plans a "One-man Government" for the City : James B. Reynolds
His Commissioner : The Beautiful City's Astonishing Slums : Plans for Their
Betterment : Dr. Hale's Opinion and the Tempest It Caused : The Fall-
ing Off of Religion in Washington : Opinions of Many Clergymen*

HEN reflections upon the religious sentiment of the capital of the United States are made by such eminent authorities as Bishop Satterlee and other distinguished ministers of the Episcopal Church residing here; when the various social strata are publicly referred to with contempt by such an authority as Dr. Edward Everett Hale; when the form of government is looked upon askance by President Roosevelt, who appoints a sociologist and political and domestic economist of high repute, in the person of James Bronson Reynolds, to submit a new plan of municipal control; and when the same expert authority is commissioned to report to the Chief Executive as to the facts relating to the slums of Washington, a subject first brought to the attention of the President and the country by such a practical social reformer as Jacob A. Riis—popularly known as "Dear Jake;"—then it would seem to be high time for the denizens of the city to sit up and ask themselves, "What is the matter with the District of Columbia?"

The question, therefore, is here asked: What is the matter with it? Tradition says that Washington is what the late Senator Ingalls, plagiarizing possibly from some good man who went before him, said it was: "the best-governed city on earth." A few years ago Mr. H. B. F. Macfarland, president of the Board of three Commissioners—one a Republican, one a Democrat, and one an engineer officer of the army, without, presumably, political affiliations, all appointed by the President of the United States,—speaking at the Buffalo Exposition, said:

The fact that it is an exception to all other governments in the United States in that it provides

for taxation without representation and is autocratic in form grieves some good people in the District, who care more for sentiment (principle) than for substance. . . . Self-government of the most direct and effective character is the possession of the people of the District of Columbia. . . . The government of the District of Columbia is, therefore, the best in the United States, because it is a government by the best citizens.

Returning from the funeral of President McKinley at Canton in September, 1901, Col. Theodore A. Bingham, U. S. A., now General Bingham, U. S. A., retired, Police Commissioner of the city of New York, fell into an argument with President Macfarland and other gentlemen on the subject of District of Columbia affairs, and made the assertion, dictatorial, perhaps, considering the company, that the form of government needed by the District of Columbia was a one-man government. Some colossus of the business world, he said, some independently wealthy Captain of Industry, a Carnegie, a Rockefeller, or a Cassatt, perhaps, one who had built up great business affairs, handled men, and accomplished big practical things, and whose wealth would make certain his lack of interest in politics or real-estate investments, one who would devise wise plans, issue orders, and see to their execution, would be just the thing for Washington.

President Macfarland naturally combatted this suggestion, as others in the party did, and indeed it is possible that none of them took it seriously. But now comes along President Roosevelt's special and confidential agent, Mr. James Bronson Reynolds, with a plan very similar to that proposed by the army officer who has made such a signal success apparently at the head of New York's Police Department. The public do not seem to be crazy for suffrage in the District of Columbia, or for municipi-



James Bronson Reynolds, sociologist and economist of high repute, who has been appointed by President Roosevelt to investigate and report on the slums of Washington

pal reform of any kind. There is, of course, a small and unimportant element of the population who spasmodically advocate giving the ballot to benighted District of Columbia; but the citizenship as a whole, when they regard the privileges vouchsafed to them and denied to the voting and suffering tax-payers of other communities, and especially when their minds go back to the days of popular suffrage in the District of Columbia;—to the days of the feather-duster Legislature and the supremacy of the local politicians, white and black,—are content with conditions as they are and do not sigh to fly to others that they know not of.

Mr. Reynolds has submitted to President Roosevelt an elaborate report upon the subject which will, presumably, be transmitted to Congress next winter. There is much in the present form of government to commend itself to the President's special agent, but he thinks that great advantages would flow from a turning of the clock backwards for forty years and a return to the plan of putting the 325,000 inhabitants of the territory originally known as the Ten Miles Square, some of which was afterwards receded to Virginia, one-third of whom are negroes, under the control of a Governor to be appointed by the President of the United States, with a salary of ten thousand dollars



Gen. George M. Sternberg, U. S. A., Retired

a year, working through various departments, the heads of which should receive five thousand dollars, and with an Advisory Committee of one hundred citizens — these also to be appointed by the President, to express the varied interests of the District of Columbia in relation to the questions of social reform and administration.

These suggestions are not closely in line with the possibly half-facetious proposition of Colonel Bingham; for instead of an appeal to Captains of Industry as the class from whom the needed one-man power is to be derived, Mr. Reynolds calls attention to the propriety and feasibility of giving the President the liberty of considering the advi-

sability of the appointment of successful and experienced mayors of other cities for the position of Governor, a practice which the President's expert says has found favor in Germany.

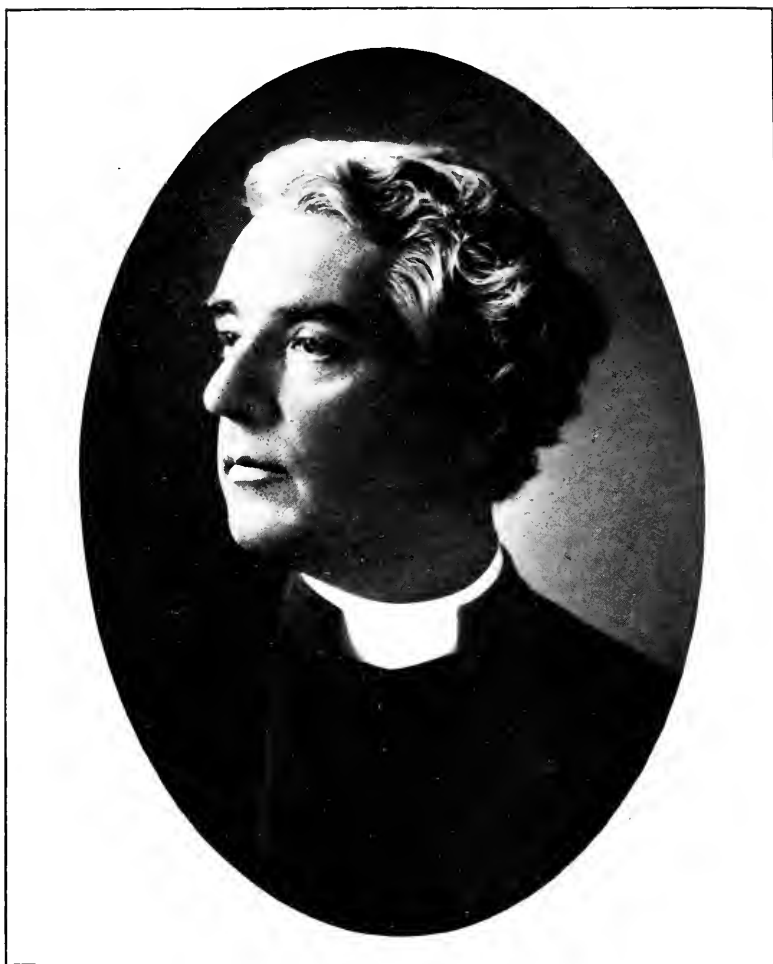
Mr. Reynolds's report goes into detail regarding the establishment and control of the various departments of municipal government under his plan, one provision of which is that the civil-service law shall be extended to cover all minor offices in the District. He refers also to the civic interest of the community, or the lack of it, and refers to what is undoubtedly true: that there does not exist here any strong organization charging itself primarily with the disinter-



Bishop Satterlee, who has scored the fashionable element of Washington society for its neglect of religious matters

ested promotion of the general public welfare. He says such an organization is greatly needed. Altogether, Mr. Reynolds's report is an interesting if not an important document, and if it related to the municipal government of any city in the United States other than Washington its publication would undoubtedly have been followed by animated discussion in the press and on the forum. Washington, however, does not bother itself about such little matters. There is no municipal league here because none is needed. There is, however, a Northwest Citizens' Association, a Southeast Citizens' Association, and various other citizens' as-

sociations interested chiefly in real-estate improvements in one or the other various sections into which Washington is divided by the cart-wheel plan on which it is laid out; but it can truly be said of them that if they do no good, they at least do no harm. Washington is a favorite spot because, being the capital city of the nation, it is being beautified at government's expense, and because the population do not suffer from graft. The streets may go untouched all winter because Congress has furnished no money with which to clean them, and the weeds may be allowed to grow fifteen feet high on vacant lots remote from the dwellings of in-



Rev. C. Ernest Smith, D.D., Rector of the fashionable St. Thomas Church, near Dupont Circle, in the centre of Washington's swelldom

fluent people, but as a rule the municipal government is good for the community as it exists, and nobody has the right to complain. As a matter of fact, few do. The bulk of the population is just as well pleased now as they would be under a Governor, and this is the view that Congress will probably take of it.

The popular impression of Washington is that it is a wonderfully beautiful city, with broad, shaded, well-paved streets, abundance of trees and flowers, imposing government buildings, and attractive private residences, where each citizen is a favored individual, smiled upon three hundred

and sixty-five days in the year by the good patron saint Uncle Sam. As a general proposition, all this is true; but there is a reverse side to the picture, and it never was so graphically thrown upon the screen of publicity as when, a few years ago, Mr. Riis took President Roosevelt on a little jaunt around the city and showed him the slums. The President had never seen them before, although he knew Washington pretty well, and when Mr. Riis said a few things about them on the lecture platform his hearers and the public generally were inclined to believe that he was drawing the long bow. But the sore spots having been exposed to the



In Washington's slums

general gaze, the charitable associations agitated the subject until they got from Congress a small appropriation to be used in compensating property-owners for buildings destroyed by condemnation proceedings, and in this way some of the fouler spots of the city were made comparatively clean. The situation as regards slums, however, is not as yet by any means ideal, as the President has found out by another special report made to him by his confidential investigator, Mr. Reynolds. The first direct result of the report is the appointment by the President of a commission of fifteen citizens, representing various professions and occupations, as suggested by Mr. Reynolds, to consider the subject of housing-conditions in the District of Columbia and suggest measures of improvement. The commission will be known as the President's Homes Commission, and the president of it is Gen. George M. Sternberg, formerly Surgeon-General of the Army and an expert of the highest repute on the subject of typhoid fever and sanitary science generally. General Sternberg has spent his life in studying means for stamping out

fever and sickness, and for improving the conditions of the poor. He is as active now on the retired list as he was when Surgeon-General, and is president of a real-estate company here who began the work of building small houses of cheap rental, each containing gas-pipes, a bath-tub, and other up-to-date sanitary improvements. The houses have been reasonably successful, and whatever per cent their owners may receive, they have at least the satisfaction of knowing that their wise and sensible plan has done much to improve the condition of poor people within the boundaries of the District.

Mr. Reynolds, in his report to the President, among other things says:

In my investigation I found three distinct problems — that of small houses, that of alley shacks and alley houses, and that of inside alleys. There are some, perhaps many, good houses for wage-earners in Washington, but the laws and ordinances in relation to their construction are defective and incomplete and need thorough revision.

I found nearly all the alley wooden shacks and small brick houses that I visited in a wretched condition. The wooden shacks, as a rule, might properly be condemned on structural grounds. Their yards were apparently storage-places for



A shack in the slum district of Washington

refuse and filth, their water-supply inadequate and badly placed, and the sanitary arrangements inadequate in the extreme. I am glad to state that during the past year many of these matters have been improved.

I had conversations with the dwellers in these inside shacks, and the comments of many may be fairly summarized in the pathetic remark of an old colored woman, who exclaimed, with reference to her neglected, filthy yard:

"Why, my old marsa would n't ha' kep' his horses stabled in such a place."

No argument is needed to show that such ill-conditioned hovels are culture-beds of disease, the germs of which may be carried far and wide by the flies which feed on the rotting garbage and excreta. Their number should be promptly ascertained, and immediate steps taken for their complete elimination, and buildings constructed in their places should have proper sanitary appurtenances, and should open either upon a highway or small street.

In a few instances the dwellers in these shacks would probably merit temporary help in securing better quarters if the shacks were destroyed; but if the abolition of the shacks should result in driving their tenants from the city, in most instances an undesirable element of its population, which is at present an expense to the city through its police courts and prisons, would be removed.

The small brick houses inside the squares are not usually in as unsatisfactory a condition as the wooden shacks, but a large percentage of them are without adequate water-supply and are often structurally defective.

A particularly undesirable and menacing feature of the poor quarters of Washington is the inside alleys. These alleys are centres of disorder and crime, and they make possible the continuance of small communities uncontrolled by ordinary police inspection and unaffected by public observation and criticism. In my opinion, all inside alleys, with the exception of service alleys, should be abolished, and a definite scheme for the accomplishment of this object should be adopted.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the distinguished Massachusetts clergyman, Chaplain of the Senate, has added a chapter to the controversy as to Washington's social, political, and religious condition by the following expression contained in an article published early in the summer while he was rustivating in his rugged but pleasant seashore retreat at Matunuck, R. I.

Washington is a city of four quarters. These are what we call Northeast, Northwest, Southeast, and Southwest. Southeast is inhabited mostly by negroes. Northwest is inhabited by white folk, gentlefolk, just such people as you and I are — people who can change their clothes six times in a week if they want to; people who — Well, people who can have everything for dinner that they want to have. The death-rate in Southeast is 21 in 1000.

Now that is a very tart statement for an



Hustling for treasures on the dump in Washington slums

old gentleman of more than fourscore to make, and he seems, in the matter of the character of Washington's population, to have sacrificed accuracy to the love of being epigrammatic. Possibly he may be posted as to the Northwest section in which, as he admits, he lives, but as to the Southeast he certainly is wrong.

And those sections of the city upon which he made reflections do not mean to let the good doctor escape, either. The ink was hardly dry upon his printed contribution to the slum controversy before the East Washington's Citizens' Association, one of the organizations which, while they have no great weight in controlling the governmental policies of the District, yet are very active at all times especially in looking after the good name of the city and the fair fame of their particular section or "quarter," pounced down upon him with an army of facts and figures which must have fairly staggered him. The meat of this answer to his description of the character of the population of the Southeast section is this:

Your [Dr. Hale's] residence, 1748 N Street, Northwest, is located in the Third Police Precinct,

containing a population in 1907 of 33,225 persons — only 19,106 white and 14,119 colored. Please compare this fact with the residents of East Washington, Northeast and Southeast, 63,271 white and 14,356 colored. Total East Washington, 77,926. The death-rate in East Washington is less than fifteen per cent.

Undoubtedly Dr. Hale believed that over in those "quarters" of this city where of course he is not called upon to go in his missionary work of saving Senatorial souls there is nothing but negroes and crime, slums and filth, poverty and ignorance. But the fact is that some of the worst slums in the city — a small percentage of them, however — have existed, and in a measure still exist, in that "quarter" of the city where gentlefolk live who change their clothes six times a week and have what they want to eat for dinner.

A few years ago, when William McKinley was President, one of the three Commissioners of the District — the Republican member — was John B. Wight, a native of Washington, identified with her best concerns, deeply interested in charity and social-betterment movements, a churchman and

a moralist. In giving testimony one day before the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia he referred in a strictly official, non-partisan way to the well-known fact that a part of Washington's vast negro population — 100,000 and more — "is made up of the criminal classes." Mr. Wight set down naught in malice, but simply referred in passing to a well-known accepted fact. But the negro element, through their newspapers and politicians at home and abroad, raised a veritable hornets' nest about the good man's ears; also about President McKinley's, which was more to the point, for when Commissioner Wight's term, then about to expire, ended, he was not reapointed.

Bishop Satterlee has had nothing to say of late on the subject of the growing disregard of the fashionable element of Washington's population for religious matters, and especially for their non-observance of the Sabbath day, but for several years he and the late Dr. Hamlin, Rector of the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant, have been much agitated and very strongly outspoken on this subject. Both of them have talked right out in meeting and given their congregations and those of them who read the daily newspapers some things to think about that must have been rather unpalatable.

The clergyman who has more lately followed up the suggestions of Bishop Satterlee in this regard is the Rev. C. Ernest Smith, D.D., Rector of the fashionable St. Thomas Church near Dupont Circle, in the centre of Washington's sweldom. In recent sermons Dr. Smith has pointedly and feelingly spoken on the subject of the decadence of church worship. He made the assertion that in 1906 there were ninety-six clergymen in the diocese, against one hundred the year before; that 904 persons were confirmed, as against 1,098 in 1905; that the total offerings were but \$304,343.29, as against \$316,812.17 in 1905. Dr. Smith asserted, also, that of the more than three hundred and fifty thousand population the Episcopal Church of this city had less than twenty thousand communicants, gathered out of 11,818 families, — only five per cent of the whole. "Nowadays," Dr. Smith has said in his sermons, "a man can stand on the topmost rung of the ladder, social and political, and be at the same time out of all church life."

Complaining of Sunday amusements, Dr. Smith said:

Sunday throughout a large part of Washington is neither a day of rest nor of religious observance. Whatever may be the explanation, Sunday is probably worse kept here than in any other city of the East. Here government officials are constantly engaged in unnecessary Sunday labor; here building-contractors uninterruptedly fulfil their contracts; and here storekeepers without let or hindrance open their stores.

Simultaneously while these are toiling at business tasks others by thousands are toiling for pleasure. Dinner-parties and receptions are being more and more given on Sunday. Golf is claiming an ever-increasing number of votaries, while Sunday riding and driving are many times greater than on week-days.

Nowhere else, so far as we know, is there such a lamentable neglect of the respect due to the pastoral office of the clergy as here. The known wishes of Bishop and clergy seem to have little weight where inclinations run counter to loving and loyal obedience. Rarely now in many places is the clergy called upon to minister to the sick and dying. With the best intentions in the world, physicians often forbid them to see their patients. What wonder that now comes Christian Science, so called, and forbids the physician himself to see the sick.

The saddest feature of all is, Dr. Smith thinks, "the utter failure to care for such faithful ministers as have come to a penniless old age." As to the attitude of the press toward the Church Dr. Smith has this to say:

We have no encouragement to overestimate our influence in this community with the papers. The rector of a prominent parish was more than two years in this city before any newspaper thought it worth while to send a reporter to see him, and then it was not to ascertain what his church was doing to uplift civic life, but merely to get a description of the dress of a bride whom he had married in the morning.

Dr. Smith, it must be remembered, is the pastor of a very fashionable church in a very fashionable locality, and there is valuable testimony on the other side of the question. The Rev. John Van Schaick, Jr., for instance, of the Church of Our Father, locally known as the Dutch Reformed, where President Roosevelt worships, says:

If the Church has lost her grip, it is the fault of the Church. I will say that I do not believe Washington is going backward, but forward. I have been impressed by the prompt, cordial, and intelligent cooperation of all the newspapers in Washington. The fight on tuberculosis, the summer-outings movement, the work for the public playgrounds, and every other effort to make Washington a clean, decent, moral, God-fearing city has had the mighty

help of the press. When we get into closer touch with social movements our churches will be filled. I too regret the multiplication of social engagements on Sunday, but the way to meet the danger is by putting more life into our churches, so that churchgoing will be a privilege and not a duty.

Dr. Samuel H. Greene, of the popular Calvary Baptist Church, made this answer to Dr. Smith:

I can speak for no other denomination than my own, but I am compelled to say that the Baptists are enjoying the greatest church-membership in their history in this city, and the interest in religious affairs was never more evidently displayed. We all, however, realize that there is a great interest shown in games on Sunday, and we all feel the force of Sabbath diversions, but I do not think that Washington is on a lower plane than any other city.

The Rev. Frederick D. Power, the pastor of the Vermont Avenue Church, the Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, pastor of All Souls Unitarian Church, and many other clergymen of various denominations, dis-

agree with the assertions of Bishop Satterlee and Dr. Smith, but the Episcopal Church seems to be more conspicuously the victim of the modern-day tendencies to neglect the observation of the Sabbath. Dr. Pierce, for instance, says:

I can say that we never had so large an attendance and contributions as we had this year. Every department in the Unitarian Church in the District has experienced growth during the last year; and though there is always room in every church for improvement, I have no reason to complain. There is a large attendance of men at our Sunday services. What they do in the afternoon — whether they go driving, riding, or dining — is, of course, none of my concern. I am quite satisfied my congregation does not sacrifice attendance for the sake of golf or other amusement.

In view of the conflicting views of the clergymen and the authorities on suffrage, municipal government, and social conditions, the question whether anything is the matter with Washington, or, if so, what it is, still remains open.

THE MOUNTAIN-CHAIN OF THE YEARS

By CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON

O the mountain-chain of the years!
Misty and blue and dim,
It looms up out of the Past
From the far horizon-rim.

Rose-glow on the rock-hewn peak;
Grey dusk on the snow-wrapped ridge;
Torrents of quivering foam
Arched by a rainbow bridge;
Black night in the cold ravine;
White blossoms that leap abloom;
Ice-slopes with a cruel sheen;
Lightnings that flash,
Boulders that crash,
Sun-gold athwart the gloom.

O the mountain-chain of the years!
Blue and misty and dim,
It looms through the veiled Beyond
To the far horizon-rim!

Views of Old-Time Washington

AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE

*ENGRAVERS OF THE FIRST HALF
OF THE LAST CENTURY*

From Drawings by
W. H. BARTLETT

With Descriptions by
N. P. WILLIS

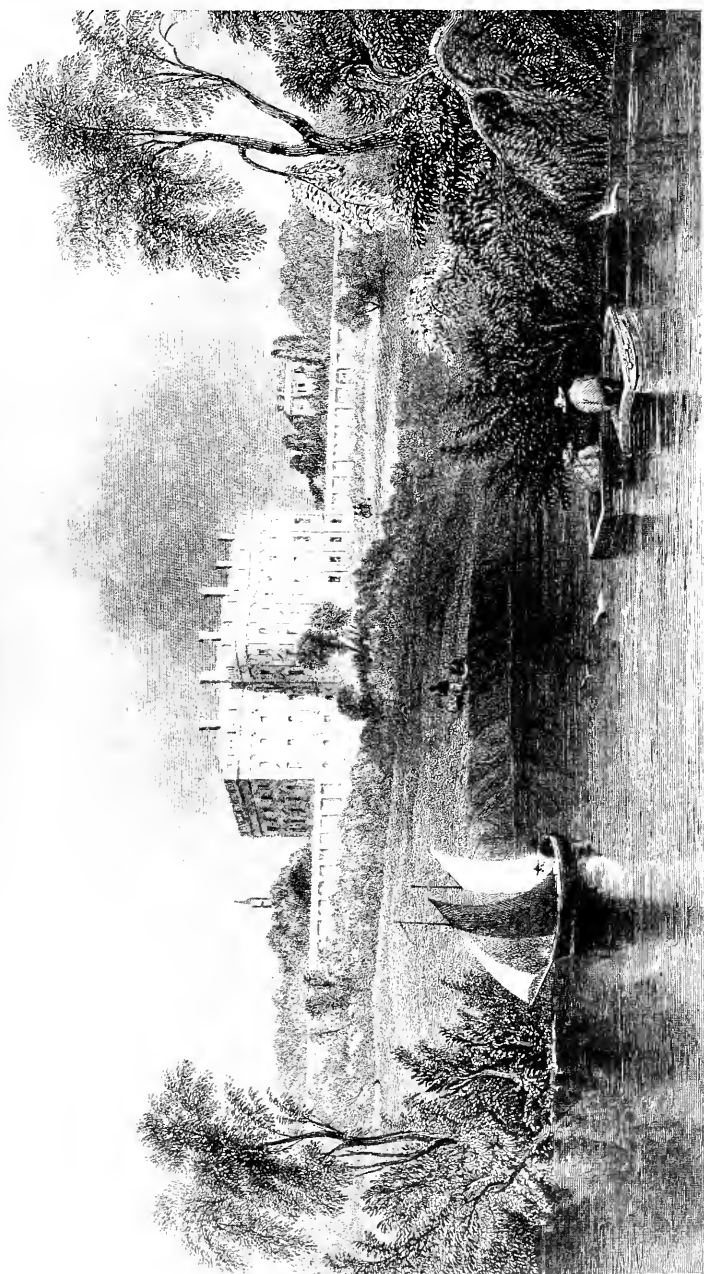
*Reproduced from AMERICAN SCENERY, Published in
London by George Virtue, 26 Ivy Lane, 1840*

PRESIDENT'S HOUSE

(From the river)

“THE residence of the Chief Magistrate of the United States resembles the country-seat of an English nobleman, in its architecture and size; but it is to be regretted that the parallel ceases when we come to the grounds. By itself it is a commodious and creditable building, serving its purpose without too much state for a republican country, yet likely, as long as the country exists without primogeniture and rank, to be sufficiently superior to all other dwelling-houses to mark it as the residence of the nation's ruler.

“At the present moment (the last month of General Jackson's administration) the venerable President is confined to his room, and occupies a small chamber in the second story, near the centre of the house, on the front presented in the drawing. In a visit made to him by the writer a few days since, he was sitting at a table by the side of his bed, with a loose dressing-gown drawn over his black coat, and a sheet of half-written paper before him. He rose, with the pen in his hand, to receive a lady from another country, whose introduction to him was the principal object of the visit, and entered into conversation with that grace and dignified ease which mark his manners so peculiarly. He spoke of his approaching retirement, and the route he should pursue to reach the Hermitage, (his seat in Tennessee,) and expressed a strong wish to avoid all publicity in his movements, and to be suffered to pass tranquilly to his retreat. General Jackson is much changed since a reception given to the writer six years ago. He was then thin and spare, but stood firm and erect, and had a look of iron vigour — the effect, perhaps of his military attitude, and the martial expression of face which belongs to him. He has since lost several of his front teeth, and though the bold and full under lip still looks as if it could hold up the world on its firm arch, it is the mouth of an old man, and in any other face would convey an idea of decrepitude. The fire still burns in the old warrior's eye, however, and his straight and abundant white hair, which has been suffered to grow untrimmed during his illness, adds to the stern energy which is never wanting even to his most quiet expression. Peace and veneration go with him to his retirement!”



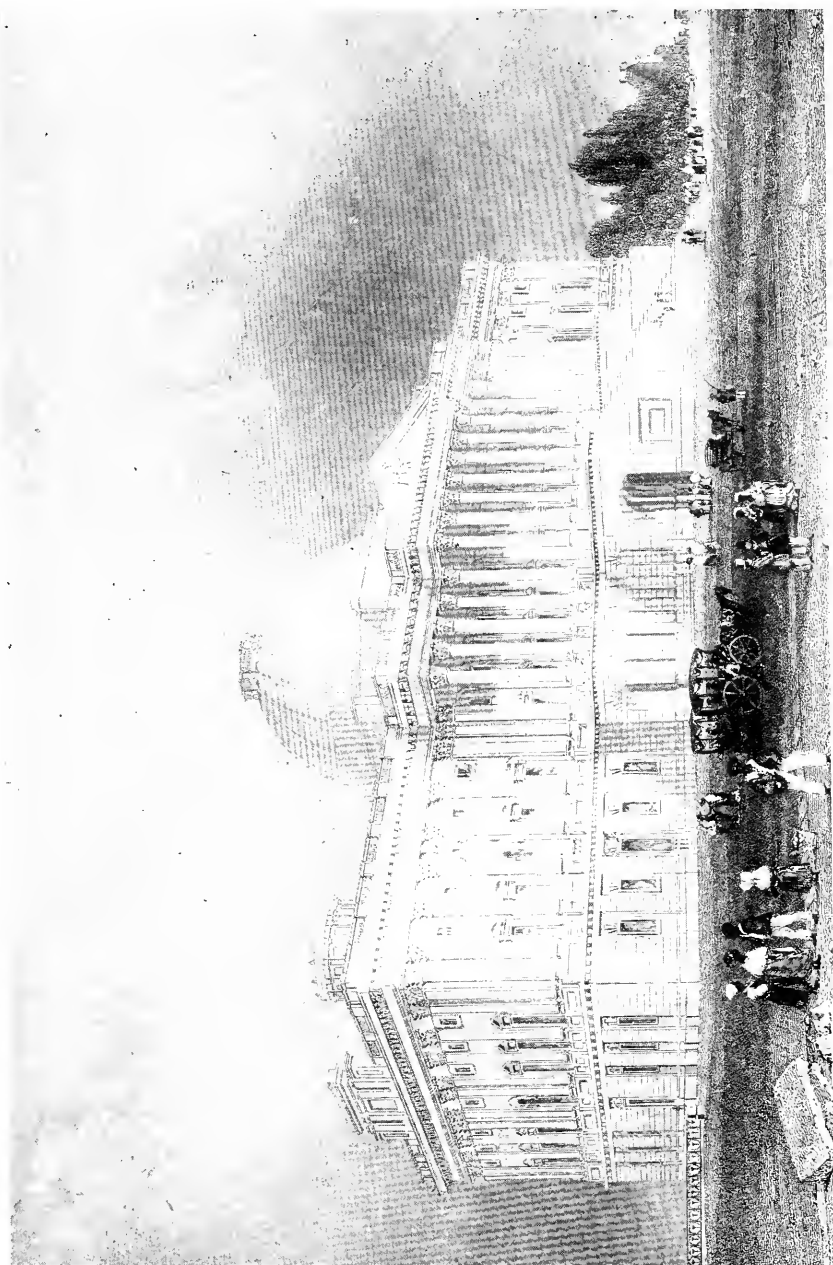
The President's House

VIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL FRONT OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

“THE Capitol presents a very noble appearance, as the spectator advances to it in the point of view taken by the artist; and from what is shown of the proportions and size of the building, a very imposing effect is produced. Its height, the ascending terraces, the monument and its fountain, the grand balustrade of freestone which protects the offices below, and the distinct object which it forms, standing alone on its lofty site, combine to make up the impression of grandeur, in which its architectural defects are lost or forgotten.

“In a little volume written by a descendant of Washington, an account is given of the first survey of the Potomac, by the great patriot with reference to tide-water. . . . ‘While the party were exploring in the vicinity of Harper’s Ferry, news arrived of the burning at the stake of Colonel Crawford, by the Indians at Sandusky. Washington became excited to tears at the recital, for Crawford had been one of the companions of his early life, and had often been his rival in athletic exercises. The unfortunate man was brave as a lion, and had served with great distinction in the war of the revolution. Tears soon gave way to indignation, and Washington, pointing to a lofty rock which juts over the stream, at its remarkable passage through the mountain, exclaimed, with a voice tremulous from feeling, “By Heaven, were I sole judge of these Indians, it would be slight retaliation to hurl every spectator of his death from that height into the abyss.”’

“To the reader who venerates the name of the great Patriot, no anecdote, however trifling, told in connexion with the monuments of his greatness, can be inappropriate or uninteresting.”



Principal front of the Capitol at Washington



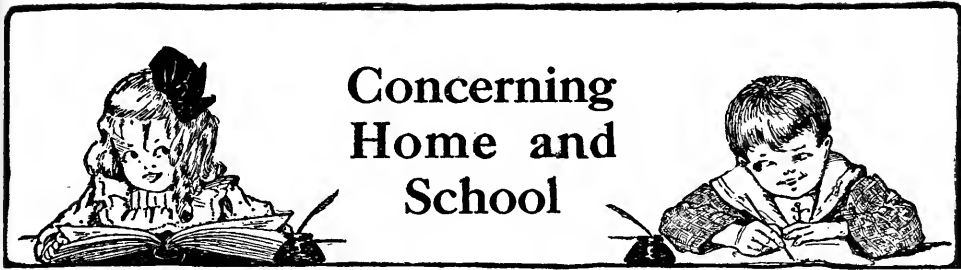
PHOTO BY R. M. DAYTON

THE TRYSTING-PLACE

By DORA READ GOODALE

Oh, come to the place of tryst, Love,
 The place of a hundred charms,
 Where the beech-tree, drest in silken vest,
 Spreads wide its mother-arms.
 There dwells a soul in the beech-tree's bole,
 In its dappled, gray-green stem;
 And hardy and brown the nuts drop down
 As the earth hath need of them.

The stream is young as the morn, Love—
 The stream is young as the May;
 Though her path is old as Time untold,
 'T was never hers till to-day!
 She still must moan on the steps of stone,
 Must leap to the blinding fall;
 But earth hath grace for a moment's space
 When Love keeps tryst with us all.



Concerning Home and School

By SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD

Dean of Simmons College

HOW did you learn to do that?" a young girl asked her mother, as she saw her deftly twist a paper to line her basket, and slip it into its appointed place. "How did I learn?" replied the mother, promptly; "I never learned, I always knew how to do such things."

In the ordinary analysis of every-day experience the question is often asked, "How did you learn?" It is seldom truly answered. The mother had learned by careful schooling in her childhood days to use her hands skilfully, and to direct them thoughtfully, but she had not analyzed her tuition, which doubtless was derived from playing, and her thoughtless answer expressed her full appreciation of the unconscious teaching.

It would be of interest to all of us if we were to measure our various powers and trace them back to their several sources. We should without doubt find cause to be grateful to many teachers to whom we have never given tribute in words of gratitude. We should be surprised to find these the true sources of our greatest ability. Our masterpiece may owe its success to our schoolmaster, so called, or may have had its origin in the chance word of another playmate, or friend.

We seldom "read as we run," and must, therefore, depend upon some wayside philosopher or some cloistered student to tell us whence our best gifts have come to us. Yet the schoolmaster, of all men, needs to know the sources of strength and wisdom, for he must guide the steps of the children into the right paths, and lead them to the desired goals. Schools have always been generous to their pupils — more generous than we realize. The chief blame which rests upon

them to-day is attributable to their desire to teach everything to their children; — yet perhaps the trouble comes not from the desire to give so much, but from ignorance as to the source of the desired good.

It has been interesting to watch the children and their elder brothers and sisters through the long vacation, to see how they set themselves to acquire knowledge. Two distinct pictures are now very clear in the mind of the writer. One is that of a family group gathered around a blazing fire in the summer camp. The twisted logs have been brought from the neighboring woods, and seem to be telling the story of their summers and winters as the flames mount up the broad chimney-throat. Conversation is tossed back and forth from eldest to youngest. It goes back, as firelight talk always goes, to the childhood of the elders, and the stories of their early days are repeated in answer to the eager inquiries of the little ones. The rich hours are all too fleet, and it's time for the youngest lad to go to bed. As he slips away from the charmed circle he stops to whisper to his father, "Could you sit by me a little while after I am in bed and tell me how a few things are made?" The delight with which the ready assent is received measures the eagerness of the childish search for knowledge. The next morning he reports to the assembled company what he learned the night before: where straw hats come from, who makes them, and how and why they cost much or little. There is no end to his interest in the thing which to us seems so commonplace.

This is a pleasant fashion of learning. By and by, when the boy becomes a man and is considered educated, his store of useful knowledge and his abounding interest in the principles which govern life will be attrib-

uted to his schooling. Yes; but the school was the group around the camp-fire and the talk with a sympathetic father after bedtime.

Another picture is of a group of children on the beach by the lake, playing in the sand, looking up at the stars, or back into the shadows of the woods whence the clear note of the thrush has just come. They have been talking about everything within reach of ear or eye, and have come to the stars. "You know some of them are so far away," said one of the group, "that it takes a thousand years for their light to reach us."

The eight-year-old girl who listens turns her face in admiration to the older one, and asks, eagerly, "How did you know about that?" "Oh, my father told me," was the reply. The word was handed down and on. Next morning the small boy announces at the breakfast-table, "You never would guess how far away those stars are that look just over Camp Island. Margaret says that her father says that it takes a thousand years for their light to get here, and you cannot half guess how big they are." Here again the children had sought to understand the mystery of the wonderful life about them and the lesson had passed from father to child.

The summer was full of such details. Father and mother, sister and brother, uncles and cousins and aunts, all joined in the delightful search for knowledge, and the communication of truth. The story ran from one to another whenever anything new was learned or heard, or the old was reviewed and retold. Above was the broad deep blue of the sky, with its changing clouds; the sun by day, and the stars by night; always on rock and sand the placid lap of the ripples, or the dashing of the waves as the wind sped across the broad lake. The delicious odor of the pine-needles and the sweet fern, the chatter of the squirrels, the call of the phoebe, the song-sparrow at early dawn and the vesper hymn of the thrush, the laugh of the loon across the lake, the rustling of the wind through the treetops,—these and the constant presence of loving friends made the days beautiful. What schooling in it all! What a wealth to bring to the book when the child returns to the school tasks!

Only a few hours from mountain and lake and woods to the din of the city; from the quiet of the beach to the hurrying

crowd in the station; from the boat with the splash of its oars to the electric car clanging as it turns into the dark and crowded streets; and here on the curbstone in the alleys, or in the narrow street itself, groups of children playing, repeating to one another here, as there, the things which they have seen and heard. On the narrow door-sill, off the crowded sidewalk, sits the mother with her baby in her arms, while the little one scarce older toddles beside his little sister in the street, or crosses fearlessly between the cars and the wagons which crowd one another as they pass. What are they learning, to bring to their book?

By and by we shall gather these children together in our schoolrooms, and shall group them largely according to their age in the classrooms, five or six years marking the school age of the children assembled to be taught. We try to pass out to each hungry listener crumbs of knowledge carefully assorted according to the age and grade. But the schooling of one child thus far has been so different from the schooling of the other, and each one learns according to what he knows! "To him that hath, shall be given."

The teacher must be very wise, then, to teach these varying children. She learns very soon that there can be no fixed gradation, and that her teaching must be for individuals. It may be that she is wiser than the rest of us, who have not yet learned that in the process of evolution we must always find humanity at the various stages of progress and that some of our gifts are absolutely impossible, however anxious we may be to pass them on. Only when the student has grown to the place where he can understand, shall we be able to teach; and often and often we fail, not because our intention is not good, but because our message is not suited to the ears that have not yet been opened to hear.

For the difference of several generations must abide between the child who has been so wisely taught through all her days and the child who must glean from the streets, through hardest tutelage, the lessons which life has to give. It is this very meagreness of the lives of many of our city children which has driven the schools to attempt to supply what the home does not give, and cannot give for generations. At the same

time, in our zeal for the knowledge which can be treasured in books, we are losing out of the lives of our most favored children many a lesson which the children of the streets learn out of necessity.

This is perhaps one key to the problem which confronts us in industrial training. The mother who pleated and twisted the paper to line her box had pleated and twisted many baskets which she hung at the doors of her girl friends in childhood. She had knitted and crocheted and sewed. She had built houses of corn-cobs and cards, and later of wood. She had used tools of all sorts. Construction had been a constant element in her play, until she had forgotten that she ever learned how to use her hands. The children whom necessity compels to use their hands in caring for themselves and others are securing an element of strength and skill in their education which the book-taught children may never win. The school can never replace the tuition which the homes should give, and there is no substitute for the daily necessary task which teaches the child at the same time that it fulfils the need of the day.

Blessings be on the heads of the unconscious teachers who make life rich for all of us; thanksgiving for the teaching that comes to us by the way, for the "wisdom never learned of schools;" and deepest gratitude for the unfailing treasure of the home instructions and experiences, which, beyond everything else, have enriched our days.

It is this meagreness of the daily experience of the city children which perplexes the administration of all our city schools. This has happily led to the establishment of vacation schools, playgrounds, and gardens, which greatly ameliorate the hard conditions, and which help to offset the deprivations which have narrowed the lives of these little ones. A suggestion has recently been made to the Boston School Board by a Boston architect, Mr. J. Randolph Coolidge, which tends still farther in this direction. Mr. Coolidge proposes that the city shall erect school buildings in the parks for the children of the crowded tenement districts, the children to be transported in street-cars, at the city's expense, and allowed free hours of play in the parks before and after school. The project seems astounding to the conservative; — but it is not unthinkable.

One who compares the opportunities of the children blessed with country or even suburban life with those of the hot, dusty, and crowded city streets must feel the pressing necessity of overcoming the present conditions for the sake of the children, for the common welfare, and in the name of common humanity. We read with deep interest, therefore, President Eliot's contribution to *The Outlook* of August 10, entitled "A Better Chance for the Slums." He cordially endorses Mr. Coolidge's plan, and says:

There can be no doubt that this arrangement would be highly advantageous to the children who should be thus brought out from the slums five days in the week, and kept under supervision nine or ten hours a day. They would have the adjoining park to play in, and each schoolhouse could be provided with a large yard and plenty of light and air.

If it be assumed that the fathers and mothers in the slums will be willing, or more than willing, to have their children treated in this way, the only objection to this excellent proposal is that it would cost the city something more than the city now spends on these children. There would be two new items of expense: (1) the transportation of the children, and (2) the supervision of the children's play hours. If cars could be used running in the opposite direction from that of the greatest traffic during the busiest hours, the transportation companies might make the children's fares very low and yet lose no money. The supervision of the play and study hours of the children would be a clear additional expense which would be different in different localities, but might easily cost \$5,000 a year for each school of one thousand children. These extra charges would be partially met by the interest on the difference in cost between a schoolhouse site in the heart of the city and a schoolhouse site taken on the comparatively cheap land of the suburb adjoining a large country park. This difference in cost would be very considerable in many American cities. About 40,000 square feet is the least suitable area for a schoolhouse to accommodate one thousand children. Such an area might easily cost in Boston, for example, \$250,000, whereas the same area opposite one of the large Boston or metropolitan parks might be procured for \$50,000. The park sites would also have the advantage of being permanent, as well as thoroughly suitable in all respects. In the closely built parts of a city the shiftings of the population not infrequently make it necessary to sell an old site and procure, at great cost, a new one.

This plan is not applicable to young or delicate children, or to children whose services at home for part of the day are absolutely required. It is proposed for healthy children, not less than ten years old, who are not required to work for their families in the afternoon. These country public schools should have facilities for exercise, occupation, or games under cover in stormy weather; in good weather the children's games and exercise should take place in the open air, partly in the park and partly in the large school-yard. It is not proposed

to give away any food at the country schoolhouse. Food brought from home would be warmed, and food would be sold over a counter at cost.

This proposal is certainly very attractive to the humanitarian, the sanitarian, and the economist; for it would give the children of the slums a far better chance for a healthy and happy childhood, and for future serviceableness at adult age.

In line with the movement under discussion is the general interest in Playgrounds and Play Schools and Recreation Centres, which is admirably set forth in the "Play" number of *Charities and the Commons*, issued on August 3, 1907. This magazine should be possessed and carefully studied by all teachers and friends of children. It reports fully and delightfully the first meeting of the Playground Association of America, recently held in Chicago. The subjects of the addresses indicate not only the breadth of interest, but the thoughtfulness with which the relations of the cause have been considered. Our national Commissioner of Education, Elmer Ellsworth

Brown, gave an address on "Health, Morality, and the Playground;" Joseph Lee, our Boston advocate of children's interests, staunchest friend of boys and girls, presented "Play as a School of the Citizen;" Jane Addams showed the relation between "Public Recreation and Social Morality;" Charles Zueblin, of the University of Chicago, discussed "Playgrounds and the Boards of Education;" and other distinguished writers related the experience of Boston, New York, Chicago, and other cities, in their efforts to secure wholesome conditions through Recreation Centres. Here, as in all good work for children, the coöperation of the Women's Clubs is evident.

Write for the midsummer number, and read it from cover to cover; then, if you have not already done so, make ready to increase the lists of those who are interested in the good work, and help to secure for all children the free, wholesome play which should be their rightful heritage.

THE HOME FOLK

By EDWIN L. SABIN

Somewhere the frigate-bird upfloats
 Above the tropic brine;
 Somewhere soft-swells the choral notes
 Of pungent spruce and pine;
 Somewhere are boundless surge and plain,
 Somewhere wait isle and peak;
 But what of folk who dream in vain —
 Yet in their dreams must seek!

That folk whose ways are straitened ways
 Which lead from door to door;
 Whose fate it is to grope their days
 In circles, o'er and o'er;
 Whose blood may fast and redly run,
 Whose spirit know no lack,
 But who from rise to rise of sun
 Pursue the beaten track.

All praise for them who dream their dreams
 But couch a blunted lance,
 Tho' well aware the wide world teems
 With deed and brave romance;
 Who from their furrow, desk, and roof
 In thought alone may roam;
 Who weave unvarying their woof —
 The guardians of home.

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Some Phases of Politics

THE political aftermath of the Haywood trial is worth the consideration of thoughtful men and women. It is obvious that Haywood is to exist largely as a political factor from this time onward. It is quite inconceivable that the terrible industrial chaos out of which Steunenberg's murder and the "bull pen" came can again be permitted on American soil. We as a people in the nation would not allow it even if those communities afflicted had not reached a high enough plane of civilization to stop it. Undoubtedly, Idaho and Colorado have had enough hell for one generation and are themselves bound that such terrorism shall cease, whether it springs from mine-owner or mine-worker. But there is a strong probability that this Haywood trial will have its bearing upon future political development in this country. Haywood himself, only last year, while in prison for Steunenberg's murder, was nominated by the Socialists of Colorado for Governor, and received 18,000 votes. The prestige which he has accumulated as the result of the trial makes more than a fair guess his nomination for President by the Socialists next year. That such a nomination means any chance of election, or, indeed, of carrying any State even, out of sympathy, is of course unthinkable; but the choice of Haywood will mean the rallying about a forceful man of a large army of Discontent with

which Socialism has come to be associated. It will give that party a chance for an aggressive campaign in behalf of a man and a cause for which trades-union men last May marched by the thousands in every city in the country. That cause, to be sure, was not Socialism—or was not so stated. It was "a Fair Trial" and "Justice." Yet there was protest against capital, a propulsion toward Socialism, and a warming-up to its principles, understood very roughly, by a vast mass—probably a million or two—of American working-men and voters. And Haywood is going to receive support from many of these voters who never before voted the Socialist ticket. The point we wish to get at now is how strong and important a figure can Socialism, thus led, make in our next national campaign.

It is worth noting at this point that if this movement results in a striking political manifestation it will be the first forward step of Socialism for some time. Socialism as a political and economic force has certainly lost ground heavily within the last few years, and especially within the last few months. It has been a memorable and momentous check in a movement which but yesterday seemed destined to carry all the world with it. It seemed for years that the reaction would never come, and that some sort of collectivism would prevail to a greater or less degree in all democracies. Many honest and able citizens were aghast at its progress. Others who thought it unwise did not fear it as long as its source was the people, who ultimately always judge a thing by its fruits. But it certainly meant a political revolution wherever it was tested. To be sure, there has been no unity among the Socialists of the world, or cohesion and definiteness in their programme among the various nations; but Socialism, as understood by the mass, meant the placing of political and industrial power more and more in the hands of the people, and the disappearance, gradual or summary, of the great employing individual or individualistic corporation. And certainly that theory was becoming a favorite one only a few years ago. Somehow, it has been recently losing place and strength. That fact first revealed itself signally about four years ago, in the failure, by a narrow majority, of the attempt by Socialists to commit the American Federation of Labor to their cause. One year later this attempt

failed by an overwhelming majority, and since then the attempt has not been repeated. That this shift was but an index of a general world change has been demonstrated in a most astonishing way in Europe within the past few months. The great losses sustained by the Socialist party in the German National Elections; the defeat of the Municipal Central party in the London County Council elections after a test of a few years; the failure of the Socialists of France to prevent the government from taking severe measures with strikers although Jaures himself denounced the government's acts; the defeat of Mayor Dunne and his municipal-ownership platform in the Chicago elections; and the numerous similar verdicts in other cities of this country;—these have been blinding blows in the face of Socialists and Socialism, blows whose significance and strength cannot be disputed. It is not our purpose here to indicate whether these have been just or justifiable verdicts against Collectivism, but the fact cannot be gainsaid. It is true, nearly all these defeats were of a party which has not yet got a fair test. Mayor Dunne in Chicago, Herr Bebel in Germany, and Jaures in France had not been supreme in control of the government; but the verdict in the case of the London County Council was squarely against an entrenched government which had had time to carry out its plans, but which had so increased the taxes as to make the recoil fatal to its hopes. There Collectivism in a limited sense had been tried in the balances and found wanting. It is clear, then, that any forward or aggressive movement by the Socialists in this country will be watched with absorbing interest by political students throughout the world. The principles of Socialism as usually understood have a distinct fascination to nearly all of us. We feel a strong sympathy for the theory of companionship and comradeship and for the conception of the mass of people doing everything and being responsible only to themselves. It is like that other fond and wistful dream of each of us that some day we shall quit the demerit grind of desk and office and shop, and retire into the country on a farm to live in peace and happiness all the rest of our days. This latter dream seldom if ever finds fulfilment, and is n't often even entered upon. And whether Socialism is any

more practicable we are prone to question while in a logical and severely mental mood, while something in our hearts is tugging us in the opposite direction. We in this country may not see for generations, if ever, so strong a fight for and against Socialism as Europe has seen, but we shall certainly see a strong attempt in the coming national campaign to press its principles before the people through the personality of Wm. D. Haywood. How successful this will be in obtaining a popular response no one can now tell. Mr. Haywood has returned to Colorado, his home, and labor circles there have received him with great enthusiasm. Whatever trips he takes to the East will certainly be attended with an outpouring of the labor element. These meetings and the months that will intervene between to-day and the national election will show clearly the mettle of the man, and will mean much to his cause. Whether he will take the advice of his dying comrade and "Be humble," or whether he vaunts himself and his words unduly, is a big question to the Socialists. Haywood did not succeed in becoming a martyr. Whether this is a greater misfortune than it now seems to his party depends largely upon himself. His personality will for a time exceed that of any other possible seeker for the place, and will only be overshadowed by the present incumbent, who applied to Haywood that pat phrase "undesirable citizen," whose truth or falsity will have a most ample demonstration within the coming months.

As to the Surplus

THE raising of the feeble cry of a men-acing surplus in the Treasury brings back memories of former years when this surplus grew to the dignity of a big campaign issue. Since that time we have had that surplus pretty well depleted, which caused us all much concern, for it was accompanied by a similar depletion in our individual treasures. Now we are a very prosperous people and our national and individual surpluses are great. Probably this national surplus is n't necessary and is harmful to us, but our people are not going to rend their garments or hearts over the

question. It sounds petty to us to-day. Why? For one thing, because of our national prosperity. But the second and larger reason is the broadening of our national interests and outlook. One who examines the daily papers or the congressional debates of ten years ago and of to-day will be struck with the greater variety, breadth, and importance of our national topics to-day. It is n't that since the Spanish War we have become a World Power, but that we have come to have a World Concern and Share. It is n't that we own or hold some islands far off in the shadowy, mysterious East, but it is that those holdings have brought within our ken the great problems of race and lowly life with which this old Earth has been throbbing for centuries, but which are new to us. To the mind of

the writer this is a distinct national gain to us. Our horizon has broadened as our domain has been extended. We are thinking more in terms of Empire, perhaps, but we are certainly thinking more deeply and on vaster themes. And not only has our geographic-mental horizon extended, but our own domestic questions have assumed a profundity and importance they had not before.

Our national existence seems to move in cycles. There have been deady dull periods in our history before this time, in which the narrator is able to see little that means progress or achievement. Undoubtedly we are not in such a season of calms to-day, and it is a source of congratulation, we think, that our lines are fallen in these livelier, more stirring times.

WHO COUNTS THE COST?

By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

Ye who count all the cost, and go
So safely on the paths ye know,
Giving no more than just enough —
What do ye know of sacred love?

He that can make it all his bliss
That another happy is,
While in rags and sin and pain
His days pass — ah, not in vain
Such an one may claim to know
Love, though with Death his footsteps go.

Love that can break and mar and kill,
With hell and heaven one moment fill;
Love that takes all and passes on,
But never to oblivion;
Still unforgotten love must be,
Though gone with all his majesty.
Though he has left you only tears
And the gray falling of the years,
That splendid instant of his stay
For all, and more than all, will pay.

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO HOLLAND IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE

By EDWIN D. MEAD



THE year 1907 will be ever memorable in history as the year of the first real Parliament of Man. The first Hague Conference, in 1899, with its representatives from twenty-six nations, could not fairly be called that. But the forty-six nations represented in the august assembly, — whatever its particular achievements, the most significant political gathering in human history, — holding its sessions this year in the old Hall of Knights at The Hague, constitute substantially the civilized world. The history which is being made in Holland for the cause of international organization and progress is momentous; and there is a peculiar fitness in the fact that the scene of these events so pregnant for the peace and welfare of the world is the land of Erasmus, the author of the first great modern impeachment of the war system, and of Grotius, the founder of international law; the little land which first powerfully illustrated to the modern world the virtue of those principles of federation and political coöperation which the nations represented at The Hague now seek to apply to international affairs.

William Penn was the greatest political philosopher among the founders of our American States. He was also the first Englishman who had a clear and commanding vision of the federation of the world. His remarkable "Essay towards the Present and Future Peace of Europe," published in England in 1693, a few years before his last visit to Pennsylvania, was the first essay of such an international character which is free from every suspicion of ulterior motive and inspired purely by the love of humanity. The one famous plan of earlier date is the "Great Design" of Henry IV, of France, to which Penn himself refers in his essay. "This great king's example," he says at the close of the outline of his scheme of federation, "tells us it is fit to be

done; and Sir William Temple's history," he adds, "shows us, by a surpassing instance, that it may be done."

Sir William Temple's history, to which Penn refers, is his "Account of the United Provinces," which Macaulay justly pronounces, in the essay to which most of us owe our impressions of Temple, "a masterpiece in its kind." Sir William Temple was a man of conspicuous purity in public life in the dissolute age of Charles the Second; he was an acute observer and a charming writer; and he spent many years in Holland as English Minister. No other Englishman of his time was so well fitted to write the account of Holland which we owe to him, and which was written at just the time of Penn's own first visit to Holland, twenty years before his "Plan for the Peace of Europe." Of Temple's "Account of the United Provinces" Penn says in his famous essay:

"It is an Instance and Answer, upon Practice, to all the Objections that can be advanced against the Practicability of my Proposal: Nay, it is an Experiment that not only comes to our Case, but exceeds the Difficulties that can render its Accomplishment disputable. For there we shall find Three Degrees of Sovereignties to make up every Sovereignty in the General States. I will reckon them backwards: First, The States General themselves; then the Immediate Sovereignties that constitute them, which are those of the Provinces, answerable to the Sovereignties of Europe, that by their Deputies are to compose the European Dyet, Parliament, or Estates in our Proposal; and then there are the several Cities of each Province, that are so many Independent or Distinct Sovereignties, which compose those of the Provinces, as those of the Provinces do compose the States General at the Hague."

William Penn was right. The United States of Holland, established at Utrecht in 1579, was the great precursor of the United States of America, and the prophesy of the

United States of Europe, for which Penn pleaded, and of the United States of the World, for which we work to-day. "By concord little things become great" was the motto of this Dutch Union; and our Amen to-day is "Organize the world."

The Legislature of Massachusetts in 1903 passed unanimously a resolution urging the government of the United States to invite the other governments of the world to unite with it in establishing a Stated International Congress, to meet at regular intervals and perform for the world legislatively a function similar to that performed judicially by the Hague Tribunal, considering the multiplying international problems of tariff, currency, copyrights, patents, postage, sanitation, boundaries, and so much besides, which the ever closer and complexer relations of modern States make imperative. The Interparliamentary Union the next year, and again in 1906, endorsed the plan; and an International Parliament is likely to be the memorable creation of the second Hague conference, as the International Tribunal was of the first. At first such a World Parliament could of course be only deliberative and advisory, referring its conclusions back to the nations represented for ratification. And here we have precisely the precedent of the old Dutch United States. This is the account given by Sir William Temple, in the chapter on Government, in his history:

"In the assemblies of the States, though all are equal in voices and any one hinders a result, yet it seldom happens but that, united by one common bond of interest and having all one common end of public good, they come after full debates to easy resolutions, yielding to the power of reason where it is clear and strong, and suppressing all private passions or interests, so as the smaller part seldom contests hard or long what the greater agrees of. When the Deputies of the States agree in opinion, they send some of their number to their respective towns, proposing the affair and the reasons alleged and desiring orders from them to conclude, which seldom fails, if the necessity or utility be evident; if it be more intricate, or suffers delay, the States adjourn for such a time as admits the return of all the Deputies to their towns, where their influence and interest and the impressions of the debates in their provincial assemblies

make the consent of the cities easier gained."

"The parliament of man, the federation of the world," is the eloquent phrase in which the great English poet pictures the universal peace and order for which we work and pray to-day in a world weary of the waste and wickedness of war, with its terrible mockery of justice. And it was Holland, as William Penn well discerned, which first taught the modern world the lesson of federation, the fundamental condition and method of universal order and eternal peace. The Dutch federal republic was the earnest and the model of our American federal republic and of the greater federal republic that shall be.

Republic, I say; for I hold with Immanuel Kant, in his great essay on "Eternal Peace," that we shall not see a federated, organized world until we see a republican world. I use the word "republic" in the broad sense in which Kant used it as describing every state, whether its head be called president or king, whose people are really self-governing, and where legislative and executive power are not lodged in the same hands. A federation of the world, so long as the most powerful parties to the federation were not nations such as these, would promote the interests of tyranny and privilege more than those of liberty and progress. This is why those of us who wish most earnestly to-day for the federation of the world, or for the organization of the family of nations in some fitting form, need feel no regret, but rather may congratulate mankind that no organic union came at any earlier period. Evolution must have ample space; and only now is the fullness of time for this great consummation.

Of the liberty and self-government which must lie at the very basis of any worthy or desirable national or international federation, Holland gave the first large and conspicuous example in modern history. The Dutch Republic antedates the English Commonwealth, as it antedates the planting of New England, which it so signally promoted. We of New England rejoice and are proud that we have in a measure paid the debt we owe Holland for her generous hospitality to our exiled fathers by furnishing her the great historian of her own heroic struggle. No other struggle in history ever taught more powerfully the lesson, so

imperative for a world whose prescribed goal is justice and order, that no great nation may recklessly oppress a small nation or seek to take away its fundamental rights. The awful cost of such attempts, even when for the hour successful, has just been taught us once again by the farmers of the little Dutch republics of South Africa, in whose veins flowed the blood of the men who three centuries ago stood on the walls of Haarlem and Leyden. Our Massachusetts Senator Hoar has well said of these, as Motley might have said of their fathers: "There has been no more heroic struggle than theirs since Thermopylae, and none in a holier cause." Should any differ from this judgment of a struggle so recent, and concerning which men's minds are yet heated, we shall all heartily unite in paying tribute to that heroism and courage, that passion for justice and freedom, in the Dutch nature, which are the primary foundations of peace and order in every people, and through which Holland for four centuries has done so much to promote the order and progress of the world.

Next to the principle of federation and the passion for freedom, I place among the factors which work for the world's peace and better order the principle of toleration; and here too Holland has led mankind. While religious persecution raged over all the world besides, "the republic," as Motley says, "became the refuge for the oppressed of all nations, where Jews and Gentiles, Catholics, Calvinists, and Anabaptists prayed after their own manner to the same God and Father."

"It has ever been the great principle of their State," writes Temple, "running through all their provinces and cities, even with emulation, to make their country the common refuge of all miserable men; from whose protection hardly any alliances, treaties, or interests have ever been able to divert or remove them. . . . He that is forced by his fortune to live low may here alone live in fashion and upon equal terms with the chiefest of their ministers and richest of their merchants." To the sons of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England passages like this are surcharged with meaning. It was towards Holland that our suffering fathers in England, as well as the persecuted Huguenots in France, turned their faces when they prayed. If all Dutchmen in the

16th century had not come to that position of absolute toleration which we hold to-day, William of Orange had come to it as completely as Oliver Cromwell came to it in the 17th century. This is how Sir William Temple wrote about religious toleration in Holland and its results, in his history:

"By the union of Utrecht, concluded in 1579, each of the Provinces was left to order the matter of religion as they thought fit, with this provision, that every man should remain free in his religion and none be examined or entrapped for that cause The great care of this State has ever been to force no particular or curious inquisition into the faith or religious principles of any peaceable man who came to live under the protection of their laws, and to suffer no violence or oppression upon any man's conscience, whose opinions broke not out into expressions or actions of ill consequence to the State. Perhaps while they were so threatened and endangered by foreign armies, they thought it the more necessary to provide against discontents within, which can never be dangerous where they are not grounded or fathered upon oppression, in point either of religion or liberty."

Here the keen English observer comes to the heart of the matter, showing how it is that the attempt to compel uniformity in religion, so far from promoting order and concord, sows the seed of strife and war. He continues: "Every man enjoys the free exercise of his religion in his own chamber or his own house, unquestioned and unespied; and if the followers of any sect grow so numerous in any place that they affect a public congregation . . . they go and propose their desire to the Magistrates of the place; and if these find nothing in their opinions or manners of worship destructive to civil society or prejudicial to their State, they easily allow it. . . . Thus the Jews have their allowed synagogues in Amsterdam and Rotterdam; and in the first, almost all sects that are known among Christians have their public meeting-places; and some whose names are almost worn out in all other parts, as the Brownists, Familists and others."

Sir William Temple, it is interesting here to note, was born a few years after our Brownist fathers had sailed from Delftshaven to Plymouth, and just before the Jew Spinoza was born, at Amsterdam.

Temple can hardly say enough to express his deep sense of the political value of religious toleration, as he had witnessed it in Holland, or his sense of the measure in which freedom ministers to peace. "It is hardly to be imagined how all the violence and sharpness which accompanies the differences of religion in other countries seems to be appeased or softened here by the general freedom which all men enjoy, either by allowance or connivance; nor how friction and ambition are thereby disabled to color their interested and seditious designs with the pretences of religion, which has cost the Christian world so much blood for these last hundred and fifty years." Again he says: "In this commonwealth, no man having any reason to complain of oppression in conscience, and no man having hopes, by advancing his religion, to form a party or break in upon the State, the differences of opinion make none in affections, and little in conversation, where it serves but for entertainment and variety. They argue without interest or anger; they differ without enmity or scorn; and they agree without confederacy. Men live together, like citizens of the world, associated by the common ties of humanity and by the bonds of peace."

To all this noble practice of toleration Sir William found one exception, the exception still to be found in the Protestant world — sadly but naturally enough — for generations afterwards. But even here there was melioration. He says: "The Roman Catholic religion was alone excepted from the common protection of their laws — making men, as the States believed, worse subjects than the rest, by the acknowledgment of a foreign and superior jurisdiction . . . Besides, this profession seemed still a retainer of the Spanish government, which was then the great patron of it in the world. Yet, such was the care of this State to give all men ease in this point who ask no more than to serve God and save their own souls in their own way and forms, that what was not provided for by the constitutions of their government was so, in a very great degree, by the connivance of their officers. . . . Though those of this profession are very numerous in the country among the peasants, and considerable in the cities, and are not admitted to any public charges, yet they seem to be a sound piece of the State and fast joined with the rest."

By a strange irony, it was from a Roman Catholic, and in Roman Catholic behalf, that the most impressive appeal for religious toleration came during the terrible struggle between Holland and the Spanish power. It was while the arrangements for the twelve years' truce were pending, in 1609, at the very time of our Pilgrim Fathers' sojourn in Leyden, that the Catholic Jeannin, president of the Burgundian parliament, handed in to the States General his eloquent appeal in behalf of the Catholics of the Netherlands. "Consider," he said, "the great number of Catholics in your country. Those cannot be said to share in any enjoyment from whom has been taken the power of serving God according to the religion in which they were brought up. No slavery is more intolerable. You know, my lords States, that it was the principal cause that made you fly to arms and scorn all dangers, in order to effect your deliverance from this servitude. As for the perils which some affect to fear if this liberty of worship is accorded, experience teaches us every day that diversity of religion is not the cause of the ruin of States, and that their subjects do not cease to live in peace and friendship with one another, rendering due obedience to the laws, as well as if they had all been of the same religion. The danger is not in the permission, but in the prohibition of religious liberty."

There are not in all of Motley's eloquent pages any pages more eloquent than those in which he rehearses this memorable Catholic argument for toleration, and comments upon it. "Most true, O excellent president! No axiom in mathematics is more certain than this simple statement. To prove its truth William the Silent had lived and died. To prove it a falsehood emperors and kings and priests had issued bans and curses and damnable decrees. To root it out they had butchered, drowned, shot, strangled, poisoned, tortured, roasted alive, starved and driven mad thousands and tens of thousands of their fellow-creatures. And behold, there had been almost a century of this work, and yet the great truth was not rooted out after all; and the devil-worshippers, who had sought at the outset of the great war to establish the Holy Inquisition in the Netherlands upon the ruins of religious and political liberty, were overthrown at last and driven back into the pit. Surely the world

had made progress in these forty years of war. Was it not something gained for humanity, for intellectual advancement, for liberty of thought, for the true interests of religion, that a Roman Catholic, an ex-leaguer, a trusted representative of the immediate successor of Charles IX and Henry III, could stand up on the blood-stained soil of the Netherlands and plead for Justice for all mankind?"

Never in human history had the power of religious rivalry and bigotry to deluge the nations with blood been exhibited so sweepingly and horribly as in Spain's attempt to crush the Dutch republic; and never were lessons taught which did so much to eliminate from the world that most prolific cause of war, and to establish the principle of toleration among men, the first essential principle of any permanent peace or real unity among the nations, as then and there in Holland.

Among the great pioneer preachers of the doctrine of toleration, none were more conspicuous than the Dutch Spinoza, the English John Locke, and the American Roger Williams. Spinoza and Locke were born in the same year, 1632. That was just as Roger Williams, then living at Plymouth in Massachusetts, was beginning to talk about soul liberty. By an interesting coincidence, the English home of this first of the prophets, in the years immediately preceding his removal to New England, had been in the same parish — Oates, in Essex — where John Locke, who in 1689 stated the doctrine of toleration in a form that commended it to England and made it law, spent his last years and found his final resting-place. It was at Amsterdam, during his exile, that he wrote his "Letter Concerning Toleration;" and the work was published in Holland — at Gouda — before it was published in England itself. At Rotterdam Locke lived with the Quaker merchant, Benjamin Furly. He was president of a little club which met at Furly's house to drink "mum" and discuss philosophy. But his chief friends were at Amsterdam, where he was especially intimate with Limborch, the Remonstrant professor, author of "Theologia Christiana" and "History of the Inquisition." Who can doubt that the two discussed together the "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus" of Spinoza, published not twenty years before, and especially its

closing chapter, devoted to the proposition that "In a Free State every one is at liberty to think as he pleases and to say what he thinks"? Locke could well appeal to Dutch thought and Dutch practice. Roger Williams did expressly cite the example of Holland, half a century before Locke's plea, in the "Queries of Highest Consideration" which he addressed to Parliament during his visit to England in 1643-44, while the civil war was raging, — wherein he pleads for the entire separation of Church and State and declares the impossibility of establishing any form of religion without doing violence to men's consciences. Roger Williams was a good Dutch scholar. He read Dutch to Milton; and he doubtless learned his Dutch — as also, suggests his latest biographer, "some of the principles which characterize his life's work" — from the descendants of the Dutch colonists who sought refuge in England during the persecutions of Philip and Alva.

We of English race, who glory in the history of English liberty and law, never forget that the Revolution of 1688, with the end of the tyranny of James II in Old England and of Edmund Andres in New, was a decisive chapter in it. All "divine right" of kings in England forever ended with that chapter. From then till now, as the English historian pointedly observes, an English king has been "as much a creature of law as the pettiest tax-gatherer in his realm." What Cromwell and the Puritans labored for was then permanently established in the nation. When we name John Locke, we cannot forget why he and such as he were exiles in Holland in 1688. It was in Amsterdam and The Hague that English Liberalism planned England's redemption; and that redemption was wrought at the hand of a Dutch king, a king with the same revered name and title — William Prince of Orange — borne by him who had redeemed Holland and Europe from the tyranny of Spain. It was in the train of the Prince of Orange that Locke returned to England. As he wrote his "Letter on Toleration" just before he came, so he wrote his "Treatise of Civil Government" immediately after. The one work, like the other, was the fruit of the long days of meditation in Holland. The two essays together form the philosophical basis and interpretation of the English Revolution; and they

furnished English Liberalism with its political creed for a hundred years. They furnished the Boston town-meetings, the Virginia Burgesses, and the Continental Congress with the arguments with which they won American independence. And John Locke, I say, like the Pilgrim Fathers, went to school in Holland.

The very time of Holland's struggle for freedom was the time of her rise to the commercial supremacy of the world; commerce and trade in the large, free sense in which we understand them may now indeed be said to have first begun. And modern commerce, the greater freedom and extent of trade, mark one of the most notable advances in the world's peace and order. True it is that in the commercial rivalry and greed of nations lie the chief ground and menace of wars to-day; but true it also is that the general development of international trade, with the great multiplication of relationships and risks, makes mightily for the fraternity and peace of mankind. By commerce men cease to be foreign to each other; and through it dies the mutual ignorance which has been the prolific cause of jealousy, injustice, and war. Sir William Temple already saw how the Dutch mind was becoming emancipated through Dutch commerce. "I believe the force of commerce, alliances, and acquaintances, spreading so far as they do in small circuits, such as the Province of Holland, may contribute much to make conversation and all the offices of common life so easy, among so different opinions, of which so many several persons are often in every man's eye; and no man checks or takes offence at faces or customs or ceremonies he sees every day, as at those he hears of in places far distant, and perhaps by partial relations, and comes to see late in his life and after he has long been possessed by passion or prejudice against them."

This was the Holland, enlightened by commerce and by her own hospitality, which was enlightened also by learning; which at Leyden chose a university as the most excellent gift, and not remission of taxes, when William of Orange, after the heroic resistance of the people at Leyden in the terrible siege of their city in 1575, offered them their choice of rewards.

The Union of Utrecht, the passion for justice, the passion for freedom, the free-

dom of faith, the right hand of fellowship, haven for John Robinson and John Locke, — federation, independence, toleration, education, commerce, hospitality! Yet above all these in their service for the cause of the world's peace I place Holland's contribution to international law. Above the name of Spinoza, above that of William the Silent, when we think of this great cause, the world's commanding cause to-day, we write the name of Hugo Grotius. With his great work upon "The Rights of War and Peace" the science of international law may almost be said to have been born into the world full-grown. "Of all works not claiming divine inspiration," said Andrew D. White at the tomb of Grotius in 1899, "that book has proved the greatest blessing to humanity. More than any other it has prevented unmerited suffering, misery, and sorrow. More than any other it has promoted the blessings of peace and diminished the horrors of war." The American government and people never did themselves greater honor than when, on that Fourth of July, 1899, by the hand of Mr. White, the head of our commission at The Hague, in presence of the members of the first Peace Conference, they laid a silver wreath upon the tomb of Grotius in the great church at Delft, the Westminster Abbey of Holland, where William the Silent also sleeps. "From the heart and brain of Grotius," said Mr. White, "more than from those of any other, came a revelation to the modern world of new and better paths toward mercy and peace. His coming was like the rising of the sun out of the primeval abyss. We may reverently insist that, in the domain of International Law, Grotius said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light. It was mainly unheeded at first; yet the great light streaming from his heart and mind continued to shine, it developed and fructified human thought, it warmed into life new and glorious growths of right reason as to international relations, and from his day to ours the progress of reason in theory and of mercy in practice has been constant."

It is a just judgment. War under any possible circumstances is cruel and terrible; but the difference in the usages of war since Grotius wrote from the savagery of the Thirty Years' War, in whose midst he wrote, is the measure of his influence. Its measure is the steady growth of peaceful arbitration

and international law down to the meetings of the Peace Conferences at The Hague in 1899 and 1907.

It was in 1625 that Grotius published his "Rights of War and Peace." He was at the time an exile in France. We remember the apostrophe of our own Bushnell, in his essay on the "Growth of Law:" "Go now with me to a little French town near Paris, and there you shall see in his quiet retreat a silent, thoughtful man, bending over his table and recording what deeply concerns the world. This man has no office or authority to make him a lawgiver other than what belongs to the gifts of his own person, a brilliant mind enriched by the amplest stores of learning and nerved by the highest principles of moral justice and Christian piety. He is, in fact, a fugitive and an exile from his country, separated from all power but the simple power of truth and reason. But he dares, you will see, to write *De Jure Belli et Pacis*. This is the man who was smuggled out of prison and out of his country, to give law to all the nations of mankind in all future ages. On the sea and on the land, on all seas and all lands, he shall bear sway. In the silence of his study he stretches forth the sceptre of law over all potentates and peoples, defines their rights, arranges their intercourse, gives them terms of war and terms of peace, which they may not disregard. In the days of battle, too, when kings and kingdoms are thundering in the shock of arms, this same Hugo Grotius shall be there in all the turmoil of passion and the smoke of ruin, as a presiding throne of law, commanding above the commanders and, when the day is cast, prescribing to the victor terms of mercy and justice, which not even his hatred of the foe nor the exultation of the hour may dare to transcend."

It was as early as 1604, twenty years before its final preparation and publication, that Grotius, then holding the position of official historian of the struggle of the United Provinces with Spain, conceived the principles and plan of his great work. By interesting coincidence, it was just a century before that, in 1504, that Erasmus of Rotterdam, in his panegyric to Philip of Burgundy, sounded his first note against the war system of nations, the note which he sounded louder in his "Praise of Folly," and louder still in his "Complaint of Peace." This re-

nowned Dutch scholar was the first great modern apostle of peace; his "Complaint of Peace" was the most memorable plea for a united and fraternal world which men had seen since Dante's *De Monarchia*. It is a significant fact, almost forgotten and unknown, that the provocation to the writing of "The Complaint of Peace" was the failure of a scheme for the organization and permanent peace of the nations of Europe in which some of the idealistic friends of Erasmus in the Low Countries succeeded in enlisting the interest of sundry royalties in 1517,—a "great design" which really antedated Henry of Navarre's by almost a century.

It was in accord with the poetic justice and the historic fitness of things that the capital of Holland, the land of Grotius and Erasmus, should have been chosen as the seat of these most august and beneficent Congresses in modern times; for such surely history will pronounce the two Peace Conferences at The Hague. It was from the Government of the Netherlands that the formal invitations went to the nations. On the beautiful May day in 1899 when the first Conference opened, the flags of nearly all civilized countries were thrown to the breeze from the public buildings of the Dutch capital; and in the afternoon the representatives of twenty-five nations met for the opening ceremonies in the Orange Hall of the famous House in the Wood. The Netherlands Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. de Beaufort, called the meeting to order. "Her Majesty, my August Sovereign," he said, "animated by the same sentiments which have inspired the Emperor of all the Russians, has chosen to put at the disposal of this Conference the most beautiful historical monument which she possesses. The room where you find yourselves to-day, decorated by the greatest artists of the seventeenth century, was erected by the widow of Prince Frederick Henry to the memory of her noble husband. Among the greatest of the allegorical figures which you will admire here, there is one appertaining to the peace of Westphalia, which merits your attention most especially. It is the one where you see Peace entering this room for the purpose of closing the Temple of Janus. I hope, gentlemen, that this beautiful allegory will be a good omen for your labors, and that, after they have been terminated, you will be able

to say that Peace, which here is shown to enter this room, has gone out for the purpose of scattering its blessings over all humanity." The Ambassador of Russia, M. de Staal, was unanimously elected president of the Conference. As he took the chair he said: "In the quiet surroundings of The Hague, in the midst of a nation which constitutes a most significant factor of universal civilization, we have under our eyes a striking example of what may be done for the welfare of peoples by valor, patriotism, and sustained energy. It is upon the historic ground of the Netherlands that the greatest problems of the political life of States have been discussed; it is here, one may say, that the cradle of International Law has stood; for centuries the important negotiations between European Powers have taken place here; and it is here that the remarkable treaty was signed which imposed a truce during the bloody contest between States. We find ourselves surrounded by great historic traditions."

It was surrounded by these great traditions that the conferences went on, and that, on the 29th of July, 1899, the Arbitration Convention was signed which from that time on provided the nations with the necessary and easy means of settling their differences by the arbitrament of reason, instead of the arbitrament of arms; and which, as M. de Beaufort well said at the closing session of the Conference, "opened a new era in the history of international relations between civilized peoples."

Fourscore years before the Czar of Russia called the Conference at The Hague, Channing, in America, led the American Peace Society in petitioning our government to call just such a conference — writing the petition with his own hand. It should be said always that this in America was no new idea, but the demand of one after another of our great American prophets of peace for almost a hundred years. The federation of the nations, when it comes, will be through the extension to the world of essentially those same principles of organization whose operation in the United States for more than a century has proved so beneficent — principles illustrated in high degree by the earliest federal Dutch Republic.

The great Convention of 1899 made The Hague the headquarters of the Permanent International Tribunal which it constituted,

and made the diplomatic representatives of the Signatory Powers accredited to The Hague, with the Netherlands Minister of Foreign Affairs as their president, its permanent administrative Council. There is not in all the world to-day any place more sacred, any other which the student of history and politics feels to be so big with prophecy, as the simple mansion at The Hague which now serves this international Bureau, the administrative and record office of the Court. Upon the walls hang photographic groups of the various delegates to the historic first Conference. The American seeks the faces of Andrew D. White and Seth Low, and of Frederic Holls, the secretary of the American commission and the historian of the Conference, whose untimely death we mourn; it is in his careful book and in Mr. White's autobiography that we have our best American records of those eventful days. He remembers, before the portrait of Sir Julian Pauncefort, than whom no other did greater service at The Hague, the long years of that lamented minister's noble work in Washington, which did so much to make America and England better friends. Before the portrait of Baron d'Estournelles de Constant he remembers how that prophetic Frenchman said at the closing meeting of the Conference: "This ought not to be the end; it should be the beginning" — and how his own life from that hour to this, in France, in England, in America, has been devoted to proving that it was a great beginning. When these pages are read the achievements of the second Hague Conference will be history. As they are given to the printer, those results are in the field of prophecy. The prophecy is that they will be worthy, as the results of the first Conference were worthy, and that as the memorable outcome of the first was the World Court, the outcome of the second will be a regular World Parliament. We are proud that the initiative for the Conference came from America; and we shall have reason to be proud of America's part in it.

The American rejoices that one of his own countrymen has made munificent provision for a worthy headquarters at The Hague for this great Court of the Nations. We are proud of the generous gifts of many of our men of wealth for the cause of education and progress; but among them all there has been no other in which those of us

who have at heart the peace and order of the world feel such peculiar pride and satisfaction as in Andrew Carnegie's gift of a million and a half of dollars for the Temple of Peace at The Hague, whose corner-stone has just been laid in this memorable summer of the Parliament of Man — an event of peculiar significance to us Americans, like the tribute to Grotius by our representatives at the first Hague Conference on that noteworthy occasion in the old church at Delft. We hope one day to rear on the shore at Delftshaven a worthy monument

to our Pilgrim Fathers and the hospitable land in which for those long years they found a home — speaking to us, like the great Faith monument at Plymouth, of the sacred past; but nobler and more grateful still will be this living monument, speaking to us ever through the years, and to all the world, of the better day to be—the day when the prophecy of the first Christmas song, of Erasmus and Grotius, of Penn and Kant, of Franklin and Jefferson, shall be fulfilled, and there shall be peace on earth and good will among men.

THE OUTCASTS

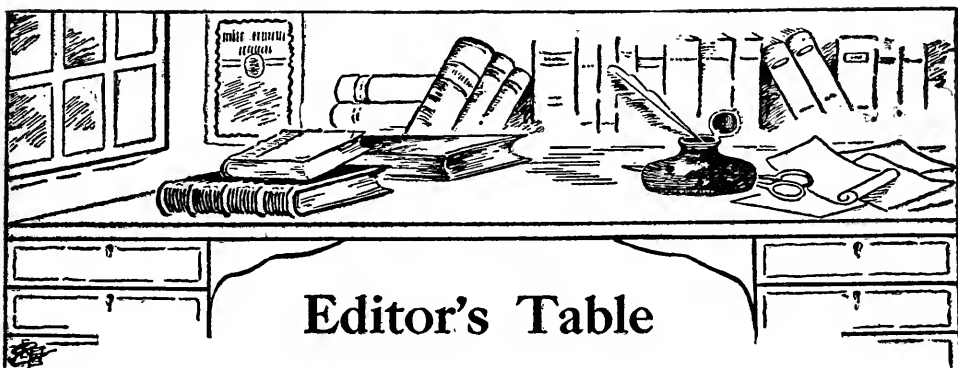
By CHARLOTTE BECKER

They go their way from dawn till dark, with dull, averted eyes,
That heed no lure of loveliness where earth's warm beauty lies;
Ah, what to them if thrushes sing, or if the rose be red —
Since they of what they crave the most are disinherited?

And some for doubt, and some for fear, and some for pride were doomed;
And some flung budded dreams away to wither ere they bloomed;
And others shut themselves apart, so deep in ancient lore
They would not stir to welcome him when Love knocked at their door.

Yet, though their gain be wealth, or wit, or fame blown far and wide,
Without the pale of Love's domain forever they must bide:
And none there is of this gray host who would not give his all
If he might harken to Love's voice or answer to Love's call!





Editor's Table

In Praise of Xanthippe

WITH no desire to enroll myself in that class of malcontents whose self-esteem does not permit them to share the opinion of the majority, or among those overweeningly fastidious and exceptionally discerning critics who turn from the rose that all are praising to advocate the charms of the flower which is unhonored and unsung, I beg leave to speak a few words in vindication of a woman whom the whole world, ancient and modern, has delighted to condemn.

In no recorded instance has posterity been so implacable or tradition so persistent in defamation, with the exception of two or three heroic knights whose defence of this most unhappy lady I should pronounce eminently unsuccessful were I not sure that my own venture in her behalf will prove preëminently so. I fear I am her only friend!

And, in thus leading a forlorn hope, I am not without illustrious precedent and example. The rehabilitation of character seems to be the special work of the twentieth century; and the last years of the nineteenth century, true to the adventurous, not to say the defiant, spirit of a "*fin de siècle*," produced many a free, if not formidable, lance for the championship of personalities which history has blackened with the vengeance and opprobrium of centuries. We have lived to learn how fearless of contradiction the professional white-washer of historical characters can be. Science and literature have united to accomplish a total reversal of scientific and literary creeds. The poisons dreaded by our grandparents are not only innocuous to the present generation, but have become contributors to health! The sinners have been done over into saints, and the saints proven to be sinners. Nero has been renovated into a very interesting and amiable gentleman, who would have abhorred a conflagration, and Actea might esteem herself happy in the possession of so innocent a lover! Henry VIII. was a husband of whom any woman should be proud, and by no means the

Bluebeard that he has been painted. He simply had the misfortune to get such villainous wives! Robespierre, the darling with a rosebud in his button-hole, was a charmer, if readers would only cast aside the verdict of malicious and mendacious historians and see the gentleman as he really is! And, *mirabile dictu*, what was Judas Iscariot but a patriot sublime! In short, all the bad people were really very good people, and there were no bad people except the good people! And a parallel to these new faiths may be found in the confession of a boy of five years, whose rebellion against old creeds was excited by the rebukes of a Calvinistic grandmother:

"Ah, William, you are very naughty, and Grandma is so sorry you let the devil make you so wilful and disobedient," pleaded the old lady.

"I know you're always talking about the devil," replied the impudent youngster. "You say mean things about him, but I like him, 'cause he is a very nice gentleman indeed. I seen him once, and he was the prettiest of 'em all!"

The vision of this "very nice gentleman" had been granted to the precocious urchin when he beheld a panorama of "Paradise Lost," in which, Satan, clad in scarlet, stands with one foot upon the earth! Evidently the "original brightness" of Milton's Lucifer was not lost upon the infant spectator.

Yet, who has ever spoken a good word for Xanthippe?

It is true that Edouard Zeller endeavored to redeem her name from enduring contempt in his essay "*Zur Ehrenrethung der Xanthippe*," and another defender appears in a German, Heumann by name, who put forth an apology for the slandered lady in an article in *Acta Philosophorum*, where he presents a parallel between the wife of Socrates and Luther's Catharine von Bora, who labored as strenuously for the proper adjustment of the Reformer as Xanthippe did for the management of the Philosopher. But of all arguments adduced for the inveterate defamation of Xanthippe,

that of Zeller is perhaps the most plausible. The injured woman is the victim of the obdurate, unaccommodating nature of the letter X.

The ideas of infant minds are made to sprout through the hotbed agency of the Primer, and how has the German Primer villified the name of Xanthippe! The name Xerxes had been made to do alphabetical duty in the "New England Primer," thus:

"Xerxes did die,
And so must I,"

a statement which by no means impeaches the character of the great Persian, but the German Primer is a standard chronicler of scandal in its slanderous couplets:

"Xanthippe war ein böses Weib
Der Zank war ihr ein Zeitvertreib,"

the English of which is:

"Xanthippe was a shrewish wife;
To scold was her delight in life."

And again, a lesson in mathematics is thus conveyed:

"Xanthippe ihren man anfuhr,
X mal X macht hundert nur,"

which, translated, reads:

"Xanthippe at her husband thundered,
X times X makes just one hundred."

Nor did this manufacture of libels suffice the insatiable archer, for behold another:

"Schon ist es lange Mitternacht
Da sitzt ein Mann und schreibt und wacht,
Sein Weib ist Zänkisch und genau
Xanthippe heisst die böse Frau,"

which snivelling hypocrisy may be rendered:

"Lo in the midnight long and deep
A husband writes — he cannot sleep.
His wife's a fretful, scolding dame;
Xanthippe is this bad wife's name."

Now, just why the author of this slander should represent his hero as writing is an unanswerable conundrum, for Socrates did not write. The gentleman's forte was *talking*. Nor was he a lecturer, even of the peripatetic school, as were other philosophers in Athens. The slandered Xanthippe's lord was eminently colloquial, not to say loquacious. His lectures were of the button-hole character in the market and on the corners of the streets. And why should the Primer illustrate Xanthippe's temper when the renowned Xerxes offered not only the letter X, but an instance of unreasonable temper which has no equal; for it is definitely stated that when the force of the waves swept away a pontoon bridge which he had

constructed across the Dardanelles, he was so enraged that he inflicted three hundred lashes on the rebellious sea, and cast chains of iron across it. Whether this merciless scourging was administered to waves or engineers, the absurdity of ungovernable temper could no further go. The upsetting of a table by poor Xanthippe is a trifle compared to it!

But in making mention of Xanthippe's defenders, I must add the name of America's greatest Grecian, Gildersleeve, whose championship of the unfortunate lady is quite as able as that of Zeller or Heumann, and we do well to accept his suggestion that the philosopher's wife was of high birth, inasmuch as names compounded with hippos — horse — were esteemed aristocratic in Athens because of an early religious connection with Poseidon, to whom the horse was sacred, and who preceded Athena in the guardianship of the city. Only those despise good birth who have not had it, and we know that a son of Pericles was named Xanthippos, and, as the Athenians were wont to perpetuate family names as a sort of entailed property, it is not assuming too much to infer a relationship between the wife of Socrates and the great Olympian.

But it may be asked, and not without reason, was there no foundation for the unsavory reputation of Xanthippe? Is it possible that such clouds of smoke should ascend from a spot where there was never a spark of fire? And the answer to this legitimate question may be given in the language of the highest authority: "*Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!*" Again, "*The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity!*" Herein lies the secret of the whole story. The reputation of poor Xanthippe was due to the tongues of a city whose citizens were always in quest of something new to discuss, and gossip in the beautiful city under the protection of Pallas did not grow less by repetition, any more than it does in Boston, where Minerva continues her undisputed reign. We know Virgil's wonderful picture of the potency of rumor! Xanthippe had cause, patent to all observers, for many a burst of temper. "She ought to be angry," says one; "She is furious," says another!

Many of us know the advice given by an old lawyer to one just entering upon his career: "When you have no case, young man, then abuse the other side." Such injustice is too common in the practice or malpractice of lawyers, and in my unworthy efforts to vindicate a much-traduced lady I scorn to resort to this *ad captandum* method, notwithstanding the latitude accorded to legal sinuosities; but it is not unfair to weigh evidence and thus balance on the other side.

Abuse Socrates? Perish the thought! But let us ask what sort of a husband was this Greek philosopher. A most uncomfortable one. And again, who was the most persistent defamer of Xanthippe? Without doubt, Xenophon, who declared, "Xanthippe is the most insupportable of all women who ever have been or ever will be."

And who was Xenophon? A historian who avails himself of the privilege and, in his opinion, the prerogative of his vocation to praise what he likes and abuse whatever and whoever he dislikes. I leave it to posterity to decide how far the word "insupportable" should apply to him. Those who think otherwise of him have never waded through the "Anabasis;" and if he had not seen a person far more insupportable than Xanthippe, then the mirrors of his establishment were sadly in need of polishing or he had never seen himself as others saw him. If all accounts of him are true, his own reputation is necessitous of deodorization. That Xanthippe did not like him we can easily believe. Amid the stirring and portentous events of the Peloponnesian War, it is not likely that a degenerate son of Athens would occupy a high place in her esteem. A trickster in politics, who had incurred the contempt of reputable Athenians, hardly appealed to the favor of any patriotic woman, and must have been especially obnoxious to one whose very name indicated her loyalty to the proudest city of Greece. As a friend of Socrates, he was doubtless often in her home, and to have an old prig like Xenophon sitting round from day to day, discoursing in maddening detail, as he does in that educational discipline to which we submitted in our school-days, must have irritated the most amiable woman in the world. It is my opinion that Griselda herself would have made a scene, almost as dramatic as that which illustrates her patience to the eyes of posterity! So much for Xenophon!

But, to test the stream at its source, was Socrates himself immaculate of criticism in his social and domestic life? We need not consider the fact that Aristophanes made him a subject of satire in the "Clouds," since Aristophanes laughed at everybody. "*C'était son métier.*" But it cannot be denied that Socrates was much of a meddler in other men's matters, and, like most busybodies, was culpably negligent of his own affairs. He had a constitutional antipathy to work, spending his time asking questions, and when he obtained an answer he straightway tortured it into another conundrum, and did not hesitate to make his opponent ridiculous. No man likes to be made the butt of another's jokes, and hence Socrates was often distasteful to the Athenian mind. It is true that Protagoras made short work of his flexible argu-

ments, which he bent into so many shapes; but every Athenian was not a sophist who enjoyed the demolition of sophistries, and it is not strange that the comic poet Eupolis took up the cudgel in behalf of many who could not defend themselves, as he did most aptly in the words:

"I hate him too, that Socrates, that prating, jabbering beggar,
So very thoughtful of all things else —
But whence he shall get his bread, neglecting altogether."

These lines leave no doubt as to Socrates' standing as a family man. To haunt the public market for the purpose of seducing men into doubtful disputations, and propounding subtle conundrums, cannot be esteemed a certain means of livelihood, and we can but admire the ingenuous spirit of Protagoras when he said, "It is better to express one's opinion openly than for a man to allege with false modesty that he knows nothing, and then pretend that he knows everything better than others."

This direct thrust at the pride which apes humility found a response in the mind of many an Athenian and doubtless in the heart of poor Xanthippe, whose larder received no addition from the adroitly wielded PRO and CON of her philosopher husband. Talking and laughing in the market buttered no parsnips, as Xanthippe knew to her cost. And to be made herself the butt of ridicule was more than any wife could bear, as when Antisthenes asked of Socrates, "Why do you not train Xanthippe, the most shrewish of women?" and Socrates replied, "I married her as those who wish to become expert horsemen choose mettlesome horses, thinking if they can manage them they can manage all." Can we wonder that outraged womanhood found voice in the bitterness of reproach and upbraiding? In whatever spirit this conjugal boast was uttered, it stands recorded in the biography of Socrates by Diogenes of Laerte.

And Socrates talked with anybody; "all was grist that came to his mill," and he delighted as much in entrapping boys into his network of reasoning as in silencing the most ingenious sophist in Athens. A stone-cutter, or sculptor, if we prefer, by trade, he did not work systematically, and the Three Graces, attributed to him, has also been attributed to another artist. Nor was he ashamed of idleness; for it is said that Archelaus of Macedon once invited him, with promise of considerable reward, to join his court-circle, and Socrates replied, with all the air of the imperturbable truth-seeker, "In Athens, four measures of flour are sold for an obolus, and water is to be had for nothing."

An obolus amounts to three cents, and the *sang-froid* of this reply of the Greek philosopher can

only be matched by one in modern times, when a confiding young bride said to her liege-lord, "O Charles, I could live with you on bread and water."

"Well, my dear, you hustle round and get the bread and I will try to find a little water," was the response of the up-to-date bridegroom. Thus it is; extremes meet and marrying a philosopher of the ancient or modern school by no means insures a bed of roses to the trusting wife.

Yet the unkindest cut of all the slings and arrows endured by poor Xanthippe was inflicted through a false position,—being made to appear in the wrong when she was manifestly in the right. The experience of all will rise here as an unimpeachable witness. Could anything be more galling to a noble mind? I know of nothing more exasperating than the pose of guilt as injured innocence,—trading on the sympathy of the uninformed and undiscerning,—and it need not be said that this ostentatious display of virtue generally does its banking business on a fictitious capital. How provoking and how humiliating to Xanthippe must have been all this pretence! For example, his reply to the interrogatory why he did not chastise his wife when she seized his cloak in the market:

"What, to have bystanders exclaim, Go it, Socrates! Go it, Xanthippe!"

And here it is only fair to inquire into the authority for all these stories concerning Xanthippe's outbursts of temper, and to say that the amount of conflicting evidence which honest inquiry elicits ought to have put them out of court long ago. Plutarch's version of the table story is that one day Socrates brought Euthydemus home with him to dinner, and Xanthippe rushed at him in a towering passion, abused him with violent language, and upset the table, whereupon Euthydemus rose to leave the house. Socrates immediately drew upon his fund of philosophy and said, "Tut! Tut! Why, at your house, the other day, a hen flew in and upset the table, and I did not get angry."

Unfortunately for Xanthippe's villifiers, this story is made to do duty with Alcibiades in the stead of Euthydemus, with the addition of a little drama of sulking and temper on the part of Alcibiades, and on another occasion a little comedy enacted by Socrates when he returned the visit. Again, the same story is told of Phocion, whose wife was called a termagant, and also of Pittacus, who was said to be another hen-pecked husband; so it seems that the unfortunate Xanthippe was a sort of clothes-horse upon which all kinds of libellous fabrications were hung, to suit the taste or the spite of Athenian newsmongers.

But the poet Eupolis is not the only authority for the unpopularity of Socrates. Aristoxenes

represents him as rude and passionate, without respect for the proprieties of society, and the elder Cato gives him the same character; yet ill-tempered men are not invariably without qualities which render them acceptable as husbands, and the constant thorn in Xanthippe's flesh was perhaps not so much his temper as his utter worthlessness. Socrates was a very poor provider, and a cantankerous husband and an empty larder are not a desirable combination. Besides, if Xanthippe was the high-born lady of the *sangre azul* of Athens which her patrician name would lead us to believe, how painful to her sensitive nature must have been the grossness of the plebeian stone-cutter, notwithstanding the applause bestowed upon the truth-seeker. Dirt and shabbiness may be philosophic, but they are distasteful to the refinement of every age.

Nor was this evil the only torment which vexed the tried, if not the righteous soul of Xanthippe. Her liege-lord had a habit of inviting guests to take pot-luck with him, when he could not have been ignorant of the fact that there was nothing in the pot and nae luck about the house. Not unfrequently, some bond-holder of Athens—Crito or possibly Hipponicus—was ushered in to a feast of herbs or nothing; and does the wife live who could endure such treatment with equanimity?

A man, too, is known by the company he keeps, and some of Socrates' pet associates were not likely to make home happy. Xanthippe's tastes doubtless were not as catholic as those of her husband, and a cobbler like Simon, who affected philosophy and argument and the ingenuity of sophistry; the blustering, blatant Apollodorus, vulgar and ill-bred; the impertinent little tyro, Chærephon, chronicler of the small beer of Athens, must have made the poor wife rue the day she married the philosopher! As for Xenophon, he has so many enemies to-day that further criticism of him would be like attacking a dead body. But of all the intimates of Socrates, none could equal that privileged scion of aristocracy, Alcibiades! In this age he would be characterized by that significant sobriquet generally applied to the utterly irreclaimable—"the terror"!

He was, in sooth, as those of us who have had the privilege of a negro mammy nurse can appreciate, "a torn-down piece, a limb on the face of the earth!" Hated and loved by the Athenians, there was nothing this graceless, graceful scapegrace did not dare. He was the master-spirit and ringleader of the "*jeunesse dorée*" of Athens, and founded the society of Ithyphallians, which included the most reckless youth of the city,—men whose unbridled caprices rendered them worthy

of such a patron as the demon Ithyphallus. In derision of the law which forbade carousing before noon, these choice spirits instituted a drinking-bout which held its orgies during the earliest hours of the day; and what this illustrious club did not do in the riotous amusement of painting Athens a gorgeous crimson could not have been conceived by the largest Greek imagination! The story of the flogging he gave the pedagogue because that worthy did not have a copy of Homer at hand is well known, but other escapades, which better deserve the name of crimes, recorded by Thucydides and others, are not so current. A more disgusting instance of insolence could hardly be imagined than when this social hero entered the house of Amytus, during a banquet, and took away half the vessels of gold and silver, and the host, himself a patrician, merely remarked, "Let us thank the gods he did not take the other half!" If, then, this dare-devil, who drove the finest dog-cart, or its equivalent, in Athens, dared such outrages in the houses of the rich and powerful, what must have been the excess of impropriety perpetrated in Xanthippe's home — wretched as it was with all the bitterness of penury? Can we wonder that, provoked to utmost wrath by brutal insult, she rushed at him and upset the table! And we do well to bear in mind the fragile workmanship of the tables used by the Greeks,—little tripods which the slightest movement could upset!

Just why Socrates should have found this reprobate so congenial is not easy to determine. It is said that they had mutual cause for gratitude and friendship, Socrates having saved the life of Alcibiades in the breach of Potidæa, and Alcibiades having rescued the philosopher at the battle of Delium. The persistent character of such a friendship is easily understood, but hardly justifies a lack of respect for the philosopher's wife. Nor is it easy to comprehend why Pericles tolerated the iniquities of a scamp who was his ward and lived in his house. No doubt late hours and prolonged absences were piously accounted for by stories of sacrifices to the gods, and similar inventions; and, like all lofty souls, the great Olympian wished to believe the best. And never a word has Pericles uttered against Xanthippe, whom he must have known. The great Olympian was a gentleman!

Why Athens endured and embraced one who defied her laws can be understood only by a thorough appreciation of the Greek adoration of beauty. With all his sins, Alcibiades had, as Mrs. Browning said of Napoleon, the genius to be loved: "He was fair to look upon, instinct with every grace of courageous manhood, and possessed of such intellectual brightness and social fascina-

tion that Aristophanes voiced the minds of the Athenians in his words:

"They love and hate,
And cannot do without him."

How much attention Alcibiades bestowed upon his personal pulchritude is revealed in his refusal to play on the flute because it disfigured his beautiful countenance, and the beauty-loving Athenians, gazing on that countenance, forgave him all.

And how the beauty of Alcibiades contrasted with that prototype of ugliness, the husband of Xanthippe! No face of the men of ancient Greece so conspicuous for hideousness as the face of Socrates! A worthless husband who is good-looking can be endured, but a bad husband who is ugly — O my! Clumsy and ill-proportioned, the gait of Socrates resembled the waddling of an aquatic bird, and his untidiness of attire was a by-word in the market. If not one of the "*sans-culottes*," he certainly might be classed among the "*va-nus-pieds*," and to go barefoot in Athens no well-bred woman could tolerate.

He was fond of comparing himself to a torpedo-fish that gave electric shocks, and his slovenliness and want of gentility must have shocked Xanthippe with many a pang of humiliation. A husband addicted to fits is a burden upon any woman's heart, and, standing on the street, lost in the depth of philosophical thought, a butt for the jeers and fleers of passers-by, does not enhance the attractiveness of a husband in the eyes of any wife.

And notwithstanding his shabbiness, Socrates was nothing loth to exhibit himself among the "élite." He was eminently a "diner-out." He visited Aspasia and Pericles and fared sumptuously at the house of Hipponicus, in the company of Sophocles, Protagoras, Phidias, Anaxagoras, and other great Athenians, while poor Xanthippe must needs content herself with the cheapest edibles. Artistic pleasures he had for the asking, and it was after beholding the danseuse Theodota, in her rôle of impersonation, that he resolved to take dancing-lessons — and these lessons were taken at home! Then followed instruction in music on the cithern from a cheap teacher, one Connus; and as practice was performed at home, poor Xanthippe's eyes and ears were assailed, until she must have prayed the gods for deliverance from insanity!

Picture a miserable hovel, scant of comfort as of room; old Connus thumping away on the cithern; Socrates disporting his ungainly proportions in time to the halting measures, for the playing of Connus was none too good; Alcibiades applauding with uproarious guffaws; Apollodorus shouting

and directing as a stage manager; and perhaps old Xenophon prosing and snoring in a corner! And to heap Ossa on Pelion, Xanthippe was expected to provide an abundant menu for this convivial party! In New England Socrates would have been in the divorce court before he had taken his second dancing-lesson!

As a final tribute to our slandered heroine, let me say that Lamprocles, her son, testified that she was a good mother, nursing him in sickness, and praying the gods daily for his welfare. Like most women, she forgot and forgave in the hour of her husband's suffering, and, accompanied by Crito's servants, went home from his prison weeping aloud and beating her breast in the abandonment of grief. Can history show a more pathetic scene? Unfortunate woman, the victim of brilliant antithesis, doomed to infamy by the grandiloquence of rhetoricians! — serene philosopher; nagging

wife! O Rhetoric, how many crimes are committed in thy name:

Alas, I fear that I have contended in vain against this old and time-honored antithesis. It is too mighty for me, but if I have persuaded one man or woman to compassionate my slandered client, I shall be glad to receive an acknowledgment of the conversion; and for the benefit of the college maidens, who, of course, are quite independent of translations, I subjoin the poem:

“Mädchen wer ergründet euch?
Räthsel ohne Ende!
Arg und falsch und engelgleich
Wer das reimen könnte.

“O nicht süßen Honig nur,
Führen eure Lippen
Und so seid ihr von Natur
Liebliche Xanthippen!”

ZITELLA COCKE.

ISEULT OF BRITTANY

By MARGARET ASHMUN

Hooded, she walks the strand. May it not be
That Tristram comes from out the West to-night?
Far-yearning, forth she leans, and strains her sight
Beyond the purple blackness of the sea
For some late sign, vague-symboling “’T is he!”
Low on the sky, a livid stretch of light
Lies blank as her lost years; a sharp, still blight,
Recurring, slays her hope. So lorn is she
Her heart goes coveting its joyance when
She bode, a trustful maid, too blind to mark
The shameful, cold disloyalty of men;
Her widowed soul grows slowly stern and stark
With sick, fierce thoughts of bitterness — and then
She hears his children calling through the dark.

A BARREL OF PLUM DUFF

By WILLIAM H. DEARDEN



ONG familiarity with the doctrine that a captain is absolute monarch of his vessel at sea has led to the firmly grounded belief that death or the dungeon is the certain punishment for disrespect to a ship's master. Here is a true story of a captain whose vessel-load of men bombarded him for two days with portions of a barrel of plum duff, in convenient handfuls, who lived a life of misery for weeks, yet who thanked God when he reached New York, and kept his mouth shut. The trip is one of those unrecorded incidents of the Civil War, especially of the depredations of the Confederate privateer *Alabama*. The plum duff was wielded by hardy whalers from New Bedford and Cape Cod, many a one of whom is now a retired sea-captain, and their mark was an English skipper.

The story is told by one of those who helped in the job and enjoyed it, Ulysses E. Mayhew, of West Tisbury, on Martha's Vineyard. Mr. Mayhew is now the proprietor of the general store in his town, and a member of the Legislature from his district. During the war he was a cabin-boy on a New Bedford whaling-vessel.

Mr. Mayhew sailed as cabin-boy in the whaler *Lafayette*, from New Bedford, May 20, 1862. That *Lafayette* was a full-rigged bark, Captain William Lewis, and carried four boats, which meant a crew of thirty-two men. For almost a year she cruised, evading Confederate privateers, until, on April 15, 1863, she came to grief off Fernando de Norono, a Brazilian convict prison island some three hundred miles off the coast of Brazil. At that time she had aboard one hundred and seventy barrels of oil, worth \$90 a barrel. For seven months the *Lafayette* had been out of sight of land, so when the island appeared there was general rejoicing at the prospect of getting some fresh vegetables, and possibly some fresh meat. With the *Lafayette* at this time was cruising the *Kate Corey*, a brig out of Mattapoisett, Captain Stephen Flanders. The

Kate Corey carried but three boats. She had been out about the same period as the *Lafayette*, and had one hundred and thirty barrels of oil aboard.

Both vessels were becalmed about eight or ten miles off the shore, so the two captains rowed ashore together to get fresh food enough to last until the whalers reached the West Indies. From the *Lafayette* could be seen with a glass the masts of two vessels in the little harbor of the island, partly hidden by a point of land. One was evidently a full-rigged ship, and the other was bark-rigged but had no spars aloft. During the morning the *Lafayette* and the *Kate Corey* worked their way in a mile or two, until, in the afternoon, when they were both completely becalmed, the *Lafayette* was about six miles out and the *Kate Corey* half a mile astern.

Caught thus, they had no chance to escape when there came out of the harbor the vessel rigged as a bark with no spars aloft, propelled by steam. This was instantly recognized as the dreaded *Alabama*, the English-fitted Confederate privateer under command of the famous Captain Semmes. The *Alabama* hove the *Kate Corey* to first, put a crew aboard, and then came up to the *Lafayette*.

"Haul back your yards, shorten sail, and we'll send a boat aboard," came the orders across the water to the New Bedford whaler.

Promptly the *Lafayette* obeyed, for the mates and crew were ready. More than half an hour had elapsed since the *Alabama* had been recognized, and every man had taken the time to conceal about his person what valuables he might have had. The boarding-crew from the *Alabama* first seized the nautical instruments and then demanded the sloop-chest. So many vessels had been captured that unless it was decided to put a prize crew aboard a vessel to take her back to port or to operate her as a privateer, Captain Semmes merely took the nautical instruments and the clothes from the sloop-

chest, kept aboard every vessel for sale to the crew. The *Lafayette's* mate, Frank Cottle, would not tell where the slop-chest could be found. Without delay the whaling-crew was tumbled into boats and put aboard the *Kate Corey*. Fifteen minutes after the *Lafayette* had been hove to she was a mass of flames, and the *Alabama* was towing the *Kate Corey* into port.

That night the unfortunate Massachusetts men spent in the harbor aboard the *Kate Corey*. It developed that the full-rigged ship in port was the *Louisa Hatch*, of Rockland, Maine, which had been captured about three weeks before, loaded with coal. The *Alabama* kept the *Louisa Hatch* with her until the coal was gone, and then burned her.

Meanwhile the two captains were ashore, fully aware of their misfortune. Captain Lewis was comparatively lucky, for he had saved his money, several hundred dollars in gold. During the cruise he had whiled away time sewing the gold pieces into his underclothing, and, in spite of the discomfort, he had worn them ashore for safe keeping.

Realizing that the crews might be carried away on a prize ship, Captain Lewis determined to rescue young Mayhew. Accordingly, he sent word to the *Alabama* that his son was the cabin-boy of the *Lafayette* and he would like to have him released. The word came to the *Kate Corey* to send Captain Lewis's son to the *Alabama*, as his father wanted him; but somebody sent word back that Captain Lewis had no son aboard. After some consultation word came back to the *Kate Corey* to send Mayhew, and accordingly he was rowed over to the famous privateer, being the only member of the two whaling-crews to set foot aboard her.

Mayhew improved his half-hour on the *Alabama* by prying about and seeing all that he could. Aboard her was the crew of the schooner *Kingfisher*, also from Massachusetts, which had been captured some time previously. Captain Lambert of the *Kingfisher* overheard the name Mayhew and looked the boy up, and he was a neighbor on the Vineyard. At the end of half an hour the cabin-boy was sent ashore to join Captain Lewis.

Meanwhile Captain Semmes was figuring out what to do with all his prisoners, and finally he decided to put them ashore and

let them go. The Governor of the little island protested vigorously, because of the international complications that were likely to develop. Semmes went ahead and landed his prisoners, with enough provisions from the *Kate Corey* to keep them from starvation. Among the incidents of the next few days were the burning of the *Kate Corey* and the *Louisa Hatch*, the calling-in of the privateer *Florida*, and the steaming away of the *Alabama*.

A little Brazilian schooner in port carried half a dozen of the whalers over to the mainland, to notify the American consul at Pernambuco that one hundred and thirty American sailors were stranded out on the island. He sent a steamer over for the whole forlorn outfit and began to look for a vessel to take them to New York. The whalers never forgave that consul for the quarters he provided them and the paucity of supplies he furnished pending the start for home, for he kept them on a little island down the roadstead, short of food and clothing. Young Mayhew was still kept under the care of his captain; indeed, on the island he had boarded with the Governor, in company with the two captains. The Governor, incidentally, was removed from office by his government for permitting Semmes to land the prisoners, and sailed for Pernambuco with the whalers.

Finally, the American consul chartered the English brig *Mary Garland*, Captain James, for \$8,000 to take the one hundred and thirty men to the States. A "slave deck" was built in her, and two rows of mattresses laid along it for bedding, and two little boxes of clothing were bought for the whole outfit. On May 25, forty days after the capture, the *Mary Garland* set sail for New York and the fun began.

The *Mary Garland* was an English vessel captained by an Englishman and manned by an English crew of nine or ten men. The *Alabama* had been fitted out in England, practically by Englishmen. To England the whalers blamed all their misfortunes, so their attitude towards the captain of the *Mary Garland* may easily be imagined.

Immediately on sailing, the whalers, by general agreement among themselves, divided up into three watches of forty men each. On board were four New England captains and a dozen mates, besides dozens of other veteran whalers who could navi-

gate, every one of them, better than the average English captain. The four captains were given quarters in the captain's cabin, Mayhew with them, but even the captains joined in the plans.

Captain James set the course for New York, and that was the last he had to say on that trip, he or his little crew. The whalers promptly clapped on all sail; for they wanted to get home, and they did not propose to consult the English captain as to how they got there. For the twenty-six days of the trip the actual captain of the brig would have had more privileges if he had been a mere passenger. Once he suggested mildly that a little too much sail was being carried. The navigators of his self-appointed crew did not intend to take lessons from him, so all hands went below, dragged out an extra spar, rigged up a jury royal mast, and set a main royal sail. All sail was carried, and carried hard, under the leadership of the mate of the *Louisa Hatch*. Once some sail was carried away, but that bothered no one but Captain James, for there was plenty more below.

After they were a few days out the cook gave out word that there was a barrel of flour aboard which could be used as the men thought best. The cook was ordered to cook it up into plum duff, and so he tried. The job was a failure, and only a barreland of a half-cooked, soggy mass resulted. Immediately a conference was held as to the best disposition of the plum duff, and it was unanimously voted to throw it at Captain James. The mass was divided between the watches, and the plan set in motion.

Captain James was on the quarter deck when the first assignment of plum duff sailed over and took him in the ear. As he was about to order somebody put into irons, another ball hit him in the mouth. More plum duff was in the air as he took to his cabin. Occasionally he bobbed out, but there was always a watch on deck, fully armed with missiles, and from every part of

the deck and rigging he was bombarded. It took the crew two days to use it all, without wasting any.

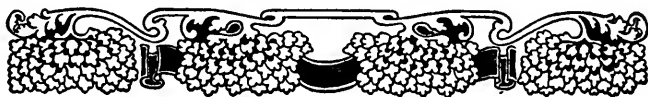
All up the coast the *Mary Garland* sighted other vessels, and every time the lookout called, all the men rushed to the bulwarks. Again and again the whalers tried to speak one of the vessels, but always the others fled away under full sail. The presence of so many men on the deck convinced every passing craft that the *Mary Garland* was a privateer, and they had no occasion to exchange talk with such a scourge.

By the time the brig sailed into New York Captain James was boiling mad, but sufficiently suppressed so that he did not flaunt it. In the harbor he picked up courage and made one last futile stand. The whaling-captains had gone ashore in a tug and the brig was surrounded by boats of boarding-house keepers to take off the men, when some one of the one hundred and thirty decided that he would need his mattress ashore, and brought it up from below. Every man followed the lead.

"Here, put those back. Those belong to me," shouted Captain James, angrily striding forward as the men were throwing the mattresses overboard to the boarding-house boats.

In a very brief time the mate of the *Louisa Hatch* had appointed a detail to throw the captain overboard. As the detail started in to carry out instructions Captain James gave in. The mattresses went overboard instead, and the whalers with them. As long as the last of those boats was within hearing distance Captain James was on deck, giving his opinion of American whalers.

Eventually all of the captured captains and men came in for their share of the *Alabama* award, paid, after the Geneva conference, to the United States by England. The awards carried the entire loss of the crews on their share of the burned oil, and ran from some hundreds to many thousands of dollars.





ANYTHING which will diminish worry or help to conquer that useless, and worse than useless, that deadly and dangerous, habit we welcome with gratitude.

Even two words in big blue letters, from a well-known advertisement — "Don't Worry, but Use Somorio" — which were given me years ago, have proved a blessing to me and many of my guests. Those two words occupied a conspicuous position in my library, and every one who came noticed them and inquired where I found them.

A fine sonnet was inspired by them; half a dozen journalists have made them the theme of a stirring editorial; in reports of visits to my home those two short words have always been copied and applauded. And they have influenced my mental habit more than many sermons, and many books on the duty of a cheerful spirit.

They are still my stand-by motto: "Don't Worry!"

Therefore I am especially interested in a book by the prolific and always worth-while writer, Dr. C. W. Saleeby, Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh and a practising physician in London, on the threadbare theme of "Worry." I assure you that it is a most convincing argument against it, and far better than drugs and anodynes for the unfortunates who are ever looking either back into the irrevocable Past with regrets or remorse, or out into an unknown Future with fears, and forebodings. Such heart-fatiguers and nerve-depleters are to me as guilty of crime as if they actually injected poison into the veins of their unwilling listeners. Even a guinea-pig will die if the highly poisonous sap pressed from the muscles of other pigs killed by exhaustion from running round and round a treadmill be put in its veins.

How many of us have endured that wearing discipline of being dragged round and round the mental treadmill of a selfish and weak-minded egotist as he (or she) mourns and whines about money lost in poor investments; other mistakes in

matters of conduct or health, even bringing up with dreary details what he said, what he or they said, what ought to have been said; all their diseases since birth; all their accidents; how they lost their hair; what a dreadful time they have had with their teeth; what a lot of sickness and death in their neighborhood; and how they don't expect to last long — the only gleam of light in the endless chain of gloom to the unwilling listener.

I'm "for" Dr. Saleeby: he is a eudæmonist as well as a philosopher, and still not a materialist — rather an idealist. He reveres true religion and declares that worry, being an almost inevitable consequence of the facts of human nature, can be avoided only by the power of a living creed.

He writes with an easy grace, entirely free from pedantry or a partial view, giving to his readers the best procurable on many vital themes as now seen and explained by the new thinkers and their marvellous discoveries.

He has given us the latest ideas and facts in biological science in his "Cycle of Life;" is a reverent student of Spencer, and in "Evolution the Master Key" explains the Spencerian philosophy to those who are less familiar with that wonderful system, so all-embracing in its researches that few have time or knowledge to realize its lasting influence. He has also written on "Heredity" and the "Laws of Thought;" and with all his wisdom as regards the Wonderland just opening to those ready to see, is a full believer in the influence of the mind over the body, never thinking them one. He quotes John Hunter, "one of the acutest observers of any age;" "There is not a natural action in the body, whether voluntary or involuntary, that may not be influenced by the peculiar state of the mind at the time."

Dr. Saleeby thinks worry "the disease of the age;" and believes that our being's end and aim "is happiness — not necessarily the material happiness of the inebriate or the epicure, but happiness of some kind, having its highest form in the

spiritual exaltation of those rare souls who in this world of shadows and half-lights have seen a vision and follow the gleam."

He says that "to worry is to miss the purpose of one's being; it is to fail — to fail for one's self, to fail for others, and to fail gratuitously."

Believing that mind and body are inextricably one and yet not identical, he regards worry as a mental fact which is to be dealt with by mental, not material, means; by dogmas rather than by drugs. He calls worry a disease of every age, but preëminently of this. "Every access of civilization increases the importance of this malady. Printing must have multiplied it a hundred-fold; cities, with their pace and their competition and foul air, have done the like — and we are all becoming civilized if not civilized to-day. I write for those to whom the struggle for existence is a stern necessity; those who have others dependent upon them; those who fear forty and gray hair, and death and consumption and cancer; and beyond all these, 'the dread of something after death.' And this book is dedicated to those whom it may serve."

Abstaining from drink and drugs is constantly urged, for from these come misery, suicide, and death incalculable.

He fears he may not be understood. "When one dares to mention happiness as the end of life, foolish people commonly speak as if one were thinking of race-courses or low music-halls, or wine, or worse. But the word 'happiness,' as used in the Bible and other classics, has no such base meaning: 'But and if ye suffer for righteousness sake happy are ye.'"

After several pages of description of the healthy man, he closes with this: "He has never thought about his digestion, and all the information that he can afford on that score would amount simply to this: that at intervals during the day he deposited certain pleasant materials in the largest aperture of his face, but that of their subsequent history he has no record whatever. As for his tongue, he does not remember ever having seen it."

He willingly owns the cures that have been wrought by faith. "The pile of crutches at Lourdes indicates real cures of real diseases. The cures of Christian Science are real cures. Neither faith nor Mrs. Eddy can remove mountains, or kill bacillus, but mind can act on mind." There is great benefit from "suggestion" by doctor or nurse, and he advises women who wish to keep their good looks never to allow worry to draw down the lines of the mouth, the "grief muscles," for they are indelible. "Of all the ravages that can be worked in a fair face there are none against which chemistry is more impotent: electricity,

massage, chin-straps, and depilatories, and the like."

The chapter on "Religious Worry" can be thus condensed.

First, religion is and has been a cause of worry.

Secondly, most religions show signs of having been produced in order to relieve and avert worry.

Thirdly, it is certain beyond certainty that true religion is a cure of worry, a preventive of worry, and utterly incomparable in its power of performing these functions.

He assures us that the physical pain of death itself is a myth, and there is no such thing as "death agony."

The closing chapter is on "The Triumph of Religion."

I feel that this résumé is inadequate, but hope it may lead some to examine it for themselves, and they will be richly rewarded.

[Frederick Stokes Co., New York, \$1.50.]

"The Psychology of Alcoholism," by Dr. George B. Cutten, of Yale, is another impressive book which if carefully read and pondered o'er, and the illustrations studied seriously, must certainly restrain the bibulous tendencies of even a moderate drinker.

He gives the confessions and actual performances of reformed debauchées, the remarkable results that follow from abrupt and decided changes in the life of feeling through religious ideas and influences, the weakening effect which liquor has upon the memory, the intellect, the will, the emotions, the senses, morals, and the brain, and the relation of insanity to alcoholism, studying all by the methods of the trained psychologist.

Occasionally his words are rather better suited to other physiologists and psychologists than to plain, every-day folks who would be pleased to understand just what these awful effects really are.

After telling us that the red blood-corpuscles are shrunken and annihilated, he says, "In this shrunken and irregular state of the red blood-corpuscles, with diminished hæmoglobin, when oxyhæmoglobin is reduced in the presence of alcohol, it becomes less capable of reoxygenation. In the veins more frequently than in the arteries are found aggregations of dying polynuclear leucocytes, and where peri-vascular spaces are present they contain leucocytes in all stages of disintegration, together with large protoplasmic bodies and quantities of detritus finely granular in character."

If hæmoglobin forms the solid coloring-matter of the red blood, and these are reduced by drink,

why is it that the nose and streaked cheeks of a drinker are so jolly red?

I fly to my dictionary, and after looking at these long words feel grateful that the learned doctor did not allude to the hæmoglobinometer, an instrument for measuring the amount of the aforesaid hæmos.

Oh, those pictures! On the forty-fifth page he gives a "Diagrammatic Representation of Two Arteries. First, Normal; Second, Affected by Alcoholic Excess."

The healthful specimen looks like a section of the Atlantic Cable, the inner wall showing nuclei of pavement epithelium. My dictionary says epithelium are the cells that line the alimentary canal, or any cavity or tube of the body.

But the second view is startling. "Lumen nearly closed. Intima folded, swollen, and with nuclear proliferation in progress. Media irregularly swollen, staining lighter, and decrease in number of nuclei. Adventitia irregularly swollen, and undergoing nuclear proliferation. Leucocytes. Fatty detritus."

I shall refuse even ginger-ale after that sight. It reminds me of the editor of a country paper which bought its patent inside pages. He was reporting a powerful lecture on "Temperance," and coming to the bottom of the page said, "For the further awful effects of intemperance see our insides."

I feel sure that if these pictures of actual degeneration could be widely shown they would scare many into abstinence.

[Scribners, New York, \$1.50.]

As Pope inquired in one of his immortal couplets:

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?"

Dr. White, a celebrated London physician, startled the members of the Medical Congress at Exeter, recently, by announcing that gout and kindred diseases are not affected by diet, high living, or wines. And he also denied that cirrhosis of the liver is caused by the consumption of liquor. He said that teetotalers often died of that trouble, and that the autopsy could not distinguish between cirrhosis induced by liquor and the other kind.

But the American physicians say that the English doctor is certainly wrong. Dr. Colton, of Brooklyn, says, "Every physician of experience will agree that in gout cases there is a direct connection between over-indulgence and an explosion of the affliction."

I cannot endorse Dr. White's opinion. He says, "Eat, drink, and be merry," but I believe the day

of reckoning and regrets is sure to come. Since giving up meat and sweets and rich dainties I am entirely relieved of agonizing attacks of that hyphenated horror, rheumatic gout.

So I train with Dr. Saleeby and Dr. Cutten.

By the way, did you ever happen to read the witty epigram of James Smith on "Gout"?

"The French have taste in all they do,
Which we are quite without;
For Nature, which to them gave gout,
To us gave only gout."

So many books of various kinds claim attention that I am forced to merely give them honorable mention, with a condensed estimate. For two really interesting novels, let me recommend "Alice-For-Short," by William De Morgan, author of "Joseph Vance," that intensely human and humorous novel of life near London in the '50s, which won universal praise and was so widely read. This is equally entertaining and engrossing. Henry Holt and Co., New York, publish both. \$1.75 for each. Dr. Morgan uses for a subtitle a word I cannot find in any of my dictionaries. Alice-for-short is a Dichronism. Striking and very appropriate, no doubt, but don't expect me to explain.

The other novel I believe in is "The Imperfect Gift," by Phyllis Bottome, published by E. P. Dutton and Co., New York.

It is — well, I'm not going to give the plot; that is like telling one the day before Christmas what you have got for them, and is unfair. But, of course every one knows it must have the pranks of Cupid for a foundation, and in marriage do not all get an "imperfect gift," however flawless it may appear while the hypnotic bewitchment of passion holds? — though, after all, a few do secure a prize package for life. I find this novel refreshingly different from the general slew or slue (went again to the "Standard" for the word).

By the way, did you notice the two causes to which Sir James Crichton Browne ascribes the phenomena of "first love"?

First, a "species of cerebral commotion," and, second, the "stirring of some hitherto dormant association centres by an appropriate affinitive impression."

"Sex-awaking" would be as true and a good deal shorter and simpler.

The Indian looms up grandly just now with the celebration of the Cooperstown Centennial, and the tributes in poetry and prose to James Fenimore Cooper and his romantic and idealized portraits of some of the chieftains and warriors of the Six Nations. (If not acquainted with his

daughter Susan and her "Rural Hours," you will thank me for introducing her name.)

Then you will be fascinated with "Indian Love-Letters," by Marah Ellis Ryan, author of "For the Soul of Rafael," a romance of Old California, in which all the characters are of the fine aristocratic Spanish type — excepting one American, who proved himself a hero.

The Indian who is supposed to write these love-letters was taken unwillingly to Washington, carrying with him "the songs of the old men, and the memories of the Arizona desert, and was like a young eagle tugging at his chain."

He says: "The Indian does not want to be stared at; admired because he can play a good game, and pitied because he is of the great unclassed."

Then he chanced to hear a beautiful girl singing one of his Indian songs and all life was changed forever for the unfortunate boy. After a brief dream of delight, he returned to his old home and was again outwardly the same Indian, from the moccasin of brown deer-skin to the head-band of scarlet; but his heart was hopelessly wounded by the fact that there is no place for the Indian save in his own surroundings, and that the unseen and beloved "Maid of the New Moon" could never be forgotten.

It is pathetic, and though probably no Indian lover wrote like these exquisite prose poems, so full of intense passion, subdued into a pure and hopeless adoration, they will appeal to many readers, and they grow more touching and beautiful as his life ebbs away.

The letter after he had gone and was laid away under the sighing pines, sent by the Indian maiden who loved him and bated with her entire nature the girl "white in color, with hair like the corn-silk," is a little beyond all the others in its savage jealousy and strength — a clanging chord of grief and loneliness from another broken heart.

The mystic Swastika is seen at the end of every letter. I did not know until lately that this design, which I fear I only associated with the stick-pin presented by the *Ladies' Home Journal* to its girls' club and which is just now a fashionable, or rather a popular, fad as brooch, belt-buckle, or hat-pin, has been from earliest times one of the great religious symbols of the entire world. And "when the 20th-century girl sticks her swastika in her shirt-waist, she will be interested to know that knees bent before it and eyes were uplifted to it in the dawn of the world, when man sought to make the sign of that which he worshipped."

[A. C. McClurg and Co., Chicago.]

Elaine Goodale Eastman, reviewing a love-

story of the Dakotas, says: "Indian stories of the conventional type are common enough, and their intrinsic value is of course less than nothing. But if one wishes to be transported to the authentic home of an alien people, to think the red man's thoughts, to speak his language, to see life as he sees it, let him read the books of Franklin Welles Calkins. He is, I am tempted to say, the only white man of the many who have attempted the feat who has fully succeeded in reproducing the action, the sentiment, the very atmosphere, of a Dakota village."

Mr. Calkins's "Two Wilderness Voyagers," published five years ago, the simple, spontaneous tale of two runaway Sioux children, has not, of course, the plot, romance, and motive of the second book, whose characters are mature men and women, but it is perfection in its own way.

This is "The Wooing of Tokala," and she feels that it is so absolutely sincere that the curious student of human nature cannot afford to miss it.

Mrs. Eastman married an Indian of distinguished bearing, fine scholarship, famous as an athlete, a graduate of Dartmouth College. In her case there were no insuperable barriers, and her life has been full of happiness.

Dartmouth was at first a school for Indians; but of the few who studied there almost all reverted to the more natural life.

Mrs. Grace Gallatin Seton, the "Woman Tenderfoot" and "Nimrod's Wife," is a charmer by temperament and of dashing courage; she has had her full share of hard tramps, dangerous rides, and actual face-to-face encounter with wild beasts, and the way in which she modestly relates her adventures is spirited, offhand, graphic, womanly, and delightful.

I'll not attempt to unravel the variations of her wedded name — more confusing than Woodrow Wilson and Wilson Woodrow, a verbal somersault!

Only this: she married a Seton-Thompson, who has now reversed his name and she is Mrs. Seton without the Thompson.

At the left of the copyright is a butterfly with the letters G and G, one on each wing, while S adorns its body; her dedication is one by itself, straight from her heart.

"TO ONE
WHO, WITHOUT STRENGTH, MAKES SLAVES OF THE
STRONG;
WHO, LOVING NONE, IS LOVED BY ALL —
THE BABY."

Her tales are well illustrated by her artist-husband and Walter King Stone.

How strongly she appeals to "the house-ridden dwellers in the cities, soul-sick ones, in church, in drawing-room, in office, or sweat-shop.

"Throw off your fetters for a while, your prejudice, your narrow-mindedness, all the petty things that make your daily trappings, and take a sunbath with me, give your starved soul a chance; the road to the outdoors is open to all. Come back to the woods; pry open your blind eyes and grow as the flowers grow."

Oh, that all the weakling and ailing, the neurostenics and the indigo-bags would heed this golden advice and get out of themselves and into the open! What a relief to their friends and a sure salvation to them! After an especially eventful day, where all was difficult and possible death near, how rejoiced she was when her intelligent pony "Katy" carried her tired bones to camp in tranquillity!

"Camp! Oh, the sweetness and peace of that nook in the mountain meadow, rich with grass for the horses, the snow-peaks far above, the right breeze blowing, the intimate little brook, fringed with willows, gurgling in front of our tent, a grove of great pines standing sentinel, and far above, the twinkling sky of night."

There's a poetic word-picture for you, and there are lots of such.

I want to quote the entire desperate plaint of an Indian girl who had been taken at five years to the white men's school away from her mother:

"They have taught me to think in their language, but they cannot teach to think their thoughts, for I am an Indian, an Absaroka, and come from a great people, who would rather walk on the great broad earth, that belongs to all, than on a carpet, made by one man, owned by another, and coveted by a hundred.

"Ugh! I hate them; I hate their civilization.

"This is what they would force upon me: their man-made clothes, their man-made God. And because they are many and my people few, they say, 'We are right; do as we do or die,'—and we die."

If any one can even dip into this stirring fresh-air book and not long for a little, at least, of her enjoyment of the forests, mountains, canoeing, riding, and hunting, he is a dead stick, and to be pitied.

[Doubleday, Page and Co., New York, \$2.00.]

Zangwill's new book, "Ghetto Comedies," is a great production; "a portrayal of the Jew as a factor of Occidental civilizations." Why "Comedies" when almost every story has its tragedy is hard to see.

Dante called his immortal work a *Commedia* because, beginning with the horrible, it ends cheerfully; but it is otherwise here.

Zangwill himself gives his reason for it, which does not enlighten me. But the group of stories are wonderful, unforgettable, the work of a genius.

[Macmillan Co., New York, \$1.50.]

That you may not accuse me of borrowing another's thought, I want to ask if you have noticed that if you hear an unusual word or phrase and begin to think about it, some one will be sure to use the new word before you or the phrase you do not understand. "On the knees of the gods," for instance, or "It was not on the knees of the Gods." I was sitting by a friend reading when each came across that phrase in different books, and simultaneously implored information from the other.

I was struggling over De Morgan's use of "dichronism" in this article yesterday, and to-day I opened my precious *Saturday Review* and found that Galbraith had felt as I did, and had written to the author to explain it exactly. And this was his response:

"'Dichronism' is a made word, intended to show that the story runs in two periods together. In 'Alice,' two stories of different periods are arbitrarily inlaced. I don't know whether the word can stand analysis,—perhaps hardly,—but we have 'dichromatic,' where two colors are seen on the same surface; so 'dichronic' is natural where two times are weft and woof in one story."



Colonial and Patriotic

By ELISABETH MERRITT GOSSE

NOTABLE events of the summer have been the many family reunions held in Boston and vicinity, to attend which have come from nearly every State in the Union the descendants of some one original settler. Perhaps the largest of these was the annual meeting of the Fairbanks family held at the old Fairbanks Homestead in Dedham, when more than five hundred descendants of Jonathan Fairbanks, who came from Sowerby, England, in 1636, and settled in Dedham, gathered for their sixth family reunion. The Fairbanks Homestead was built by the founder of the family, and is believed to be the oldest specimen of colonial architecture in New England. A peculiar feature of the house is that nearly every room on the second floor is reached by its own separate staircase. The house has been partially restored, and furnished with interesting family relics. Naturally, the most distinguished descendant in his generation is Charles Warren Fairbanks, Vice-President of the United States, but the family association counts many well-known names on its roll of honor. Vice-President Fairbanks, in his address, agreed to be one of ten members of the family who should each contribute \$1,000 towards the fund for the restoration and preservation of the homestead, advising the family association to assume complete ownership of it. Mrs. Fairbanks, with members of her family, came down from Danvers in an automobile, and was entertained at luncheon by Mrs. Laura Wentworth Fowler, honorary regent of Old South Chapter, D. A. R., whose hospitable home, "Daisy Farm," a few rods beyond the Fairbanks Homestead, is the Mecca, in summer, of all good and loyal Daughters. The house at Daisy Farm, which deserves a whole chapter to itself, is a Fairbanks house, too, having been built by a descendant of the original Jonathan, about one hundred years ago. Mrs. Fowler, a descendant of three colonial Governors Wentworth of New Hampshire, possesses a stock of colonial furniture, china, and silver which make her home most interesting, while she herself is such a gracious and hospitable chatelaine that few are the Chapters that do not plan to spend a long summer day each year at Daisy Farm.

The Balch Family Association met in Beverly, numerous descendants of John Balch being present. John Balch was one of the earliest settlers of Beverly, and one of that group of sturdy men known as the "Old Planters." His homestead, built in 1638, still stands in North Beverly, at what is now the junction of Cabot and Balch Streets. Mayor Dow of Beverly welcomed the members of the association, and Dr. Galusha B. Balch, of Yonkers, N. Y., historian of the family, presided over the gathering. Plans were made for the preservation and restoration of the old homestead, and a public memorial was considered. Joseph Balch, of Boston, was made chairman of the committee appointed. Montana, Michigan, Iowa, Illinois, New York, and all of the New England States were represented in the gathering. These officers were appointed: president, Dr. Galusha B. Balch, of Yonkers, N. Y.; vice-presidents, George W. Balch, of Detroit; Major H. H. Clay, of Galesburg, Ill.; Joseph Balch, John Balch, Francis N. Balch, W. H. Balch, and Gardner P. Balch, of Boston; Harry R. Coffin, of Brookline; and S. F. Stone, of Somerville; secretary-treasurer, William Lincoln Balch, of Boston.

The Chamberlain-Chamberlayne Association of America met at the Parker House for its family reunion. Among noted men present were ex-Governor Joshua L. Chamberlain of Maine; ex-Governor A. C. Chamberlain of Connecticut; Pearson Chamberlain, of New Jersey; John Chamberlain Chase, of New Hampshire; Brig-Gen. Samuel C. Chamberlain and Col. William T. Harding and Mrs. Harding, of New York.

Thirty lineal descendants of Dr. Comfort Starr met in Plymouth. Among the objects of interest inspected was the original deed of Dr. Starr's house, now kept in Pilgrim Hall. This is of especial interest, as it is witnessed by Capt. Myles Standish, and his signature thereon is the only one known to be in existence. Dinner was served at the Samoset House, and a visit made to Duxbury, where was situated the country home of this distinguished ancestor.

Daughters of the Revolution of Massachusetts have arranged a fine program for the year, under the direction of Mrs. Alice M. Granger, of Randolph, the newly elected State regent. After keeping "open house" every day during Boston's Old Home Week, at the beautiful blue-and-buff rooms which are used as State headquarters in the Colonial Building, in Boylston Street,—rooms furnished and filled with quaint and valuable antiques, and family relics donated from time to time by members of the society,—the various Chapters followed their own lines of patriotic work during August. On September 3 the anniversary of the ratification of the treaty of peace between the United States and England, which took place in Paris on September 3, 1783, will be observed with appropriate exercises and historical addresses by the local chapters. On October 5, the regular meeting of the State society is to be held, at the Vendome. The exercises, consisting of lecture and music, which follow the business session, will be under the charge of Mrs. Martha E. Austin, of Roxbury, the State librarian.

As customary with this society, a pilgrimage to some historic spot will be made on October 19, to mark the anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. Mrs. Clinton Viles, of Brookline, the State vice-regent, will conduct the pilgrims, as heretofore; and Mrs. Winifred H. Murphy, of Boston, a member of the Board of Council, will have charge of the reception and "Gentlemen's Night," which is to be held on November 8.

On December 16 an entertainment in commemoration of the famous Boston Tea Party will be held at Hotel Vendome, the chairman of the day being Mrs. Helen M. Burton, the State historian. Another general meeting follows on January 16, with Mrs. Florence S. MacAlman, of Somerville, a member of the council, in charge of the literary and musical program. Mrs. Charles H. Belcher, of Randolph, one of the district vice-regents, takes charge of the arrangements for a Washington's

Birthday Party, which is to be celebrated on February 22, 1908. The annual meeting and election of officers occurs on Evacuation Day, March 17. During the past summer, and through this month of September, "at-home days" are held for visiting Daughters at State headquarters, and afternoon tea is served on the first Friday of each month, from three to five o'clock. The State regent is at society headquarters on these afternoons.

A delightful affair of Old Home Week was a reception given to the State officers and the society members generally on Wednesday, August 1, by Mrs. Micajah Clough, honorary regent of Chapter of the Third Plantation, on the grounds of her beautiful estate in Ocean Street, Lynn. Among the guests of honor was Mrs. Charles Warren Fairbanks, wife of the Vice-President of the United States, who came over from her summer home in Danvers. In the receiving-line with Mrs. Clough were Mrs. Fairbanks; Mrs. Granger, the State regent; Mrs. Susie M. Plummer and Mrs. Horatia Littlefield, regent and vice-regent of the Chapter. As Mrs. Fairbanks is a former president-general of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, her presence among the Daughters of the Revolution was especially notable, and gave great pleasure.

In accordance with the prevailing belief held by historians that the *Mayflower* sailed from Holland on her momentous voyage to New England about August 1, the Society of Mayflower Descendants in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts observed Mayflower Day on August 1, holding a large reception in their handsome rooms in Mt. Vernon Street.

On August 20 were held the exercises of dedication of the Pilgrim Monument at Provincetown. President Roosevelt came from Oyster Bay to be present, and Governor Guild was among the speakers.



ATTLEBORO

A REMARKABLE STORY OF INDUSTRIAL ACHIEVEMENT



It is creditably narrated that about the year 1780 a deserter from the Continental Army, Bedford by name, settled in the ancient town of Attleboro and established there a small shop for the manufacture of jewelry, and that this is the chance-sown seed out of which has grown one of the largest and most successful of New England's industries.

To-day Attleboro jewelry goes to all parts of the world. Within a week one of her many enterprising firms, the D. F. Briggs Company, has shipped a case of twenty dozen bracelets to deck the dusky arms of the beauties of Singapore. India, Arabia, Africa, China, Japan, and the islands of the sea are all open and well-known markets to the dainty product of this vigorous Massachusetts town.

With still greater pride may her citizens point to the fact that this splendid industrial victory has been achieved in strict accordance with the best American ideals. Wherever the Attleboro banner floats, and it is well to the front on all the great "battlefields of business," it is a symbol of the triumph of the great American idea of open competition. No trust-control or secret-trade agreements mar the business-methods of these great factories. In fact it is difficult to imagine a more wholesome condition than that which prevails.

The "help" is well paid, contented, intelligent. The Trade Union idea has gained no foothold. The majority of the factory owners live in the town, and many of them have risen from the bench to the control and ownership of great factories where the stranger is amazed to see acres of floor-space devoted to the construction of all kinds of metallic and jewelled ornament. Everywhere is the clink of gold, and the gems of Golconda are handled by the shovelful.

One Attleboro bank supplies more than a million dollars of Uncle Sam's gold coin to these factories to be melted down. Bar-gold is also used, but most of the factories

prefer to use coin-gold — a not insignificant item for the calculations of the United States Mint.

About the first question that one is inclined to ask in regard to an industrial community is not, "Who are its millionaires?" but "What is the condition of its toilers?"

The Attleboro jewelry trade and its allied industries employ more than six thousand operatives, about half of them young women. Many of the latter come from the neighboring towns and cities. Eleven car-loads of young women go back and forth from the city of Taunton daily. These girls are well paid and self-respecting. The moral tone of the manufacturing community is remarkably clean and wholesome. The working-day is ten hours. The wages paid average higher than those of textile mills, and Attleboro in consequence gets first choice.

Of the working-people resident in Attleboro, a large proportion own their homes. Native Americans are still in the majority, although there are many Germans, and latterly large numbers of Swedes, and they are working their way to the front.

There, for example, is the Frank Mossberg factory — Swedish throughout, and none the less intensely American. This great establishment is one of the few in Attleboro not engaged directly in the jewelry business. Beginning with the manufacture of special machinery for the jewelry-makers, Mr. Mossberg has developed a general business for the manufacture of high-grade special machinery, bicycle sundries, etc., whose product is widely and favorably known. Practical machinists, it is part of their work to take the ideas of inventors and reduce them to practical form.

A typical and remarkable instance of the rise of a man by sheer ability and force of character from the work-bench to the ownership of a great factory is that of the present head of the S. O. Bigney Company.

Mr. S. O. Bigney, of Attleboro, is one of the largest manufacturing jewellers in the



S. O. Bigney

United States. When a young man he started out single-handed and alone to make his way in the industrial world, and by his forceful character and determination we find him to-day employing a large force of men and women, and the owner of one of the largest, if not the largest, jewelry-plants in the United States. During all these years he has never experienced a strike or suffered from any other trouble with his employees. The average wages of the young women in his employ are \$2 a day, and of the men over \$3 a day. He lives the strenuous life and believes in justice and fair play, for which he stands ready to issue a challenge at any time. This is the motto which appears on his business cards: "Eternal hustle coupled with honesty and integrity is the just price of success."

Notwithstanding his busy life in connection with his industry, he has given much time to political matters. He was elected to the Governor's council from the second district by a very flattering vote. He served in that body one year, and declined a renomination on account of the pressing demands of his business.

He has been to Washington many times in the interests of our New England industries. He was elected a delegate to the National Convention which nominated Theodore Roosevelt, of whom he is a great admirer. His friends throughout the State insist that he shall be one of the four delegates-at-large to attend the next National Convention.

A lineal descendant of Merle d'Aubigne (corrupted to Bigney), the good old Huguenot stock of his paternal side and the sturdy Scotch ancestry of his mother have com-

bined to produce a type of man who is essentially a builder and leader.

Among the industries arising out of the jewelry manufacture is that of designing and die-making, and prominent among those who are engaged in this work is the firm of Sworbel and Heath, who made the design and the dies for the first coinage of Cuba, and whose ideas are stamped on many of the most artistic products of the jeweller's art. One is tempted to dwell too long on

these interesting bits of industrial history, for each of these factories has its own story of strenuous effort and victorious achievement, its failures, losses, and notable successes.

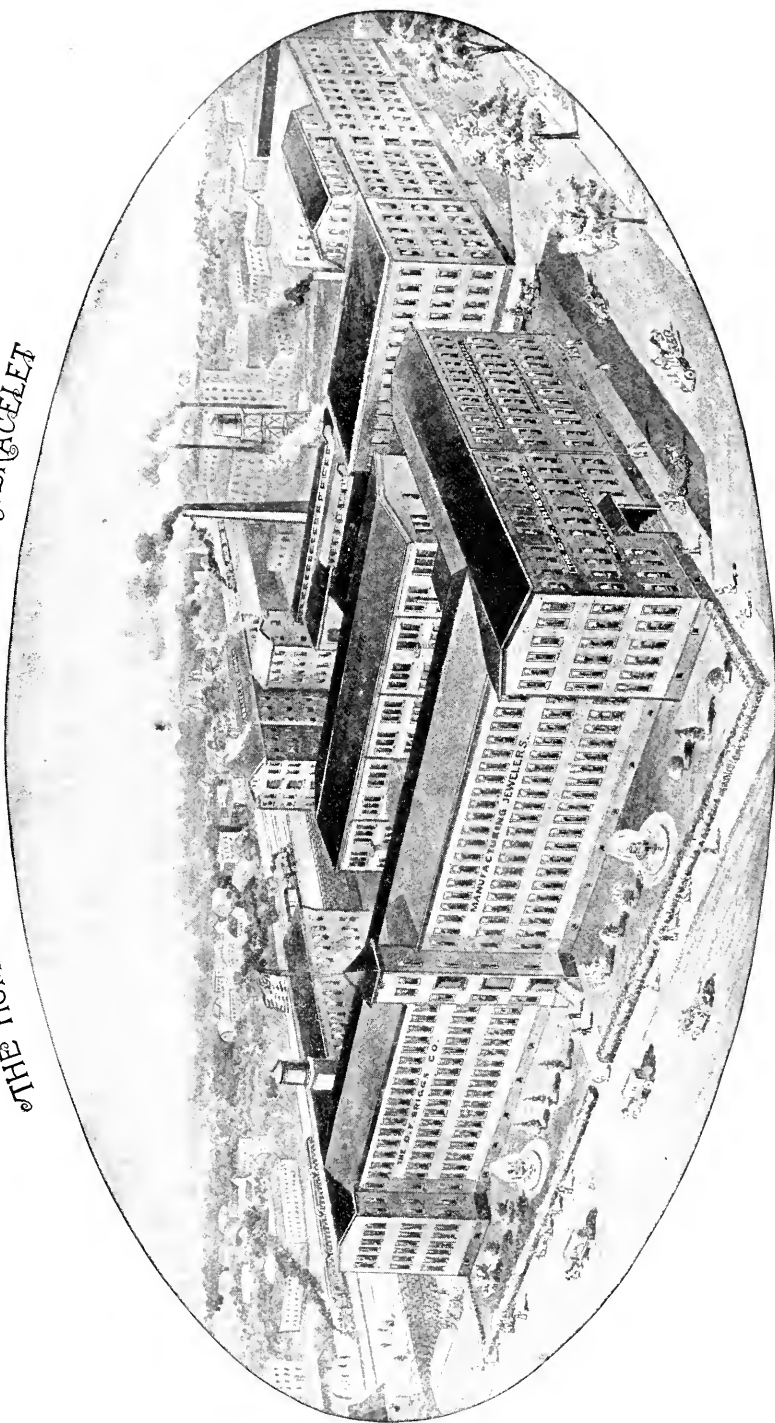
For it is by no means true that when the visitor has seen one of these factories he has seen all. Particularly the stranger in Attleboro should inquire for the great factory of the D. F. Briggs Company, for years a well-known name throughout the jewelry trade of the world. The business is now owned by C. H. and W. C. Tappen, who have also purchased



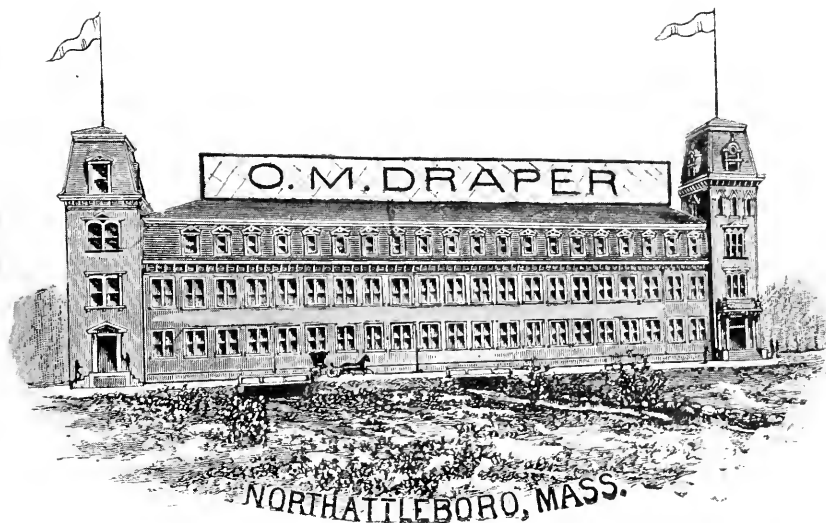
Frank Mossberg

the very valuable right to use the D. F. Briggs name. The export trade of this firm is exceedingly large. Making a specialty of chains, bracelets, and rings, they send them in fabulous quantities to every corner of the globe. In addition to its bar-gold, silver, and other metals, the factory melts down an average of \$1,500 of coin-gold daily. This coin-gold is largely used for its convenience of form for certain manufacturing purposes, and the ease and exactness with which the value in use may be instantly computed. It is one of the fine things about the business that it has this tendency, because of the material employed,

THE HOME OF THE CELEBRATED CARMEN BRACELET



THE D. F. BRIGGS CO.
Atlanta, Ga.



A celebrated North Attleboro concern

to develop minute accuracy and honesty. And it is this reliability of Attleboro jewelry and jewellers — the fact that it is always just what it claims to be — that has given to such firms as the D. F. Briggs Company their world-wide market.

Another firm which has passed the quarter-century mark is the R. B. Macdonald Company, who are the makers of many popular specialties, the most widely known of which is the "Little Beatrice" locket, a dainty little ornament that finds its own way straight to the feminine heart. This firm also does an extensive business in sterling silver novelties, brooches, and scarf-pins. Situated on County Street, with commodious quarters in a fine new factory building, they bid fair to fulfil another quarter century of successful history.

The discovery and development of a popular specialty is the dream of the manufacturing jeweller, and those who have accomplished it are, with ordinary business ability, sure of success. Thus the Mason Howard & Company firm, also a County Street establishment, have invented and made a place in the market for the "Velvet Bracelet," a very successful novelty. The firm is not among the old business houses

of Attleboro, having been established in 1898, but their interesting line of novelties has made a place for them well to the front.

As one reviews this story of business enterprise and feels the keen atmosphere of trade, the question arises as to Attleboro's part in the greater problems of State and nation. Is this pursuit of commercial supremacy so engrossing as to leave no room for patriotism, for altruistic devotion to the public interest?

The question is one that foreigners are prone to answer in the affirmative, not only for Attleboro, but for all America, and it is one of the deepest interest to all Americans.

Attleboro's answer is clear and clean-cut. It is an old town, well past its second century, and has seen all the great movements of American history — and in them all its own part has been both unusually large and highly honorable. In the days of the minute-men Attleboro was able to organize two companies of these devoted soldiers, and many a quota of staunch supporters of the Colonial cause besides. Veteran manufacturers like Mr. C. O. Sweet, of the C. O. Sweet & Son Company, long with the Bigney factory, and now at the head of a



Washington Street, North Attleboro

flourishing establishment, have seen the shops emptied of hands at Lincoln's stirring call in the days of the great war for the Union.

Nor has interest in letters and the learned professions languished through the press of trade. Attleboro has furnished college presidents to Yale University, Rhode Island, Union and Columbia Colleges, and has sent forth men distinguished in the pulpit, at the bar, and in the sciences. Samuel Robinson, the distinguished geologist, Benjamin West, the mathematician, Dr. Naphtali Daggett, president of Yale College, Hon. David Daggett, chief justice of Connecticut, Rev. James Maxcy, president of Columbia College, and Nathan Smith, of the Harvard Medical College, are a few of her distinguished sons.

Another common mistake is to identify Attleboro with the cheap jewelry trade. It is true that the Attleboro factories turn out great quantities of low-priced jewelry, but of excellent quality. They also manufacture the very highest grades in many lines.

Such concerns as the W. E. Richards & Company firm are devoted exclusively to the manufacture of solid gold jewelry. A young concern, entering on their ninth year, they

are already well known throughout the country. Mr. Raymond M. Horton, one of Attleboro's own young men, is at the head of the business, which employs fifty skilled workers in gold, and uses the most advanced mechanical appliances.

Our visit to Attleboro must also include a call on the C. A. Marsh & Company's interesting establishment. Here system and organization are carried to the very highest degree of perfection. Nothing is too minute to escape attention, and each detail is an object of careful study. The secrets of success may be learned by clear object-lessons, as one is conducted from office to factory, and from bench to bench, of this justly respected firm.

Between Attleboro and North Attleboro there is a good-natured and keen rivalry that is well in keeping with the spirit of competition that pervades the Attleboro atmosphere.

North Attleboro, four miles distant from Attleboro, is, historically, the older community of the two by half a century, and was for many years the leading centre. Many of the largest and finest jewelry factories are located in North Attleboro. Some of these are models of factory construction,



The Woodcock Garrison

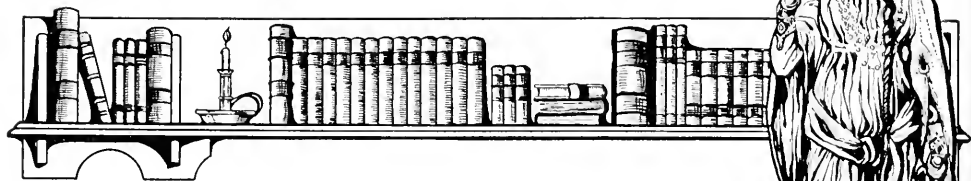
and with their acres of well-ordered and even artistic buildings are a source of continued amazement to the visitor; for it seems as though there were no end of them, and all devoted to the manufacture of tiny trinkets. Among the young and vigorous concerns of North Attleboro is the Mainteint Brothers and Elliot Company, occupying quarters in a fine, new brick factory building and looked upon by their neighbors as one of the most active and enterprising of the North Attleboro concerns.

Then there is the great Draper factory, known as the "Estate of O. M. Draper Company," manufacturers of the world-celebrated O. M. Draper chains. These chains are the result of nearly fifty years of careful specialization, and they have stood the test of time. None but the most high-priced, skilled labor is employed. No process known to the chain-maker for hardening the gold is overlooked. Finish is one of the points strongly insisted on, and half a century of honorable business dealing has given to

this firm the confidence of the trade. With a reputation for square dealing and honest values, this splendid monument to business capacity and integrity is a just source of pride to the citizens not only of Attleboro but of all New England. Founded by Mr. O. M. Draper, the pioneer vest-chain manufacturer of Attleboro, its history has been one of steady growth on solid merit.

In this sketch of Attleboro's industrial growth we have made no attempt to cover the field in detail. It will be sufficient for our purpose if we have mentioned that which is most typical — and if we have left an impression of wholesome conditions, prosperity justly achieved, contented craftsmen, and business leaders of integrity and the true American spirit, we will have told our story.

Attleboro is a bright spot in the industrial life of New England to-day, and her achievements, hardly paralleled, may well be a source of pride to every New Englander and every true American.



Book Notes

A FRONTIER TOWN, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Henry Cabot Lodge.

This collection of essays and lectures are especially valuable, coming as they do from the pen of one so well fitted by his political career to write intelligently upon such subjects as : "Good Citizenship," "The Senate of the United States," "History," "Samuel Adams," "Theodore Roosevelt," "Senator Hoar," "American History," "Certain Principles of Town Government," "Franklin," "The United States at Algeciras."

The first of the series, "A Frontier Town," is an address which Mr. Lodge delivered at Greenfield, Massachusetts, June 9, 1903, on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town, and is a most interesting and entertaining story of the history of that place. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

LITERARY RAMBLES IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND. By Arthur L. Salmon.

This book is an attempt at the literary topography of the West of England. The author takes the reader to Cornwall with Borrow, to Teignmouth with Keats, to the Quantocks with Wordsworth, to Clevedon with Coleridge and Tennyson, to Dean Prior with Herrick, to Morwenstow with Hawker. He tries to interpret the message which Richard Jeffries gave to the world from his Wiltshire home, follows the ramblings of Celtic saints about the West Country, touches the literary associations of old Bristol, and dreams of King Arthur at Tintagel. (Chatto & Windus, London. Price, six shillings, net.)

STANDARD SELECTIONS. Arranged and Edited by Robert I. Fulton, Dean in the School of Oratory in the Ohio Wesleyan University, Thomas C. Trueblood, Professor of Elocution and Oratory in the University of Michigan, and Edwin P. Trueblood, Professor of Elocution and Oratory in Earlham College.

A collection and adaptation of superior productions from the best authors for use in the classroom and on the platform. The main purpose of this book is to provide, in addition to many stand-

ard and familiar selections, new material in poetry, and oratory that has never before appeared in books of this sort. The selections are arranged in six different classes, covering a wide range of thought and emotion. Each piece of the nearly two hundred chosen is of a high grade from a literary standpoint, and has been proved successful and popular for public entertainment. (Ginn & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.25.)

PRISCILLA OF THE DOLL-SHOP. By Nina Rhodes.

Such pretty little books, both outside and in, are these of the "Brick House Series," as they are called, from their well-known cover-designs, and are eagerly sought by children all over the country.

There are three good stories in this volume, "Priscilla of the Doll-Shop," "Lulu's Penance," and "When Eva Was Seven," told in excellent taste and with complete naturalness. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston. Price, \$1.00.)

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL. By Edward W. Emerson.

This is a most fascinating story of the varied experiences of Charles Russell Lowell, who was a scholar, mechanic, railroad treasurer, iron-master, and cavalry commander.

Every word of the story of Lowell's life is interesting and of an unusually high literary order, and the copies of his own letters give a better insight into his life and character than anything else could possibly do.

The book is illustrated mainly by portraits, and there is a war map. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price, \$2.00, net.)

RAYMOND BENSON AT KRAMPTON. By Clarence B. Burleigh.

This is a story of two live boys at a preparatory school, with a glimpse at the inner workings of the various societies, and is as full of fun and excitement as any boy could wish. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. Price, \$1.25.)





His Excellency, Rollin O. Woodruff, Governor of Connecticut

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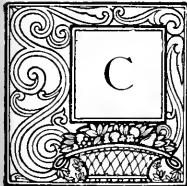
NUMBER 3

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH NEW ENGLAND?

V

CONNECTICUT: THE STATE RULED BY ITS UNINHABITED COUNTRY TOWNS

By FRANK PUTNAM

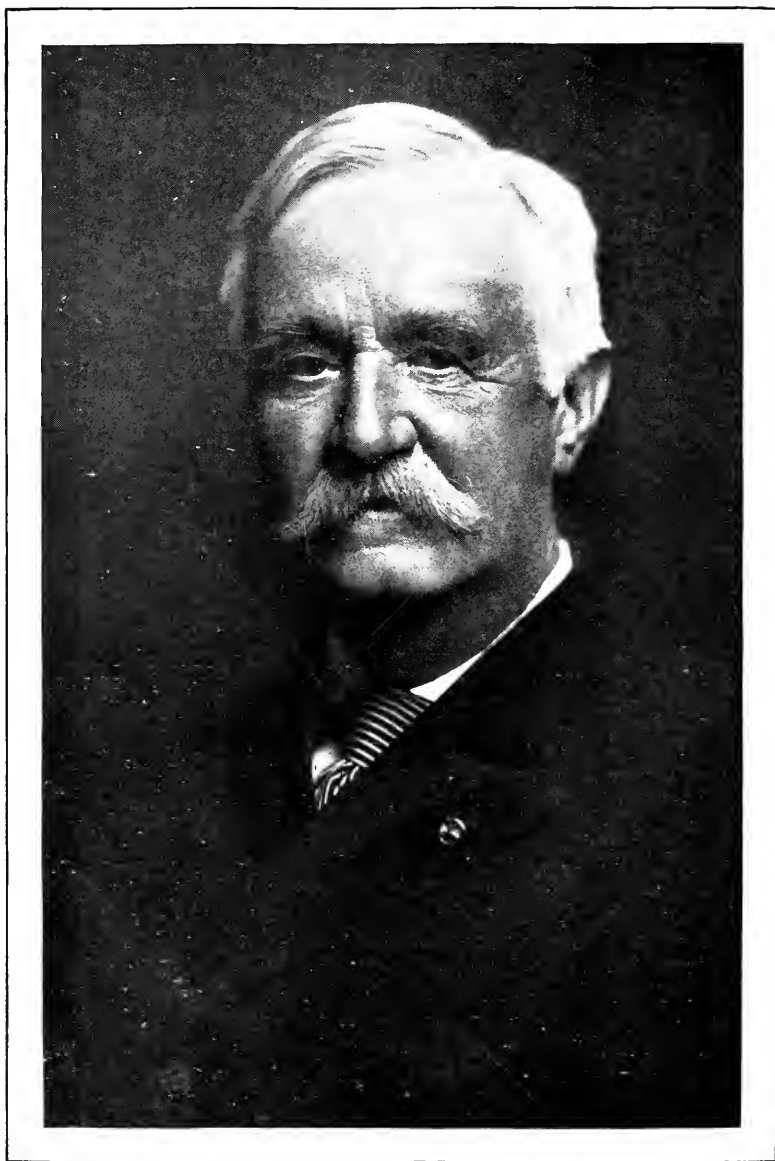


CONNECTICUT illustrates the tendency of capital, centralized in private control, to assume control also of government. In its story this tendency is the most noticeable feature. The dominant factors there in politics as in business are the Consolidated Railway (the New York, New Haven & Hartford and its constituent steam and trolley lines), the big insurance companies, the banks and trust companies, and the larger of the manufacturing companies. Control of these corporations rests in a very small number of hands, and their political influence, as compared with the political influence of an equal number of citizens engaged, say, in farming or in working for wages, is grotesquely disproportionate. The theory of the equality of men, or even of their right to an equality of opportunity, in either business or politics, has been made to the last degree ridiculous in Connecticut. It is here painfully plain that he who either inherits or acquires control of large industrial or financial power possesses with it, and incidental to it, a more than pro-

portionate leverage in governmental affairs.

The manufacturers, the bankers, the insurance magnates, the railroad-managers,—these and other like groups of the controllers of large amounts of capital have long since been organized in associations. They have met and discussed their common interests. They have agreed upon concerted action along general lines and have acquired the habit of pulling together for what will benefit their group. Thus we had the spectacle of the bankers, or a very considerable majority of them, moving in phalanx, at the 1907 session of the Connecticut Legislature, to defeat a bill that was drawn to provide for genuine instead of merely formal examinations of Connecticut banks by agents of the State. Thus we saw the manufacturers plumping their influence against a proposed eight-hour law for laborers in the State's employ, or who may be employed by contractors on State works. The manufacturers rightly deemed it dangerous, from their point of view, to permit the State to create any such precedent.

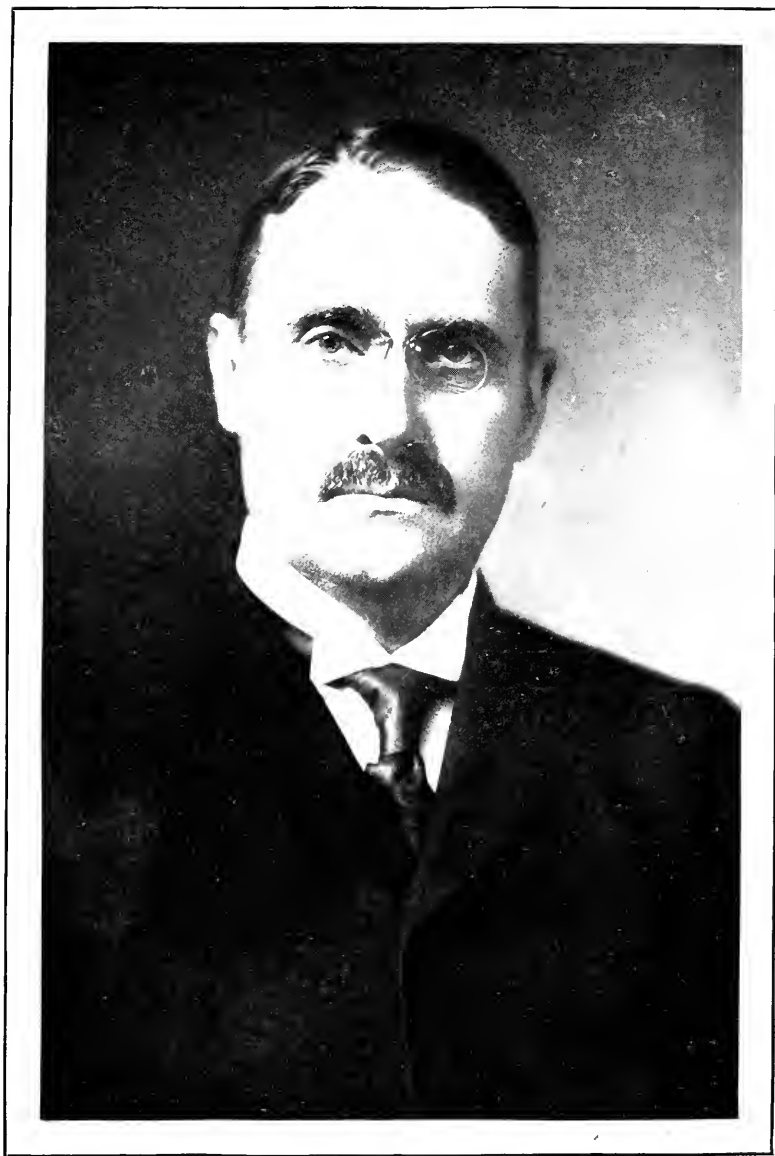
We saw the railroads, now nearly all merged under one ownership and control,



United States Senator Morgan G. Bulkeley, of Hartford

casting their dominant influence against Governor Woodruff's honest and reasonable effort to insure honesty in the financing of new trolley-lines. The Legislature, under the pressure of this domination, repeatedly chartered new trolley companies, over the Governor's veto, without closing the doors against over-capitalization, as he advised. The philosophy of the railroad is that a trolley-line is a traffic-feeder; that, once

built, it will carry passengers; that if innocent investors in its watered stock lose their savings — as they very often do — the alone are to blame. The new ideal conception of the government as the inevitable regulator of rates, prices, and capitalization gains ground slowly in Connecticut. We saw all these groups, and their most powerful public journals, like the *Hartford Courant* for example, moved to angry alarm when



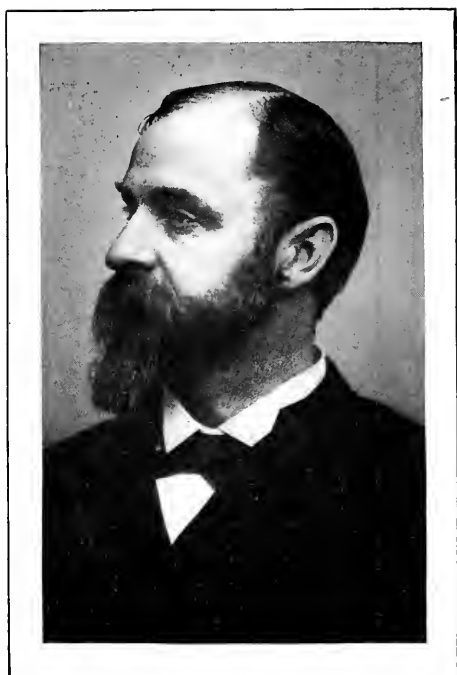
United States Senator Frank Brandagee, of New London

the Connecticut Senate proposed to refer to the vote of all the people a \$6,000,000 bond issue for certain public improvements. Very dangerous precedent is that, too — dangerous to allow the Connecticut people to get the idea that they have a right to any direct voice in the spending of their own money. They must be content with the old system. Anything new, however well tested in other States and however meritorious the tests

may have proved it, must be regarded with grave suspicion in Connecticut. The State's chief pride, politically, is in its inability to move forward. The senators were roundly lectured by able journals. They were informed that they had brought shame upon themselves. They had almost disgraced the State! Luckily, they were told, the House of Representatives could be relied upon to defend the old order. The House was not



John Winthrop, Governor of Connecticut for seventeen years, 1657-58 and 1659-76.
From a painting



President Raymond, of Wesleyan University
Middletown

cowardly. It knew its prerogatives and would maintain them. The House, in this hour of peril, was the palladium of a people's liberties. (It looked to me as if the House were the palladium of special privileges, but probably I had the wrong viewpoint.) Anyhow, the House magnificently vindicated the hallowed Past, shook its fist in the face of the Present and the Future, and the Senate, acting more or less like a lot of whipped schoolboys, receded from its iniquitous attempt to give Connecticut a taste of genuine democracy.

The fact of the Senate having made the attempt at all is illuminative of the new trend of political ideas throughout the world — especially significant in view of the fact that the Senate is composed of twenty-seven Republicans and only eight Democrats.

Few of the senators who voted for the referendum could have told why they did so. There was nothing in their political experience to account for it. The fact is, they were unconsciously hypnotized by the Spirit of the Age; were moved forward without their own volition; they were doing a sort of

political sleep-walk. It was in the right direction, but when they heard the voice of their master they woke up and dutifully came back into the fold. There was something both funny and pathetic in it all; for the Connecticut Senate is a superior body of men, time and place considered — not a leaderless mob, like the House. You could sit in the House gallery and see the puppets dance when the strings were pulled by the lobbyists outside the chamber. That was pathetic, too; but it was not funny.

Some Forward Steps in Legislation

We saw some concessions, limited and grudging, made to the demands of the inarticulate majority. Private banks were brought under State supervision. The first woman factory inspector in the State's history was provided for — after the Legislature had turned down the usual proposition to make women voters. The ironclad monopoly assured to the Telephone Trust by legislative enactment was modified, a little. A competing company can now be organ-

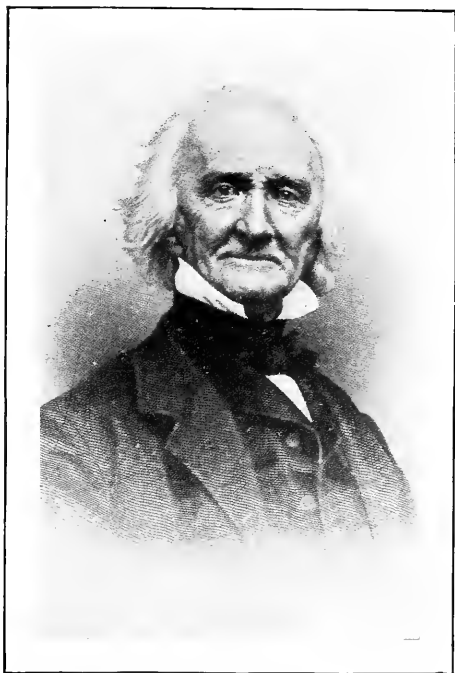


Senator Flavel S. Luther, President of Trinity College, Hartford

ized without going before the Legislature for a special charter. But it must represent a genuine public demand for competition, and must satisfy certain public officers to this effect, before it can do business. An act providing for the abolition of toll-bridges was passed. The State is to pay the owners for their property. The Corrupt Practices act was strengthened. The *Courant* questions, whether cynically or humorously I can only guess, if "the full force of this legislation is understood by those who passed it."

The Nominal and the Actual State Governments

Connecticut is governed, technically, by the legislative representatives of her (almost) uninhabited country towns. These representatives are governed, actually, and through them of course the State, by the legislative agents of the gentlemen to whom we have just alluded. The chief factor in this secondary, or actual, government of Connecticut is the Consolidated Railroad. The lightest word of Mr. Mellen, president of the Consolidated, carries more weight in

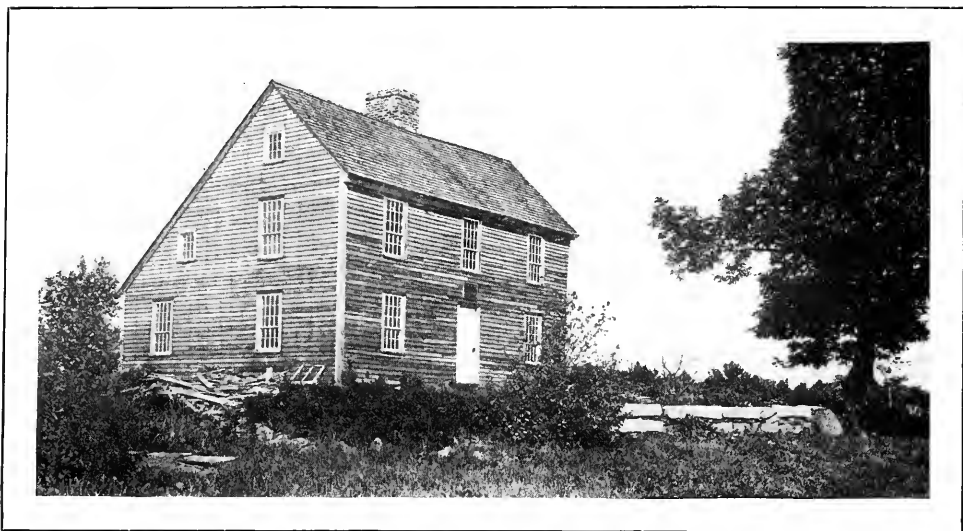


Philip Maret, the retired merchant, of Boston, whose legacy was the beginning of the movement for New Haven's first free public library

the Connecticut Capitol than a dozen special messages of Governor Woodruff — or of any other Governor who might be chosen under existing conditions.

It might not be correct to describe Mr. Mellen as a benevolent despot. He is, however, as shrewdly respectful of the appearance of popular sovereignty as any man can be who holds his autocratic authority over a State's government. It is not in human nature for any man long to exercise autocratic authority without to some extent acquiring the autocratic manner.

The prescribed government of Connecticut comprises a governor, a lieutenant-governor, a secretary, a treasurer, a comptroller, an attorney-general, a militia, and numerous boards and commissions in its Executive Department; supreme, superior, district, city, borough, and town courts in its Judicial Department; and a Senate and a House of Representatives in its Legislative Department. The Senate, of thirty-five members, represents an attempt to apportion legislative representation on a basis of population.



Birthplace of John Brown, near Winsted, Conn.

The lower house represents Connecticut's political inertia. To be more specific: the lower house includes 255 members. Each town, however small its population, has one representative. Towns and cities with more than five thousand inhabitants are entitled to two members — no more, however much their population may exceed five thousand. Towns that at any time in the past had two members have them still, however much their population may have declined. For example, the town of Ashford, which had 1,245 inhabitants in 1756 and only 757 in 1900, has two representatives, as against the two representatives from New Haven, with more than 125,000 inhabitants.

In the most progressive Western States it has been found safe and desirable to apportion representation in both houses of the Legislature on a basis of population. Several small towns are grouped in an assembly district, and all their rights in the State government seem to be as well protected as if each such small town had its own representative. But Connecticut will have none of this heresy. Connecticut insists upon the divine right of 757 citizens in the town of Ashford to tie the vote of 125,000 citizens in New Haven; and the gentlemen in control, perceiving in this political dogma the easy means of protecting their own special privileges, maintain or retain a highly intelligent but satanically sophisticated news-

paper press to foster the mediæval delusion.

The town was the original unit of government in Connecticut. The county, a later creation, has a somewhat shadowy individuality, and is a judicial unit. As one senator said to me, "The county commissioners in Connecticut have nothing much to do but to license the sale of liquor and to punish those who sell it. The county commissioners, moreover, are not elected by the county, but by the State. The legislators of each county assemble and nominate the commissioners for that county, and the Legislature elects them."

Startling Decline of the Country Towns

The town and the State are the two tangible political units in Connecticut. During the hundred years last past the country towns have lost prestige in industrial and financial affairs, but have tenaciously held their political power. Agriculture, once the principal industry of Connecticut, now enlists less than one-third as much capital as manufacturing, less than one-half as much as transportation. Its annual product is less than one-twelfth that of the State's manufactures. Of the 168 towns in Connecticut, more than a hundred are small towns; that is, more than a hundred towns have less

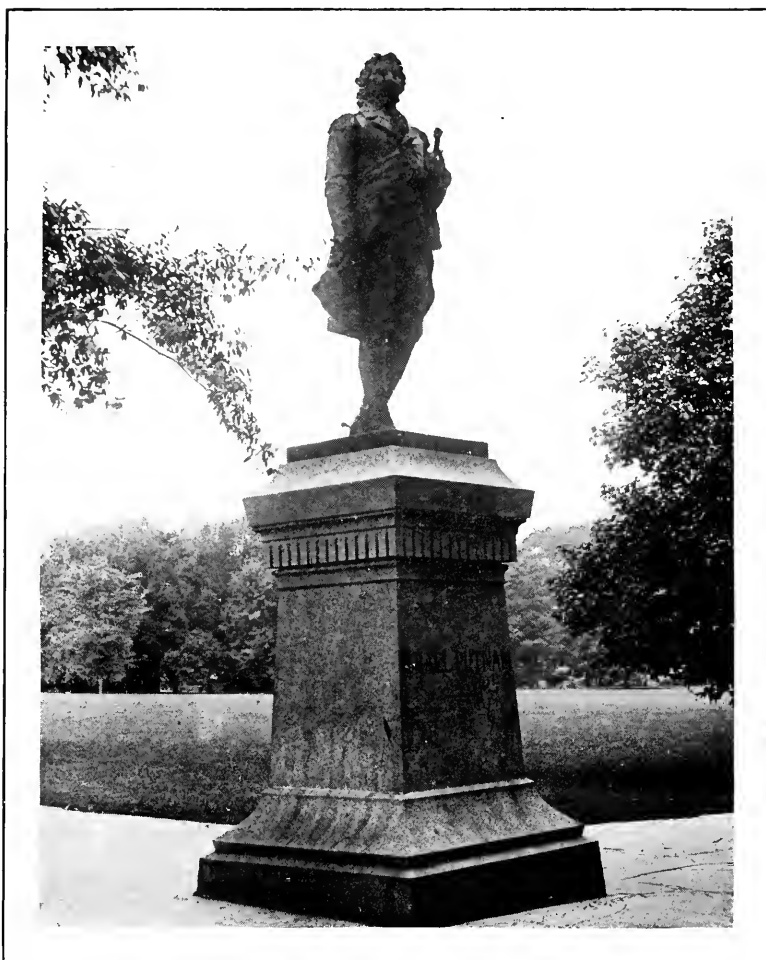


The old Huguenot House, New London, built in 1650

than three thousand inhabitants each. More than seventy towns have fewer inhabitants than they had fifty, a hundred, or even one hundred and fifty years ago. I have compiled from a table of comparative statistics on population in Connecticut this following list of towns that show a considerable loss of population since 1870 and earlier dates. The list is not complete, but it is representative, and emphasizes the inequality of representation in the lower house of the Legislature:

Andover, 500 in 1850—385 in 1900
 Ashford, 1,245 in 1756—757 in 1900
 Barkhamsted, 1,437 in 1800—864 in 1900
 Bethany, 1,170 in 1840—517 in 1900
 Bethlehem, 1,138 in 1800—576 in 1900
 Bolton, 1,452 in 1800—457 in 1900
 Bozrah, 934 in 1800—799 in 1900
 Bridgewater, 1,048 in 1860—649 in 1900
 Burlington, 1,467 in 1810—1,218 in 1900
 Canaan, 2,037 in 1800—820 in 1900
 Canterbury, 2,614 in 1782—876 in 1900
 Chaplin, 807 in 1830—529 in 1900
 Cheshire, 2,288 in 1800—1,989 in 1900
 Colchester, 3,183 in 1800—1,991 in 1900
 Colebrook, 1,119 in 1800—684 in 1900
 Columbia, 843 in 1810—655 in 1900
 Cornwall, 1,614 in 1800—1,175 in 1900
 Coventry, 2,021 in 1800—1,632 in 1900

Durham, 1,029 in 1800—884 in 1900
 Eastford, 1,127 in 1850—523 in 1900
 East Granby, 833 in 1860—684 in 1900
 Easton, 1,432 in 1850—660 in 1900
 Franklin, 1,210 in 1800—546 in 1900
 Goshen, 1,493 in 1800—835 in 1900
 Granby, 2,735 in 1800—1,299 in 1900
 Hampton, 1,379 in 1800—629 in 1900
 Hartland, 1,318 in 1800—592 in 1900
 Harwinton, 1,481 in 1800—1,213 in 1900
 Hebron, 1,855 in 1756—1,016 in 1900
 Kent, 1,617 in 1800—1,220 in 1900
 Killingworth, 2,047 in 1800—651 in 1900
 Lebanon, 3,652 in 1800—1,521 in 1900
 Ledyard, 1,871 in 1840—1,236 in 1900
 Lisbon, 1,158 in 1800—697 in 1900
 Lyme, 4,380 in 1800—750 in 1900
 Madison, 1,809 in 1830—1,518 in 1900
 Mansfield, 2,560 in 1800—1,827 in 1900
 Marlborough, 720 in 1810—322 in 1900
 Middlebury, 847 in 1810—736 in 1900
 Middletown, 1,053 in 1870—845 in 1900
 Monroe, 1,522 in 1830—1,043 in 1900
 Morris, 769 in 1860—535 in 1900
 New Fairfield, 1,665 in 1800—584 in 1900
 Norfolk, 1,649 in 1800—1,614 in 1900
 North Branford, 1,016 in 1840—814 in 1900
 North Stonington, 2,524 in 1810—1,240 in 1900
 Old Lyme, 1,304 in 1860—1,180 in 1900
 Oxford, 1,410 in 1800—952 in 1900
 Pomfret, 2,566 in 1782—1,831 in 1900
 Prospect, 651 in 1830—562 in 1900
 Redding, 1,632 in 1800—1,426 in 1900
 Roxbury, 1,121 in 1800—1,087 in 1900



Statue of General Israel Putnam in the Capitol grounds, Hartford

Salem, 1,053 in 1820—468 in 1900
 Saybrook, 3,363 in 1800—1,634 in 1900
 Scotland, 720 in 1860—471 in 1900
 Sharon, 2,340 in 1800—1,982 in 1900
 Sherman, 949 in 1810—658 in 1900
 Simsbury, 4,664 in 1782—2,094 in 1900
 Southbury, 1,757 in 1800—1,238 in 1900
 Sprague, 3,463 in 1870—1,339 in 1900
 Tolland, 1,638 in 1800—1,036 in 1900
 Union, 767 in 1800—428 in 1900
 Voluntown, 1,872 in 1790—872 in 1900
 Warren, 1,083 in 1800—432 in 1900
 Westbrook, 1,182 in 1840—884 in 1900
 Weston, 2,680 in 1800—840 in 1900
 Wethersfield, 3,092 in 1800—2,637 in 1900
 Willington, 1,278 in 1800—885 in 1900
 Wilton, 1,728 in 1810—1,598 in 1900
 Wolcott, 948 in 1800—581 in 1900
 Woodbridge, 2,198 in 1800—852 in 1900
 Woodstock, 2,463 in 1800—2,095 in 1900

Not all of the country towns that are dwindling in population are also losing in wealth and comfort. The contrary is true of some of them. In not a few cases the departing small farmers have been replaced by people who earn fortunes in the city to spend them in the country. They are usually leaders in all movements for modern social conveniences, as water-works, sewers, etc. There is something baronial in this new development — the substitution of the great estate, with its hired retainers, for the older order in which the people were all about equal in wealth — or in poverty, as the case may have been. When the State Agricultural College gets a request from one



The Connecticut Capitol, at Hartford, memorial arch on the left

of these big country show-places for an expert worker of some sort, it goes without saying that his first qualification must be the ability to keep things as neat as a pin. He may or may not be a good business man as well, and able to make his department of the estate earn its way; that is a secondary consideration. His function is not to earn money, but to spend it.

The Rise of the Cities

Coincident with the decline of the country towns the principal cities have risen, in wealth and population, sufficiently to insure the State a steady growth as a whole. The chief cities, in order of population, are:

These ten cities have considerably more than one-half of the population of the State, but have only twenty representatives in the lower house of the Legislature, as against 235 representatives from the smaller cities and country towns that contain the minority of the State's inhabitants.

Indeed, so marked is the contrast between the bustling, thriving cities and the silent, wide spaces of the country that a stranger in the State, riding up and down its steam and trolley lines, and penetrating its remoter regions by team and motor-car, might easily receive the impression that the whole population, in fear of a foreign foe, had fled for refuge to the fortified cities. His observation of half a dozen deserted and ruined

New Haven	5,157	in 1800	108,027	in 1900	125,000 (estimated)	in 1907
Hartford	5,347	" 1800	79,850	" 1900	105,000	" 1907
Bridgeport	2,800	" 1800	70,096	" 1900	100,000	" 1907
Waterbury	5,137	" 1850	51,139	" 1900	70,000	" 1907
New Britain	3,090	" 1850	28,202	" 1900	38,000	" 1907
Meriden	1,240	" 1810	28,695	" 1900	35,000	" 1907
Norwich	3,476	" 1800	24,637	" 1900	26,000	" 1907
Stamford	4,352	" 1800	18,889	" 1900	22,500	" 1907
Norwalk	5,146	" 1810	19,932	" 1900	22,000	" 1907
New London	5,150	" 1800	17,548	" 1900	20,000	" 1907

homesteads, and of a tumbledown, windowless small factory or two, in a stretch of less than a dozen miles of travel along such a country road might give him the further impression that the exodus into the cities had taken place a generation or more ago, and that the country people had never returned to their homes. This, in fact, is precisely what did take place, except that the animating motive of the exodus was not the fear of a foreign foe, but the desire for city life, with its regular wages and its various stimulating contacts with other social beings. There was, of course, a large migration of the younger men to the free farms of the West and to the larger cities of other States. The increased population of the cities of Connecticut is not all, or perhaps even chiefly, to be accounted for by the migration from Connecticut farms. In each of the principal cities there is a large and increasing proportion of citizens of foreign birth. The ratio of foreign to native is largest, probably, in Waterbury, where the foreigners are a decided majority.

How Foreigners Are Making Farming Pay

Connecticut has no port of entry for immigrants, but it is so close to New York and Boston, that it gains as many recruits from the incoming army of foreigners as its industries can use. I was told by a gentleman who should know the facts that thirty thousand foreigners took up residence in Connecticut in 1906. Most of them, of course, were attracted by the employment readily obtainable in the factories of the cities. But not all. Many Russian Jews and Italians are buying the abandoned farms. In the town of Colchester, for example, the Baron Hirsch Fund, devoted to settling European Jews on American farms, has located a thrifty colony. Its members, by applying themselves and their children to the soil in the fashion of the pioneer Yankees, and to some extent also by specializing to meet new needs of the time have made farming once more a profitable occupation. Their number is increasing, and they are restoring to the old town its former industrial values. Moreover, since they find here chances of prosperity that were not open to them in Europe, they are not afraid

to bring children into the world. They are fecund. Children old enough to help in the labor of the farms are assets, as they were in the days of the Yankee pioneers. And the Jews have this advantage over the Yankee pioneers,—namely, that they find ready to hand a free public-school system, of which, under the laws of a benevolently paternal State government, they must give their children the benefits for a considerable part of each year. They have the further advantage of finding what the first pioneers did not find, and that is, a multitude of big city markets, hungry for the produce of their farms and gardens, which the means of rapid transportation of these later days enable them to put upon the markets quickly and profitably.

Many of these Jews from the old world locate in the cities. Everywhere they are hungry for property. They realize, as too many people of other stocks do not, that property means education, which means power. They are all (though they may never have heard of it) believers in Bernard Shaw's newest dogma; namely, that poverty is a disgrace, and the parent of crime. They are here as everywhere a strong, energetic, and very desirable element of the population.

The Italians who take up agriculture tend to specialize on market-gardens in the neighborhood of the larger cities. They, too, are hard workers, thrifty, bettering their own condition and adding to the general wealth. In Waterbury and other city centres there has been a large recent influx of Lithuanians and other Austrians. They fit quickly and well into the countless, varied manufactures of the State and are in a way rapidly to become as good citizens as any; a trifle too ready with the knife, which police officials deplore, but philosophical observers of their development are content: they do not expect new-comers to abandon all their racial characteristics in a day. French-Canadians are numerous in the cotton-milling centres. They are less inclined than formerly to shove their small children into the mills. Contact with a new social order has awakened in them more desire that their boys and girls shall obtain education. Many of them have gone on to join the property-holding class, in trade or manufacturing on their own account. These by their example lead the others forward.



In the Square, at Waterbury, Hotel Elton on the left

Too Many Children in the Mills

Connecticut is still neglectful of her poorer children to some extent. There were about 3,500 children between fourteen and sixteen working in mills and factories in 1900; about 4,300 in 1905; and nearer 5,500 to-day are so employed. The State's benevolent paternalism has not yet reached down to these little ones. But the tendency is in that direction, and surely in time all under sixteen years of age will be turned from the factories to the public schools. The State's stake in the child is worth more—very much more—than the child's earnings between the ages of fourteen and sixteen.

Everywhere that I have been in New England I have been assured that the chief cause of child labor in the factories was the eagerness of the foreign-born parents to get wage-help from their children. It seemed reasonable that these new-comers, most of them poor, would be more likely than native Americans to send their children to work rather than to school. But in Connecticut for the first time I have found official statistics on prosecutions of parents under the

child-labor law, and I find that most of the offenders are American natives. The report is for the school year of 1903-1904. There were forty-three Americans prosecuted, eleven Irish, nine French, eight Italians, and six Russian Jews. Not all of these prosecutions were based upon the employment of children who should have been in school, but the figures seem to show the falsity of the common saying that the foreigners are less willing than the natives to give their children an education.

Blending the Races into an American Type

More light on the part that the foreign portion of Connecticut's population is taking in the life of the State is given in the latest annual report of the State Board of Health. Its figures are for the year 1905. In that year there were 23,271 births. Of these, 8,328 were of American stock and 14,591 were in families where one or both parents were of foreign birth. There were 8,075 marriages. In 4,023 both parties were American; in 2,771 both parties were foreign;



The Connecticut Agricultural College, at Storrs

in 689 the husband was foreign, the wife American; and in 589 the wife was foreign, the husband American. Excepting Norwalk, each of the chief ten cities reported a larger number of children born of foreign than of native parents. The figures for the ten cities follow:

<i>City</i>	<i>Both parents foreign</i>	<i>Both parents American</i>	<i>Mother foreign</i>	<i>Father foreign</i>
Hartford	911	676	162	131
New Britain	649	272	64	72
New Haven 1,647	999	190	180	
Meriden	358	197	56	72
Waterbury	912	473	112	143
New London	215	181	29	45
Norwich	285	180	47	53
Bridgeport	1,247	608	101	154
Norwalk	134	200	18	26
Stamford	170	167	32	39

Three counties — Hartford, New Haven, and Fairfield — the counties containing the large manufacturing cities — show a very large preponderance of children born of foreign parents; while the five counties which may be described as chiefly rural show a slight majority of children born of native parents. In the State as a whole the births in families where the mother was

native, the father foreign, were 1,727, as against 1,537 in families where the father is native, the mother foreign. Another evidence of the fusion of racial elements into an American type — possibly a new one, but still an American type — is the total of 810 births in families where both parents were foreign but of different nationalities. As the new-comers to the State are chiefly from foreign countries, and from Latin and Slavic peoples, the typical American in Connecticut half a dozen generations hence will be a very different individual from the typical American of a century ago, or even of this day. The commoner names will remain about the same as now, for the reason that very many of the foreigners drop their consonantal European names and become Smiths, Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons. I met one sturdy chap who had discarded a name ending with "insky" and adopted Putnam in its stead. As far as I am concerned he is quite welcome to it; I have no doubt he and his descendants will wear it with credit. The typical Connecticut man of the future, take him by and large, promises to be as good an American as any that

have gone before him — intelligent, industrious, and patriotic.

Eleven Per Cent on the Manufacturing Investment

Connecticut's chief gainful occupations are manufacturing, transportation, insurance, wholesale and retail trade, and farming. The United States census returns for 1905 report that there was in that year a total investment in Connecticut's manufactures of \$373,283,580, employing raw materials costing \$191,301,881, and placing on the markets a total product worth \$369,082,091. These industries gave work to 13,523 salaried officials and clerks and to 181,605 wage-earners. The total of salaries was \$17,040,351; of wages, \$87,942,628. The sum of the salaries and wages and the cost of the raw materials was \$296,284,860. Add to this the \$32,325,002 reported for miscellaneous expenses, and the total, representing the cost of the finished products, was \$328,609,862. Deduct this from the value of the finished products and there remains a profit, in round numbers, of nearly forty and one-half million dollars, or about eleven per cent on the total invested capital. This fact chiefly explains the State's gain in population and in wealth; it is the magnet that attracts to Connecticut in a single year thirty thousand foreign workmen; it explains, too, the exodus from the farms of the State, which in 1900, according to the *Connecticut State Register and Manual*, employed 44,796 hands, including proprietors; had a capital investment of

\$113,305,580; and yielded a total product worth only \$28,276,948. In a word, the salaries and wages paid by Connecticut manufacturers in a single year exceeded the total capital investment in the State's farm industry.

Connecticut, like Rhode Island, produces little of the raw materials that are used in her factories. She has comparatively little water-power, and must ship in the coal that makes her steam-power. She has but one

deep harbor, and that one, at New London, is practically unused. The bulk of her freight is hauled over the lines of a single railroad. The only steam road in the State not controlled by the Consolidated is the New London Northern, under lease to the Vermont Central, which is in turn under lease to the Grand Trunk road of Canada. The Grand Trunk thus keeps its grip on the best of the Connecticut harbors, but makes very little use of it.



President Rufus W. Stimson, of Connecticut
Agricultural College, Harvard, A.B.
'95, Yale, B.D. '97

A Loss in Individual Initiative and Its Causes

Connecticut's high rank in manufacturing is due

most of all to the ingenuity of her mechanics and inventors, and to the business wisdom and daring of her capitalists. With the rapid substitution of foreign for native workmen in the mills and factories, it is said that the State produces fewer inventors than of old. This seems to be true of all the manufacturing States, and it is doubtful if the changed character of the workmen fully explains it. Very likely the centralization of industries in large groups is partly responsible for the apparent decline of America's inventive powers. Where

practically all of the output of any given kind of goods is produced in the factories of a single great corporation, there is not the same inducement to adopt new devices that there was when the business was scattered among scores or hundreds of smaller plants, and when the first to adopt a new device might hope to gain a decided advantage over its competitors. It is pretty sure that the centralization of industries under single great corporations, however it may have cheapened production and enlarged output, has also tended to stifle individual initiative and to reduce workmen to a mechanical dead level far more than the labor unions have done. Despite the drift toward centralization, the number of manufacturing establishments increased nearly three per cent between 1900 and 1905. This increase was in the cities; the rural districts showed a loss of four and one-half per cent.

Ask for It, and Connecticut Can Supply It

It is the boast of Connecticut that her factories produce everything, from a rifled cannon to a pin; from a twist of silk thread to a ship's anchor-chain and the anchor that goes with it. Ask for almost anything made by the hand of man, and Connecticut can supply it, from a felt hat to a piano-player. In short, Connecticut is a huge department-store of manufacturing. Waterbury is the capital of the brass industry of the United States. With all the natural conditions against it, this city has made gains only second to those of Bridgeport as a manufacturing-centre. Waterbury has no water-power to speak of; no coal or metals except what she brings in from long distances; no native supply of labor; she has to do all her shipping over a single-track branch line railroad; yet her rise has been as rapid as that of the most favorably situated cities elsewhere. Waterbury's brass works consume raw material worth over thirteen millions annually, and turn out a product worth nearly twenty millions — almost one-third as much as the total of all manufactures in Vermont. The New Haven road is now laying a second track into Waterbury and is preparing to replace the miserable shack that now serves the city as a railway-station with a new structure to cost \$190,000.

The double track will facilitate shipments and relieve Waterbury's manufacturers of one of their most vexatious problems. On a Sunday in midsummer there were a hundred freight-trains sidetracked there waiting to be handled. The railroad company that seeks and acquires a practical monopoly of the commercial highways of the State has failed to keep pace with the demands of this city.

Bridgeport, an Open-Shop City

Bridgeport leads all other Connecticut cities in manufacturing. Her total investment is above fifty millions; wages and salaries, above twelve millions annually; and her yearly output is worth above forty-five millions. Bridgeport claims to have a wider range of manufacturing than any other city in America. She has no one dominant industry, hence she has no fear of dull times. The quiet season in one line is the lively season in another; her workpeople are thus steadily employed, and become to a large extent home-owners. I was told that there is not in all Bridgeport a single closed shop — not one in which union men only are employed. There are doubtless some exceptions, but this is certainly the rule. It is said that as a result strikes are few. Bridgeport has one of the finest passenger-stations on the line of the New Haven road, and two large and convenient freight depots. The New Haven operates every steamship that sails from a Connecticut port. Bridgeport has eighteen feet of water and ships enormous quantities of her manufactured products to New York by sea. Bridgeport manufacturers are favored in the matter of freight rates, being given the New York rates on shipments South and West.

The practical bent of the Bridgeport mind is indicated in the public statues of Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing-machine, and of P. T. Barnum, the first great American showman, which adorn her public squares.

New Haven enjoys a double fame,—in the intellectual world, as the seat of Yale University; in the workaday world, as the seat of half a thousand factories whose products carry her name around the world. First in population, she is second in manufactures, with a total annual output exceeding forty million dollars in value.



The New Union Station at Bridgeport

The Beautiful Capital City

Hartford, the capital city, monopolizes, almost, the insurance business of the State. Her fire and life companies — the *Ætna*, the Connecticut Mutual, the Travelers', and nearly a dozen more — have assets totaling nearly \$290,000,000, with total surpluses of more than \$34,000,000. These companies bring into the State every year a golden tide of profits, larger in volume on a smaller invested capital than any other business of the State. Much of this money flows back into other States for investment in real-estate, stocks and bonds, and mortgages; but a large part of it goes into the channels of business in Connecticut, a refreshing and inspiring infusion, in no small degree accountable for the vigor of Connecticut's manufacturing-enterprises. Connecticut's insurance companies appear to have been managed more conservatively than the great New York companies, so that the recent flurry of investigation and exposure in the Empire State did not affect them.

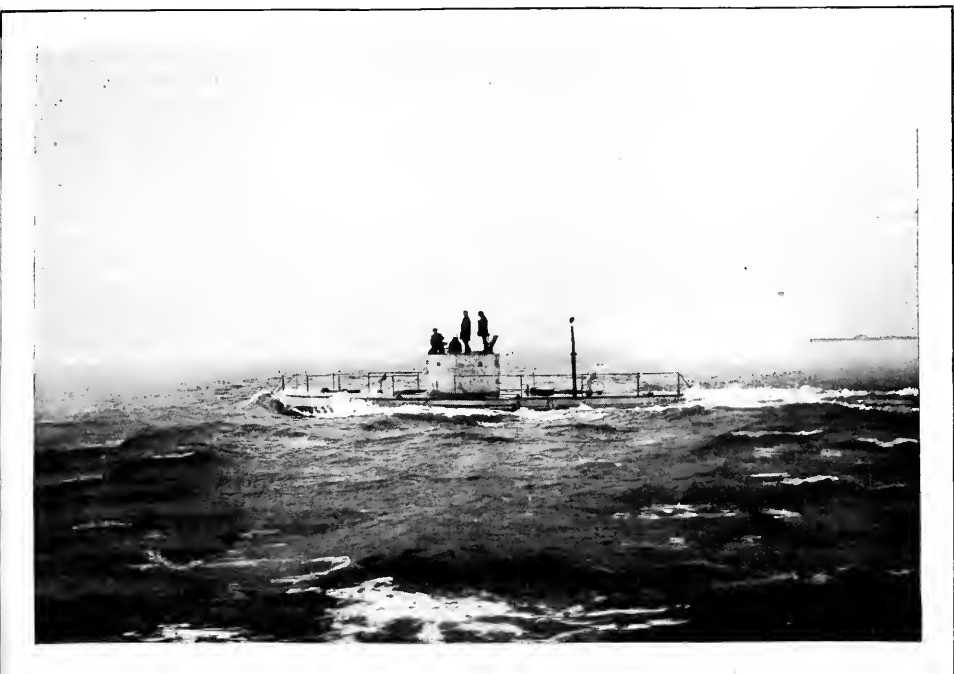
Hartford is in my opinion the best-groomed city in the State. She has an air of solidity and wealth somewhat like that of Portland, in Maine, but is larger and richer than Portland. Her factory district is the neatest and most modern in arrangement that I have seen anywhere.

The splendid Capitol, in its magnificent setting of green, fronted by a ribbon of flowing water, is a gem of architecture and landscape. From its seat on a hill overlooking the central section of the city it affords a view of wide range and almost unbroken loveliness. Also, its upper story is an amazing fire-trap — a tinder-box. The Legislature this year appropriated money to fireproof this part of the structure. The Capitol and its grounds are adorned with many memorials — all of them interesting, many of them genuinely beautiful. The Memorial Arch at the main gate to the Capitol grounds is nobly proportioned. Advancing up the pathway to the north entrance, one encounters General Israel Putnam in bronze, standing guard with drawn sword. One wonders what "Old Put" would think of the State's present-day government if he could come back and take a look at it. Doubtless he would feel like leaving his plow in the furrow and going to the front a second time. In the main corridor is an inspiring

statue of Nathan Hale, idol of patriotic schoolboys, the young soldier of the Revolution who in the shadow of death regretted that he had but one life to give for his country. Here, too, is a medallion of Fitch, who made the steamboat "go" several years earlier than Fulton's experiments on the Hudson, but who somehow failed to keep it going, and so lost the immortality of renown that the world has awarded the later inventor. There are other statues in the corridor and on the grounds, but their originals did not penetrate the world's consciousness very deeply.

The State's Most Precious Treasure

The Connecticut State Library, located on the second floor of the Capitol, is the repository of the State's most precious treasure, the original charter granted to the Connecticut Colony by King Charles II. in 1662. Mr. Godard, the State Librarian, opened the massive steel doors of the great safe in which the charter is suspended on a roll, and with justifiable pride — the pride of the native son mingled with the deeper veneration of the antiquarian — displayed the gem of the collection confided to his care. While we sat chatting, groups of little children came in and gazed with wide eyes at the great parchment, adorned with a portrait of the king, and proclaiming the fundamental law which was the sole written constitution of Connecticut for a century and a half. Not until 1818 did the State formulate and adopt a constitution to succeed the royal charter. It was, in the words of the historian Alexander Johnston, the most "democratic charter ever given by a king." At any rate it met the needs of the State for many years after Connecticut became a member of the American Union. Mr. Godard is collecting early papers, letters, and other documents bearing on the colonial history of Connecticut, and is following the example of the State Librarian of Wisconsin in making the library especially valuable as a depository of materials treating of State governments. Under the guidance of the State Librarian an effort is being made to obtain better protection for the records of the towns, to repair them where damaged, and to make new copies where the originals are beyond repair. Most of the official records of Connecticut, other than those kept



The "Lake" submarine boat, a Bridgeport product

by the State, are in the custody of the towns. Often they are stowed away in small safes or desks in farmhouses or stores, subject to constant hazard of loss by fire.

The State Library will soon have a home of its own, a new building for which the Legislature this year appropriated a million dollars.

Connecticut's Liberal Provision for Education

Connecticut is second only to Massachusetts among the New England States in a liberal provision for public education. The State's three normal schools graduate about 250 teachers yearly, one half the number needed to supply the vacancies that occur, and in this particular there is apparent need of more liberal provision. But there appears to be no good reason why any child in the State, if determined to obtain an education, should not do so. True, many of the schools in the country towns are very primitive, and have not the same grade of teachers that the cities can command with their more liberal salaries; yet these schools serve as

well as they have served in the past as an introduction to a system in which the districts, the towns, and the State join to assist the student at every step to and through the high school.

The Connecticut Agricultural College at Storrs offers two, four, and six-year courses free of charge to all children born in the State. This school receives students direct from the rural district schools, from the high schools, and from the colleges, supplying to each what he lacks in the fundamentals of a sound scheme of education, and offering to all special training in the many branches of field and farm work, including forestry. Storrs, the seat of the State College, is seven miles from Willimantic. The college occupies a large farm, with a variety of soils admirably adapted to the wide range of experimental farming conducted there. Governor Woodruff wished the Legislature this year to order the college removed to a more central location on or near a railroad line, but his desire was denied. It seems to be a part of the dominant impulse of the time to move everything into town, even the agricultural colleges. This

one appears to be suitably situated. It is certainly in competent hands and doing good work.

A College for Women in Prospect

Connecticut has no college for women alone. President Raymond of Wesleyan University is about to retire from office. Upon his successor will devolve the labor of creating a separate college for women, as an annex to Wesleyan. Coeducation at Wesleyan, thanks to the Teddy-bearish attitude of a majority (or perhaps only a noisy minority) of the male students toward the female students, is about to be abandoned. It is to be written down that young men who cannot appreciate the inspiring influence of co-eds do not deserve to enjoy it. On the whole, with the increasing dominance of the football course over the merely cultural courses in American colleges, it is regretfully to be admitted that coeducation is steadily losing favor in the West as well as in the East.

Trinity College, nominally Episcopalian, is situated in Hartford. Its president is State Senator Flavel S. Luther. Trinity breaks the bread of knowledge for two hundred young men. These three schools, with Yale, are the seats of the higher education in Connecticut. Below them are seventy-eight high schools and several private academies of high-school grade.

Evening schools are conducted in Ansonia, Bridgeport, Danbury, Hartford, Manchester, Meriden, New Britain, New Haven, New London, Norwalk, Norwich, Stamford, Wallingford, and Waterbury, the manufacturing-centres, where boys and girls — and adults as well — can educate themselves while earning their bread by daily labor. If perchance there be an Abraham Lincoln among these young men, he will not be put to the necessity of studying by the light of a pine knot; comfortable schoolrooms and competent teachers are provided to supply his needs. The whole number of pupils in attendance at these evening schools in the school year of 1903-1904, the last period for which figures are available, was 5,950, and only four of them were less than fourteen years old. If that is not an inspiring fact, where shall we find one?

The State to Assist Trade Schools

There are manual training departments in the high schools in a few of the larger cities, but thus far Connecticut has no trade schools. This deficiency is in a way to be remedied. The Legislature of 1907 appropriated \$50,000 for this work. Senator Luther, who has been called the father of the trade-school movement in Connecticut, says:

"I have been much interested in the matter for a good while, and have filled the atmosphere of the State with talk on the subject for the last ten years, so that I suspect the action of the Legislature was dictated partly by a desire to shunt me off on something else. As the bill finally passed it provides that any town or district may by vote (the referendum) establish a trade school, and that the State will assist two such schools to the extent of \$50,000 a year in the aggregate. I should have been glad to see a larger appropriation, and the bill has been modified somewhat since I drew it up; but it definitely commits the State to the policy of public instruction in trades, and that is, as I regard it, the crucial point. If the schools are successful there will be no difficulty in getting further appropriations.

"The actual history of the bill is as follows. In 1903, by vote of the Legislature, the Governor appointed a commission to look into the matter of trade schools, and to report. They presented their report late in the session of 1905, and the matter was carried over to its present session. At this session I found myself a member, and in a position to urge the matter. The result is what I have described.

"The labor unions were undoubtedly opposed to the whole project, but the opposition weakened all through the session. It seemed to burn absolutely out, and the bill finally passed practically without a dissenting vote. Educators have been pretty generally in favor of it. The last opposition to overcome, and that which I feared most just at the end, originated among certain manufacturers of very conservative tendencies. I find myself quite unable to understand their attitude, and, anyway, it seems thus far to have done no particular harm."

Connecticut has a permanent school fund of \$2,023,527, which yields an annual in-



Central buildings of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.

come of about \$110,000. The State and the towns annually spend about three and one-half millions for public education.

Trial by Jury Granted at Last

Having now completed our hasty and necessarily superficial survey of Connecticut's industries and her educational institutions, let us return to the capital for a final ten-minutes look at those acts of the legislative session of this year which most clearly prove that the State as a business institution is going forward.

Most conspicuous of these new laws is that one which guarantees the right of trial by jury. In his message to the Legislature, Governor Woodruff bore strongest upon the shameful defect in the State's legal system under which trial by jury was denied at the option of the defendant. The result of this old law was, as the Governor set forth, that "if a person is killed in an accident and a corporation or individual that is held to be at fault is sued to recover damages, although \$5,000 is the limit allowed by statute for the loss of life, all the corporation or defendant

person need do in order to escape trial by jury is to enter a default, and by such default to confess the right of the plaintiff to nominal damages. The trial before a judge," the Governor added, "results in a judgment for fifty dollars and costs, the judge being satisfied from the evidence that the defendant is not responsible. Then why award nominal damages and costs, if the defendant is not responsible? It looks as though a man's life were valued by the court at fifty dollars, because that is the amount of the judgment entered in the cause. But the real decision is in favor of the defendant, who is allowed to escape a trial before a jury in that way.

"For many years," said the Governor, "our General Assembly has made unsuccessful efforts to correct this condition so that the same right shall be afforded in actions of tort that obtains in actions of contracts. Why this matter has never reached a fair settlement is one of the blunders of legislation subjecting the State to severest criticism. The people want this law made right, and they demand to know why it is not done. They want to know what influ-

ence operates upon the law-making authority that they have elected to represent them, with more power than the people's will. In whose interest is this law kept upon the statute-books? In what a situation are the people of Connecticut placed when they are compelled to go to Massachusetts, Rhode Island, or New York to secure abroad what is denied them at home — the right of trial by jury!"

No Mystery about It

You will of course understand that the Governor's inquiry concerning the "influence" that kept the old law upon the books was Pickwickian. He knew, and every member of the Legislature knew, and the whole people of the State knew, that that infamous law was kept on the books by the railroad monopoly, in order that it might not be forced to pay more than fifty dollars apiece for the victims of its rolling wheels. The fact of the railroad monopoly permitting the Legislature to wipe out the old law at this year's session proves that it feared an upheaval which might imperil its more important special privileges.

Hereafter Connecticut will be found in line with the other States of the American Union in respect to trial by jury. For his part in bringing about this reform Governor Woodruff may well consider his term of office well spent, however many of his other suggestions were turned down contemptuously by a Legislature that obviously had more regard for its corporate masters than for the will of the people as a whole.

Millions for Public Roads

The next most important enactment of the session of 1907 was the appropriation of \$4,500,000 for the extension and maintenance of public roads under the supervision of the State Highway Commissioner. The commissioner is authorized to expend \$750,000 a year. This money goes into trunk lines, roads connecting the towns. Hitherto the maintenance of these roads has been left to the towns. Under the new law the State assumes control.

Under the old highway law, the town paid the whole cost of road-making and the State later sent the town a contribution for its share. Under the new law, the State

makes the first payment covering the whole cost, and later receives the town's portion. Under the new law also the State's share of the expense is larger; the town's, smaller. The State will pay seven-eighths of the cost of the new road work where the town's total property valuation is \$1,250,000 or less three-fourths if the town has a higher valuation. Initiative for new work must be taken by the town. The State will then decide whether the work asked for is needed. The town is of course free to do as much road work as it likes wholly at its own expense; the State's fund will be spent only where the State highway commissioner believes it will serve the general good. This is an uncommon grant of personal power in a work involving so much money, but Connecticut has in Commissioner MacDonald an uncommon man. He is a road-builder, not a grafter. The State has given him large authority, and with it goes heavy responsibility.

Connecticut is traversed by thousands of automobiles other than those owned within the State. Motor-cars have created a new and puzzling problem for road-builders. They tear up macadam, gravel, and the other road-surfaces now in use on rural highways, undoing in short order the costly work of the highway-makers. Commissioner MacDonald is one of the foremost masters of his craft, and with the ample funds placed at his disposal by the State he may succeed in finding or creating some road-surface, short of wrought iron, that will stand the wear and tear of the automobile. Primarily, his department will continue working, as it has worked in the past, to provide good roads for the dwellers in the country, in order that they may bring the produce of their farms to market at the least cost.

While we are on this subject of roads, it is worth remarking that trolley-building has gone forward at a great rate in Connecticut of late years. Wherever the State and the town build a level road-bed linking communities, the trolley-builders are quick to take advantage of it. The Consolidated, the steam-railroad monopoly, has absorbed all the trolley-lines. Its most recent mouthful, the water-logged Connecticut Railway and Lighting Company, included the city lighting plants at Waterbury and some other places, so that the Consolidated is now not only a hauler of goods and passengers and a

manipulator of legislation, but is also a dealer in electric light.

The Railroad-Insurance Alliance

Of the alliance between the big insurance companies and the railroad monopoly it is necessary to say only that the Connecticut insurance companies own six and one-half millions of the stocks and bonds of the Consolidated and its constituent companies, and that the president of the *Ætna Life Insurance Company*, Morgan G. Bulkeley, is a Senator of the United States from Connecticut, by grace of the Consolidated. Every dollar of the railroad's stocks and bonds that the insurance companies have bought is worth more to-day than they paid for it: they have not put their policy-holders funds in jeopardy by purchasing it. Their ownership of it, however, affords a valid business reason for their supporting the rule of the railroad in State politics, to the end that its taxes may not be made burdensome, nor its profitable special privileges curtailed.

While upon this subject of railroad taxes, let us hear the story of Senator Stiles Judson's attempt to get light at the last session of the Legislature. Senator Judson offered a resolution for the appointment of a commissioner, by the Governor to investigate the subject of the taxes imposed by law against public-service corporations and to ascertain whether such taxes had been in fact paid, and to report to the next General Assembly thereon. This resolution was chiefly based upon the following considerations. The Connecticut statutes require that each railroad company shall pay to the State taxes at the rate of one per cent upon the valuation (as corrected by the Board of Equalization) of its capital stock and upon its funded and floating indebtedness (or the market value of such indebtedness if below par), deducting therefrom:

1st. Any bonds or obligations held by the corporation in trust as a sinking-fund.

2d. Any local taxes paid upon real estate not used for railroad purposes.

3d. Evidences of indebtedness issued for the purpose of acquiring the stock, bonds, etc., of another railroad company wholly or in part within the State, provided that such other railroad company continues to include such stocks, bonds, etc., in its annual return for taxation.

The resolution cited the returns of the Consolidated Railway for the year last past (now known as the Connecticut Company, and being the holding company of all the trolley-roads owned by the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Co.). Senator Judson pointed out that its capital stock was \$10,000,000 and its bonds and floating indebtedness \$32,000,000; that its bonds had been made a savings-bank investment, with the moral guarantee of the State behind them; that one per cent upon such capital stock and indebtedness would produce \$420,000; that it in fact paid about \$155,000; that its real-estate holdings subject to local taxation were worth but a nominal sum. He argued that the burden was upon the corporation to show that the wide difference between \$420,000 and \$155,000 was legitimately produced by the issue of bonds for the other two purposes. The same wide difference is indicated by the returns by the Connecticut Railway and Lighting Company now held by the Consolidated Company on lease.

It became known the day before Senator Judson offered the resolution that it was to be offered, and as a result the corridors of the Capitol were crowded with the legislative agents of the New Haven road to stifle the inquiry, with the result that there was a "line-up" of senators favorable to the railroad interests in any emergency, and the investigation was voted down, with no defence offered for the railroad in the debate upon the measure, nor denial of the charge of tax-dodging.

Mr. James M. Sullivan, a young lawyer of New Haven, is reported to have said that he met Lincoln Steffens recently and asked him why he did not write on the evils of politics in his own State, Connecticut. Mr. Steffens is reported to have replied:

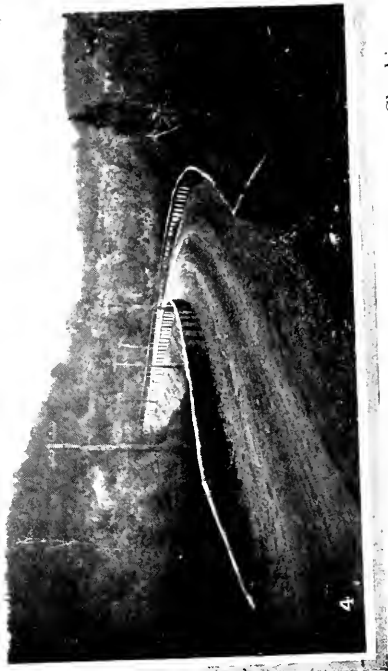
"The conscience of the people has become so deadened that I could not get any results."

I do not think that badly of any State. The people are patient, some of them are dishonest, but in the long run the silent pressure of honest public opinion gets expressed in progressive legislation. For a State so deeply sunk in political slavery as Connecticut, the enactment of a law providing for trial by jury is a good year's work. All that Connecticut needs to do is to exert in her political affairs the first-rate ability that she displays in her industrial

Down the Naugatuck valley to Bridgeport. Driving
 rock in Winsted



Main trunk-line from Hartford to New Haven, entering
 North Haven



A pretty piece of road and rustic bridge building in Cheshire,
 on the New Haven and Waterbury turnpike

affairs. In order to do this she must modernize and simplify her governmental machinery, in accord with the spirit of the age, precisely as she has modernized and simplified her industrial machinery.

How to Get Administrative Efficiency

A governing commission of five members should be substituted for the Legislature and the host of special commissions now managing, or at least now drawing pay for managing, divers items of the State's work. Five men, chosen by the whole State, in session the year through, could get a practical working knowledge of the State's business. The Legislature of 290 members is too large. It falls over its own feet, like all other Legislatures. Nine tenths of the members come up to the State-house strangers to each other and to the work before them. Each may have special knowledge of some one item among the hundreds of bills that will be offered for consideration during a session; but on nearly everything else the members must necessarily vote in the dark — taking somebody's word on the merits of the pending legislation. In this way good measures often fail, because they have no paid missionaries to root for them; bad measures go through, because wealthy special interests supply plenty of skilled and sympathetic advocates. Two hundred and eighty men will pass bad laws that five men would n't dare pass: it is much easier to carry one two-hundred-and-eightieth part of a disgrace than one-fifth of it. Let the commission formulate, for the State's biennial elections, a program of legislative propositions to be voted on by the citizens direct. Connecticut would then have a government of the majority guided and advised by the capable, and that is as nearly ideal as human ingenuity has yet suggested. Government by Commission has strong advocates in Connecticut. Senator Luther is one of them.

A Prosperous, Able, and Cynical Press

The press of Connecticut is prosperous and able, as a rule, but it neglects some plain duties to the people it serves. It is far too strongly influenced by the overshadowing industrial and political monopoly; a shrewd, genially-humorous press, in the main, but cynical withal, lacking faith in

man's best ideals, lacking faith in fundamental democracy, conceding, by silence, the right of the minority to govern the majority. Most singular and astonishing of all the omitted duties of the press of Connecticut is its failure to denounce the system of petty graft operated by the reporters at the legislative sessions. For many years it has been the strange and degrading custom, usually of the Senate, sometimes of the House, to vote gratuities of \$300 each to the newspaper representatives who report the sessions of the Connecticut Legislature. At the session of 1907 the Senate voted away \$3,000 of the people's money in this way.

It has been the custom of the reporters, or a majority of them, to canvass the members at the beginning of the session. "Are you for or against gratuities?" they asked. The member was uncommonly dull who could not discern in that query, put at that time, a veiled threat as well as a servile plea. If he announced himself as opposed to gratuities he might reasonably expect to have his part in the proceedings distorted, or at least unfairly minimized.

Some of the papers, among them the *Hartford Courant* and the *Waterbury American*, have not permitted their reporters to accept this bribe-money. It is a small matter in the amount involved, but it illustrates the force of Mr. Steffens's remark about the deadening of Connecticut's conscience, that many of her best newspaper reporters could become so lost to self-respect as to solicit blackmail, or, if the milder term be preferred, alms, from the public treasury. For be it known that no other class of workmen on earth has a higher general average of honesty and loyalty to the duty in hand than the newspaper reporters. They are the eyes and ears of the public in public places and to their everlasting credit they have as a rule proved faithful to the trust reposed in them. The first qualification of the good reporter is a certain instinctive perception of and reverence for truth and justice. When the graft in any State capitol becomes so all-pervasive that the reporters consent to share in it, unrebuked by their editorial chiefs, the limit has been reached.

Beginnings of a Forestry System

Connecticut is one of the few States that have recognized, however tardily and inad-

equately, the vital need of the sowing of new forest crops. Mr. Austin F. Hawes, the State Forester, gives me this following outline of the work in Connecticut:

"The work which this State is doing is being carried on by the Agricultural Experiment Station, and is largely of an educational sort, giving free advice to all land-owners in the State regarding better forest management, etc. We have also instituted the custom of furnishing seedlings to land-owners at the lowest possible cost, to be used for forestry purposes only. A year ago one hundred thousand white-pine seedlings were so disposed of, and this year about four hundred thousand, showing a marked increase in interest. These seedlings were furnished at \$3.85 per thousand.

"In order to give better information on forestry matters, and as examples of forestry for land-owners, we have an experimental plantation on some of the worst sand plains of Windsor, and the State also has two tracts purchased as a nucleus for larger forest reserves. One of these consists of eleven hundred acres of sprout-land in Portland, purchased at an average cost of \$1.75 per acre; and the other, of three hundred acres of run-out farm land in Union, purchased at an average of \$3.57. The work on these State tracts is attracting the attention of land-owners in the region, and it is hoped that the Legislature will in time furnish the money for purchasing larger forest tracts in different parts of the State.

"We also have a system of fire protection, inaugurated during the last two years by the appointment of town fire-wardens by the selectmen of the various towns, with the approval of the State Forester. In this way we hope to do away with forest fires, and have already made considerable progress, so that there is an increased feeling of security."

Of the total area of the State, about 3,000,000 acres, one half is non-productive agriculturally. Mr. Hawes says that one third of this non-productive half could be made to yield an annual income of seven million dollars if devoted to forest products.

There are so few private individuals who can afford to wait for the maturing of a forest crop that the use of the non-productive agricultural land in this way will always be limited until the State takes up the work.

City Sewage Pollutes the Rivers and Harbors

The cities of Connecticut all empty their sewage into rivers and bays. They are not quite as reckless as the people of Bangor, in Maine, who take their water-supply from the Penobscot River at a point just below a huge riverside cemetery, but they are sufficiently belated in this respect. Waterbury is putting a half million dollars into a plant for the treatment of her sewage, but none of the other large cities of the State is doing anything to stop the pollution of running waters in this way. Connecticut could learn a valuable lesson in municipal cleanliness, and municipal economy, from the German cities, or even from Houston in Texas. The New England cities' habit of providing great and beautiful parks and public buildings, while neglecting the best devices for simple cleanliness in this most vital particular, somehow reminds me of the New England woman's description of the prevailing type of domestic architecture in Chicago. She said it was a combination of the Queen Ann front with a Mary Ann back. But of course this does not represent any decline of the New England instinct for good house-keeping: it represents, instead, the New England habit of subordinating politics, the public business, to private business.

Government of the cities and of the State by boards of experts responsible directly to the people would doubtless speedily remedy the chief defects of government in Connecticut. But it is probably idle to discuss anything so simple, so modern, and so effective in connection with Connecticut. A State that has only just got trial by jury will not be ready for government by commission for another two hundred years.

THE TALE OF THE LOST ISLAND

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW



"Y Jove, it's a white man!" said Saxon, checking like a pointer on the threshold of the low dark doorway.

"Certainly. Very pleased to meet you," observed the figure on the mats. It was sitting cross-legged, clad only in a waist-cloth, and the house was a Fijian chief-house in a mountain village, three days journey from the nearest white settlement; but the thing squatted on the mats was undoubtedly white, and — English? Well, no; Saxon thought not. The phrase was American in flavor. He stepped across the threshold and came a little way in, relieved in mind. When you have been dead, and buried among the islands, for a quarter of a century, it is much pleasanter not to run the risk of meeting other ghosts (with university accents, tea-colored families, and a preference for modest retirement on steamer days) who may possibly have been alive together with you, before. . . .

Before The word means much, in that vast Pacific world, sepulchre of so many lost hopes and forgotten lives. We do not, in *The Islands*, cultivate curiosity as a virtue, since it would be likely to bring rather more than virtue's own reward after it. We do not ask cross-questions, because the crooked answers might involve questions of another sort. And when overfed, sanguineous passengers from smart liners happen along, and tell us, as a new and excellent joke, that the proper formula for receiving an introduction in *The Islands* is, "Glad to meet you, Mr. So-and-so; what were you called *before*?" we smile an acid smile and pretend we are amused. . . .

Saxon was very tired, having walked thirty miles that day, and very hungry, being out of luck and more or less on the tramp. But I think tired as he was, he would have found another village to rest in if the derelict white on the mats had spoken with the shibboleth of his own class and country.

As things were, the look of the house

pleased him, and he came in and folded himself up on the mats. The other man noted that he selected a "tabu kaisi" mat (a kind strictly forbidden to all but chiefs, or whites), and that he looked hopefully towards the kava-bowl.

"Not the first time you've stopped under a pandanus roof, I guess?" he remarked.

"No," said Saxon. "Whose house is this?"

"Mine," said the stranger. "Make yourself at home."

It was a handsome chief-house of the best Fijian type, forty feet from mats to ridgepole, the walls covered with beautifully inlaid and interwoven reeds, the roof bound together with exquisite sinnet-work, in artistic patterns of red, black, and yellow and towering up into a dark, cool cavern of pleasant gloom. The floor was overlaid with fine parquetry of split bamboo at the "kaisi" or common-folk end, and piled deep with fine mats in the "chief" part. A Fijian bed, ten feet wide and three feet high, ran like a dais right across the end of the house. It was covered by mats prettily fringed with colored parrot-feathers. There were three great doors, east, west, and south, each framing in its dark-set opening a different picture of surpassing loveliness. Nalolo town (its name is on the map of Fiji, but reads otherwise) stands very high, on the sheer crest of a pointed green hill that is just like the enchanted hill in the pictures of a fairy-tale. There is a little round green lawn on the top, and all about it stand the high, pointed, beehive houses of the town, each perched on its own tiny mound like a toy on a stand. Sloped coconut-logs run up to the doors of the houses, and quaintly colored crotons cluster about them. In the deep, soft grass, golden eggs from the guava-trees lie tumbled about among fallen stars of orange and lemon blossom, and everywhere the red hibiscus shakes its splendid bells in the soft hill-winds. About the foot of the peak a wide blue river wanders, singing all day long; and from every door of

every house, high perched above the cloudy valleys and hyacinth hill-ranges, one can see pictures and pictures and pictures, almost too lovely to be true. There are not two places in the world like Nalolo.

The White Man of Nalolo, however, was only interested in the fact that the river provided excellent crayfish, and the taro grew very well indeed, on the slopes below the town. He had once been young, but he was not young now, and did not matter any longer. Therefore he had become particular about his dinner and indifferent to scenery. I will not tell you the story of the White Man of Nalolo, or why he, of all men, rebelled so fiercely against the common lot of "not mattering any more" that he came away to the wilds of the Pacific and the Highlands of Fiji, and never went back again — because, like many true stories, it cannot be believed, and therefore had better not be told. Besides, this is the story of Saxon and his daughter.

Saxon was down on his luck. He had a charter for the *Sybil*, but she was not able to undertake it at present; for, trying to pilot her into Suva harbor himself, he had contrived to run her on a reef, and damaged her so seriously that she was at present careened on the beach in front of the local boat-builder's undergoing repairs. The builder, knowing something of Saxon's reputation, had insisted on cash in advance, and the captain, in consequence, found himself so nearly out of funds that he was unable to stay in Suva pending the repairs to his ship. He had therefore started with Vaiti, his half-caste daughter, for the interior of the great island of Vitu Levu, intending to live on the ready hospitality of the natives for a few weeks, and tramp from village to village.

He explained something of this as he sat on the mats, enjoying the grateful coolness of the house. The other man nodded gravely, watching the door. He offered a curious contrast to the Englishman's coarse red fairness, being lean, sun-dried, and grizzled, with expressionless boot-button eyes, and a straggling "goatee" beard that dated his exile from America back to long-ago days.

"Where's your daughter?" he asked.

"Coming. She stopped to tidy up at the river."

The doorway was darkened at that mo-

ment by Vaiti herself, balancing lightly up the cocoanut-log to the threshold. She wore a white tunic over a scarlet "pareo;" her wavy curls, sparkling with the water of the stream, fell loose upon her shoulders; her lips were as red as the freshly plucked pomegranate blossom behind her ear. Something like life stirred in the boot-button eyes of the White Man of Nalolo as he looked at her.

"Afi!" he called to a Fijian woman who was sleeping on the mats at the "kai" end of the house. "Go and hurry the girls with the supper, and make tea for the mara (lady). Quick!"

Then he turned to Saxon.

"Stay here as long as you like, both of you," he said. "Let her sit there sometimes, where I can see her, and fancy. . . . I'll show you something."

He rose slowly and stiffly, and crawled across to a Chinese camphor-wood box that stood in the corner. In a minute he returned with a faded photograph in a gaudy frame.

"My daughter," he said. "The only child I ever had. She was Afi's. She died a long time ago. Afi's a chief-woman; she was as handsome as Andi Thakombau when she was young, and the girl took after her. Your girl's mother was chief, too, I guess. Do you see any likeness?"

Vaiti and her father craned over the photograph. The pretty half-caste girl was certainly like the stately, slender creature who gazed at her pictured face, though the fire and spirit of Vaiti's expression were wanting.

"I'm growing old," went on the White Man. "I've no children. . . . Stay a bit; I'll be glad to have you."

"Thank you; delighted, I'm sure," drawled Saxon, with a pathetic resurrection of his long-forgotten "grand manner." And so it was settled.

Vaiti, listening and thinking as usual, with her chin in her slender fingers, approved of what she heard, and smiled very pleasantly at her host. It seemed to her that he could be very useful just now.

The four weeks that followed after glided away agreeably enough in the silent hills. Nothing happened; no one came or went; the Fijians, men and women, went out to the yam and taro fields in the morning, and returned in the afternoon, and after dark

there would be long monotonous chanting, and interminable sitting dances, on the mats inside the high-roofed houses. Saxon stupefied himself with kava most of the time, in the absence of stronger drink, and almost got himself clubbed, once or twice, on account of his too-impulsive admiration for the beauties of the village. His host, however, was no censor of morals, and troubled very little about him. On Sundays the Fijians dressed themselves in their brightest cottons, stuck up their hair in huge halos, and went five times to church, under the auspices of the native Wesleyan teacher; while Saxon and his host smoked, slept, drank kava, and played cards. The village provided plenty of yam and taro, kumara, coconut, and fish; and there was tea and sugar in the Chinese box, and now and then the White Man killed a pig or a fowl. It was very pleasant on the whole.

In a month's time, however, Saxon girded up his loins to leave this mountain Capua, and descend to Suva once more. The *Sybil* would be ready, and his charter to convey ornamental Fiji woods to San Francisco would not wait.

They said good-by to their host, and walked a mile or two across the river-flats below the town before either spoke. Then Vaiti put her hand into her sash, and drew out something small and shining.

"See, father, what the White Man gave me, because I was like his daughter," she said.

Saxon took the object and turned it over in his fingers. It was a small seal, shaped like an eagle standing on a rock. The eagle was gold; the rock, amethyst.

"A pretty thing, but not worth more than two or three pounds," he said.

Then he turned it over and looked at the device. There was a curious crest on the face of the seal,—a wolf with a crescent moon in his jaws; underneath, a motto in a strange foreign character.

Saxon's red complexion paled as he examined the crest. In other days and scenes, among icebound rivers and grim mediæval fortress-castles, he had seen that crest light up the crimson panes of old armorial windows; had read the motto underneath—"What I have, I hold"—of nights when he and the wildest young nobles of the Russian court were dining together under the splendid roof of one of Moscow's greatest

banqueting-halls. For a moment he felt the keen cold air of the ice-bound streets blow sharp on his cheek; heard the jingle of the sleigh-bells, drawing up before the marble steps where the yellow lamplight streamed out across the snow. . . .

The fancy faded, swift as a passing lantern-picture that flashes out for a moment and then sweeps away into darkness. He saw the burning sky and the crackling palms again, felt the furnace-heated wind, and knew that it was all over long ago, and that he was ruined, exiled, and old. Yet there remained a thread of indefinite recollection, a suggestion of something half-remembered, that was not all unconnected with the present day. . . . What was the story belonging to that crest—the story that the whole world knew?

"Where did the fellow get the thing?" he asked his daughter.

Vaiti told him.

The White Man of Nalolo, it seemed, was one of the numerous South Sea wanderers who believe in the existence of various undiscovered islands, hidden here and there in the vast untravelled wastes of sea that lie off the track of ships. . . . Thirty years before, there had been wandering rumor of an island of this kind, touched at once by a ship that no one could name, found to be uninhabited, and never revisited; indeed, no one was sure where it was within a few hundred miles. Years went by, and the White Man, who had always taken a special interest in the story, found himself shipwrecked—the sole survivor of a boatful of castaways—on the very island itself. But fortune was unkind, for the morning after his arrival, when he was trying to sail round the island, a sudden storm blew him out to sea again, and he had drifted for many days, and all but perished in spite of the fish and nuts he had obtained from the island, before a mission schooner happened to see him and pick him up. He had examined most of the island while ashore, and had seen no inhabitants, or traces of cultivation. . . . Nevertheless, he had always been convinced that there was something mysterious about the place, for two reasons. One was the presence of common house-flies, which he had never seen far away from the haunts of human beings. The other was the discovery of an amethyst seal, lying under a stone on the shore. It

was dirty and discolored, but he did not think so small and heavy an object could have been washed up on the shore from a wreck.

Where mystery is in the air most men's minds turn naturally to thoughts of hidden treasure, and the White Man of Nalolo had ever since cherished a hope that there was treasure on the island. For years he had fully intended to go and look — some day; but as he could only guess at the latitude and longitude, and as he had little money to spare, he never succeeded either in hunting the place up himself, or in persuading any one else to do so. Now he was old and half-crippled, and did not care any more about anything — so he wanted Vaiti, who reminded him so much of his dead daughter, to have the seal; it was a pretty thing, and perhaps it would make her think sometimes of the poor old White Man of Nalolo. Saxon listened attentively to the story, and heaved a sigh of disappointment at the end.

"There's nothing in it, my girl," he said. "No proof of treasure there, eh?"

"No. No treasure," said Vaiti, looking at the ground as she walked.

"What, then?" asked Saxon, curiously. He saw she had something in reserve.

Vaiti suddenly flamed out in eloquent Maori:

"What, then, my father? Am I one who sees through men's heads, that I can tell what was in the mind of you as you looked at the jewel, and turned yellow and green like a parrot only to see it? What, then? I do not know; I walk in the dark, and the light is in your hand, not in mine. As for you, you have made your brain dull with the brandy and the kava, so that you cannot see at all. What, then? Tell me yourself, for I do not know. I know only that there is something to be told."

"Don't be rough on your poor old father," said Saxon, pathetically. "I'd have knocked the stuffing out of any man who said half as much; but I spoil you; by Gad, I do. I don't know — I can't think, somehow or other; but there was a story about the Vasilieffs — the Johnnies who had that crest — people I used to stay with when I went to —"

He broke off, smashed a spider-lily bloom with his stick, and began afresh:

"Junia Vasilieff — what was it she did?

Big princes they were, and much too close to the throne to be safe company. . . . Junia Vasili — I have it! Yes — the end of the story was in the Sydney papers, time you were a little kid. I remember. They were to have married her to the Czarevitch, just to make things safe; her claim to the throne was big enough to have started a revolution any day, if it had been asserted. . . . Poor little Junia — only sixteen when I knew — when the marriage was talked of — and such golden hair as she had! She hated the whole thing; courts and ceremony were n't in her line. But she was a gentle little creature, and I never thought she'd have had the spirit to do as she did."

He turned the seal over in his fingers, as if reading the past from its glittering surface.

"There was a young lieutenant of Hussars — a Pole — you don't know what that is, but the Russians don't like them, I can tell you — a noble, but a very small one; not fit to black Junia's boots, according to their notions. Well, he bolted with her. It was in the Sydney papers, time I was in the Solomons; the paper came up to Guadalcanar. . . . She must have been twenty then; just the year the marriage to the Czarevitch was to have come off. . . . They bolted — cleared out — never seen again. All Russia on the boil about it; no one knew but what they'd hatch up plots against the throne, she having a better claim than any one else, if it had n't been for the law against Empresses. The secret police were after them for years, but they were never traced, though most people knew Russia'd give a pretty penny to know where they were —"

"O man with the head of a fruit-bat, do you not see?" interrupted Vaiti at this juncture. "They hid on that island — they may be there still — it is worth a hundred treasures!"

"The Pole was a great traveller, and had a sort of a little yacht," said Saxon, thoughtfully. "It might be true, of course — if there is an island — and if the Nalolo Johnnie had any idea of where it was — and if nobody found them out, and split, years ago. Plenty of ifs."

"I think him all-right good enough," averred Vaiti, returning to English and prose. "By 'n' by we finish F'lisco; then we go and see, me and you."

Some two or three months later the schooner *Sybil* might have been seen, like a white-winged butterfly lost at sea, beating up and down before a solitary, low green island lying far east of the lonely Paumotus. Vaiti, sitting on the top of the deck-house, was examining the land through a glass. The native crew were all on deck; also Harris and Gray, the mate and boatswain. Captain Saxon was not to be seen.

"The old man always do get squiffy at the wrong time, don't he?" commented Harris, rather gleefully.

Gray spat over the rail for reply.

"You're ratty because you don't know nothing, ain't yer?" he said.

"Do you?" asked the mate, curiously. Harris had not much notion of the dignity of his office, and dearly loved a gossip at all times.

"More nor you, havin' eyes and ears that's of use to me occasionally," replied the boatswain, drily.

Harris considered.

"I'll give you my gray shirt to tell," he said, persuasively. "There's sure to be something up."

"'Ow much does we ever get out of it when there is?" said Gray, sourly. "I could do with that shirt very well, though. There ain't much to tell, except that the old man he thought there is an island hereabouts not marked on the chart, that nobody knew about; and Vaiti she allowed that was all rot — because, says she, this part's been surveyed, and though the Admiralty surveys is n't the for-ever-n'-ever-Amen dead certainties the little brass-bound officers thinks them, still, they don't leave whole islands out on the loose without a collar and a name round their necks, so to say. 'So,' says she, 'let me work out the length of time they ran before the hurricane,' says she, 'and the d'rection of the wind, which the old boy remembered right enough,' says she, 'and then look it up on the chart, and I'll be blowed,' says she, 'if you don't find somethin' for a guide-like.' So by and by she looks, and says she, 'Ere's somethin', 'ere's a reef, marked P.D. and it is P.D.,' says she, 'for you and I knows there's nothin' there,' she says. 'But we'll look a bit more to the north'ard,' she says, 'where it's right off the track of ships, and maybe we'll find somethin' and maybe we won't,' she says. 'But I think,' she says,

'that somewheres not too far off from that P.D. reef we'll maybe get a sight of what we're lookin' for,' she says. 'Because sometimes reefs is put down for bigger things by mistake,' she says, 'specially if you 'ave n't been to see.' Then up she comes on deck, and I makes myself scarce, for it ain't 'ealthy on this ship to listen at no cabin skylights, not if she knows you're there."

"Well, whatever the game is, I don't suppose it'll line our little insides any fatter, bo'sun. We don't count on this ship, anything like as we ought to, when there's shares goin'. I wonder that I stick to her, I do! Old man as drunk as a lord half the time — me doin' his work as well as my own — a blessed she-cat runnin' the bloomin' show —"

"Ready about!" sang Vaiti from the deck-house; and the mate and boatswain sprang across the deck. There was something about the orders of the "she-cat" that enforced a smartness on the *Sybil* rare on board an island schooner, even when heavy-fisted Saxon was not about.

Half an hour later, Vaiti had rowed herself ashore, curtly declining Harris's polite offers of assistance, and had landed on the beach. As she did not know who she might not be going to see, she had provided for all emergencies. Her revolver was in her pocket, and she wore a flowing sacque of lace-trimmed white silk, that made her feel as if she was fit to meet any Russian princess, if such were indeed in the island. It was a gratifying thought that the said princess, if she had been a celebrated beauty, must now be well into the forties, and consequently beneath all contempt as a rival belle.

Her father's absence did not trouble her. He had a nasty trick of starting a drinking-bout just when he was most needed — in fact, it was the one point in Saxon's character on which you could absolutely rely. Vaiti, therefore, had grown used to doing without him, and rather liked to have a perfectly free hand.

She had fully grasped the bearings of the case. There was possibly a very great chief's daughter from Europe, with a rather insignificant chief who had stolen her away, living here in hiding. The people of her country would pay a great deal to know where she was, and bring her back. Or, if

there seemed any lack of safety about this proceeding (Vaiti had long ago learned that her father was not fond of putting himself within the reach of principalities and powers of any kind), the couple themselves must be made to pay for silence. It was all very simple.

The fact that the island was supposed to be uninhabited did not trouble her. She meant to investigate that matter after her own fashion.

She walked all round it, first of all. It took her about an hour. There was a nice white sandy beach, with straggling bush behind it. There were a good many cocoanuts,—all young ones,—also a large number of broken trunks, apparently snapped off by a hurricane.

This set Vaiti thinking. It seemed to her that the damage was rather too universal and even to be natural. Yet why should any sane human being cut short all his full-grown cocoanuts?

She crossed the island twice at the ends, noting everything with a keen and wary eye. Fairly good soil; nothing growing on it, however, but low scrub and a few berries. In the centre of the island the scrub thickened into dense bush impenetrable without an axe. No sign of life anywhere.

Vaiti stamped her foot. Was it possible she had been mistaken? Was this indeed just what it seemed,—a commonplace, infertile, useless little mid-ocean islet, let alone because it was worth nothing, and incorrectly described as a reef because no one had ever troubled to examine it? Things began to look like it.

And yet . . . she thought — she did not quite know what, but she was very sure that she did not want to leave the island just yet. She would at least climb a tall tree, and take a general survey, before she gave it up.

Nothing simpler — but there was no such tree.

All the palms were young, or broken off short; all the pandanus-trees were in the same condition. There was no rock, no commanding height. She could not get a view.

Vaiti's cheek flushed crimson under its olive brown. The spark was struck at last!

Somebody had cut short those trees — to prevent any one from climbing up and overlooking the island. The encircling reef

would not allow any ship to approach close enough for a lookout at the masthead to see over the island, except in a very general way. There was something to conceal. What, and where?

Only one answer was possible. The mass of apparently virgin bush in the centre of the island — several acres in extent — was the only spot where a cat could have concealed itself. The scent was growing hot.

With sparkling eyes, Vaiti began to circle the wood, watching narrowly for the smallest trace of a pathway. The branches were interlocked and knitted together as only tropical bush can be. Many were set with huge thorns; all were laced and twined with bush ropes and lianas of every kind.

Nothing larger than a rat could have won its way through such a rampart. Vaiti walked swiftly on and on, striking the bushes now and then with a stick, to make sure that there were no loose masses of stuff masking a concealed entrance, and keeping a sharp eye for traces of footsteps. . . . It was with a heart-sinking shock that she found herself once more beside the low white coral rock that had marked the commencement of her journey, and realized that she had been all round, and that there was most certainly no opening.

The sun was slipping down the heavens now. She had been exploring half the day; but she was not beaten yet. The unexpected difficulties she had met with only sharpened her determination to enter the thicket at all costs. Harris, suffering acutely, as usual, from suppressed curiosity, was nearly driven mad by the sight of the "she-cat" suddenly reappearing on the ship, picking up an axe, and departing as silently as she had come, with a countenance that did not invite questions. She had taken off her smart silk dress, and was in her chemise and petticoat, arms and feet bare, and waist girded with a sash into which she had stuck her revolver. She dropped the axe into her boat, rowed silently away, and disappeared on the other side of the island.

The sun was still some distance above the sea when she let the axe slip from her torn, scratched, and aching hands, and stood at last, tired but triumphant, in the heart of the mysterious island's mystery. She had won her way, with the woodcraft that was in her island blood, through the dense belt of bush, hacking and slashing

here, stooping and writhing there, until the light began to show through the tangled stem in front, and a few swift strokes cleared the way into the open. Yes! there was a space in the centre after all—a clearing over an acre in extent. There was grass here, and a few overgrown bananas, and a tangle of yam and pumpkin vines. Passion-fruit ran in a tangle of wild luxuriance over the inner wall of the thicket, pineapples rotted on the ground, and fig-trees spread their wide leaves unchecked and unpruned. In the middle of all was a house—a one-storied little bungalow, iron-roofed, with a tank to catch the rain. There was a long, low store behind it, and something that looked like a pig-sty, and something that might have been a fowl-run. But. . .

But everything was rotten, ruined, overgrown—hardly to be distinguished, in the thick tangle of vegetation that had overflowed the little retreat, like a great green wave let loose upon a low-lying shore. Vaiti knew what she was going to see before she had reached the door of the bungalow,—a rotten floor, with green vines shooting up between the crevices, and bush-rats scuffling and squeaking under the boards; a sunken rusted iron roof, where white-faced convolvulus blooms peeped in under the rafters, and lizards sunned themselves in the airy blue; furniture unglued and decayed, fast sinking into one common mass of ruin; door aslant, and threshold sunken. Everywhere, silence, emptiness, decay. There needed no explanation of the vanished pathway.

The Maori blood owns strange instincts. Again, Vaiti knew what she was going to see, before it came—knew and walked straight over to a certain corner of the enclosure, as if she had been there before. . . . It was under a scarlet-flowered hibiscus-tree that she found it,—a long, low grave, fenced round with a wall of coral slabs, so that the overflowing bush had surged less thickly here, and one could see that there was something lying on the mound, only half hidden by creeping vines—something long and white and slender.

Vaiti dragged away the creepers. . . . Yes, it was a skeleton—bare and fleshless, with bony fingers and black, empty eyes. There was a splintered gap in one temple, and close to one of the hands lay a mass of rusted steel that had once been a revolver.

On a flat white stone, standing at the head of the grave, a long inscription had been carved with infinite care in three different languages. Two of them Vaiti did not understand, but the third was English. She pulled the growing ferns off the stone, and, wiping its surface, read:

“Here is buried JUNIA of the race of Vasilieff.

Died 20th June, 1889.

Here is buried ANTON, son of Junia Vasilieff and her husband, Alexis, Baron Varsovi.

Born 20th June,

died 21st June, 1889.

Here rests ALEXIS, Baron Varsovi.

Into the unknown thou didst follow me;

Into the Great Unknown I follow thee.

Reunited, 21st June, 1889.”

Vaiti, descendant of cannibal chiefs and lawless soldiers, more than half a pirate herself, and hard of nature as a beautiful flinty coral-flower, was yet at bottom a woman after all. What passed in the breast of this dark, wild daughter of the Southern seas, as she stood above the strange, sad record of loves and lives unknown, cannot be told. But in a little while, with some dim recollection of the long-ago, gentle, pious days of her convent school, she knelt down beside the lonely grave, and, crossing herself, said something as near to a prayer as she could remember. Then, still kneeling, she cut and tied two sticks into the form of a cross, and set them upright in the earth of the mound. The sun was slanting low and red across the grave as she turned away.

“What’d she give you?” asked Harris, eagerly, as the boatswain stepped across the gang-plank on the quay. The lights of San Francisco were blazing all about; the cars roared past; there was a piano-organ jangling joyously at the corner.

“Fifty dollars for the two of us,” said Gray, his acid face sweetened with unwonted smiles.

“Crikey! Honest men is riz in the market at last. What in h—— can she have got herself?”

“Might as well arst me what she got it for. Don’t know and don’t care, so long as we’ve got the makings of a spree like this out of it. I see her comin’ out of the Rooshian Consulate this mornin’, lookin’ like as if some one ’ad been standin’ treat to her ——”

"You know she don't touch anything."

"I'm speakin' figuryative; she looked that sort of way. And comin' back to the ship, she says to the old man, she says, 'Why, dad, better dead than live!' she says. And he laughs."

"Don't sound 'olesome," observed Harris, thoughtfully.

"Now don't you get to thinkin', for you ain't built that way, and you'll do yourself a mischief," said the boatswain, warningly. "And let's be thankful to 'eaven for all its mercies, say I, that we've got such a nice, warm, dry, convenient night for to go and get drunk in."

BEFORE AN AMERICAN ELECTION

By ARTHUR UPSON

Loyal hearts, the century through,
Back to you our blessings turn;
Veins within us filled by you
Yet with righteous ardor burn!

Down the years hot truth has run
Purest in your earthen mould —
Bunker Hill and Lexington
Leave us models from of old.

We who till the fervent West —
How ye would have loved the land! —
Feel the fire of your unrest
By the breath of danger fanned.

Not diminished, farmer sires,
Runs our yet-indignant blood —
Waked to sympathetic fires
And more watchful hardihood.

'T is a stealthier alien we
Fight upon our father's soil —
And his flaming livery
Is the red-and-gold of spoil.

Hearts triumphant, Minute-men,
Listen in your yielding graves!
Farmers, rise to fight again
Where the alien's banner waves!

OLD KING SPRUCE

By HOLMAN F. DAY

X. THE HOSTAGE OF THE GREAT WHITE SILENCE



HE cook of the Lazy Tom camp went ahead into the lean-to, whose rude interior had so suddenly been made mystic by death.

"'Yes, s'r,' says I to him," he repeated, with a queer, bewildered, hysterical sort of chuckle. "I says to him, jolly as a chipmunk in a beechnut-tree, I says, 'Set up and have a doughnut all fresh-laid,' and I'll be bunganucked if he wa'n't dead! And that 's a joke on me, all right!"

He held the lamp over the features of old "Ladder" Lane, and Dwight Wade and Christopher Straight bent and peered.

"God, if he ain't grinnin'," muttered the cook, huskily. For one horrified moment it seemed to Wade that the fixed grimace of the death-mask expressed hideous mirth. The scrawl that the young man still clutched in his fist held the words that the dead lips seemed to be mouthing: "You stole my wife. I've got your daughter. Now, damn you, crawl and beg." And at thought of Lyde Barrett, hidden, lost — worse than lost — somewhere in that great white silence about them, Wade's agony and anger vented in a wicked oath that he groaned above the dead man who seemed to lie there and mock him.

But Christopher Straight gently laid his seamed hand on the shaggy fringe of the gray poll.

"It was a hot fire that burned in there, poor old fellow," he murmured. "And those that knew you can't be sorry that it's gone out."

He pressed his hand up under the hanging jaw, and smoothed down the half-open eyelids. And when he stepped back, after his sad and kindly offices, the old man's face was composed; it was the worn, wasted face of an old man who had suffered much; grief, hardship, hunger, and all human misery were writ large there in pitiful char-

acters, in hollow temple, sunken cheeks, pinched nostrils, and lips drawn as one draws them after a bitter sob. And over its misery, after a long stare of honest grief, the old woodsman drew the edge of the bunk's worn, gray blanket, muttering as soothingly as though he were comforting a sick man, "Take your rest, old fellow. There's a long night ahead of you."

Wade led the way into the main camp, his head down. He stumbled along blindly, for the sudden tears were hot in his eyes. He regretted that instant of anger as a profanation that even his harrowing fears for Lyde Barrett could not excuse. For Linus Lane, lying there dead, he reflected, was the spoil of the lust of Lyde Barrett's father, as his peace of mind and his sanity had been playthings of John Barrett's contemptuous indifference; and who was he, Dwight Wade, that he should sit in judgment, even though his heart were bursting with the agony of his fears?

"In the woods a tree falls the way of the ax-scarf, Mr. Wade," said old Christopher, patting his shoulder. "John Barrett felled that one in there, and he and his got in the way of it. Don't blame the tree, but the man that chopped it."

"Where is she, Christopher? What has he done with her?" demanded the young man, hoarsely. He did not look up. His eyes were full. He was trying to unfold the scrap of paper, but his fingers trembled so violently that he tore it.

They had not marked the hasty exit of the cook. He came in at the door, breaking upon the long hush that had fallen between Wade and the woodsman. The cook was convoying Barnum Withee, operator on Lazy Tom, and his chopping boss, and the men of Lazy Tom came streaming behind, moved by curiosity.

"And I says to him, and these gents here will tell you the same, I says, 'Set up and

have a fresh-laid doughnut!" babbled the cook, retailing his worn story over and over.

"I did n't know you were here," said the hospitable head of the camp, "till cook passed it to me along with the other news, that poor Lane had parted his snub-line. I looked him over when he was brought in, but I did n't see any chance for him." And after inviting them to eat and make "their bigness" in the office camp, he went on into the lean-to.

"Put on your cap, boy!" said old Christopher, touching Wade's elbow. The grumble of many voices, the crowd slowly jostling into the camp, the half-jocose comments on "Ladder" Lane, disturbed and distressed Christopher, and he realized that the young man was suffering acutely. "Come out with me for a little while."

The wind had lulled. The heavens were clear. The Milky Way glowed with dazzling sheen above the forest's nicking where the main road led. Wherever the eye found interstice between the fronds of spruce and hemlock, the stars spangled the frosty blue. There was a hush so profound that a listener heard the blood pulsing at his ears. And yet there was something over all that was not silence, nor yet a sound, but a rhythmical, slow respiration, as though the world breathed and one heard it, and, hearing it, could believe that nature was mortal, friend, and kin.

Christopher walked to the first turn of the logging-road, and the young man followed him; and when the trees had shut from sight the snow-heaped roofs and the yellow lights and all sign of human neighbors, Christopher stopped, leaned against a tree, and gazed up at the sparkling heavens.

"I reckoned your feelin's was gettin' away from you a bit, Mr. Wade," said the old man, quietly, "and I thought we'd step out for awhile where we can sort of get a grip on somethin' stationary, as you might say. In time of deep trouble, when they happen to be round, a chap feels inclined to grab holt of poor human critters, but they ain't much of a prop to hang to. Not when there 's the big woods!"

"The big woods have got her, Christopher," choked the young man, despairingly. "And I'm afraid!"

"The big woods look savagest to you when you're peekin' into them from a camp

window in the night," declared the old man. "But when you're right out in 'em, like we are now, they ain't anything but friendly. Look around you! Listen! There's nothing to be afraid of. Let the big woods talk to you just a moment, my boy. Forget there are men, for just a little while. I've let the woods talk to me in some of the sore times in my life, and they've always comforted me when I really set myself to listen."

"My God, I can only hear the words that are written on this scrap of paper," cried Wade. He shook "Ladder" Lane's crumpled letter before the woodsman's face, and Christopher quietly reached for it, took it, and tore it up.

"When a paper talks louder than the good old woods talk it's time to get rid of it," he remarked, and tossed the bits over the snow.

"I ain't goin' to tell you not to worry," Christopher went on after a time. "I'm no fool and you're no fool. It's a hard proposition, Mr. Wade. A lunatic whirling in a snow-cloud like a leaf, round and round, and then driftin' out, and no way in God's world of tellin' which way he came from! And there's some one — off that way he came from — that you want terrible bad! Yet even that lunatic's tracks have been patted smooth by the wind. It's no time to talk with human critters, Mr. Wade. It would be 'Run this way and run that!' Let the woods talk to *you*! They've been wrastlin' the big winds all day. They'll have to wrastle 'em again to-morrow. And they'll be ready for the fight. Hear 'em sleep? The same for you and for me, Mr. Wade. Go in and sleep, and be ready for what comes to-morrow."

He walked ahead, leading the way back to camp, and Wade followed, every aching muscle crying for rest, though his heart, aching more poignantly, called on him to plunge into the forest in search of the helpless hostage the woods were hiding.

It is not in the nature of woodsmen to pry into another's reason for this or that. Barnum Withee gave Christopher Straight an opportunity to explain why he and his employer happened to be so far off the Enchanted operation; but when Christopher Straight smoked on without explaining, Barnum Withee smoked on without asking questions. In one of the dim bunks of the wangan Wade breathed stertorously, drugged

with nature's opiate of utter weariness. And after listening a moment with an air of relief, Christopher broke upon Withee's meditations.

"Was you tellin' me where Lane has been makin' his headquarters since he skipped the fire-station?" he inquired, innocently.

"I was thinkin' about him, too," returned Withee, promptly. "Headquarters! Does an Injun Devil with a steel trap on his tail have headquarters whilst he's runnin' and yowlin'? Whether he's been in the air or in a hole since he went out of his head, time of the fire, I don't know. Eye ain't been laid on him till he come out of that snow-squall, walkin' like an icicle, and hootin' like a barn owl."

"Heard of any goods bein' missed from any depot camps?" pursued the woodsman, shrewdly. "That might tell where he's been hangin' out."

"No," said the operator, suddenly brusque. Then he looked up from the sliver that he had been whittling absent-mindedly, and fixed keen eye on Straight. "Say, look here, Chris, if you and your young friend are over here huntin' for Lane, or for any documents or papers or evidence to make more trouble for John Barrett, I've got to tell you that you can't ring me in. Barrett and me has fixed!"

"I reckoned you would," said Christopher. "Stumpage kings usually get their own way."

"Well, it's different in this case," declared the operator, triumphantly, "and when I've been used square I cal'late to use the other fellow square, and that's why I'm tellin' you, so that you won't make any mistake about how I feel toward Mr. Barrett. I don't approve of any move to hector him about that Lane matter. He says to me at Castonia —"

"When?"

"No longer ago than yesterday. I came through from down river with two new teamsters and a saw filer, and hearin' Mr. Barrett was able to set up and talk a little business, I stepped into Rod Ide's house, and we fixed. Threw off all claims for extr'y stumpage and damages on Square-hole. And when a man gives me more than I expect, that fixes me with him."

"Ought to, for sartin," agreed Christopher. "Change of heart in him, or because

you knowed about the Lane case?" The tone was rather satirical, and Withee flushed under his tan.

"You don't think I went to a sick man's bedside and blackmailed him, do you, like some —"

"Friend Barn," broke in the old woodsman, quietly, "don't slip out any slur that you'll wish you had n't."

"Well," growled the operator, "it may be that 'Stumpage John' Barrett ain't always set a model for a Sunday school, but if I had as pretty a daughter as that one that was settin' in his room with him, and as nice a girl as she seems to be, though of course she did n't stoop to talk to a grizzly looser like me, I'd hate to have an old dead and decayed scandal dug up in these woods, and dragged out and dumped over my front-yard fence in the city!"

And Christopher remembered what he had remarked on one occasion to Dwight Wade, when they had seen the waif of the Skeet tribe on Misery Gore, and now he half chuckled as he squinted at Withee and muttered in his beard, "Lots of folks don't recognize white birch when it's polished and set up in a parlor."

"What say?" demanded the operator, suspiciously.

"I'm so sleepy I'm dreamin' out loud," explained Christopher, blandly, "and I'm goin' to turn in." And he sighed to himself as he rolled in upon the fir boughs and pulled the spread about his ears. "There's some feller said that good counsel cometh in the morning. Mebbe so — mebbe so! But it will have to be me and the boy, here, for the job, because old Dan'l Webster with all his flow of language could n't convince Barn Withee now that it's John Barrett's daughter that is lost in these woods. I know now why something told me to go slow on the hue and cry."

Wade did not wake when the cook's wailing hoot called the camp in the morning. It was black darkness still. He slept through all the clatter of tin dishes, the jangle of bind chains as the sleds started, the yawl of runners on the dry snow, and the creaking of departing footsteps. The sun quivered in his eyes when he rolled in the bunk at touch of old Christopher's hand on his shoulder.

"Oh, but you needed it all, my boy!" protested the woodsman, checking the

young man's peevish regrets that he had slept so long. "Come to breakfast."

Barnum Withee had eaten with his men, but he was waiting in solitary state in the cook camp, smoking his pipe and moodily rapping the horn handle of a case knife on the table.

"Law says," he remarked to his guests, continuing aloud his meditations, "that employer shall send out remains of them that die in camp. But I ain't employer in this case, and I'm short of hosses anyway, and the tote-team only came in yesterday and ain't due to go out again for a week."

"It makes a lot of trouble, old critters dyin' that ain't got friends," observed Christopher, spooning out beans.

"You may mean that sarcastic, but it's the truth just the same," retorted Withee. "He ain't northin' to me. What I was thinkin' of, if you were bound out —"

"Ain't goin' that way," said the woodsman, giving Wade a pregnant hint in a look.

"Well, from things you let drop last night," grumbled the operator, "I figured that you were more or less interested in old Lane, and perhaps were lookin' him up for somethin', and if so you ought to be willin' to help get him out and buried in a cemetery. He ain't a friend of mine and never was, and it ain't square to have the whole thing dumped onto me."

Wade, his heart made tender by his own grief, gazed toward the lonesome isolation of the lean-to with swimming eyes. Alone, living; alone, dead! But Christopher put into cold phrase the burning fact they had to face.

"We've got business of our own for to-day, Barnum, and mighty important business, too."

And pulling their caps about their ears, and tugging their moose-sled, they set away, up the tote-road to the north, leaving Barnum Withee not wholly easy in his mind in regard to their motives.

It was from the snow-swirl on Dickery Pond that "Ladder" Lane had emerged, even then death-struck. It was straight to Dickery that Christopher led the way, and two hours' steady trudging brought them there.

"So it was from off there he came," muttered the woodsman, blinking into the glare of the snow crystals on its broad surface.

"But where, in God's name, he came from it ain't in me to say."

It was one of those still, winter days when even the wind seems to be bound by the hard frost. The sliding snow-shoes shrieked as shrilly with the sun high as they had in the early morning. There was no hint of melting.

"There are five old operations around this pond, and a set of empty camps on each one," said Straight. "I've been to each one of them in times past, and I know where the main roads come out to the landings. But it's slow business, takin' 'em one after the other. Perhaps we ought to go back and beat the truth of this thing into Barn Withee's thick head and start the hue and cry — but — but — I'd hoped to do it some better way."

"Straight," panted the young man, "it's getting to be perfectly damnable, this suspense! Let's do something, if it's only to run up the middle of that pond and shout!"

"Well," snorted the old guide, irrelevantly, "I've been lookin' for old red fins to come along for two days now, and I ain't disappointed. If there's trouble anywhere in this section old Eli has got a smeller that leads him to it." Wade whirled from his despairing survey up the pond and saw Prophet Eli. He was coming down the tote-road on his "ding-swingle," urging on his little white stallion with loose, clapping reins. Huge mittens of vivid red encased his hands, and his conical, knitted cap was red and was pulled down over his ears like a candle-snuffer.

Wade felt a queer little thrill of superstition as he looked on him, and then sneered at himself as one who was allowing good wit to be infected by the idle follies of the woods. And yet there was something eerie in the way this bizarre old wanderer turned up now, as he had appeared twice before at times that meant so much, at moments so crucial, in Wade's woods life.

Prophet Eli swung up to them, halted, and peered at them curiously out of his little eyes.

"Green, blue, and yellow," he blurted, patting his much-variegated wool jacket. "And red! Red mittens good for the arterial blood. Why don't you wear 'em?"

"Say, look here, prophet —" began Christopher, blandly respectful.

"Green is nature's color. Calms the

nerves. Blue, electricity for the system — got a stripe of it all up and down my backbone. Good for you. Ought to wear it. Yellow, kidneys and cathartic. You'd rather be sick, eh? Be sick. Clek-cklek!" He clucked his tongue and clapped his reins. But Christopher grabbed at the stallion's head-stall and checked him.

"I believe the idea is all c'rect, prophet, and I'll try it and make it right with you. But just now I'm wantin' a little information, and I'll make it right with you for that, too. You're sky-hootin' round these woods all the time. Now, where's Lane been makin' his headquarters? — you ought to know!"

"What do you want him for? State prison or insane asylum?" snapped the prophet.

"I don't want him," said the woodsman, solemnly. "He's spoken for, Eli. He's down there, dead, in Barn Withee's camps."

The little gray eyes shuttled with one sudden blink. What that emotion was that shuttled those eyes one could not guess. For the voice of the prophet did not waver in its brisk staccato. "Dead, eh? Hate-bug crawled into him and did it. I told him to stay in the woods and the hate-bug could n't get him. Told him twenty years ago. But he was n't careful. Let the hate-bug get him at last. Dead, eh? I'll go and get him."

"Get him?" echoed Christopher.

"Promised to bury him," explained the prophet, promptly. "Wanted to be buried off alone, just as he lived. Rocks for a pillow. Expects to rest easy. I helped him dig his grave and lay out the rocks a long time ago. And I'll tell no one the place — no, sir."

"Well, that lets Withee out of trouble and expense," said the woodsman, "and you'll get a good reception down that way. Now, prophet, where's he been hiding? You know. It's important, I tell you." The old man had struck his stallion, and the animal was trying to get away. But Christopher held on grimly.

"You call yourself a good woodsman?" squealed the indignant Eli.

"I reckon I'll average well."

"If any one wants anything of 'Ladder' Lane now," cried the prophet, "it must be for something that he's left behind him. Left behind him!" he repeated. He stood up on the "ding-swingle," and ran keen gaze about the ridges that circled the lake.

"Was it something that could build a fire?" he demanded, sharply. Christopher, in no mood for confidences, stared at the peppery old man. "You call yourself a good woodsman and don't know what it must mean to see that!" He pointed his whip at a thin trail of white smoke that mounted, as tenuous, almost, as a thread, above the distant shore of Dickery Pond. "No lumbermen operating there for three years, and you see that, and are lookin' for something and don't go and find out! And you call yourself a woodsman!" Without further word or look, he lashed the stallion, the animal broke away with a squeal, and Prophet Eli's "ding-swingle" disappeared down the tote-road in a swirl of snow.

"No, I ain't a woodsman!" snorted Christopher. He started away across the pond at a pace that left Wade breath only for effort and not for questions. "I ain't a woodsman. Standin' there and not seein' that smoke! Not seein' it and guessin' what it must mean! I ain't a woodsman!" Over and over he muttered his bitter complaints at himself in disjointed sentences. "I'm gettin' old. I must be blind. A lunatic can tell me my business." His anger rowelled him on, and when he reached the opposite shore of the lake he was obliged to wait for the younger man to come floundering and panting up to him.

"I don't feel just like talkin' now, Mr. Wade," he said, gruffly. "I don't feel as though I knew enough to talk to any one over ten years old." He strode on, tugging the sled.

An abandoned main logging-road, well grown to leafless moose-wood and witch-hobble, led them up from the lake. Christopher did not need to search the skies for the smoke. His first sight of it had betrayed the camp's location. He knew the roads that led to it. And in the end they came upon it, though it seemed to Wade that the road had set itself to twist eternally through copses and up and down the hemlock benches.

The camps were cheerless, the doors of main camp, cook camp, and hovel were open, and the snow had drifted in. But from the battered funnel of the office camp came that trail of smoke, reaching straight up. Crowding close to the funnel for warmth, and nestled in the space that the heat had made in the snow, crouched a creature that

Wade recognized as "Ladder" Lane's tame bobcat. This, then, was "Ladder" Lane's retreat. Inside there — the young man's knees trembled, and there was a hideous gripping at his throat, dry and aching from his frantic pursuit of his grim guide.

"Mr. Wade," said Christopher, halting, "I reckon she's there, and that she's all right. In an awful state of mind, but all right. I'll let you go ahead. She knows you. I don't need to advise you to go careful."

And Wade went, tottering across the unmarked expanse of snow, the pure carpet nature had laid between him and the altar of his love, an altar within log walls, an altar whose fires were tended by — he pushed open the door! Foolish Abe was kneeling by the hearth of the rusty Franklin stove. And even as he had been toiling on Enchanted, so here he was whittling, whittling unceasingly, piling the heaps of shavings upon the fire — unconscious signaller of the hiding-place of Lyde Barrett.

For a moment Wade stood holding by the sides of the door, staring into the gloom of the camp, for his eyes were as yet blinded by the glare of outdoors.

And then he saw her. Her white face was peering out of the dimness of a bunk. Plainly she had withdrawn herself there like some cowering creature, awaiting a fate she could not understand or anticipate. One could see that those eyes, wide-set and full of horror, had been strained on that uncouth, hairy creature at the hearth during long and dreadful suspense.

In the agonized plottings of forty-eight hours he had dreamed of such a delirious moment of rescue as this. Through all that desperate search, in hunger, weariness, and despair, he had forgotten John Barrett, contemptuous millionaire; he remembered that John Barrett's daughter Lyde had confessed once that she loved him, and he had thought that when they met again, this time outside the trammels of society and in the saner atmosphere of the big woods, she might understand him better — understand him well enough to know that John Barrett lied when he made honest love contemptible by his sneers about "fortune-seekers." They were all very chaotic, his thoughts, to be sure, but he had believed that the ground on which they would meet would be that common level of honest hu-

man hearts, where they could stand, eye to eye, hands clasping hands, and love answering love in candor.

But love that casts all to the winds, love that forgets tact, prudence, delicacy, love without premeditation or afterthought, is not the love that is ingrained in New England character. She gazed at him at first, not comprehending, — her fears still blinding her — and he paused to murmur words of pity and reassurance.

And then Yankee prudence, given its opportunity to whisper, told him that to act the precipitate lover now would be to take advantage of her weakness, her helplessness, her gratitude. If he took this first chance to woo her, demanding, as it were, that she disobey her father's commands, and putting a price on the service that he was rendering her, might her good sense not suggest that, after all, he was a sneak rather than an unselfish gentleman?

They call New England disposition of the old bed-rock sort hard and selfish. It is rather acute sensitiveness, timorous even to concealment.

And in the end Dwight Wade, faltering banal words of pity for her plight, went to her with as much outside calm as a man displays who is assisting a lady to rise from a slippery sidewalk. And she, her soul still too full of the horror of her experience to let her heart speak what it felt, took his hands and came out upon the rough floor.

The shaggy giant squatting by the hearth bent meek and humid eyes on the young man. "Me do it — me do it as you told!" he protested. He patted his hand on the shavings. He was referring to the task to which Wade had set him on Enchanted. To the girl, bewildered still, it sounded like the confession of an understanding between this unspeakable creature and her rescuer. Wade, eager only to soothe, protested guiltlessly, when she shrank back, that the man was not the ogre he seemed, but a harmless, simple fellow whom he had been sheltering and feeding at his own camp. And then, by the way she stared at him, he realized into what horrible misunderstanding suspicion might distort this situation.

"I don't understand," she mourned. "It's like a dreadful dream. There was an old man who muttered, and sat here in front of me and raved about my father! And this — this —" she faltered, shrinking far-

ther from Abe, "who brought me here in his arms! And you say he came from your camp! Oh, these woods — these terrible woods! Take me away from them. I am afraid!"

She dropped the shrouding blanket from her shoulders, and he saw her now in the habiliments of the waif of the Skeets. And under his scrutiny he saw color in her cheeks for the first time, hue that replaced the pallor of distress.

"I had thought there was excuse for this folly — reason for it. I thought it was my duty to —" she faltered, then set her teeth upon her lower lip and turned away from him. "Oh, take me away from these woods. Something — I do not know — something bewitched me — made me forget myself — sent me on a fool's errand! The woods — I am afraid of them, Mr. Wade!"

It came to him with a pang that the woods were not offering to his love that common ground of sincerity that he had dreamed of. Lyde Barrett, ashamed of her weakness, would not remember generously an attempt to take advantage of her distraught feelings at this moment, when every bulwark of convention and maidenly reservation lay in ruins about her. So he pondered, ashamed of the burning desire to take her in his arms and comfort her. And thus self-convinced, he failed to realize that the girl in her bitter words was merely striving, blindly and innocently, to be convinced — and convinced from his own mouth — that she had been wise in her folly, devoted in her mission, and honest in the love that had found such heroic expression in her adventuring.

She looked at him and saw in his face only the struggle of doubt and hopelessness and fear, and misinterpreted. "You know what the woods have done to make shame and ruin and wretchedness, Mr. Wade," she cried, a flash of her old spirit coming into her eyes. "Men who have been honest with the world outside and honest with themselves have forgotten all honesty up here behind the screen of these savage woods."

Her cheeks were burning now. She threw the blanket over herself, hugging its edges close in front, covering the attire she wore as though it were nakedness. And in that bitter moment it was nakedness — for the garb she had borrowed from Kate Arden

symbolized for her and for him a father's guilty secret laid bare.

"Take me away from the woods!" she gasped.

The gaze that passed between them was speech unutterable. He had no words for her then. In silence he made the long sledge ready for her. Christopher helped him, silent with the reticence of the woodsman; if he had as much as glanced at Lyde Barrett no bystander could have detected that glance. There were thick camp spreads on the sled. Christopher's thoughtfulness had provided them, and when they had been wrapped about her the two men set away, each with hand on the sled-rope.

"We'll go the short way back to Enchanted," said the old guide, answering Wade's glance. "Back across Dickery, up the tote-road, and follow the Cameron and Telos roads. It will dodge all camps and keep us away from foolish questions. I've got enough in my pack from Withee's camp for us to eat."

Abe floundered behind, keeping them in sight with the pertinacity of a dog, and ate the bread that Straight threw to him with a dog's mute gratitude.

Only the desperation of men utterly resolved could have accomplished the journey they set before them. The girl rode, a silent, shrouded figure; the men strode ahead, silent; Abe struggled on behind, plowing the snow with dragging feet. When the night fell they went on by the lantern's light.

It was long after midnight when they came at last to the Enchanted camps, walking like automatons and almost senseless with fatigue. Wade lifted the girl from the sled when they halted in front of the wangan. Her stiffened and cramped limbs would not move of themselves. And when she was on her feet, and staggered, he kept his arm about her, gently and unobtrusively.

"This is the best home I have to offer you," he said. "Nina Ide is here waiting. We will wake her, and she will do for you what should be done. Oh, that sounds cold and formal, I know — but that poor girl waiting in there will put into words all the joy that I feel but can't put into words, somehow. My head is pretty light — as light as my heels are heavy, and I don't seem to be thinking very clearly, Miss Barrett," he murmured, his voice weak with pathetic weariness.

She was struggling with sobs, striving to speak; but he hastened on, as though the topic had been long on his lips and his mind.

"This is — this — I hardly know how to say this. But I understand why you came." He felt her tremble. "But, my God, Lyde, I don't dare to believe that you thought so ill of me that you were coming to plead with me for your father's sake." It was not resentment, it was passionate grief that burst from him, and she put her hands about his arm.

"I told you it was folly that sent me," she sobbed. "But he had been unjust to you, Dwight. Oh, it was folly that sent me, but I wanted to know if you — if you —" she was silent and trembled, and when she did not speak he clasped her close, trembling as pitifully as she.

"Oh, if you only dared say that you wanted to know whether I still loved you!" he breathed, in a thrilling whisper. "And I would say —"

It seemed that his heart came into his throat, for her fingers pressed more closely upon his arm. In that instant he could not speak, and he made pretense of turning his head to note the whereabouts of Christopher, but he needed not to be apprehensive regarding the tact of the perspicacious woodsman; he saw him disappearing into the gloom of the dingle, and heard the careful lisp of the wooden latch in its socket, and the cautious creak of the closing door. There was only the hush of the still night about him and, when he turned again, the starlight was shining in Lyde Barrett's upraised eyes. And those dark orbs were imperiously demanding that he complete that sentence — so imperiously demanding that his tongue burst all those shackles that sensitive prudence had bound it with.

"And I would say that my love for you is so far above the mean and petty and shameful things of the world that they cannot make it waver; and it is so unselfish that I can love you the more because you set high among your duties the duty of an obedient daughter. And I only ask that you do not misunderstand me." There was deep meaning in his tones.

"O Dwight, my boy, the mean and shameful things!" she moaned, woefully. "It's an awful thing for a daughter to disobey her father. But it's more awful when she finds that he —" But he put his fingers

tenderly on her lips, and when she kissed them, tears coursing on her cheeks, he gathered her close, and his lips did the service that his fingers retired from in tremulous haste.

"My little girl," he said, softly, "keep that story from off your lips. It is too hard, too bitter a subject. I may have said cruel things to your father. He may tell you they were cruel. But remember that she had your eyes, and your face, that poor girl I found in these woods. And before God, if not before men, she is your sister. And so I gave of my heart and my strength to help her. And I know your heart so well, Lyde, that I rest my case without argument. It's better to be ashamed than to be unjust with selfish injustice!"

"She is my sister," she answered, simply, but with earnestness there was no mistaking. "And you may leave it in my hands."

Then fearfully, anxiously, grief and shame over shattered faith in a father showing in the face she lifted to him, she asked:

"It was he, was it not — the old man that took me away and sat before me and cursed me? He was her — her husband?"

His look replied to her. Then he said, soothingly, "It was not in our hands, dear. But that which is in our hands let us administer as best we can, and so —" he kissed her, this time not as the lover, but as the faithful, earnest, consoling friend — "and so — to sleep! There's a morrow almost dawning — and it will be a glorious morrow: a cloud or two at sunrise, perhaps, but fair skies from then till sunset. My heart predicts that much for us. Does not yours?"

She drew down his head and pressed her lips to his forehead.

"It is again the days of true knighthood," she murmured. "And my knight has taken me from the enchanted forest, and has shown me his heart — and the last was best."

Still clasping her, he shook the door and called to the girl within; and when she came, crying eager questions, he put Lyde Barrett in her arms and left them together.

As he walked away from the shadow of the camp into the shimmer of the starlight, he felt the wine of love coursing his veins. His muscles ached, weariness clogged his heels, but his eyes were wide-propped, and his ears hummed as with a sound of distant

music. His thoughts seemed too sacred to be taken just then into the company of other men. He dreaded to go inside out of the radiance of the night. He turned from the door of the main camp when his hand was fumbling for the latch, pulled his cap over his ears, and began slow patrol on the glistening stretch of road before the wangan. The crisp snow sang like fairy bells under his feet. Orion dipped to west, and the morning stars paled slowly as the flush crept up from the east. And still he walked and dreamed, and gazed with mind's eye over the sombre obstacles near at hand in his life into the radiance of promise, even as he looked over the black spruces into the faint roses of the dawn.

Tommy Eye, teamster, stumbling toward the hovel for the early foddering, came upon him, and stopped and stared in utter amazement. He came close to make sure that the eerie light of the morning was not playing him false. Wade's cheerful greeting seemed to perplex him.

"It isn't a ha'nt, Tommy," said the young man, smiling on him.

"I have said all along as how it had got you," declared Tommy, with ingenuous disappointment, looking Wade up and down for marks of conflict. "But it may be that the ha'nts want only wood folks and are afraid of book-learnin'! So you're back, and the girl ain't, nor Christopher, nor —"

"We're all back," explained Wade, calculating on Tommy's news-mongering ability to relieve him of the need of circulating information. "We found the — the one that was lost. That was all! She was lost and we found her, and we even found Foolish Abe, and he came back with us last night. There was no mystery, Tommy. They were simply lost, and we found them. They're asleep."

Tommy fingered the wrinkled skin of his neck and stared dubiously at Wade. "You'll see Abe whittling shavings just the same as usual this morning," added the young man. "By the way, you and he may be interested to know that Lane, the old fire-warden, died at Withee's camp the other day." For reasons of his own Wade did not care to make either the news of the rescue or its locale nor other information too definite.

"Then," declared Tommy, hanging grimly to the last prop left in his theory, "that accounts for it. 'Ladder' Lane is dead, and has turned into a ha'nt. It was him that called out the fool. And he'll be makin' more trouble yet. You'd better send for Prophet Eli, Mr. Wade, because the prophet is a charmer-man and can take care of old Lane."

"He has taken care of him already," stated the young man. "We saw Prophet Eli and he started right away to attend to the case." And Tommy's face displayed such eminent satisfaction that Wade had not the heart to destroy the man's belief that his book-learned boss had adopted a part of the woods creed of the supernatural. It was a day on which he felt very gentle toward the dreams of other persons, for his own beautiful dream shed its radiance on all men and all of life.

That she was there, safe, brought by amazing circumstances into the depths of the woods, and under his protection, seemed like a vision of the night as he trudged there and watched the morning grow.

When the sun was high and the men had been gone for hours, he put his dream to the test: he rapped gently on the wangan door and her voice, a very real and loving voice, answered. With his own hands he brought their food and spread a cedar-splint table, and served them as they ate, and ministered in little ways, through the hours of the day, and watched the girl's pallor and weariness give way before tenderness and love. With the poor shifts of a lumber-camp he, not intending it, taught her heart the lesson that love is careless of its housing.

He rode with them on the tote-team to the northern jaws of Pogeys Notch the next day, and sent them on, nested in a bower of blankets. There had been no further word between them of the great thing that had come into their lives. They tacitly and happily accepted it all, and left the solution of its problem to saner and happier days. But the face that she turned back to him as she rode away under the frowning rocks was glowing promise of all he asked of life. And as he plodded back up the trail he went to his toil with tingling muscles and a triumphant soul.

AN ALL-HALLOWS' HONEYMOON

By JEANNETTE MARKS



INTERMITTENTLY the wind whined and raced, howling like a wolf, through the Gwynen Valley; and intermittently, too, the rain doused the bridge on whose slate coping Vavasour Jones leaned. It was a night when spirits of air and earth, the racing wind, the thundering water, the slashing rain, were the very soul of this chaos of noise. Still, cosy lights shone on either side of the bridge, the lights of Ty Ucha and Ty Isaf, where a good mug of beer could be had for a mere song to a man of Vavasour's means. And the lights from all the cottages, too, for it was All-Hallows' Eve, twinkled with festive brilliance upon the drenched flags of the street. Indeed, there was not one of these houses in all Gwynen whose walls and flaggings were not familiar to him, where Vavasour Jones and his wife Catherine had not been on an occasion,—a knitting-night, a Christmas, a bidding, a funeral, an All-Hallows' Eve. But to-night his eyes gazed blankly upon these preliminary signs of a merry evening within doors, and he seemed unconscious of the rain pouring upon him and the wind slapping the bridge. He moved when he saw a figure approaching.

"Hai! Eilir!"

"Who is it, man?"

"It's me; it's Vavasour Jones."

"Wel, lad, what do ye here in the dark and rain?"

Vavasour said nothing; Eilir peered more closely at him.

"Are ye sick, lad?"

"No, I think." Vavasour's voice rang drearily, as if that were the least of ills that could befall him.

"Wel, what ails ye?"

"It's All-Hallows' Eve, an'—"

"Are n't ye goin' to Pally Hughes's?"

"Och," he moaned, "min Diawl, goin' to Pally Hughes's while it's drawin' nearer an' nearer an'—Ow!"

"Twt, man," said Eilir, sharply, "ye're ill. Speak up; tell me what ails ye."

"Ow-w!" groaned Vavasour.

Eilir drew away; here was a case where All-Hallows' had played havoc early in the evening. What should he do? Get him home? Notify Catherine? Have the minister? He was inclining to the last resource when Vavasour groaned again and spoke:

"Eilir, I wisht I were dead, man."

"Twt, lad, what is it?"

"It's the night when Catherine must go."

"When Catherine must go? What do ye mean?"

"She'll be dead the night at twelve."

"Dead at twelve?" asked Eilir, bewildered. "Does she know it?"

"No, but I do; an' to think I've been unkind to her. I've tried this year to make up for it, but it's no use, man, is it? One year'll never make up for ten of harsh words an' unkind deeds, will it? Ow!" groaned Vavasour, collapsing onto the slate coping once more.

"Wel, ye've no been good to her," replied Eilir, mystified, "that's certain, man; but I've heard ye've been totally different the past year, whatever. Griffiths was sayin' he never heard any more sharp words comin' from your windows, an' they used to rain like hail on the streets some days."

"Aye, but a year'll no do any good, an' she'll be dyin' at twelve to-night. Och!"

"Ts, 'ts," said Eilir, catching at the only thing he could think of to say, "there's plenty in the scriptures about a man an' his wife."

"Aye, but it'll no do, no do, no do," sobbed Vavasour Jones.

"Have ye been drinkin', lad?"

"Drinkin', indeed!" exclaimed Jones.

"Wel, no harm. But, lad, about the scripture; there's plenty in the scriptures concernin' a man an' his wife, an' ye've broken much of it about lovin' a wife, an' yet I cannot understand why Catherine's goin', an' where."

"She's no goin' anywhere, Eilir; she'll be dyin' at twelve."

Whereupon Vavasour Jones rose up sud-

denly from the coping, took a step forward, seized Eilir by the coat-lapel, and, with eyes flickering like coals in the dark, told his story. All the little Gwynen world knew that he and his wife had not lived happily or well together; there had been no children coming and no love lost, and as the days went on, bickering, scolding, harsh words, and even ugly actions. Aye, and it had come to such a pass that a year ago this night, on All-Hallows' Eve, he had gone down to the church porch shortly before midnight to see whether the spirit of Catherine would be called, and whether she would live the twelve months out. And as he was leaning against the church wall hoping — aye, man — and praying that he might see her there, he saw something coming around the corner with white over its head; it drew nearer and nearer, and when it came in full view of the church porch it paused, it whirled around, and sped away with the wind flapping about its feet and the rain beating down on its head. But Vavasour had time to see that it was the spirit of Catherine, and he was glad because his prayer had been answered, and because with Catherine dying the next All-Hallows' they would have to live together only the year out. So he went homeward joyfully, thinking it was the last year; and considering as it was the last year, he might just as well be as kind and pleasant as possible. When he reached home he found Catherine up waiting for him. And she spoke so pleasantly to him, and he to her, and the days went on as happily as the courtship days before they were married! Each day was sweeter than the one before, and they knew for the first time what it meant to be man and wife in love and kindness. But all the while he saw that white figure by the churchyard, and Catherine's face in its white hood, and he knew the days were lessening, and that she must go. Here it was All-Hallows' Eve again, and but four hours to midnight, and the best year of his life was almost past. Aye, and it was all the result of his evil heart and evil wish and evil prayer.

"Think, man!" groaned Vavasour; "prayin' for her callin'; aye, goin' there hopin' ye'd see her spirit, an' countin' on her death."

"Dear anwyl, it's bad," replied Eilir, mournfully. "Aye, an' I've no word to say

to ye for comfort. I recollect well the story my granny used to tell about Christmas Powell; it was somethin' the same. An' there was Betty Williams was called ten years ago an' did n't live the year out; an' there was Silvan Evans, the sexton, an' Geftery his friend, was called two years ago; an' Silvan had just time to dig Geftery's grave an' then his own, too, by its side, an' they was buried the same day an' hour."

"Ow!" wailed Vavasour.

"Aye, man, it's bad; it'll have to be endured — an' to think ye brought it on yourself! Where's Catherine?"

"She's to Pally Hughes's for the All-Hallows party."

"Dyn a styrio! She'll be taken there."

"Aye; an', O Eilir, she was loath to go to Pally's, but I could not tell her the truth, whatever."

"That's so, lad; are ye no goin'?"

"Indeed, I cannot go; I'm fair crazy, an' I'll just be creepin' home, waitin' for them to bring her back. Ow!"

"I'm sorry, man," called Eilir, looking after him with an expression of sympathy; "it's past helpin' now."

Across the bridge the windows of Pally Hughes's gray stone cottage shone with candles, and as the door swung to and fro admitting guests the lights from within flickered on the brass door-sill and the hum of merry words reached the street. Mrs. Morgan, the baker, dressed in her new scarlet whittle and a freshly starched cap, was there; Mr. Howell, the milliner, in his high-lows and wonderful plum-colored coat; Mrs. Jenkins, the tinman, with bright new ribbons to her cap and a new beaver hat which she removed carefully upon entering; and Mr. Wynn, the shop whose clothes were always the envy of Gwynen village; and many others, big-eyed girls and straight young men, who crossed the bright door-sill. Finally, Catherine Jones tapped on the door. Within, she looked vacantly at the candles on the mantelpiece and on the table, all set in festoons of evergreens and flanked by a display of painted china eggs and animals; and at the lights shining steadily, while on the hearth a fire crackled. Catherine, so heavy was her heart, could scarcely manage a decent friendly greeting to old Pally Hughes, her hostess. She looked uncheered at the big centre-table whereon stood a huge blue wassail-bowl,

about it little piles of raisins, buns, spices, biscuits, sugar, a large jug of ale, and a small bottle tightly corked. She watched the merriment with indifference; bobbing for apples and sixpences seemed such stupid games. There was no one in whom she could confide now, and, anyway, it was too late; there was nothing to be done, and while they were talking lightly and singing, too,—for the harp was being played,—the hours were slipping away, and her one thought, her only thought, was to get home to Vavasour. “Oh,” reflected Catherine, “I’m wicked, a wicked woman to be bringing him to his death!”

The candles were blown out and the company gathered about the fire to tell stories, while a kettle of ale simmered on the crane and the apples hung roasting. Pally began the list. There was the story of the corpse-candle Lewis’s wife saw, and how Lewis himself died the next week; there were the goblins that on All-Hallows’ Eve led Davies such a dance, and the folks had to go out after him with a lantern to fetch him in and found him lying in fear by the sheep-wall; and there were the plates and mugs Annee turned upside down and an unseen visitor turned them right side up before her very eyes. Then they began to throw nuts in the fire, each with a wish; if the nut burned brightly the wish would come true. Old Pally threw on a nut; it flickered and then blazed up. Maggee tossed one into the fire; it smouldered and gave no light. Gradually the turn came nearer Catherine; there was but one wish in her heart, and she trembled to take the chance.

“Now, Catherine!”

“Aye, Catherine, what’ll she be wishin’ for, a new lover?” they laughed.

With shaking hand she tossed hers into the fire; the nut sputtered and blackened, and with a shriek Catherine bounded from the circle and sped into the dark. In consternation the company scrambled to their feet, gazing at the open door through which volleyed the wind and rain. Old Pally was the first to speak:

“Dear, dear, ’t is a bad sign.”

“Aye, poor Catherine ’s been called, it may be.”

“It’s the last time, I’m thinkin’, we’ll ever see her, is n’t it?”

“Do ye think she saw somethin’, Pally; do ye?”

“There’s no tellin’; but it’s bad, very bad, though her nut is burnin’ brightly enough now.”

“She seemed downcast the night, not like herself.”

“Twt, it can be nothin’ at home, for Vavasour, they say, is treatin’ her better nor ever, an’ she’s been that sweet-tempered the year long, which is uncommon for her.”

As she fled homeward through the dark, little did Catherine think of what they might be saying at Pally’s. When Vavasour heard feet running swiftly along the street he straightened up, his eyes in terror upon the door.

“Wala hai, Catherine!” he cried, bewildered at her substantial appearance. “Is it ye who are really come?”

There was a momentary suggestion of a rush into each other’s arms, checked, as it were, in mid-air by Vavasour’s reseating himself precipitately and Catherine drawing herself up.

“Good reason,” said Catherine, seeing him there and still in the flesh; “it was — dull, very dull at Pally’s; an’ my feet was wet an’ I feared takin’ a cold.”

“Aye,” replied Vavasour, looking with greed upon her rosy face and snapping eyes; “aye, it’s indeed better for ye here, dearie.”

There was an awkward silence. Catherine still breathed heavily from the running, and Vavasour shuffled his feet. He opened his mouth, shut it, and opened it again:

“Did ye have a fine time at Pally’s?” he asked.

“Aye; it was gay and fine an’ — wel,” Catherine halted, remembering the reason she had given for coming home; and tried to explain, “wel, so it was, an’ so it wasn’t!” she ended.

Vavasour regarded her with attention, and there was another pause in which his eyes sought the clock. The sight of that fat-faced timepiece gave him a shock.

“A quarter past eleven,” he murmured; then aloud, “Catherine, do ye recall Pastor Evans’s sermon, the one he preached last New Year?”

Catherine also had taken a furtive glance at the clock — a glance which Vavasour caught and wondered at.

“Catherine, do —”

"Aye, I remember, about inheritin' the grave of life together."

"Wel, my dear, was n't he sayin' that love is eternal an' that — a man — an' — an' his wife was lovin' for — for —"

"Aye, lad, for everlastin' life," Catherine concluded.

There was another pause, a quick glancing at the clock, and a quick swinging of two pairs of eyes towards each other, astonishment in each pair.

"Half after eleven," whispered Vavasour, seeming to crumple in the middle. "An', dear," he continued, aloud, "did n't he — did n't he say that the Lord was mindful of our — of our — difficulties, an' our temptations, an' our — our —"

"Aye, an' our mistakes," ended Catherine.

"Do ye think, dearie," he went on, "that if a man were to — to — wel — to be unkind a — a very little to his wife — an' was sorry an' his wife — his wife — died that he'd be — be —?"

"Forgiven?" finished Catherine. "Aye, I'm thinkin' so. An', lad dear, do ye think, if anythin' was to happen to ye the night — aye, *this* night — that ye'd take any grudge away with ye against me?"

Vavasour stiffened.

"Happen to *me*, Catherine?"

Then he collapsed, groaning.

"Och, dearie, what is it, what is it, what ails ye?" cried Catherine, coming over to his side on the sofa.

"Nothin', nothin' at all," he gasped, slanting an eye at the clock. "Ow, min Diawl, it's twenty minutes before twelve."

"O lad, what is it?"

"No, I think; ow, it's nothin', nothin' at all; it's — it's — ow! — it's just a little pain across me."

Catherine stole a look at the timepiece — a quarter before twelve; aye, it was coming to him now, and her face whitened to the color of the ashes in the fireplace.

To Vavasour the whimpering of the wind in the chimney was like the bare nerve of his pain. Even the flickering of the flame marked the flight of time which he could not stay by any wish or power in him — only ten minutes more! Aye, everything marked it: the brawl of the stream outside, the rushing of the wind, the scattering of the rain like a legion of fleeting feet, then a sudden pause in the downpour when his heart beat as if waiting on an unseen foot-

step; the very singing of the lazy kettle was a drone in this wild race of stream and wind and rain, emphasizing the speed of all else. Vavasour cast a despairing glance at the mantel. Oh, the endless *tick-tick, tick-tick* of that round clock flanked by rows of idiotic fat-faced, whiskered china cats, each with an immovable sardonic grin, not a whisker stirring to this merciless *tick-tick!* Aye, it was going to strike in a minute, and the clanging of it would be like the clanging of the gates of hell behind him. He did not notice Catherine — that she, too, unmindful of everything, was gazing in horror at the mantel. Vavasour groaned. Oh, if the clock were only a toad or a serpent, he would put his feet on it, crush it, and — oh! Vavasour swore madly to himself, covering his eyes; Catherine cried out, her face in her hands — the clock was striking.

Twelve!

The last clang of the bell vibrated a second and subsided; the wind whimpered softly in the chimney; the teakettle sang on. Through a chink in her fingers Catherine peered at Vavasour; through a similar chink a bright, agonized eye stared at her.

"Oh!" gulped Catherine.

"The devil!" exclaimed Vavasour.

"Lad!" called his wife, putting out a hand to touch him.

Then followed a scene of joy: they embraced, they kissed, they danced about madly; and having done it once, they did it all over again, and still again.

"Katy, are ye here, really *here*?"

"Am I here? Twt, lad, are ye here?"

"Aye; that is, are we *both* here?"

"Did ye think I was n't goin' to be?" asked the wife, pausing.

"No-o, not that, only I thought, I thought ye was goin' — to — to faint. I thought ye looked like it," replied Vavasour, with a curious expression in his eyes.

"Oh!" exclaimed Catherine. Then, suddenly, the happiness in her face was quenched. "But, lad, I'm a wicked woman; aye, Vavasour Jones, a bad woman."

As Vavasour had poured himself out man unto man to Eilir, so woman unto man Catherine poured herself out to her husband.

"An', lad, I went to the church porch hopin', almost prayin', ye'd be called; that I'd see your spirit walkin'."

"Catherine, ye did that!"

"Aye; but, O lad, I'd been so unhappy with quarrelling and hard words, I could think of nothin' else but gettin' rid of them."

"'T was bad, very bad!" replied Vavasour.

"An' then, lad, when I reached the church corner an' saw your spirit was really there, really called, an' I knew ye'd not live the year out, I was frightened; but, O lad, I was glad, too."

Vavasour looked grave:

"Katy, it was a terrible thing to do."

"I know it now, but I did n't at that time, dearie," answered Catherine. "I was hard-hearted, an' I was weak with longin' to escape from it all, whatever. An' then I ran home," she continued. "I was frightened, but, O lad dear, I was glad, too; an' now it hurts me so to think it. An' when ye came in from the Lodge ye spoke so pleasantly to me that I was troubled. An' now, the year through, it's grown better an' better, an' I could think of nothin' but lovin' ye an' wishin' ye to live an' knowin' I was the cause of your bein' called. Dear, dear, *can* ye forgive me?" asked Catherine.

"Aye," replied Vavasour, slowly, "I can — none of us is without sin — but, Katy, it was wrong; aye, a terrible thing for a woman to do."

"An' then to-night, lad, I was expectin' ye to go, knowin' ye could n't live after twelve, an' ye sittin' there so innocent an' mournful; an' when the time came I wanted

to die myself. Oh!" moaned Catherine afresh.

"No matter, dearie, now," comforted Vavasour, putting his arm about her; "it *was* wrong in ye, but we're still here, an' it's been a sweet year, has n't it? Aye, it's been better nor a honeymoon, an' all the years after we'll make better nor this. Wel, Katy, let's have a bit of a wassail to celebrate our All-Hallows' honeymoon, shall we?"

"Aye, lad, it would be fine," said Catherine, starting for the bowl; "but, Vavasour, can ye forgive me, think, lad, for hopin', aye, an' almost prayin', to see your spirit, just wishin' that ye'd no live the year out?"

"Katy, I can, an' I'm no layin' it up against ye, though it was a wicked thing for ye to do — for any one to do, whatever. Now, dearie, fetch the wassail."

Catherine started for the bowl once more; then turned, her black eyes snapping upon him.

"But, Vavasour, how does it happen that the callin' is set aside an' that ye're *really* here? Such a thing's no been in Gwynen in the memory of man," and Catherine proceeded to give a list of the All-Hallows' Eve callings that had come inexorably true within the last hundred years.

"I'm no sayin' how it's happened, Catherine; but I'm thinkin' it's modern times an' things these days are happenin' different — aye, modern times."

"Wel," sighed Catherine, contentedly, "it's lucky 't is modern times."



Views of Old-Time Philadelphia

AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE

ENGRAVERS OF THE FIRST HALF
OF THE LAST CENTURY

From Drawings by
W. H. BARTLETT

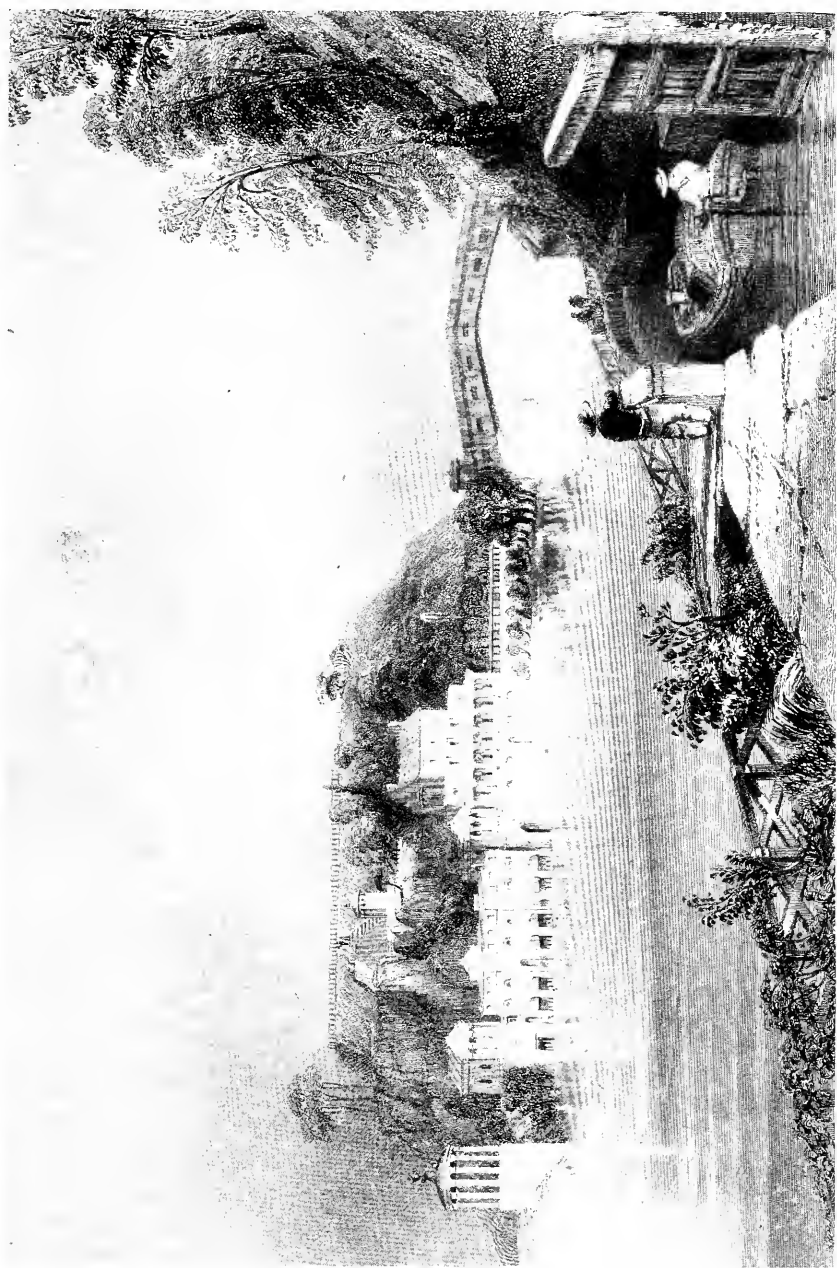
With Descriptions by
N. P. WILLIS

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London by George Virtue, 26 Ivy Lane, 1840*

THE SCHUYLKILL WATER-WORKS AT PHILADELPHIA

“THE Water-works of Philadelphia rank among the most noble public undertakings of the world. The paucity of water in that city first set to work the sagacious mind of Doctor Franklin, who, by will, bequeathed a portion of a long accumulated legacy to bring a greater supply of this necessary element from Wissahiccon Creek. This was found, after a while, to be insufficient; and a plan was proposed, and carried into operation, to form a reservoir on the east bank of the Schuylkill, from which water was to be thrown by a steam-engine into a tunnel, conveyed to a central position, and raised by a second engine to a higher reservoir, which supplied all the pipes in the city. An experience of ten years satisfied the corporation that a sufficient supply could not be obtained by this method. The steam-engines were liable to frequent accidents, and the derangement of one stopped the supply of the whole city. After several other futile experiments, the present extensive yet simple water-works were proposed, and three hundred and fifty thousand dollars voted at once by the city corporation for the commencement of the undertaking.

“The Schuylkill opposite Philadelphia is about nine hundred feet in breadth. It is subject to sudden *freshets* (an American word, unknown in this use in England, and meaning an overflow of the river current), but its average depth is thirty feet at high water. It was necessary to back the river up about six miles; and a dam was then created by cribs and masonry, running diagonally across, with several ingenious contrivances to prevent damage by ice and spring freshets. An overfall of one thousand two hundred and four feet, forming a beautiful feature of the scenery, is thus created, and a water-power upon the wheels sufficient to raise eleven millions of gallons in twenty-four hours. The reservoirs, elevated above the highest house in the city, crown the ornamental hill which overhangs the river at this place; and water can thus be conveyed to every quarter of Philadelphia, and made to spring, as if by a magic touch, in the highest chamber of the inhabitant. It is of a deliciously soft and pleasant quality; and those who are habituated to wash in the ‘city of brotherly love’ are spoiled for the less agreeable lavations afforded by other towns in America.”



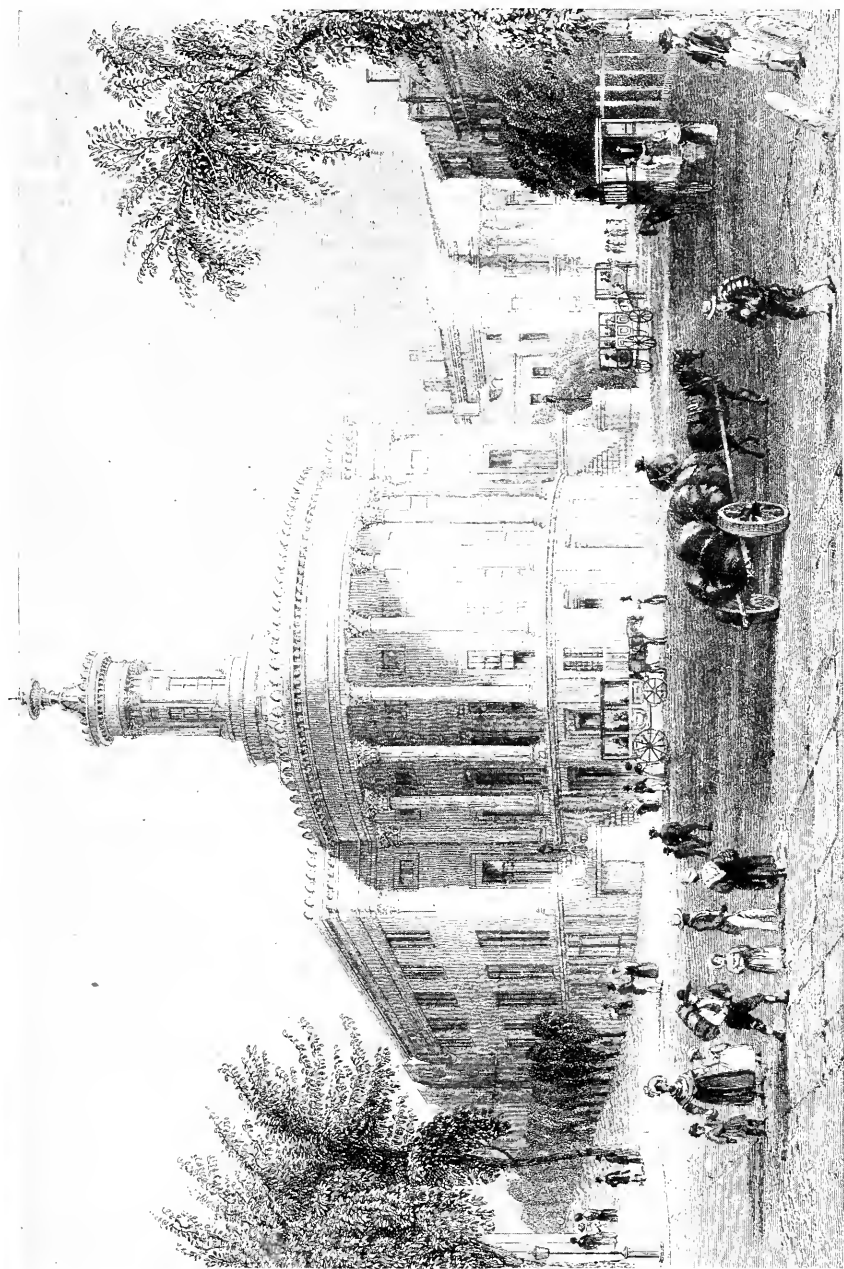
Schuylkill Water-works, at Philadelphia

VIEW OF THE EXCHANGE AND GIRARD'S BANK, PHILADELPHIA

“THE most accomplished architect of the United States, William Strickland, Esq., is a citizen of Philadelphia; and to his excellent taste is the city in a great measure indebted for its superiority over the other capitals of our country in the architecture of public buildings. The view seen in the drawing is taken from Third Street, in the business-part of the city, and presents the rear of the Exchange, a new structure by Mr. Strickland, and the façade of a much older building, a chaste and beautiful specimen of the Corinthian order, occupied many years by the United States Bank. It has since been appropriated to the uses of a bank, of which the entire capital was furnished by Stephen Girard, the wealthiest citizen of Philadelphia, lately deceased. The Exchange (of which a minute description is given in another part of the work) is a copy of the Chorggis monument at Athens, commonly called the Lantern of Demosthenes.

“Philadelphia is, and ever has been, fortunate in the character of her citizens; and it may be said with truth that there is not a metropolis in the world where the effects of a liberal and enterprising public spirit are so clearly manifest. This is particularly true of all that ministers to the comfort of the inhabitant — such as excellence of markets, abundance of water, cleanliness of streets, baths, public conveyances, etc. The wooden, or block pavement, common in Russia, is now under experiment in the principal street, and promises to add another to the luxuries of the city; and among the later instances of liberal and refined taste is the purchase by the city of a beautiful estate on the banks of the Schuylkill, and its appropriation to the purposes of a cemetery. It occupies very high ground, of an uneven surface, plentifully shaded with venerable trees, and is already, perhaps, the most lovely burial-place in the world, after the Necropolis of Scutari.

“Philadelphia is a favorite residence of foreigners among us; and though, in all its features, unlike foreign capitals, it possesses more than all other cities of the United States, the advantage of highly educated and refined society. I speak here of what is constant and resident; as Washington, during the session of Congress, and Boston, during one or two of the hot months, become in turn the focus of the foreign and floating society of the country. Perhaps the climate of Philadelphia may have had its effect in making it the home of those accustomed to the equable temperatures of the continent; for Boston, nine months of the year, is uninhabitable from its acrid winds and clammy cold; and Washington, on the other hand, is unhealthy during a considerable part of the summer. New York, though the metropolis of the country, is more a place of transit than of residence, to those not engaged in its business or commerce — a result partly of the unhealthfulness of its water and the effluvia of its streets, but partly, too, of the unsettled and shifting character of its society.”

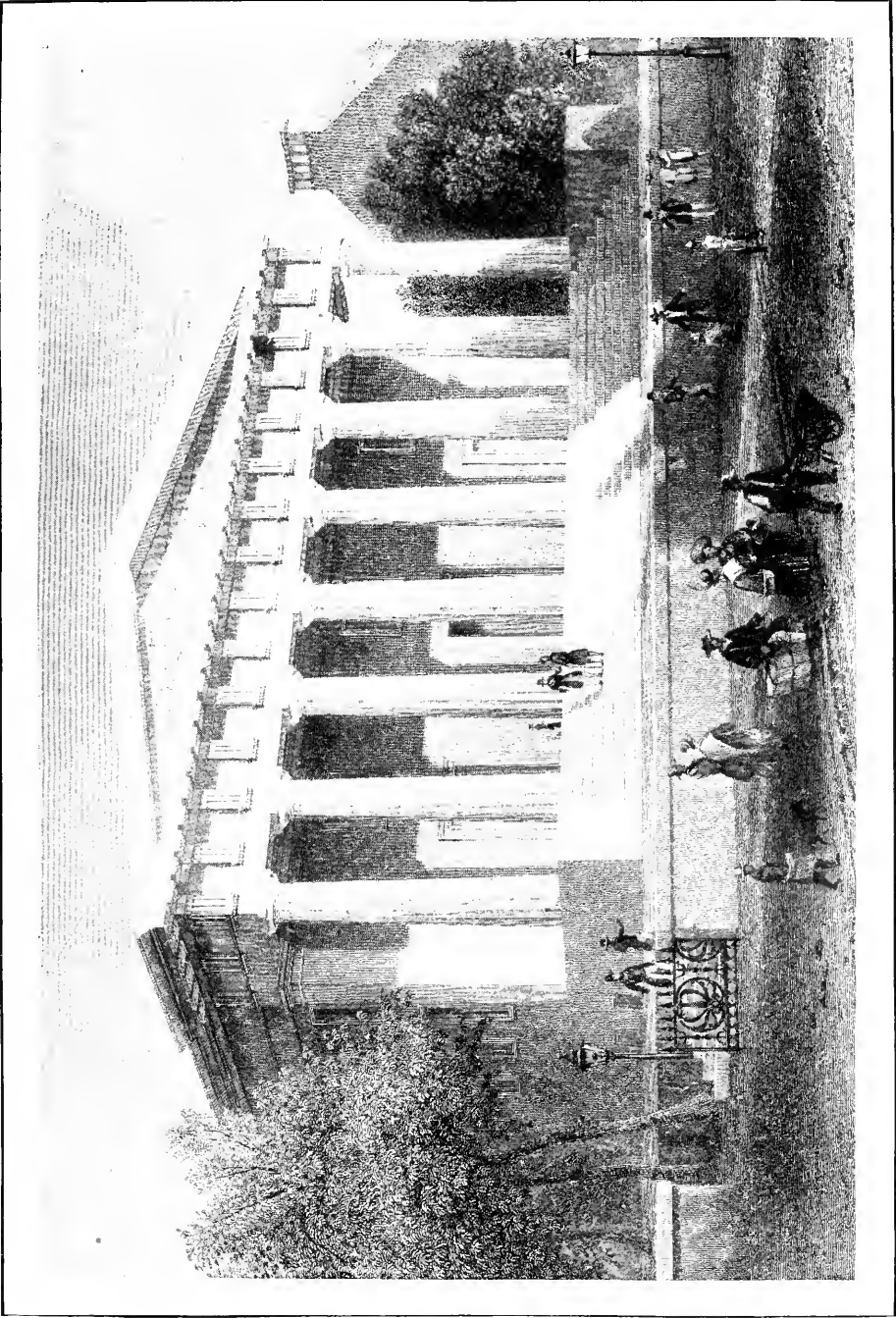


The Exchange and Girard's Bank, Philadelphia

VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES BANK, PHILADELPHIA

“THIS is one of those chaste and beautiful buildings which has given the public architecture of Philadelphia a superiority over that of every other city of our country. It needs but that its fair marble should be weather fretted and stained, to express perfectly to the eye the model of one of the most graceful temples of antiquity. The severe simplicity of taste which breathes through this Greek model, however, is not adapted to private buildings; and in a certain kind of simplicity, or rather want of ornament, lies the fault found by every eye in the domestic architecture of this city. The chess-board regularity of the streets, so embarrassing to a stranger, as well as tiresome to the gaze, requires a more varied, if not a more ornate style. The hundreds of houses that resemble each other in every distinguishable particular occasion a bewilderment and fatigue to the unaccustomed eye, which a citizen of Philadelphia can scarcely comprehend.

“The uniformity and plainness which William Penn has bequeathed in such an abiding legacy to Philadelphia, however, is seen but by a faint *penumbra* in the dress of the inhabitants, or in their equipages, style of living, and costliness of furniture and entertainment. A faint shadow of original simplicity there still certainly exists, visible through all the departures from the spirit of Quakerism; and it is a leaven of taste and elegance in the ferment of luxury which has given Philadelphia emphatically a character for refinement. A more delightful temper and tone of society, a more enjoyable state of the exercise and mode of hospitality, or a more comfortable metropolis to live in, certainly does not exist this side of the water. A European would prefer Philadelphia to every other residence in the United States.”



The United States Bank, Philadelphia

FAIRMOUNT GARDENS, PHILADELPHIA

“THE walks here, though not extensive, are delightful, from the views they command over the Schuylkill. In the early days of William Penn, this side of the river was covered by a thick wood; and so late as Franklin’s time (who ‘frequented it,’ says the annalist, ‘with his companions, Osborne, Watson, and Ralph’), the banks afforded a secluded and rural retreat, much resorted to by swimmers. The name of Schuylkill, given it by the Dutch, is said to express ‘Hidden River,’ as its mouth is not visible in ascending the Delaware. The Indians called it by a name meaning ‘The Mother;’ and a small branch of the Schuylkill, higher up, called ‘Maiden Creek,’ was named by them, *Ontelaunee*, meaning ‘the little daughter of a great mother.’

“Among the recorded amusements of Philadelphia, however, the ‘*Mes-chianza*’ is the most remarkable. This was a tilt and tournament, with other entertainments, given to Sir William Howe, by the officers of his army, on quitting his command to return to England. The company were embarked on the Delaware, in a grand regatta of three divisions; and with a band of music to each, and an outer line of barges to keep off the crowd of the uninvited, they proceeded to the neighboring country-seat of Mr. Wharton. The tilting-ground was a lawn of one hundred and fifty yards on each side, lined with troops, and faced with several pavilions; and in front of each sat seven young ladies, dressed in Turkish costume, and wearing on their turbans the prizes for the victors. At the sound of a trumpet ‘*seven white knights*, habited in white and red silk, and mounted on grey chargers, richly caparisoned,’ made their appearance, followed by seven esquires and a herald in his robe. After saluting the ladies, the herald proclaimed their challenge in the name of the Knights of the blanded Rose.

“At the third repetition of the challenge, a black herald made his appearance and accepted the challenge in the name of the Knights of the Burning Mountain. Immediately after entered the black knights, with tunics representing a mountain in flames, and the motto, ‘I burn for ever,’ and the tournament began. They fought with spears, pistols and swords, and the contest was long and desperate; but whether the white or black knights had the victory is not recorded.

“After the tilt, the company ascended a flight of steps to a banquetting-room, and after the banquet, a ball-room was flung open, ‘decked with eighty-five mirrors, festoons of flowers, and a light and elegant style of painting.’ Four drawing-rooms on the same floor contained side-boards with refreshments. The knights and their ladies opened the ball, and at twelve o’clock followed fire-works, and a supper, which was spread in a saloon of two hundred and ten by forty feet, ornamented with fifty-six large pier glasses, and containing alcoves with side-tables. There were one hundred branch lights, eighteen lustres, three hundred wax tapers on the supper-tables, four hundred and thirty covers, and twelve hundred dishes. They were waited on by a great number of black slaves in Oriental dresses, with silver collars and bracelets.”



Fairmount Gardens, Schuylkill River, Philadelphia

LAYING A LONG-DISTANCE LINE

By FREDERICK RICE, JR.



WE all hated to get up. The air is sharp in October in the Connecticut hills, and the thick blankets weighed none too heavily upon the slumbering camp. Drowsily I poked my nose from out the canyon formed by two pillows and saw through the open door of the tent that the white fog had collected in a great bank along the stream below our camping-ground.

"All out! Hustle now," called the chief, and there was a sudden upheaval in every

not feel myself privileged to talk while the strenuousness of the morning duties was on, but later he told me more or less about his functions. The cook is the autocrat in this construction-camp, requiring the assistance of three helpers and displaying surprising culinary skill. Indeed, this official told me in an interval of quiet later in the morning that he had at one time been *chef* in a Viennese restaurant. Certainly no hotel breakfast, whether at one of the older caravansaries in New York or at some up-to-date place of refectation such as



The camp in a Connecticut pasture. The construction-crew always chooses a spot that is safe, that is accessible to running water, and still on high ground

one of forty cot-beds. No late sleeping in a telephone-construction camp. The men who were building one of the long-distance lines between New York and Boston were expected to make their daily average of 3,000 feet, and that means long hours and hard work. I had come into camp the day before with my camera, and had been welcomed with a general intimation that I might share the gang's bed and grub if only I did n't "git in the way."

Mindful of this adjuration not to make a nuisance of myself, I watched the work of the camp cook until some time after breakfast had been served. To him I did

the Hotel Astorico, could surpass in satisfaction the repast of coffee, rolls, and beef-steak, "with fixings," which was served to us that morning.

It may seem strange that a telephone-line between the two most populous centres of the new world should be built under such conditions by men living in tents. But the direction which the line takes is through the most thinly populated part of Connecticut,—that, in a general way, which is followed by the air-line route between New York and Boston,—so that more or less sleeping out nights is inevitable. Besides, it is a fact that living under



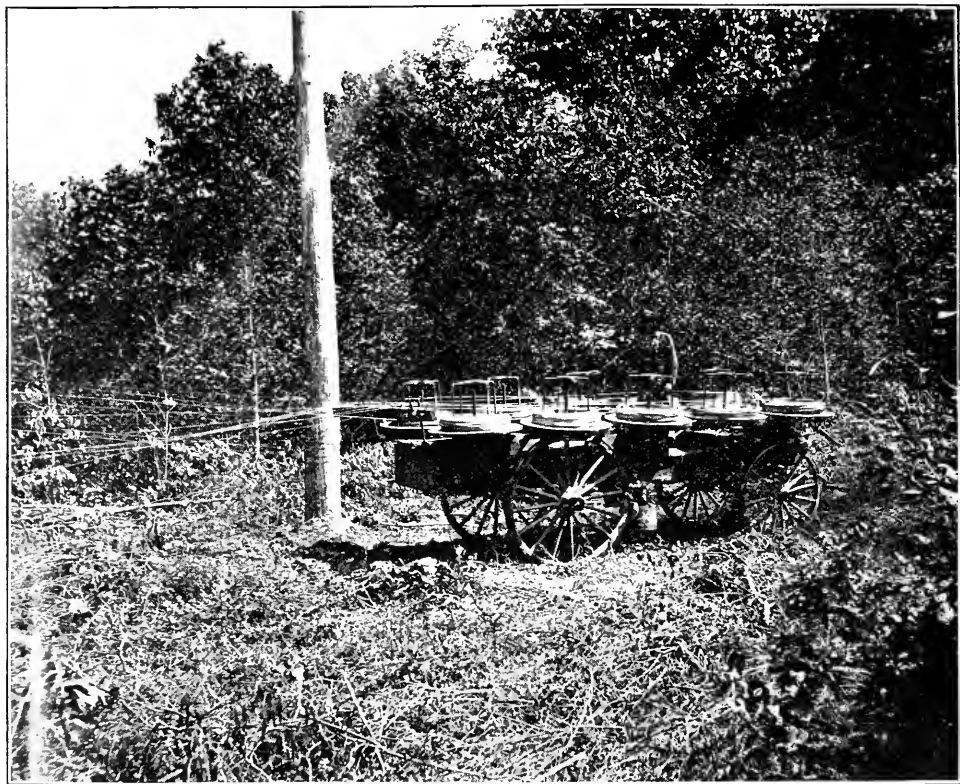
Work for the "trimmers." Much of the route lies over private right-of-way, through badly tangled country

canvas proves to be far more comfortable than putting up at indifferent lodgings in small manufacturing-towns.

Breakfast was over by quarter past six, and the men started on their day's task, a stretch of interesting operations which I had a good chance to observe.

A preliminary study of the route to be followed had, I found, been very carefully mapped out for the construction-crew

needed to support the sixty-odd wires that must be stretched upon the cross-arms. Throughout the country, so he informed me, the supply is getting rather scant, and already the management of the Bell telephone system is at work on experiments in soaking the wood with preservative, so that the poles may last longer. It is the policy of each Bell company to secure the requisite timber so far as possible from the

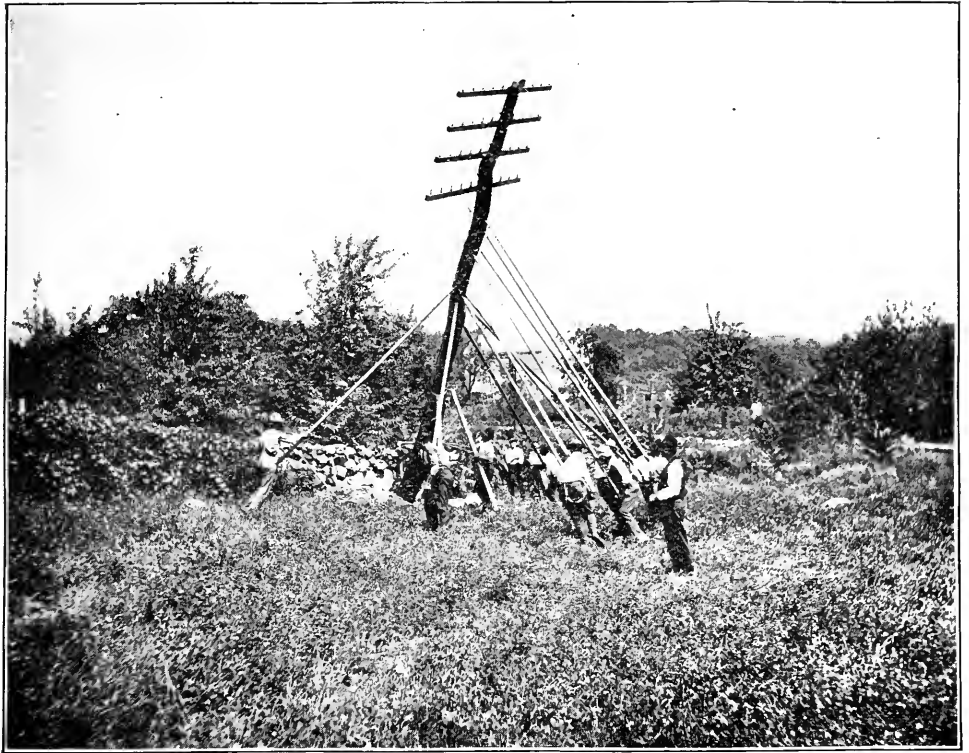


The newly invented "reel-wagon." Apparatus for stringing ten wires simultaneously

months before. Their task was merely to follow directions. The places for pole-holes had all been marked by the engineers who went over the route last spring. Only in very exceptional cases is it allowable to plant a pole anywhere except where the experts intended to put it.

The poles themselves are, of course, the mainstay of the system. The chief of construction told me that it is nowadays not so easy to get the great two-ton and three-ton shafts of chestnut timber which are

neighborhood through which its lines pass, and many a farmer who has good chestnut timber on his land earns a few dollars by selling it shortly before the construction-crew passes through. Incidentally, the chief expressed to me a wonder that more landowners are not setting out chestnut timber on otherwise unproductive acres; for he believes that in the near future these trees, which grow to sufficient maturity in about twenty-five or thirty years, will be in even greater demand than now.



The old manner of pole-raising. A score of men raised the two-ton stick of timber upward with long pike poles

However, to return to our construction-crew: let us note that the company is divided into workers of various kinds. The poles have already been laid out beside the spots where the holes are to be dug. The vanguard of the crew consists of the "trimmers," who have to cut into as badly tangled thickets as one could expect to see anywhere. Our picture reveals the nature of much of the Connecticut jungle through which the line passes. Following the "trimmers" come the "diggers." These men must prepare holes six or eight feet deep in the stony soil—and no easy task it is. I happened to be fortunate enough in my morning of observation to see one of those frequent cases where dynamite had to be used in excavating, and I succeeded in getting a good snapshot of the explosion. The men used several pounds of forty per cent nitroglycerine. An electric battery served to discharge the cap, and you may be sure

that we were all well out of the way at the time it went off.

Close upon the "diggers" came the "gainers"—men whose business it was to prepare the poles for the cross-arms, stripping the great chestnut shafts and cutting the places into which the arms fit. Behind the "gainers" are the "pole-setters," twenty or more in number under the old method, though in this party only four or five were necessary. That last statement calls attention to an interesting feature. Almost everybody has seen along suburban highways a gang of twenty or thirty men struggling with pike-poles against a huge stick of timber, seeking to pry it into an upright position, and most of us have speculated on what would happen if one or two of the men weakened under the load and the big club should come down upon the whole crowd.

In this particular construction-party the



The new method of lifting a pole. Two horses and four men can now do the work of twenty — using the pole-derrick fastened to a heavy wagon

pike-pole has been laid aside. An appliance is used — one simple enough, but evidently the work of a genius — which saves much of the labor and most of the pains. This is a pole-derrick, hitched to a heavy wagon, over which it straddles with its twenty-eight foot spars like one of the equiangular triangles we used to demonstrate in high school. This apparatus is made fast by guying with wire rope to nearby trees, or, failing the trees, to crowbars driven into the ground. When in position, it is capable of standing the weight of the two-thousand-pound pole as it is swung upward by means of a line attached just above the centre of gravity and connecting over a pulley at the top of the triangle with a pair of horses down the road. As the team starts on its steady, even pull the stick swings clear of the ground and a couple of men are able to guide its butt until it is just over the hole. Then the team is backed up and the pole sinks into position, whereup-

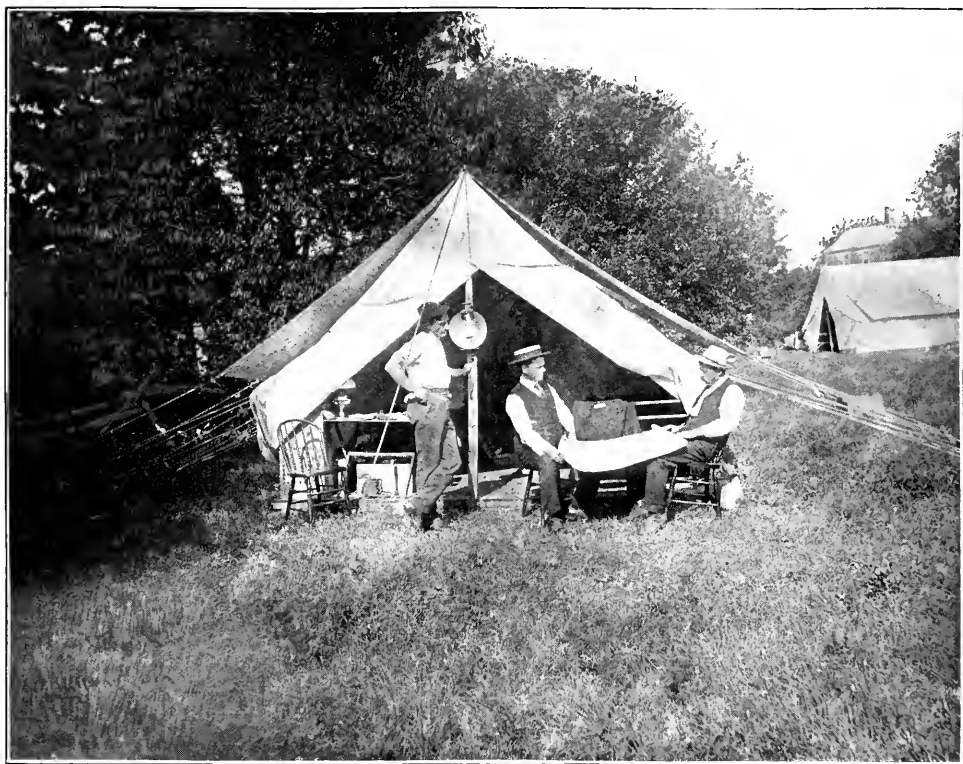
on the horses are hitched up once more and the whole apparatus moves on to the next hole. The chief told me that the saving effected by this simple device amounts to about twenty dollars a day.

After the pole is in position the fillers come forward to be sure that it is perfectly straight and to fill in the earth about it. Behind these rolls up the reel-wagon, which is another recent invention for which this branch of the Bell system claims credit. By means of five wire reels which are placed horizontally on either side of a heavy wagon it is now possible to string simultaneously ten wires which pass up over a bar of wood at the back of the wagon to the cross-arms through a piece of steel about two feet wide. A long rope is attached to this piece of steel, and the rope is drawn over the cross-arms of two or three poles by climbers, and the wagon-team hitched to it. When everything is in readiness the horses are started and the wires begin to

pull out. As the rope goes over the pole arm it draws the board up to the stringer standing there. He throws it over, carefully separating the wires as it goes by. Directly the wires have been brought inside the insulators he hurries down the pole and mounts a third or fourth one further along. Meantime, the board has passed over another pole and another section of the line is complete. When the board meets

the case of our party one banker had been found sufficient to do all the work. He was having a lonesome job of it, poor fellow, but toward afternoon he caught up with the party. There was a fear that his work might not have been well done, but inspection showed that he had accomplished excellently what he ought.

What especially impressed me throughout the day was the thoroughness with

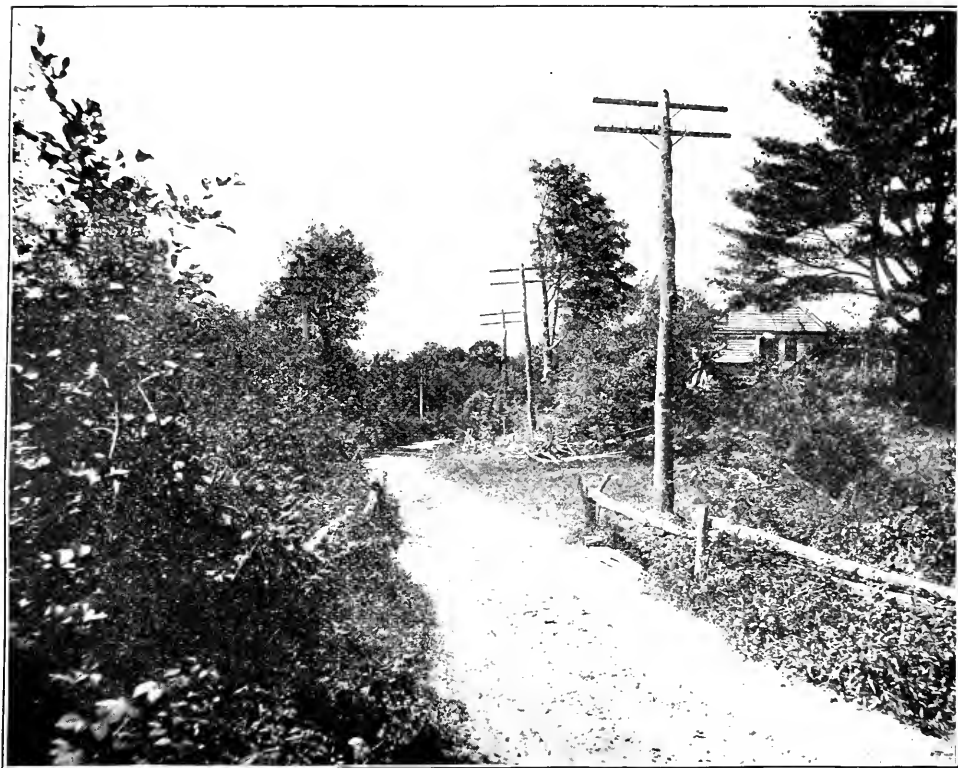


A chief of construction. The head of the telephone camp examining a plan of the route to be followed

the end of the wires already strung these are connected one by one, their ends being put into a double sleeve of copper and twisted to make a joint.

The rear is brought up by the "bankers." These are not gentlemen with funds to pay the bills, as might be supposed, but merely laborers who bank the dirt about the bases of the poles. One of their duties is to pick up anything that the rest of the party may have left behind in the way of implements, money, or other personal property. In

which all this work of preparing a great avenue of oral communication between New York and Boston was being done. The importance of the undertaking must be keenly realized by any one who understands what the telephone has come to mean in city and country life to-day. To be able to call up the great city one hundred, perhaps two hundred, or even half a thousand miles away puts the dweller in isolated places into direct touch with modern business. This particular line, I am



In the picturesque part of Connecticut. The line lies for miles along ancient highways in the less thickly populated part of the State

told, is one which will give increased facilities to the great collection of urban and suburban communities in Eastern Massachusetts for carrying on ready communication with the metropolis of the nation about the mouth of the Hudson River. It is one of several lines to connect New York with the New England metropolis in the eighteen years since telephoning over great stretches of country has been possible. Following "the midland route," it turns aside to enter none of the cities along its path. The pressure on the old routes, which were so laid out as to take in Providence, Hartford, New Haven, and several scores of small places along the line, has already crowded the wires well up to their capacity, so that it is only natural a service should be developed devoted exclusively to maintaining connections between New York and its suburbs and Boston and its environs.

So all through one of those glorious au-

turn days when the tang in the New England air makes one glad of our much-abused climate I followed the labors of the construction-crew, asking such questions as occurred to me, and always receiving ready and intelligent answers. Our midday meal was brought to us by the cook's assistants, and we ate it hastily in a ravine through which a little stream of clear water trickled. At six o'clock we all tramped back to camp, tired and hungry. Soon the grime of the day's toil had been removed and we met in the big dining-tent. Dinner awaited us: hot roast beef, baked beans, muffins, pies that were flaky and brown like those "mother used to make," and plenty of the doughnuts which the New Yorkers in our party persisted in calling "crullers." At nine o'clock we all turned in — that is, all except the superintendent and the cook. My last recollection is of hearing the dishes still clattering in the culinary department at about nine o'clock.

A YOUNG WOOER

By MARY E. FITZGERALD



“O DD as Job’s hat-band!” exclaimed Aunt Matilda, nodding her head vehemently. “His father humors him to an extent that would make your hair stand on end. Because he likes to read and poke around instead of getting out to play with the other boys, he thinks he’s delicate.”

“What he needs is a good, strong-minded stepmother to take some of the nonsense out of him,” said her visitor. “My cousin Henry had just about such a boy. You should see him now,” she finished, reminiscently. “She had a time—his stepmother, I mean; but she won out. Yes, that’s what your nephew needs.”

Aunt Matilda laughed.

“A stepmother is just what Charles Harrison is wild to have, but he wants a hand in the selection of the lady.”

Mrs. Hayes threw up both hands, exclaiming, “Well, I never!”

“Where Charles Harrison is concerned, my brother is a perfect fool,” said Aunt Matilda, emphatically. “He was paying some attention to Miss Jeannette Seaverns, but stopped suddenly just because Charles Harrison objected; at least that’s what every one said. Her people were wild about it.”

“Well, I never!” said Mrs. Hayes again, with added emphasis. “It does n’t seem as if your brother might be called exactly strong-minded, and yet he’s made lots of money. He must have some sense,” she said, reflectively. “But to think of letting a twelve-year-old boy select his wife for him! That beats anything I ever heard, although, to be sure, a twelve-year-old boy would show more sense in choosing than most widowers do when they marry again.”

“He has n’t selected her yet, and may be William will have something to say about it when it comes to the point. When I told him what I thought of it, he laughed in a perfectly scandalous way. Charles Harrison is in the White Mountains now, looking around. He would n’t go to a fashionable

place; said he did n’t think he’d like a stylish stepmother.”

She looked at her visitor with contempt written large all over her face.

“I have n’t any patience with William,” she finished, explosively.

“Is Charles Harrison alone?” said Mrs. Hayes, amazed.

“All alone! His father thinks it will do him good and keep him interested for awhile.”

“Well, I hope, since he’s going to make the match, that the good Lord will guide his footsteps,” said Mrs. Hayes, as she arose. “He ought surely to be able to find some one who is n’t too stylish for him among the school-ma’ams and clerks that swarm into the farmhouses up there in the mountains in summer.”

“I’m hoping for the best, but I’m prepared for the worst,” said Aunt Matilda. “William is so queer and Charles Harrison such an oddity, there’s no knowing what will happen between the two of them.”

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In the cottage which Charles Harrison had selected as his hunting-ground for a stepmother, he moved about observantly among the maids and matrons. To his inquiry as to whether he preferred light or dark, his father had responded, gayly, “Oh, just so she’s kind-hearted, it does n’t matter.”

With this limitation in mind, he studied the guests attentively.

“They’re all kind-hearted, every single one of them,” he wrote in despair at the end of the third day. “They all want to lend me books and fix my tie, and they all invite me to go with them. And they give the dog candy and go into the woods with him when he begs. And they don’t scold the waitress when they have to wait, and when she spills things. And they walk when the hill is steep to rest the horses. Now, however can I tell which is the kindest-hearted, I’d like to know!”

Still, he haunted the piazza or parlor or anywhere a group was to be found, hoping that something would "turn up," as his father had suggested, in answer to his complaint.

Deep in "Ivanhoe" one day, all his anxieties forgotten for the time being, the pleasant voice of Miss Cooper aroused him.

"It seems a shame not to ask her when every one else is going."

"Well, if she wants to be one of us, why does n't she join us?" said plump Mrs. Taylor. "I have n't quite decided whether she's haughty or shy."

"I think the real truth of the matter is that she has n't any decent clothes. That shirt-waist suit in the morning and that blue muslin in the evening seem to be all she has," said Miss Cooper.

"She is probably a poor clerk who has never been anywhere and does n't quite know what to do or how to behave. Let's give her a good time while she's here, and don't say anything about the cost. I've heard that some of the clerks, even in the biggest stores, get only about five dollars a week," said pretty Miss Stearns. "She's very ladylike, too. I think she'd be stunning looking if she knew how to dress herself."

But Miss Hetherton declined the invitation to the excursion with thanks, saying, "I can't stand riding. Is there anything I can do for you to help you off?"

"Very grateful, indeed!" reported Mrs. Taylor. "Seemed quite touched. I'd like to ask her what store she's in, but there's something about her that does n't encourage questions."

Charles Harrison, up since the dawn of day to finish "Ivanhoe" (he had promised his father not to read at night), helped the picnic party to get started, refused for the twentieth time their urgent invitations to join them, and, with a sigh of relief at the prospect of a whole day free from the anxiety of weighing all these lovely ladies in the balance, went in to breakfast.

Miss Hetherton and he breakfasted together. After casting several glances in his direction, she said, "I suppose it's rather hard on you to have no children to play with."

"I don't like children," he answered, smiling at her. "I wish I did. Father says it would be better for me, but I can't, only once in a while. Most of them are nice, too," he said, politely. "Have you any?"

"No," she said, smiling a little. "I'm not married. What do you intend to do with yourself all day?"

"Oh, just read. 'Ivanhoe.' I think it is the finest thing in the world to have a whole day to read and read and read."

She looked at him, noticed the pale little face, the shoulders beginning to stoop, and thought, "What can the boy's mother be thinking of!"

"Your mother selects your books, does she?"

"I have no mother. She's been dead a long time. My father says Scott can't hurt anybody, but I must ask about any other author first."

"May I ask a great favor of you?" she said, after a long silence, during which she looked at him reflectively several times.

"I'd like you to," he said, promptly.

"Well, I have found the most beautiful place in the woods! Would you mind helping me carry my camera and hammock over there? We might take our lunch, if you think you'd like to stay," she said, suggestively. "Take 'Ivanhoe' with you. I promise not to disturb you, because I'm going to be pretty busy myself."

"I'd be glad to help you," he said, heartily, always happy to be of use and particularly happy to be of use to one so friendless.

"It is n't such a very little way," said he, as they rested under the tree by a roadside; "but it's a lovely way, so I'm glad it is n't," he added, quickly.

They talked about the flowers they had gathered, of the birds they saw, of the trees, of "Ivanhoe," of ferns.

"I'm making a collection of ferns," she said. "Would you believe that I have found twenty different kinds already?"

He gazed at her incredulously.

"I thought there was only one kind," he said; "the kind they mix in with bouquets. Where did you find them?"

"In the woods around here. It's such fun to search for an hour or two and then find one tucked away so snugly in some little corner that you've looked over a hundred times! I'm looking for this one now," she said, opening a book she carried and showing him the picture of a tiny leaf.

He examined it eagerly.

"I'll see if I can find it," he said. "I'm a good hand at finding things. I find every-

thing I ever set out to look for. I'm looking now for a —" He stopped suddenly and blushed. She looked surprised at his confusion, but said nothing.

"Here we are!" she exclaimed, after they had crossed a small brook, crawled under a wire fence, and forced themselves through tangled underbrush. "Is n't this heavenly? I always come this way to save time."

"It's like a church," he said, looking up at the tall trees.

"Is n't this the most magnificent carpet you ever saw?" she asked, spreading a rug over the pine-needles almost a foot deep. The hammock was hung, and then both started to hunt patiently for the elusive fern. They took different roads, agreeing upon a signal if either found it; and agreeing also upon the time to be back at the hammock. Two or three hours had been spent in an unsuccessful search when they met for lunch. The boy gathered the sticks for the fire, filled the kettle, and watched with hungry eyes the opening of the lunch-box, thinking the supply wholly inadequate if her appetite was as good as his.

"Plenty here," she said, as if reading his thoughts; "I put up *two* boxes."

"I never tasted anything so good in my life," said he, as sandwich after sandwich disappeared. "I always hated picnics,—bugs over the table-cloth, and so much fuss, and somebody always wanting you to jump around over things and run races; but this is different. I could eat the bugs and all now, I'm so hungry. This is gay."

"I've been coming here every day since I came," she said. "I'm going to live out here and get so full of good, fresh air that it will last me a year."

She sniffed it in luxuriously.

"I suppose the air in stores is pretty bad," he said, sympathetically.

"In stores?" with a surprised lift of her eye-brows. "Oh! shopping; yes, I suppose so; but I was n't thinking of that. Here's the whole morning gone and you have n't read a word of 'Ivanhoe,'" she said, regretfully, after lunch.

"I'll read when you're taking a nap in the hammock." But even as she spoke, he could scarcely keep his eyes open.

"You just lie down on the rug and read if you can, honey," she said laughing. "You'll be asleep in just two minutes."

"I never sleep in the daytime," he protested.

"Keep awake if you can, but I warn you this is the enchanted wood, where every one does exactly the opposite of what he always has done. Good-by. I'm off for Dream-land."

He awoke before she did and rambled around, looking in every nook and corner in search of the fern, but finding it nowhere, returned. His newly discovered comrade was ready to return to the hotel. They packed the hammock and rug under a thick cover of bushes, resolving to leave it there.

The way home was a beautiful finish to a beautiful day. A humming-bird's nest and babies brought him to his knees in adoration.

The members of the excursion party were half through supper when he arrived.

"Did you finish 'Ivanhoe?'" asked Miss Cooper, smiling at the little fellow.

"I did n't read a word; but I found a humming-bird's nest; and did you know there are about a hundred different kinds of ferns?" he inquired, eagerly.

"All ferns look alike to me," said Mrs. Taylor.

"I only know two kinds,—fresh and pressed," smiled Miss Stearns.

"There's a delicate little motherless boy here," wrote Miss Hetherington to her sister that night. "He says he loves to read and read and read; and what he needs is to play and play and play, and I'm going to see that he does it. I've started him in the fern path, than which nothing is more fascinating, and if that does n't last, I have birds to fall back upon. I think perhaps I'll be able to stay four weeks, if he proves as interesting as I think he will. It took me a long time to decide to let him share my cathedral woods; boys are such nuisances sometimes; but he's as quaint as possible. The people here are not bad; very 'kind-hearted,' he says—in rather a mournful way, I thought. Maybe they have been mothering him beyond endurance. I think I prefer the place to the convent you recommended."

On the fern path the two became exceedingly confidential, so that it was not long until he had confided to her the object of his sojourn in the mountains. They gravely discussed the qualities of the inmates of the cottage. They decided that perhaps a teacher would be most suitable, since it re-

quired some one who understood children to get along with Gladys, his ten-year-old sister, who was a little spoiled.

"Now, Miss Seaverns was all right, and she was pretty and stylish, too; but her brother told me she had a beau in Wisconsin, but she'd marry papa because he could take her out automobiling, and because her father and mother did n't like her beau and they did like papa. When I told papa, he looked kind of funny and he did n't go there any more. So we must n't find any one with a beau. Miss Seaverns did n't want to marry an old man anyhow, unless she had to, you know. Do you like old men?"

"Yes, pretty well; not well enough to marry, however. What about Miss Cooper. She's very kind-hearted, I think."

"She's very nice; nobody but you could be nicer; but —" he hesitated; "she has such — such — big hands. It's no disgrace to have large hands, but I don't think father would like it."

He took up admiringly the pretty hand that was lying on Miss Hetherton's knee.

"Now, if she had hands like yours," he said. "They feel like velvet. I love to have you touch my face."

She took the face, which was growing so brown and healthy-looking, between her hands and squeezed it laughingly.

"Well, Miss Stearns has pretty hands and is kind-hearted, too; what's the matter with her?"

"She's not quite — not quite — well, she is n't like you."

"No," she said, teasingly, "she's handsome and I'm not."

He looked at her with a critical air and finally said, honestly: "You're not what any one would call handsome, exactly, but when I read about duchesses and queens and princesses, I always think of you. Father said he thinks I mean you are distinguished; are you?" He looked at her inquiringly.

"Tell me what you've told your father about me," she said, not answering his question. "Own up, Charles Harrison! What did you say about me? I know you don't think me handsome, but what do you think me?" She put her cheek to his coaxingly.

"If you catch me before I get to that tree, I'll tell you," he said, darting off with her in hot pursuit. In and out among the trees they ran until she sank to the ground laughing and panting.

"Would n't you like to know?" he said, tauntingly, as he dropped beside her.

"I'll ask your father right straight out, if I ever see him," she threatened.

"Oh, I forgot," said Charles Harrison, searching in his pockets for something. "He told me to thank you for being so good to me and to say he hoped I was n't bothering you. I'm not, am I?"

Reassured, he went on.

"And he said — well, I'll let you read it yourself."

He produced a letter from his pocket and she read: "Invite Miss Hetherton to stay two weeks longer as your guest, if they can spare her from the store."

"What store does he mean?" she asked, wonderingly.

"The store you work for; don't you work in a store? I heard them say you did, and I told father so."

Miss Hetherton laughed helplessly.

"Yes, dear, I certainly do work very hard in stores," she said, wiping her eyes, "but not in the way you think. For ten long years I've been at it. I began when I was eighteen; so now you know how old I am."

"Eighteen and ten are twenty-eight," said he, thoughtfully. "You have n't any gray hair, though, and you don't look so very old; anyway, I always liked people that were kind of old better than any one else." He put his cheek against her arm with a caressing motion.

"Is store work very hard?" he inquired.

"The hardest in the world."

He switched the pine-needles around with a stick.

"Do you think you could stand it nine years more? I'll be twenty-one then and old enough to be married. I'll have some money, then, too — not very much; but you don't like much money, do you?"

"Well, I'd like enough to get something to eat, you know; but if what you have is n't enough, perhaps I'll have some to help out."

"Then that's settled," said he, briskly, "and I'm glad of it. I wish it was as easy to find some one for papa. Don't you know some one? I'm getting discouraged around here. There's something the matter with every one. You're going to stay, are n't you?"

"I think I can arrange it with the stores," she said, very gravely.

To the complete surprise and ecstatic

joy of Charles Harrison, his father came the following night. Miss Hetherton had gone to bed early and knew nothing of the arrival until the next morning, when, at daybreak, the boy knocked at her window, whispering, "Papa's here. Do hurry and let us go to the woods before he gets to talking with people. He's so polite, he is always talking to every one and we'll never get started, if he begins. Put on your blue dress, just for this once. I'll bring a lot of papers, so you won't spoil it."

Attired in her best dress, smiling to herself as if greatly amused, she went to breakfast.

She had "a very good idea of the father's moral and spiritual make-up," she had written to her sister; "but except that he was old, she had no idea whatever of his personal appearance; she always thought of him as a grown-up edition of his son."

The tall, handsome man introduced by Charles Harrison startled her.

"Your son is not a master-hand at description," she said, quickly recovering herself.

"No, he certainly is not," he replied, his eyes twinkling merrily.

She wondered what the boy had said of her, the thought of which seemed to amuse him so.

"Perhaps he does not think me 'distinguished' after all," thought she, a little resentfully.

If a day on shipboard is equal to a year on land for learning people's characteristics, what length of time must a day in the woods equal — where life is reduced to almost primitive conditions?

The haunts of the fern, the tiny spring, the little pool in its rocky basin, in which Miss Hetherton and the boy loved to wade, the bushes under which the hammock and rug were so cunningly hidden every night, were all proudly displayed to the visitor, who soon seemed to be as much at home as if he had spent his summer there, and he covered himself with glory by finding the fern for which they had hunted so long, only a step from the hammock. The boy was beamingly happy.

"I could n't find anybody for you, father," he began, after the lunch had been disposed of and the three — Miss Hetherton in the hammock and the boy and his father on the rug — were comfortably resting. "I

could n't find anybody for you, father, but I found some one for myself."

His father looked a little startled.

"You're beginning young, son," said he, watching the smoke of his cigar curling upward.

"I'm not going to be married for nine years; not until I'm twenty-one."

"When may I have the pleasure of meeting the young lady? Why did n't you bring her along? Or does Miss Hetherton object to her?"

The boy laughed delightedly.

"Object to her! Well, I guess not, when it's herself."

His father sat up, profound amazement so strongly depicted in his face and attitude that Miss Hetherton's laugh rang out.

"You look rather disagreeably surprised at your daughter-in-law-elect," she said. "Well, I know I'm not handsome and you don't approve of red hair, but there's no telling what the years may do, so don't look so depressed. I may develop into quite a famous beauty in nine years."

The look of admiration in his eyes made her drop her own audacious ones.

"Son," said he, resuming his smoking, "your tastes and mine are so much alike generally that I don't quite understand how it is that you did n't think of Miss Hetherton for me. You know you have plenty of time to look out for yourself."

Miss Hetherton looked astonished and then assumed an impersonal expression.

"I did think of it," said Charles Harrison. "I thought of it a lot, but you said you wanted some one kind-hearted and Miss Hetherton is n't."

The man looked amused; the woman, surprised.

"She's kind-hearted to me, all right, but not to anybody else. She won't ever go into the woods with Don when he begs; you know they won't let him come down to these woods; and — and — Oh, a whole lot of things more she is n't very kind-hearted about."

"I don't like the other woods," murmured Miss Hetherton.

"But if you were kind-hearted you'd go anyway," said the boy. "I don't care for kind-hearted people myself, very much. They're too fussy; but you do, papa, so I knew she would n't do. Then another thing, she has red hair, and you would n't

have a thing to say to Miss Laing because her hair was red."

His father laughed long and loud.

"Then I knew, papa, that Miss Hether-ton did n't like old men."

It was Miss Hether-ton's turn to laugh.

"Well, I've only a toe in the grave, son," he said, apologetically.

"And I knew she did n't like rich men —"

"Well, I'd suit her there!" his father murmured.

"Father, you know you are rich," said his son, severely. "But I did n't tell any one how rich you are. I guess they all think you're poor, because I have n't a watch or anything. So that's how I did n't get Miss Hether-ton for you. But I'd have been saved a lot of trouble if I thought she'd have suited you."

"Well, I'll confess now, since it's all over and no chance for me, that there are shades of red hair that I absolutely fall down and worship — not pink, you know, like Miss Laing's, but something like — yes, quite like — Miss Hether-ton's."

He looked at her judiciously.

"Then as for the kind-hearted part — well, you know, of the two, I'd rather have a person kind to a boy than to a dog."

"If you had wanted her, she would n't want you, anyhow; so it would n't do you any good now; but if I had known that before, maybe I might have made her like you. But I did n't tell her anything about how fine you are, and all that," said Charles Harrison, looking grieved.

"Charles Harrison, I think you told me everything that could possibly be told about your father; and a lot more that you did n't think you were telling. And I'll say now, since it's all over and my fate is sealed, that I think your father is quite young. You know I'm rather in the 'sere and yellow' myself; and as for being rich, I did n't want any man richer than I am, because I am too rich now."

Father and son looked equally bewildered.

"You work in a store?" said Charles Harrison, doubtfully.

His father was silent.

"Yes, shopping. I'm somebody when I'm at home," she said, casting down her eyes. "Living in New York, I suppose you have n't heard of Helen Hether-ton, of New Orleans?"

Mr. Leonard stopped smoking.

"I thought your name was Louise."

"So it is, *en famille*."

"You don't think me handsome, Charles Harrison," she continued, "but that only shows the power of good clothes. Wait until you see me dressed up." She looked at them triumphantly.

Mr. Leonard appeared unaccountably depressed.

"Well, son," with a sigh, "neither you nor I need hope for any favors from the famous Miss Helen Hether-ton. If it were Miss Louise, now! But there's no use. Is n't it about time to go back, Miss Hether-ton?"

"Not Miss Hether-ton; *Louise!*" she corrected. "I told you it was Louise *en famille*."

She half held out a hand, smiling and blushing.

"Has n't she lovely hands, papa?" said Charles Harrison, who was lying on his stomach, kicking up his heels.

"The prettiest in the world," said his father, with a look which made the boy wonder. "Run and get a bucket of fresh water, son; but come here first and kiss your father."

"And he made the match!" exclaimed Mrs. Hayes. "Well, I never! The richest and the handsomest woman in New Orleans! Well, I never!"

"Yes, Charles Harrison always knew what he was about," said Aunt Matilda. "Catch him selecting anybody common! He's as odd as Job's hat-band, but he knows a thing or two."



THE PROMOTION OF LEMUEL CADY

By ELLIOT WALKER



E sat down without waiting, you see." Blanche Cady — her cheeks were more pink than usual (lately she wore a ready blush) — looked up at her father, smiling brightly, as, reaching under the table, her fingers gave those of Dale Acton a surreptitious squeeze.

"I see. Yes, my dear. That's right. I — I'm late. Ah! Dale, glad to see you. Yes, never wait for me." The gray, weary-looking man bowed to Acton, nodded with averted eyes to the others, and slid into his chair, heavily, uncomfortably.

His voice was hoarse and unnatural, so unlike the cheery tone of Lemuel Cady that Fidelia, his wife, regarded him with worry.

"Lem, you're not well."

"Oh, it's nothing, Fidy. Make my tea strong."

"Father, you've caught cold," from Blanche.

"No — no, child. I'm all right." Lemuel pulled himself up, a forced grin working his lips. "Go on and eat," he added. "Don't mind me. I — I just feel quiet, that's all."

"Hard day, sir?" ventured Acton, with a view to saying the right thing. "I suppose business drags on a man as he grows older, and —" he halted at Cady's indignant glare. "I — I mean," came his faltering addition, "that we young fellows don't feel so tired, nights."

"Perhaps not," said Lemuel, shortly, picking mechanically at his food. "I'm as good as ever, I guess. Dale, I want to see you after supper."

"Yes, sir; I'll be glad to have a little talk." The younger man's face burned. Blanche's color faded. She glanced anxiously at her father. He was scowling at his plate. That dreaded "talk," so long put off while all else had run so beautifully with never an objecting word, was surely at hand. The hour seemed unpropitious.

Her beloved parent had moods of blunt directness for the settlement of important

questions, and to-night, if facial expression meant anything, it was going to be a trying ordeal for her lover, while she awaited the opening of the library door in breathless suspense. Love was not blind to everything. Dale Acton was only a bookkeeper, like Lemuel Cady, and Lemuel had once stated, decidedly, that he hoped she would never marry a bookkeeper.

But that was before he knew Dale, and he had always welcomed him, cordially; in fact, smiled at the growing intimacy. Surely, he knew how far it had progressed; or had these frequent visits appeared of slight moment? Her mother, easy, optimistic soul in affairs of the heart, had beamed silent approval. They, she and Dale, regarded matters as practically understood by her parents. Of course, there must be "a talk;" but her father was ever kindly and sympathetic, save for certain strict ideas concerning ways and means. Oh, he could n't interfere because Dale was only a bookkeeper — and not yet the recipient of a large salary! That would come in time, Dale was so capable.

Again Blanche stretched a hand beneath the cloth. It was a relief to feel a warm, assuring clasp. She was glad Dale had been placed at the table's foot instead of opposite. Tightly her fingers pressed his, as their eyes, half amazed, half apprehensive, locked in a long gaze of mutual trust and determination. Was trouble coming? There was something almost humorous about it. Must they so unexpectedly prepare to fight, together? It looked that way, for the father's remark had been tinged with a bitter belligerency. He was unlike himself, abstracted, icy, reserved. Verily, that blunt request savored not of peace. The words held a note of menace, like a threat uttered with chastisement close behind. Small wonder that Acton's blood had leaped, surprised and hot, slowly to retreat from set brow and jaw. He was rather afraid of Lemuel Cady.

"I guess we're all through if you are,

Lem," said Fidelia, who had watched her husband's few mouthfuls, with distress augmented by his strange manner. "Why don't you go to bed and not try to talk to any one? Really, dear, I believe I would. You act all beaten out."

Cady shoved back his chair with a grunt of contempt.

"Confound it!" he cried. "Can't I have any rest from even my own. I tell you I want to talk to this boy! Come, Dale."

He stalked out of the cosy dining-room. Acton, following, cast a surprised, backward glance at the bewildered faces of the two women.

"Is that father?" whispered Blanche.

"No, it is n't," said Fidelia Cady. "Something has happened!"

Lemuel lighted the gas in his retreat, a combination of den, library, and working-room, then locked the door behind his visitor, and threw himself into an easy-chair, with a changed face.

"Sit down," he invited, yawning relievedly. "I guess you think I'm conducting myself queerly, but I'm almost crazy, my lad. I could n't hold in any longer before my wife and girl. They've got to know. I have n't the heart to tell it. You must help me out."

Acton eyed him in silence, his brows lifted interrogatively. More slowly ran his pulses as the nervous wariness of the lover about to be interviewed subsided to the calm recognition of another's woe far distant from his personal expectation of uneasy trial; for men view with equanimity the wounds of other men — sympathetically, yet superiorly from a sense of vantage.

A quick formed suspicion flashed through Acton's brain. This would not hurt his cause. Lemuel Cady had met disaster. Positions were reversed. He was not here to plead, but as a judge and counsellor.

His inquiring nod received a grim reply.

"I'm out of a job, that's what!"

"Whew!" Dale's whistle of astonishment was not too surprised. "You!" he exclaimed. "Why, Mr. Cady!"

"Oh, what is the use!" Lemuel's groan, disgusted and forlorn, came despairingly. "Don't try to appear shocked, Dale. You know how it is, nowadays. Look at me! I'm gray. I know it. I'm be-spectacled. My hand trembles a bit. I can't slide off a stool and fly around as once I could. I take

a little more time, fewer chances, am cautious and thoughtful, caring too conscientiously to have every detail exact. I can't bluff — got past that. I can't blow and threaten and bulldoze and take advantage and be a nigger-driver. I don't like to hurt feelings. I love peace, good will, steady, honest work, fair play, and decent remuneration. This is what I have rutted into by trying to do the square thing by others, my boy. Now I'm fifty-seven and superannuated."

"It's a confounded shame!" Acton got up and stamped.

Cady laughed, bitterly.

"Oh, get back into your chair!" said he. "It's the way of the old dog. Let his fighting-powers wane, his fangs grow dull, his grip lessen, his legs stiffen, and who wants him? Put him out of the ring. Let him watch the pups blunder and tear, shedding much gore and making a tremendous noise in the scuffle. He can sit by and scratch his fleas. That's what the world wants. Not the tried old watch-dog who knows his business and can quietly attend to it for his bones and bed after guarding the house for years, but the young ones with fresh blood, sharp teeth, ignorance, and activity. It's a better investment, Dale."

"The old dogs can fight, though." Acton leaned forward. "Once stir them up, give them a chance, and the pups find out mighty quick that they don't know it all. I've seen the old fighters teach the young ones, tussling and showing them how, in play. By and by, tired of it, the pup gets a good nip, goes off yelping, and the next day he's at it again."

"And the next and the next," said Cady, slapping his knee. "Finally, the veteran gets the worst of it and retires. The back yard is good enough for him. He's aware of the fact. Yes, the experience is there, the fighting-spirit when roused, but his chance is gone — not only with the younger fellows, but with the crowd; even his owner goes back on him. That's where I find myself, Dale — still strong, well, and capable for my age, but — that's it. Who wants my slowly decreasing fighting-services in *business*? Who? Not Canebridge and Company. Ten years ago, nothing would have induced them to part with me, and I was a bit gray then. To-day — well, I expressed my sentiments freely, took my hat, and

walked out. I did n't totter, I *marched*; and I'm glad to think I took my oily 'we are so sorry' dose as a man should. They can go hang. I'm through!"

It was Lemuel's turn to rise up and stamp. Acton viewed him curiously. The older man's sturdy figure, his strong, resolute features, his deep, emphatic voice, held no hint of incapacity. The look of fatigue had passed; his clear eyes shone behind the wide glasses. Save for the grayness of hair and beard, and the wrinkles lining eye- corners and broad forehead, the aging bookkeeper looked no easy person to be parted from life's activities. Yet, what was there for him in the world to do?

"It seems ridiculous, absurd," said Cady, calming. "Dale, I'm a good man. Only yesterday they asked my advice on a dozen knotty questions. What's more, it was followed. I've been their right bower for fifteen years. I don't look at what seems the meanness of it."

"I do," put in Acton.

"You can't. The whole matter is outside sentiment. I was simply figured up as a working machine. My probable running-powers have been carefully calculated. As a paying proposition for Canebridge and Company, Lemuel Cady could no longer be considered. A bit of rust here and there, the gears wearing, the shaft creaking — all right for the present, but how about the future? New machines are cheap. They can do better."

"How?" Acton's query was put as if he already suspected but wished confirmation.

"Pooh! Dale, how did you get your place at Treadwit's?"

"Well," smiling, "old Merry was pretty antiquated, you know. Gracious! he was most seventy."

"Yes," dubiously, "he was — a clear-headed, faithful old fellow, though."

"Drawing \$150 a month."

"He had been there thirty years, helped Treadwit build his business, worked day and night, and saved that concern his salary twice over. Well?"

"Jonway and I went in at \$50 a month, each; now we get \$75 — apiece. I, alone, can handle the thing with a little help. Jonway's going to leave — there is n't enough for both, and he's found a position. Then I'll get \$1,200 a year, Mr. Cady — the other

boys will give me a lift in rush times. I think I've done first-rate."

"You have, boy. So did Merry. So did I. Let's see, you run the cash, general books, and oversee the office work?"

"Yes, sir," Dale's eyes sparkled. "Mr. Treadwit likes one man to be at the head. I suit him, somehow. He means to do well by me."

"No doubt," drily, "while you last. Saving \$600 a year on this change, which you can bet has been figured on from the start, he ought to. Treadwit's keen. He has sampled you two boys, picked his choice, and you're settled with him, in a place very similar to what I've had — for how many years, Dale?"

"Eh! Why, a good many, I hope. He will increase my salary from time to time, he says."

"When?" Cady was again in his chair, eyeing his *vis-à-vis* intently.

"Oh, as the work increases — as I grow more valuable! Not very soon, of course."

"Will you ask it?"

"I — I don't know. I think that should be left to him, Mr. Cady. I imagine employers dislike to be asked."

"They do," affirmed Lemuel, with a decided head-bob. "I went on that principle, my boy. It took me ten years to get from \$1,200 to \$1,500 a year, and there I stuck. Besides, I was an experienced man when I went to Canebridge. Over forty and well trained. I've made bigger money in my day, but I was glad at that time to settle down for \$100 per and future hopes."

"I'm only twenty-four, with my life before me." Acton smiled, confidently.

"You'll be forty, yes, fifty, in shorter order than you'll believe," returned Lemuel, shaking his thick, whitened locks. "Months, years, decades, slide by to the man who works as you will; for you are determined, body and soul, to labor solely for your employers' interests."

"Whose else?" asked Acton, wondering.

"Your own, of course." Cady's tone grew tense. "Work for yourself! Never forget that for a second. Learn all you can of Treadwit's business for *yourself*, not for him. Absorb it for your own practical benefit. Make every bit of knowledge your mental property. Don't be content with your job. Aim to assimilate every atom of information as you would use it in a business of

your own. Study to teach yourself to *quit*, not to stay. I taught myself to *stay*, and you see the result."

"Hum!" ejaculated Dale, pulling his fingers. "I never thought of things in that way. Sounds like business, though. Is it fair?"

"Perfectly. More, it is your duty to live for your own interests if you expect to succeed in life. Otherwise, you'll prove a failure. Can't you see? You are planning to serve. Plan to rule! Learn your service with an eye to ruling. Learn to fight with the conviction that winning is only won by unceasing, careful battle, and do not lie down in what seems an easy couch, licking the hand that feeds you, slaps you, pats you; for you'll find it in the end a bed of thorns, and a boot below the fingers. I have so found it, Dale. A thousand pricks during the past month — ah! I felt it would come — at last, the kindly, nicely reckoned kick, and — here I am!"

Acton made no immediate reply. He was busy with conflicting thoughts. He had felt his future to be assured, surely to develop on his teachings, on good old-fashioned principles of docility, and confidence in others. How would it be? Presently, he smiled doubtfully.

"I can't imagine fighting Mr. Treadwit," he said. "He's a pleasant, agreeable man — a trifle exacting, perhaps, but kind, always ready to answer questions, and to help a fellow out of a tangle."

"I know him well," also smiling, but not with doubt. "Treadwit is n't a bad sort. He would be really soft-hearted if it paid. But it does n't, in trade. Once, this man failed through being too easy. Starting again on a basis of constant watchfulness, his success is due to cautious, diplomatic handling of men and details. Now he is foxy, wary, suspicious, trusting no one but himself, keeping tab on every little item, clerk or dustpan, for what advantage he may gain, yet masking his intentions by a display of his natural disposition as the pleasantest method of deception. He likes to feel nice, gentlemanly, and obliging, but the screw is between his thumb and forefinger every second, and don't you forget that its almost imperceptible turning means life to Gideon Treadwit. This, he thoroughly believes, and I guess he's right. If he let go his clock would run down mighty fast, and a second

failure would kill him. He is a proud, sensitive, high-strung man, working on principles foreign to his nature, but they are his holding-teeth and he'll never loosen that grip as long as he can see a dollar-mark."

Acton's countenance wore a disturbed expression.

"Mr. Treadwit does pinch a bit, all over," he agreed. "I'm beginning to notice that. It's a little more expected, here and there — not quite enough done; gentle suggestions which make a lot of work. He keeps me feeling that, no matter how hard I try, my best efforts fall just a mite short of what he anticipated. I keep trying to entirely please him, yet I don't exactly hit it."

"You never will, Dale," rejoined Cady, solemnly.

"Oh, yes! I'll get there in time."

"Never!" reiterated Lemuel. "Not while you aim to truckle to his whims."

"Truckle!" indignantly. "I do that to no one."

"It's what you're doing every day, boy. Treadwit knows it, too. It's just what he wants. I'll bet you suit him, exactly. He will weaken you, gradually, to the coveted point of an excellent servant who is n't *quite* satisfactory. You'll so judge yourself, lose spirit, ambition, hope, self-confidence, and become a machine. You'll distrust your capacity, be fearful, shrinking, doubtful, dreading large responsibilities, losing self-reliance and independence; at last, sucked dry, brains and health, by selfish methods, to be thrown aside like a squeezed lemon, juiceless and without essence — a rind. That's right, Dale."

"Pleasant prospect! Humph! I don't believe it."

"There are thousands undergoing the same process — young men, middle-aged men, old men. The pitiful spectacle is spread out for all who will see. If applications differ, results do not. It is the pathetic sight of the man in the rut trying vainly to please. Do not be one of them, Dale. Think of Winfield Merry; think of *me*. We have fought a good fight under the conditions which confront you, but we battled for our masters, not for ourselves. Struggle for yourself, my lad. Show your teeth and fight!"

He was speaking rapidly, with unusual excitement, his hands clenched, his voice full of an almost fierce urging.

Acton stared, thrilled by the tone of warning.

"I hardly understand you, Mr. Cady," he said. "Surely, you're not advising me to throw up a good place. I can't change Mr. Treadwit, if your estimate of his character is correct. I like him. He likes me. What on earth is there to quarrel over? I'll have to take my chances with him."

"Measure them!" cried Cady. "Listen to me. You two are merely individuals with the apparent power on his side. Are not youth, strength, and wits yours? Use your chances and beat him. He will respect you the more; yes, and tie to you, as will all men. Literally, no quarrel is called for,— I do not mean it so,— but have it made plain to Gideon Treadwit that he does not *own* you. Face him squarely on every issue. Say your say, firmly. Let him know that you are there upon your own business as well as his. Hold to your rights; demand your dues, and fear not. He is no fool. Only in this way will he ever give you credit, or care a rap for your future. Keep firm in the path, and in a year —"

"You'll give me Blanche," interrupted Acton, boldly. "I guess I'll begin on *you*, Mr. Cady — as man to man, facing the issue. I'm here on this business. I'll say my say. Come now! I take your advice, I take your daughter — and hold to my rights. If I get kicked out by Treadwit, no matter. I'll be here with a wedding-ring, and she goes with me if I can put her under a comfortable roof. We'll measure our chances with the bread-and-butter part. Come now!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed the astonished father, dumbfounded at this unexpected proposal. "Wait a minute, Dale. I — I've got to think of my girl a little. I'll admit I have observed your attentions, but, er — er — are n't you pushing the matter a bit recklessly?"

"No, sir," returned the young man, steadily. "I'm after what I want, and asking for it. I've measured you. I believe you are right about this fighting-plan, and I shall begin here and now, according to your precepts as bearing on a subject of the dearest importance to us both. Will you back your words? I'm waiting."

His tone was very respectful, but firm. In his eyes shone an earnest, compelling light. He smiled gently.

Lemuel looked at the confident face, so full of good-natured decision. He noted the pleasant, unwavering features, boyish, yet promising that stamp which moulds the visage of the successful, self-made man, and his hand went out.

"You shall have her, my son," he said.

"Thank you, sir."

There dwelt a triumphant happiness in his low reply. So much for his rights. He would go farther, assume all responsibilities possible, and shoulder a load to be carried by the stimulus of this new-found fire. It would bring him good — himself and others. He should promise things and do them.

"To go back a little, Mr. Cady," said he, briskly. "Have you anything in view?"

"No! It's going to be difficult, I fear. Dear me! I had almost forgotten my stranding. We can get along for a while; then — well, I suppose I'll regret my independence. I had a spark left, Dale, and it flamed up."

"You mean they will not give a recommendation? That you left Canebridge in a way to hurt you?"

"No; oh, no!" Lemuel began to chuckle. "I was gentlemanly, if I did speak my mind. They felt badly. I could see it. What I told them was true. But a check for \$300 was offered to salve my injuries, and I refused it."

"You did?"

"Dale, I simply could n't stomach it. Very kind, of course, but I thanked them, shaking my head. 'No, gentlemen,' said I, 'accept my resignation, and allow me to leave to-day. My work is all up. It will cause no trouble. Keep your money for some one less widely known, less respected, less unfortunate, and more superannuated. I'm a good man, yet.'"

"They nodded, glancing at one another. I bowed and walked out. Why I made that speech is beyond me, but I never felt bigger, and I don't feel sorry to have discarded their peace-offering."

"Good!" cried Acton, regarding him attentively, "and then —"

"I tramped for two hours, thinking. Dear me!" he sighed, "for myself, I care little. It is better now than later. My wife, though, will worry, and Blanche. I hate to break the news. The outlook is —"

"Capital! Leave Mrs. Cady, my dear girl, and all the rest to me. I've something in mind for you — a place you'll like and

fill. It will take some weeks, but I'll move heaven and earth to get you there."

"Where?" gasped Lemuel.

"I'll tell Blanche. You'll learn at the proper time. I'm positive I can do it." He started for the door.

"Go it, then!" said Cady, amazed.

"So Lem Cady is going to the State Legislature," remarked a man on the street, the day after election. "I wish I had been here to vote for him. Lem's just the right age, matured, sensible, perfectly honest, and an experienced, square man. He'll represent us in good shape; we must keep him there. In a couple of years it ought to be Senator Cady. How did he come to run?"

"Young Acton started the ball. He's a fighter, that boy. Works for Treadwit, who swears by him, saying there is n't an ounce of scare to the chap. Gideon is real funny about Acton — grins to himself and winks. Says he's found a manager."

The broker, talking, laughed.

"There's a big chance with Treadwit, queer stick that he is," added he. "For years Gideon has been groaning for the 'right man' to take to his heart in his business. I declare, it looks like Treadwit and Acton by and by. I told Gid that I wanted his prize — jollyng, you know, and he turned white."

"Well, I don't care for that. How about Lem?"

"Oh, the ball got rolling! The book-keepers, clerks, office-men generally, yes,

and the big business men, all took hold. It went through the entire district. Seems people knew Cady — every one had a good word for him. That man kept in touch with city interests, and has always been a kind, friendly fellow. Goodness! He went in easy. Dick Canebridge never worked harder. His father, too. They swore he was just the man for the place. Cady had been with them, you know."

"For a long time, yes. I wonder why he left? Recent, was n't it? Political bee, perhaps."

"Possibly," returned the broker, carelessly. "Anyway, good luck to him and his new job. He'll do first rate. Here is my car. Don't forget to vote next year, John. We need some old watch-dogs at the Capitol."

"They can't be bought, anyhow," laughed the other. "I'll remember."

When the Honorable Lemuel Cady gave the bride away, his voice and eyes trembled, together. He was thinking of the evening of his consent.

Later, a guest touched his shoulder. Turning, he faced Gideon Treadwit. The two gray heads, which had once bent over ledgers in the same office long ago, nodded significantly as their eyes met, and their hands clasped to hold for a hearty pressure.

"This means?" queried Lemuel.

"A great deal," said Treadwit. "Partnerships, Lem. I guess Dale can stand two kinds. That boy has grown very close to my interests, somehow."

"I imagined he might," replied Cady, innocently.

A WINDY SUNSET

By ALICE F. TILDEN

Flaming in angry might,
 Red swords to the zenith rise;
 Bare branches in purple light
 Toss against restless skies.
 The old elm swings and dips;
 The hills loom black and vast;
 And the breath is snapped between our lips
 By the wind that hurtles past.

SON'S SON

By ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL



SARAH CULL fidgetted about the room, longing to go to the window again. The last time there had certainly been an extra light over there.

"Jesse," she spoke up, suddenly, with the startling effect in her own ears of having screamed it, "Jesse, if your throat 's real sore, had n't you better go right to bed? — and have your feet soaked? I'll go get some water he't up —"

"I guess I can set up a while longer. I don't feel specially feeble *yit*," returned the old man, crisply. The Culls were a healthy lot, and even a sore throat was humiliating. It was yet more humiliating to be inwardly aware that this one was in a measure specious — serving its use as a means to keep Sarah at home.

"Some extry sleep would do you good," persisted the gentle old voice of Sarah. If he went upstairs she could slip out just for a minute. To-night a minute might be so precious! If it *was* an extra light — She sat down suddenly in a chair, got up suddenly — went with a certain fine resolution to the window and looked again. There was an extra light. Even as she looked, still another one bloomed out.

"You're lettin' in a draught," complained Jesse, coughing speciously. Jesse Cull was a deacon in the Rapid Creek Church, but to-night he forgot it. It was odd how past things appeared done away and all things become present to-night with both old people. Both were thinking of that extra light.

Mrs. Cull drifted into the kitchen, and Jesse stole furtively to the window and furtively back to the old haircloth lounge. Two new ones — *two*! And he had seen something else — a woman's shadow on a curtain. Annie was not stout; the shadow had been.

"Looks like it — looks like it," muttered restlessly the old man behind his grizzled beard. And if it *was* —

"Sarah! Where be you, Sarah?" he

called, in ready suspicion. There had been time for her to go to the door. Sarah was not to go to the door.

"I'm coming, Jesse," she called back, and her voice sounded excited to his ears. He connected the new note with the stout shadow on Willy's curtain — Sarah had seen it, too. In the depths of his stubborn old heart Jesse Cull inordinately longed to talk with Sarah about the shadow; to say, "Is it Urania Barber, think? Urania's the *best* one." But the Culls were a set lot. What had been decreed had been decreed. Nothing could change a Cull decree; nor death — nor life.

Sarah was thinking sighingly of this as she came back into the room. Not herself a Cull, yet the Cull will hedged her in. The hedge was so high she despaired of climbing it. For five years she had dwelt here on this side of it and Willy, child of her middle age, had dwelt on the other side. And all because of a slip of a girl with the wrong name — such a little slip to be over there in great stress to-night! Suppose she had been a Taylor; she was a Cull now. No one could marry a Cull and stay a Taylor, reflected the sad little mother of Willy. Besides — oh, besides, was to-night any time to be remembering family feuds? To-night was the time for the mothers of great sons to stand by the sons' little wives in their dread hour.

"And me over here knitting wool socks!" groaned Sarah Cull. She dropped her work and went to the window again — openly, in a desperate spurt of courage. She rattled the shade as she slid it up. The noise woke Jesse from a brief doze.

"Is it snowin'? Or ain't you be'n there long enough to find out?" he rasped. He did not mean to rasp at Sarah; it was not at all his habit. But the man's inward uneasiness and apprehension must have outward vent.

"Is it snowin', I say?"

Sarah's voice, oddly unlike Sarah's, shot over her shoulder to him: "There's lights all over the house! The brightest one's in

Annie's room. It ain't Urania Barber, for there ain't any curls in the shadow — Urania Barber had ought to be there!" It was a little anxious cry at the end, and the old man, listening against his will to the little bulletin, knew in his soul there was some one else that ought to be there.

"Is it pilin' up?"

"Oh, yes, it's piling up — it's piling up!" And he knew Sarah meant her own distress, and not the snow. Any one but a Cull — he himself, born a Smith or a Brown or an Anybody-Else — would go over there to the window and give that anxious little figure a gentle push and say: "Run along, Mother, run along. I warrant they'll be glad to see ye!"

Mother — Jesse Cull visibly started. How long had it been since he said "Mother" to Sarah? What would happen if he said it now? He laughed soundlessly in his throat — it seemed a grim joke.

The first time — in a wave of memory the incidents of the first time flowed over him. He saw them quite clearly, as if he had just rubbed his spectacles with his great silk handkerchief. He heard quite clearly the nurse's creaking steps — Urania had been stout then, too. The very suspense, awful and unbearable, crept over him again. He was waiting again helplessly, all his soul a quiver. He seemed to himself a coward — coward! — because he could do nothing for Sarah. Then his heart turned to water with fear of what might happen — what happened to other women. A Sarahless world stared him in the face; he saw himself getting up to Sarahless days and going to bed to Sarahless nights — doing all his monotonous little chores with no one to look out that he wore his old blue yarn mittens or did not forget his milk-pails when he went to the barn. How could he dress for meeting Sunday mornings without Sarah, or sit out the long evenings? — or live, or move, or have his being?

Then the little cry through the still house, and Urania coming to tell him Willy had come. Then he had gone in to Sarah and called her "Mother." That had been the first time.

Suddenly Jesse Cull came back to the present out of a tender past. He felt oddly old and tired, and in need of Sarah. But Sarah was not there. He got to his feet in a dazed way, confused by his dreaming, and

went through all the plain little rooms in search of her. He climbed the steep stairs rheumatically.

"Sarah, where be you? *Sarah!*" he called, but in his soul he knew. He was glad — in his soul — that he could not find her. Jesse Cull had been waiting all this time for Sarah to defy his will.

She had heard the rumble of wheels, as she stood at the window, and they sounded like old Doctor Sloane's wheels. They were his, for they stopped with a startling cessation of rumbling and clattering at Willy's gate. She saw the stooped old figure leap out over the wheel with the eagerness of a boy. She saw Willy loom bigly in the lighted doorway — saw him bound down the path to meet the old figure. And though her near-sighted eyes failed her then, her heart saw the white anxiety in Willy's face.

"He's turning this way — they're both turning," the watcher thought, with a beating throat. "They're talking about me! The doctor's saying, 'Ain't she coming?' and Willy's saying, 'No!' Poor Willy — poor Willy — poor Willy!"

"I'm coming!" Sarah Cull cried, clearly, and did not know that it was not aloud. In an instant's time all her agitations and fears left her. She was going to Willy and poor little Annie. A strange feeling possessed her that she had meant to go all the time.

Jesse was apparently dozing in his chair, but she did not tiptoe past him. She walked with a firm tread, ready to answer calmly, "I'm going over to Willy's," if Jesse woke and asked questions. She stopped a moment in her progress to shade the lamplight from his face and to throw a light shawl over his knees — Jesse's knees felt the cold. Certain other things required attention out in the kitchen, if she were to be gone long. She must plan a little for Jesse's breakfast and set out his milk-pails. His thick yarn mittens must be where he would be sure to see them, and the old wool cap with earlaps. She tried to think of everything Jesse would need when he went to the barn in the morning.

"He's getting so forgetful!" she worried. "Just as likely as not he'd start off bareheaded! I'll have to run across and see to him, anyway." Unless — a shudder ran through her slender frame — unless Jesse should never want her to come across again.

She put on hood and shawl and went

hurrying across the road to Willy's. The houses were set diagonally opposite and had an effect of being a long way apart. This effect was perhaps heightened in neighborhood eyes by the knowledge of the long separation between parents and son. The Cull trouble was an old story in Rapid Creek. On her way Sarah Cull met one of the neighbors.

"Good-evenin', Mis' Cull,—it's you, ain't it?"

"Good-evening," was Sarah's only reply.

"It ain't meetin'-night, so I suppose you're goin' callin'?"

"Yes, I'm going calling."

"Over to Mis' Spears's?"

"No," sharply. Then suddenly, straight and fine in her faded hood and shawl, she faced the peering, curious neighbor.

"I'm going over to my son's," she said, and hurried on.

She had never set foot inside Willy's home, yet now she stepped in with a queer sense of having been there yesterday. The little kitchen looked as she had seen it so many times in her mind. The teakettle on the stove, Willy's hat on a nail, the very soaper and tin dipper over the sink, had a familiar look. But the penetrating odor of something burning had not been there in her dreams. She ran to the shining little stove and snatched away the toaster with two cindery slices. The kettle, as she lifted it, was very light; it must be filled. On the little kitchen table was the beginning of a meal — two plates laid, flanked neatly by knives and forks; the sugar-bowl and spoon-holder toed a line in the table-cloth. But there was no food — Willy had had no supper.

She stepped out into the hall and listened to the voices upstairs. One of them was the capable voice of Urania Barber; she was not needed up there. Back in the kitchen she went vigorously to work getting supper for Willy. Dear, dear, how good it seemed! If Jesse were to come and sit down, too — the three of them again, in the old way!

She would make minute-cakes. Willy had been such a boy for minute-cakes — perhaps he would eat one of those even to-night, in his stress of mind.

"If his mother makes them," Sarah Cull thought, tenderly. She worked fast and deftly, stepping about with light tread. The beautiful neatness of the little kitchen and

pantry filled her with pride — this was the way she had always imagined them. She had always known Annie made Willy a good wife. Poor little Annie — poor little Annie!

Footsteps sounded outside. They had a stealthy, padded sound. She went to the door and peered out — called gently. No one answered, but she could dimly see a figure stealing away. She went back with a strange tight feeling in her throat. If it was —

"It was," murmured Sarah Cull; "I know it was."

There was no cream for Willy's tea; there must be cream. She would run home and get some; it would take but a minute.

Sarah Cull was nearly seventy, but she ran like a girl — lightly, with her skirts gathered in her hands. Some one coming across the street made a wide detour to avoid meeting her, and she laughed softly to herself. Jesse was not at home. She did not hunt for him, but she knew. She found the cream and hurried back. Willy stood in the middle of the little kitchen, gazing about him blankly.

"Sit right down; sit right down!" his mother cried from the door. "The minute-cakes are done to a turn — minute-cakes, Willy!"

"Mother!"

But she would not let him come to her; she did not dare. With a great effort she chatted and smiled, putting the little supper on the table with trembling old hands. Willy would not sit down, but at sight of her disappointed face took one of the little cakes in his hand. It was he who spoke first of Annie.

"Mother, she's grand! There never was any one else so brave, never in the world!" And she nodded at him across the little table understandingly, though in her soul lived the memory of another woman who had been brave.

Urania Barber came bulkily down the narrow stairs and into the room. Her shrewd old eyes took in the meaning of the picture she saw, but her shrewd old heart was wise.

"I'm glad you're got a good fire goin', Mis' Cull," she said, briskly. "Here's some little things I wisht you'd hang over the horse for me. Set 'em up close's you can without singin' 'em." She went back,

bulkily, up the stairs. Sarah Cull stood gazing at the tiny clothes heaped in her hands. A soft color crept over her thin old face.

Willy came and gazed with her, in a sort of tender daze. He put out a great finger and prodded the little heap. "Mother, Mother!" he whispered, telling the whole story. She turned on him suddenly, seeing not the great, abashed fellow standing there, but a little, fragile thing in tiny clothes like these in her hands. Such little clothes, such a little creature! — Jesse had brought him to her, himself. "Here he is, Mother," Jesse had said. *Mother* — she had hardly known which was sweeter, the little child or the little name.

The evening wore away into the night. Then, while they waited, the Angel of Life came into the house. Willy, wild with joy, blundered down with the news. Then to Sarah Cull came instant need of Jesse. Jesse must know — she must go to him.

She caught up her shawl and ran to the door, her old feet swift to bear good tidings. Jesse was there on the steps — in a flash of thought before she spoke she wondered if she had not known he would be there, waiting.

"Jesse, Jesse, it's a boy! He's come, Jesse!"

He put out cold hands to her, boyishly. His old face gleamed redly in the square of lamplight. "The little rascal!" he shouted, as though she were deaf. Like little children they laughed together. The tiny hand of his son's son drew Jesse Cull across the tabooed threshold. The son's son's tiny, imperative cry loosed the hard knot of the Cull will and it fell away from the old man at last. He listened delightedly.

"Hear that, will ye, Mother! Will you listen to the spunky little chap!"

"I hear — I'm listening, Jesse" — but it was the dear old name that "Mother" heard, above the tiny cry.

SILENCE

By CHARLES HAMILTON MUSGROVE

I am the word that lovers leave unsaid,
The eloquence of ardent lips grown mute,
The mourning mother's heart-cry for her dead,
The flower of faith that grows to unseen fruit.

I am the speech of prophets when their eyes
Behold some splendid vision of the soul;
The song of morning stars, the hills' replies,
The far call of the undiscovered pole.

And, since I must be mateless, I shall win
One boon beyond the meed of common clay:
My life shall end where other lives begin,
And live when other lives have passed away.

MEN AND AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

By DAVID S. BARRY

Washington and the Presidential Candidates : Taft, and Roosevelt's Choice of Him : Hughes, of New York, and His Chances : Knox, of Pennsylvania, Not the Friend of Corporations : Fairbanks, the Non-magnetic : Foraker's Bid for the Colored Vote : Cannon, Cortelyou, and Shaw : Many Humors of the Preliminary Work of Politicians



WASHINGTON during the off-season is not a very good point from which to get a line on the political situation. But so many of the presidential candidates reside here temporarily that there is bound to be information — of a more or less trustworthy character — floating about. It is a political aphorism that senatorial and vice-presidential candidates rarely ever win the presidency, but Washington has furnished the Republican candidate nearly every time. Next year may be no exception to the rule.

As to the Democratic situation, that is different. There would seem to be no serious opposition to the nomination for the third time of that peerless leader of a lost cause, William Jennings Bryan. It matters not that a large element of his party have repudiated his government-ownership-of-railroads policy, that the gold men are still distrustful of him, and that he has been shown to be a man of ordinary clay generally. He is the only Democrat in sight who would have any chance of making even a respectable fight against the Republicans, and so, in spite of his radicalism, his uncertainty, and his equivocal attitude on the important public questions, he seems destined to lead his party for the third time to defeat — or victory. Evidently, too, Mr. Bryan is as eager to serve as standard-bearer as his party is helpless without him.

Of the Republicans, first in point of bulk and possibly in strength before the people as a public man is William Howard Taft, Secretary of War. "Bill" Taft they called him when he was Yale's baseball stone wall. "Secretary" Taft he is called in Washington, although he has also the title of Judge, from his service on the Federal bench in

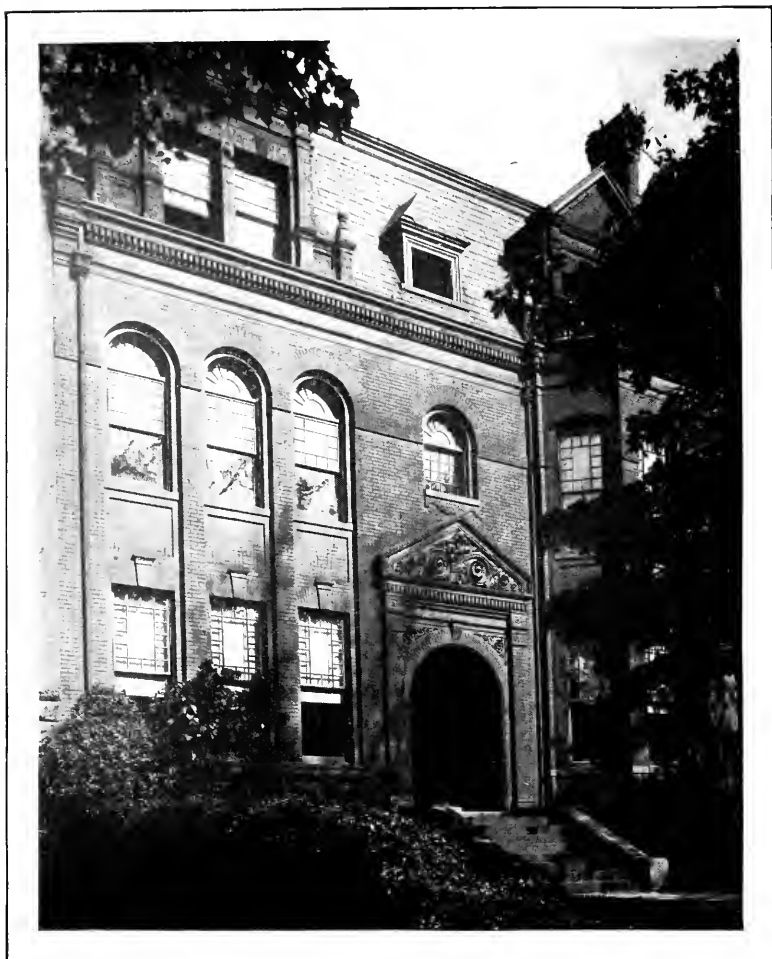
Ohio under appointment of President Harrison, whose Solicitor-General he had been; and Governor, from his service as Chief Executive of the Philippines under President McKinley.

Mr. Taft is the Roosevelt candidate because he represents the so-called Roosevelt policies of radical anti-corporation reform legislation and the Roosevelt personality more nearly than any other man in sight. The President would have liked Root were he not popularly supposed to be devoted to the interests of the corporations; or Knox, had he not supported the Senate's compromise on the railroad-rate bill as against the President's "no court review" bill; or Cortelyou, if it were possible to nominate him.

However that may be, Mr. Taft is the President's candidate, and must stand or fall on that platform. It will be the making of him in some States; his weakness in others; but on the whole, he will be the stronger for it. Secretary Taft may not be the shrewdest politician in the world, but he is a broad-minded, honorable, clean man, of good intelligence, an earnest, genial manner, a big heart, and a most attractive personality.

Judge Taft's Ohio brother, the one who owns the Cincinnati newspaper, has been running the Taft campaign so far, and he will probably be able to get the unanimous support of the Ohio delegation for his candidate. As for Secretary Taft, he is somewhat restive under the grooming. He did not want to be President; he wanted to go on the Supreme Court bench. But his wife and his brothers said, "No;" and so the big, good-natured, complacent fellow finds himself the storm centre of the presidential fight.

He just could n't help it, and so he smiles and does not protest. Secretary Taft is



Home of Secretary Taft, at Washington, D. C.

one of those men who go through life with a cheery air, but who display steel backbones when occasion requires. He is a big man, but he is lighter in weight than he was. After a system of dieting which he followed as far as he dared, he got down to two hundred and seventy pounds, but does not intend to fool with the system much more for fear of impairing his health and strength.

Mr. Taft eats little and drinks less, and his skin is as smooth as a child's. His eye is as clear as crystal. He is not big from eating, drinking, or lack of exercise, but just because he was born that way. His father, Judge Alonzo Taft, who was Secretary of War in Grant's cabinet, was a big

man, and his brothers and all members of the family are big. He has the strength of a giant and the gentleness of a woman. He is not yet fifty, but he has already had a wide and varied public career. He is a poor man, never having had time to accumulate money. He lives in a rented house on K Street in Washington, his children are at school and in college, and it is the popular opinion that his brothers, who are men of means, assist him in meeting the extraordinary expense, especially in footing the campaign bills.

In comparing the merits of Mr. Taft and General Leonard Wood, both his special friends, as public men, President Roosevelt once said, "Wood is a man who would be



Drawing-room at the residence of Secretary William H. Taft

stopped by no obstacle in performing his public duties in such a way as to win the approval of his superiors and enhance his own career. Judge Taft would do his duty under whatever circumstances and at whatever cost to his own plans or prospects. With him the public good is always paramount to his private interests."

Governor Hughes of New York may not be a candidate. This will depend upon how political matters in New York State turn out. At present his friends declare that he is giving no thought to the question of candidates or delegates, but is simply endeavoring to do his duty as Governor, leaving political matters to take care of themselves. Some of his friends are canvassing the situation for him, however, and if they can control the delegates there is little doubt that Hughes will be the Empire State candidate. That he has the people back of him seems evident from the way they stood by him in his fight with the machine in the Legislature; but, even so, he might not be able to get the delegates.

Things have been in such a chaotic state that the fight for control has not yet been

made. President Roosevelt, who is very friendly to Governor Hughes, wants the New York votes for Taft; and Governor Hughes, who does not seem to be quite so friendly to President Roosevelt, will not say that he wants them for himself or that he is at all concerned about what becomes of them. He is a man of strong convictions, who keeps his own counsel. He has a powerful weapon in the public utilities law, and his veto of the two-cents-a-mile railroad bill has drawn to his support some of the conservative corporation strength that but for this veto might have looked upon him as altogether too radical. In writing that veto Governor Hughes may not have been "playing politics," as has been charged, but the result is a good thing for him politically. He had nothing to lose by his veto — because with the public utilities bill he can make the railroads do as he says — and everything to gain, as he demonstrates to the moneyed interests that he is not so much of a radical after all.

Governor Hughes is an unknown quantity in Washington, where he has never been except on a flying visit to the White House



Hon. Chas. E. Hughes, Governor of New York



Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania

at night. There are those here, however, who know him and who have their critical eye upon him at all times.

His newspaper pictures are wonderfully faithful portraits.

A study of them will show that the most noticeable and striking feature of the Hughes make-up is the whiskers. They are red, and grow, in a great untrimmed bunch, all over the broad "skinny" face. When Mr. Hughes is talking his big square jaw waggles and carries his mop of whiskers up and down and sideways and crosswise, as rapidly as a sewing-machine shuttle. The whiskers are everywhere at once, touching each point in the area of their circulation for the smallest fraction of a moment, flitting lightly, and bobbing about as if propelled by machinery. They clear the surrounding atmosphere in a twinkling, and a study of the combination in action is undoubtedly what caused Mr. Hearst vulgarly to dub his distinguished competitor an "animated feather duster."

He is without personal magnetism; and while right-minded citizens must applaud the ideals which he represents and indorse the basic principles for which he stands,

they can hardly be expected to enthuse over him or make any personal sacrifices to cast their vote on election-day. Mr. Hughes is a graduate of Brown University. He is, after all, merely a hard-headed, plodding lawyer, who has argued the cases of his clients to the very best of his ability, and who, when doing it, probably never dreamed of making himself a public character.

In public speaking Mr. Hughes has a curious and not altogether pleasing habit of putting his thumbs into the arm-holes or pockets of his waistcoat, and striding like a caged lion from one end of the platform to the other, talking the while rapidly in a heavy and somewhat harsh and rasping voice, and with a sort of know-all air. Mr. Hughes is a man of big frame, gaunt, not to say bony, without a pound of surplus flesh. His head must have been a few years ago as feather-dustery as his chin, but his dark brown hair, growing low on his forehead, is less profuse than it was, and has a thin spot just above the rim of the crown over the forehead. With the exception of his over-generous hirsute adornment, the most noticeable feature of Mr. Hughes's



Home of Senator Knox, Washington, D. C.

personality is his gleaming white teeth, which, when he is talking, show through his luxuriant mustache like beacon lights. The lawyer-candidate is always neatly and most correctly attired,—a frock-coat on all public occasions, and a high sideboard collar, whose stiffness is never affected by exertion or the climbing of the thermometer. He has the appearance of a man who could not warm up, even on an August day in Washington. He is good, but cold.

Some persons who are not well posted, or who are not scoffers by habit, seem to regard the announced candidacy of Senator Philander C. Knox of Pennsylvania as a joke, or at least as an attempt of the Sen-

ator's friends to force him into the limelight of publicity in the "favorite son" or "also-mentioned" class. But such prognosticators are reckoning without their host. Mr. Knox is a candidate in the fullest sense of the word. He regards his candidacy as seriously as anybody else does, and why should n't he?

With sixty-eight votes as a starter, any man, however mediocre and unknown, could force himself into the lists in a convention. But Mr. Knox is neither mediocre nor unknown. He is an able, clear-headed, high-class man, and if the country at large does not know him as well as Pennsylvania does that is the country's misfortune. But



Library in the Washington home of Senator Knox

they will know him before the contest is ended, even if he does not get the nomination.

Physically, Mr. Knox is a little man, about five feet five in his stockings, but with a large, round, well-developed head that indicates the man of intellectual force. His clean-shaven face, clear blue eye, and smooth, thin hair give him the appearance of youth, which is not altogether misleading, as he is only fifty-four. President Roosevelt said of Mr. Knox that he was, next to Mr. Root, the ablest man in his Cabinet, and the Pennsylvania Senator took front rank in the Senate from the day he was sworn in. He is a clear, convincing talker, an earnest worker, and personally very popular.

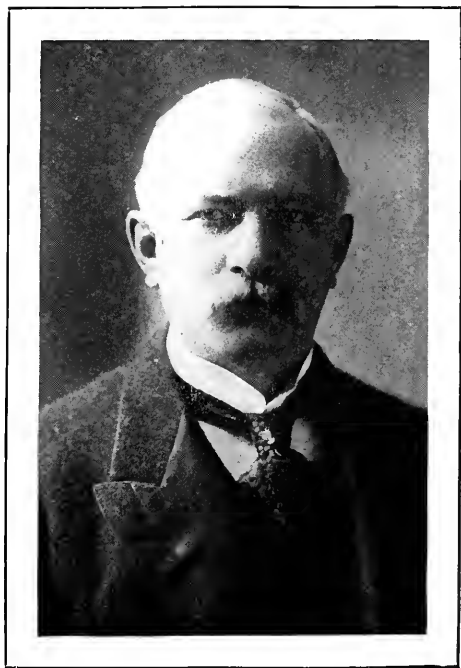
The weak feature of Mr. Knox's candidacy at present seems to be the popular belief that he is an ally of corporations, put into the Senate by the Pennsylvania Railroad. According to his own statement to the writer, there is no truth in this. Years ago Mr. Knox was, it is true, the attorney of Andrew Carnegie and Henry C. Frick, as he was for other wealthy manufacturers,

but this was when their business was conducted as a partnership and before the days of the gigantic trusts. He made a fortune as the most popular lawyer in Pittsburg, but has never been identified with any of the great dominating corporations. His record in public life, moreover, is that of a reformer of the President Roosevelt class.

It was Mr. Knox who, as Attorney-General, filed the suit that dissolved the Northern Securities Merger, a legal act which has made Senator Knox immensely popular in certain Western and Northwestern States; he is the actual author of the so-called Elkins Anti-Rebate bill, which has been upheld by the courts and proved most effective; he discovered and announced the virility of the Sherman Anti-Trust law; he wrote the Employers Liability bill which became a law, and also the Frick report on the life-insurance exposures in New York, the document used by Governor Hughes as the basis of his investigations as attorney of the Legislative Committee, and which made him known to the people; and he, moreover, is entitled to a peculiar part of the credit for the passage of the railroad-



Latest photograph of Vice-President Charles
W. Fairbanks



Senator Foraker

rate law which has added so greatly to the strength and popularity of President Roosevelt.

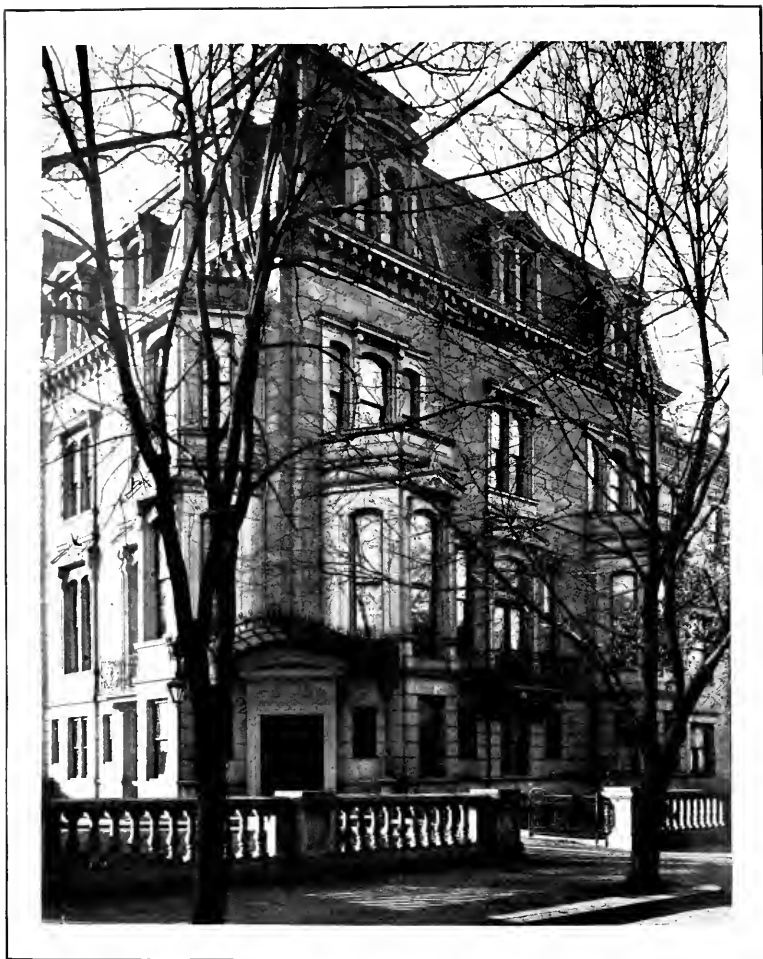
This is not a record on which to charge a public man with being a friend and agent of the corporations, and yet, singularly enough, that is the estimate which the country has of Senator Knox. He knows this as well as anybody else; but, with his customary philosophical way of looking at things, thinks that by the time the presidential race opens in earnest popular opinion about him will have changed. As to the charge that he was sent to the Senate by the Pennsylvania Railroad Mr. Knox denies it. Governor Pennypacker, he says, selected him entirely of his own volition, and the Legislature afterwards ratified the appointment. Mr. Knox says he never was engaged in a law suit to which the Pennsylvania Railroad was a party but once, and then the road was on the other side.

Personally, Mr. Knox is a most agreeable man — frank, unassuming, direct, with a kindly heart and a pleasant manner. He lives in Washington in a beautiful home, on K Street, which he bought from the widow

of the late George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and he is the owner of the famous Valley Forge Farm near Philadelphia, historic as Washington's headquarters. There he spends much time in the summer and fall. He also has a fine home in Pittsburg.

He has a charming family, one son and a daughter being married, and is personally very popular in the Senate on both sides of the chamber.

When Charles Warren Fairbanks set out to have himself nominated for Vice-President everybody laughed but Fairbanks. He looked serious; and while the Republican leaders were moving heaven and earth to prevail on Speaker Cannon, Congressman Hitt, or somebody else to serve the party, the Indiana Senator went ahead sawing wood and saying nothing. In the end he was nominated, largely because nobody else wanted the honor and because he had a certain number of delegates. Although utterly devoid of "personal magnetism," he has been quite acceptable as Vice-President. His duties consist merely in presiding over the session of the Senate, and to do this successfully it is necessary only to be



The new Washington home of Charles W. Fairbanks, Vice-President

impartial and observe the strict rule of senatorial etiquette and procedure. Mr. Fairbanks has made no mistakes. When he had anything to say it was written out in advance. So the entente is always maintained, and no bricks are thrown at the Vice-President.

His candidacy for the presidential nomination would be regarded as a joke but for the fact that he has a fairly good organization in several States and is sure to have a certain number of delegates in the convention. For three years he has been running helter skelter all over the United States in an effort to popularize himself, and there is no doubt that as a hand-shaker, general mixer, stump speaker, and all around per-

former he has displayed qualities of which he was not supposed to be possessed. When he began to have newspaper dispatches published from the far West, however, describing his rescue of chambermaids from watery graves, his campaign was perilously near the ridiculous.

It was rather unkind of the New York illustrated publication much of whose space was recently devoted to "showing up" Mr. Fairbanks to prove by written evidence and photographs that he was not born in a log house, as his campaign biography would have us believe, but in the very comfortable home of his well-to-do parents, and that during the eighteen or twenty years of his life regarding which the biography is silent,



Home of Senator Foraker, Washington, D. C.

when he was supposed to be perfecting himself in the law, he was acting as the agent of corporations and accumulating the fortune which he now enjoys; but this seems to be the fact. Mr. Fairbanks as a reform statesman is indeed something of a joke.

Whether born in a log house or a brick one, however, is not so much to the point. In Washington Mr. Fairbanks lives in a fine house built of stone. It is one of three built in a row by the late lamented "Boss" Sheperd of Seventeenth and K Streets when he was revolutionizing Washington, and it has since had many wealthy and distinguished occupants.

Leland Stanford, of California, occupied the house when as a Senator he was aston-

ishing the capital with his entertainments. Senator Murphy lived there afterwards, and since that time Congressman Morrell of Pennsylvania, whose wife was a Drexel. Mr. Fairbanks pays a pretty penny in rent for this pretentious house, which, since his occupancy of it, has been the scene of much entertaining, due more or less to the double reason that he is a candidate for the presidency and that Mrs. Fairbanks was president-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution. There can be no dispute as to the popularity and attractiveness of the ladies of the Vice-President's household. Should he be elected President, his two charming married daughters would undoubtedly leap into a popularity not ex-



Vice-President Fairbanks's drawing-room at Washington

ceeded even by that of Miss Alice Roosevelt, now Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, in the Roosevelt administration.

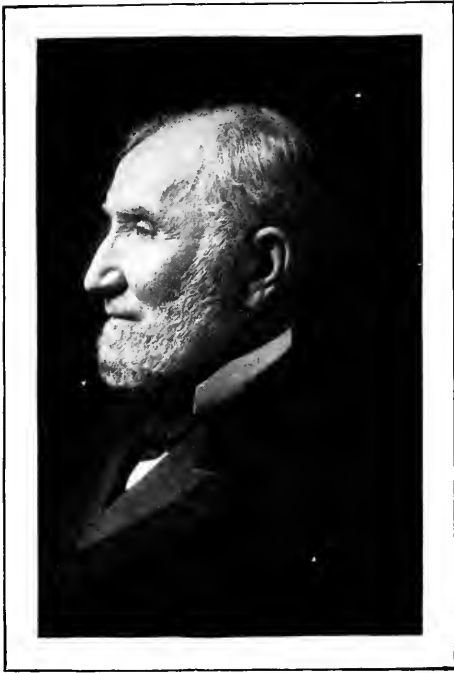
In personal appearance Mr. Fairbanks is as ungainly as was President Lincoln. His thin black hair is spread and pasted across the top of his head in an attempt to conceal the baldness which is only accentuated thereby. His chin whisker is cut in the regular country fashion so popular on the vaudeville stage, and his recent studied attempts to be hail-fellow-well-met with everybody are amusing in the extreme. But, after all, it must be admitted that as a statesman Fairbanks has grown since coming to the Senate. Who would n't? Few persons here, however, now take a serious view of his candidacy.

Senator Foraker of Ohio is generally put down in everybody's list of candidates, and yet there is little reason to suppose that he would be in the race if he could, or that he could be if he would. The Senator's prominence as a prospective candidate has apparently grown entirely out of his championship of the cause of the dismissed colored troops of the 25th Infantry.

Foraker has progressed fairly well along into the statesmen class since he, as Governor of Ohio, became a national character and received the nickname of "Fire Alarm" at the time he opposed the movement for the return of the Confederate battle-flags. As a Senator he is enthusiastic and vigorous, a clever lawyer, and a forceful debater; but no eulogist would claim for him the qualities of coolness, good judgment, and broad-minded intelligence that ought to belong to the man who is ambitious to serve as the President of the United States.

As it is already practically settled that the Ohio delegates will vote for Secretary Taft, there will be no place in the competition for Senator Foraker. With his characteristic generosity of mind and party loyalty, he will, it is generally believed, take off his coat and work for his more popular rival.

Foraker has made a great deal of money since he was Governor of Ohio, and, according to popular idea, most of it came from his clients, the street railroads and other corporations of Cincinnati and Ohio. He built a fine house here several years ago,



Speaker Joe Cannon, of the House of Representatives

and as he waxed rich he has also grown fat. He is now round, ruddy, and white-haired, but just as genial, emphatic, and hot-tempered as before. As another Senator has said of him, "Foraker is a good man, but he needs a balance-wheel."

Everybody but "Uncle Joe" Cannon, Speaker of the National House of Representatives, and his naturally prejudiced friends and neighbors out in Illinois, regard his candidacy as a joke. The Speaker so looked upon it at first, too; but after the Sucker State conventions passed resolutions pledging him the delegates, the old gentleman changed his mind. Early in the game he said to the newspaper "boys," as he and his type of public men always call the newspaper-writers, "Would n't I look nice at seventy to be flirting with the presidential nomination?" He is a year older now,—he was seventy-one last May,—but when approached on the subject of his alleged candidacy he places his hand on his heart and says he is in the hands of his friends.

Mr. Cannon is shrewd by nature and

wise by long experience, but it is only a few years ago that many of the men who for one reason or another are now patting him on the back and feeding him on flattery were calling him "that narrow-minded old jackass." Cannon never was broad; that is a fact. He is a stand-patter now on the tariff, just as he has been until very recently a cheese-parer with regard to legislation, governing his conduct as regards appropriations largely by the standard of Danville, Illinois. It is impossible to make a statesman out of "Uncle Joe." He is not built on that model.

Personally, Mr. Cannon is a medium-sized, thin, angular, ruddy-faced man, with straw-colored hair, always disheveled except when he first emerges from the barber-shop, and a sandy beard which in the early days of his public career reached to his chest-bone, but which is now trimmed quite short. He is free and almost reckless in manner and speech, careless in attire, and much given to gesticulation and picturesquely unconventional language.

He is approachable to all, and will talk to anybody who can get his ear, and on



George B. Cortelyou, the new Secretary of the Treasury



Home of George B. Cortelyou, at Washington, D. C.

any topic. It is a peculiarity of Mr. Cannon that he has n't the least idea of the names of half the people he knows, and with whom he converses day by day in the routine of his duties as Representative and Speaker. Especially in the large corps of newspaper correspondents at the capital — all of whom are Mr. Cannon's friends — is one man the same as another. He calls them all boys, and with a few exceptions knows them only by their faces. There are newspaper-men with whom he has been friendly for thirty years, who have access to him at all times, who interview him at frequent intervals, who know that he could not call their names or the papers which they serve.

He does not take newspapers seriously. He reads them only for entertainment, and does not even take offense when he is misquoted, except when the interests of his local constituents are at stake, then he gets busy at once in straightening things out. Still it is the newspapers that have made Mr. Cannon a national character. Even he, possibly, would n't deny that.

The Speaker is popular on both sides of the chamber, and free and easy with everybody, as a man of his kind must necessarily be. He is full of animal spirits, likes to go to Bohemian dinners, or join a not too quiet poker game, and can on occasion even cut a pigeon-wing in a romping dance. In old days he lived for many years in an unfash-



Official room of Speaker of House of Representatives, showing Colored Messenger Neil, who has served many speakers

ionable down-town hotel. Now he has a house of his own in the fashionable part of the town. Being a widower, it is presided over by his unmarried daughter, who has lived all her life in Washington, and in the season the Speaker's home is one of the centres of the promiscuous entertaining that goes with prominent office-holding in Washington.

Although devoted throughout all of his Congressional life to the interests of his constituents, "Uncle Joe" has not neglected his personal affairs. He has been as shrewd in politics as in business, and, working in conjunction with his brother in farming, banking, and railroads, he has got together a modest fortune, which all who know him hope he will live long to enjoy.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Treasury, is in many quarters persistently regarded as a "dark horse" in the race. Mr. Cortelyou himself modestly and pleasantly disclaims any presidential ambitions, but those who know the character of the man cannot be dissuaded from the idea that

he must be reckoned with before the nomination is made.

Ten years ago Mr. Cortelyou was the assistant to John Addison Porter, who was President McKinley's private secretary. Nobody thought he had ambitions beyond that post. But he went into President Roosevelt's Cabinet, and then got his real big chance for fame when Mr. Roosevelt, who never loses a chance to extol Cortelyou, made him chairman of the Republican National Committee in the campaign of 1904. Mr. Cortelyou has made good in all his opportunities, and while, perhaps, he ought not to aspire to the presidency, there is no reason to suppose he could not creditably fill that high office.

As Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Cortelyou will surpass many of his predecessors as a clever financier and practical executive officer. One thing may be relied upon: Mr. Cortelyou will make no mistakes; or, if he does, the public will never know it. Results are all that show with him.

In the Treasury Department, as in the

Post-office and Commerce and Labor Departments, nobody knew what the chief intended to do until he did it, and the situation is the same in the Treasury Department. The Secretary keeps his own counsel; he works in the dark. He is never flustered, never excited or confused, but always with a very clear idea of what he wants to do and how to do it.

Nobody knows if Mr. Cortelyou wants to be a candidate for the presidential nomination, or, if so, how he proposes to go about the work of getting delegates. There is a suspicion, however, which in some minds amounts to a conviction, that he canvassed New York State to see what chance he had of getting the Empire State delegates. Evidently he believes that if they do not go unsolicited to Governor Hughes because of his status as a friend of the people and an advocate of "reform" legislation there is as good a chance for Cortelyou as for anybody else. The Secretary's legal residence is in New York, his boyhood home having been on Long Island in the vicinity of Oyster Bay, but of course to the people of New York State he is an unknown quantity, except as the public press has made them acquainted with his personality.

Secretary Cortelyou has an immense amount of Federal patronage under his direct or indirect control, but Federal patronage does not go as far as it once did in getting delegates. If Mr. Cortelyou is to be a factor in the presidential race of 1908, therefore, it must be as one in whom the people have confidence because of his public record. As a candidate he thus occupies about the same ground as does Governor

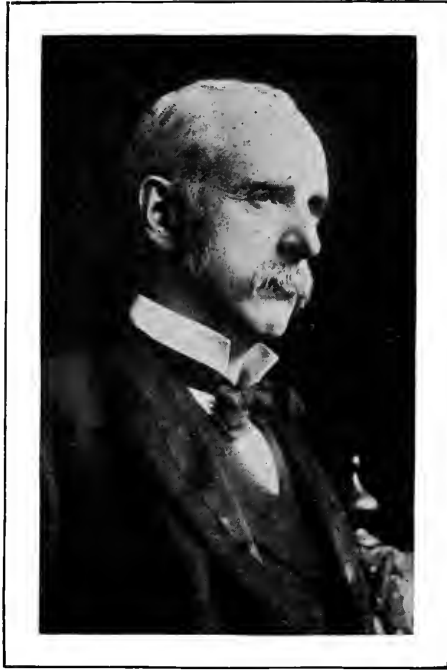
Hughes. President Roosevelt has by force of circumstances been committed to the candidacy of Secretary Taft so far as his influence can properly be exerted, but he is known to have expressed the opinion that the Republican party might go farther and fare worse than to nominate the present Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. Cortelyou is a man of the most quiet tastes. He does not drink, smoke, chew, or indulge in any of the vices and frivolities of the age; he does not go in for athletics, be-

longs to few clubs and is a habitu   of none, and spends all his time when not in his office — and those hours are few — at his home, where again he is working as often as playing. Notwithstanding the years of close application and long hours which have marked his public career both in subordinate and superior capacities, he enjoys first-class health'. He is a model family man, moreover — a type of the even-tempered, cool-headed, good-natured, self-contained, well-dressed, up-to-date business citizen.

When private secretary Mr. Cortel-

you lived on Capitol Hill, which is respectable but not fashionable. Now he lives in the northwest in a house more suitable for the entertaining which a cabinet minister is compelled to do. The Cortelyous are not "society people;" they have a happy home with young children about, and are too sensible to be carried away, as people not so well poised are apt to be, by the excitement of the Washington season. If Mr. Cortelyou should, perchance, be elected President the prestige of the White House as an official and social centre would not suffer.



Leslie M. Shaw, ex-Secretary of the Treasury

Reversing the rule of "the first shall be last," it is necessary when writing of presidential candidates to say a word about "your Uncle" Leslie M. Shaw, who, when he "resigned" to make way for Mr. Cortelyou, announced his candidacy thusly: "My residence hereafter will be in New Jersey, my office in New York, and my home in Denison, Iowa."

It is not likely that the Republican National Convention will need the address. They apparently are willing that the amusing old gentleman, who never should have

left Denison, should remain there. His career at the head of the Treasury Department was marked by expectorating, storytelling, fussy attempts to regulate domestic affairs of the Federal employees, the financial affairs of the nation, and the political affairs of Mr. Shaw — all equally unsuccessful. And if the stockholders of the trust company of which he is the figurehead are satisfied with him he ought to remain where he is, and then everybody, except possibly Mr. Shaw, will be satisfied.

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SHE HATH A WAY

By ALICE SPICER

Sweet human laughter, how we prize
Its jocund notes, that fall and rise
At touch of pleasure or surprise.
But, sweeter far, with music vies
The silent laughter in her eyes.

He who would be of music wise
Must know and sense the harmonies
Of soul-play, as they slowly rise
From quiet, lovely depths, in guise
Of silent laughter in her eyes.

The noisy mirth that facile flies
Oft bruises hearts whom sorrow tries;
And its own self in tears oft dies.
On true and tender source relies
The silent laughter in her eyes.



LETTERS OF A WELLESLEY GIRL

By H. B. ADAMS

V.

BARNSWALLOWS

"I saw a pretty maiden and
I vainly tried to follow her;
I asked her who she was; she said
That she was a Barn-swallower.

"I asked her for to marry me,
And would she be my wife;
She said she could n't think of it,
As she had a Aim in Life."

—*De Luxe Collection of Rejected MS.*



CONGRATULATIONS are in order, Daddy. Your only daughter, the light of your eyes, the evening star of your declining years, the largest item in your expense account, your most industrious correspondent, and the undersigned, Edna Brown, spinster, has made her début upon the stage and has come off with flying colors, bands aplayin' and drums abeatn'. An article in the *Boston Herald* (though I must confess it was in fine print and on a back page) alluded to me as vivacious and chic. What do you think of that? If I am chic, what are you? Answer: an old rooster.

Waves and billows of flowers are in my room, a strange and mannish costume lies yonder in a box ready to go back to the costumers, and yours truly has been dreaming all night of Thespian successes awaiting her in crowded houses and before all the bald heads of Europe, and generally feeling much chesty and inflated.

However, I won't shake you, Babbo. I won't desert you. You know celebrated actresses always have some poor mother or paralyzed brother or dissipated father whom they support. And so I'll try and bear with you and still allow you to pay my bills, if you will be very, very good and humble.

"What!" exclaims old stubby whiskers, as he reads this; and a great longing comes into his heart to reach forth and chastise, yea, whale, his loved one. "What does

the minx mean, and whereunto is she alludin' of?"

Now, don't be in a hurry, and I'll tell you all about it. Last night was the Barnswallow play, and I was the leading man, and I made a large, resounding hit. That, honored sir, is what I am alludin' of to already yet.

There is an old building on the college grounds that used to be a barn. They have fixed it up by putting in a hard-wood floor and erecting a stage and dressing-rooms at one end, and it is used for theatricals and dances and other entertainments. It makes a gorgeous great big room.

They call it the Barn, and any one in the college can become a member of the Barnswallows, and thus qualified to take part in said amusements, upon payment of seventy-five cents. Nearly everybody belongs.

Every three or four weeks an entertainment of some sort is given by the Barnswallows. Once we had a Hard Times Party, all of us dressing up in the raggedest things we could find. One of the girls got a lot of little china figures, a boy and girl standing hand in hand, and so arranged that it made a whistle. She went around selling them for ten cents. As she hawked her wares she would give two toots on the whistle and cry:

"'Simple Life,' by Charles Wagner! 'Simple Life'! Ten cents! Toot-toot!" We all bought; and now when any one begins to preach economy or Thoreauism we shout, "'Simple Life'! Toot-toot!"

Then we had a Children's Party once, where we all appressed ourselves as toddlers. All of which was very funny, especially when one had made up one's mind to be amused. And what we lacked in wit, as the Vicar of Wakefield said, we made up in laughter.

I tell you all this so as to get your masculine and hence somewhat unimaginative mind properly plowed, harrowed, and rolled ready to receive the account of your daughter's first appearance upon any stage.

The play we were to give was written by one of the girls here who has great talent. It was called "The Mistakes of Pam," and it was as clever and funny as it could be. I've seen many a play on the real boards that was not half so good.

We had loads of fun rehearsing. Especially, the dress-rehearsal was great. The afternoon preceding the evening when the performance was to be given, the whole cast went down to the barn early and rehearsed in costume. We took our lunch and did not come home to supper.

I was to be one of the men; in fact, the *jeune premier*. I had two costumes,—an outing-suit in the first two acts, and an evening-dress suit in the third. They were regular man clothes, all except the trousers. The Faculty won't let us wear real trousers, that is, long trousers, but they must be bloomers or knickerbockers.

Just why, nobody knows. The microbe of maidenly decorum is pretty hard to chase as it circulates through the convolutions of the Faculty brain. If it is limbs they wish to have concealed, I should think they would prefer garments that conceal the form of said members; but not so. Long trousers which would hide the shapely calf are barred, while it is permitted to turn them up to the knee and thus reveal it. Don't ask why. There are deep mysteries in Faculty logical processes that you can only wonder at and adore. You must learn to say with the Psalmist: "Such things are too wonderful for me; they are high; I cannot attain unto them."

Knickerbockers are all right, of course, in an outing make-up, but imagine coming on the stage in full evening-dress, expansive shirt-front, swallow-tail coat — and bloomers!

Still you get used to anything when you make up your mind to it, and I soon felt at home in my impossible rigging. Lida Trevelyan was the leading lady, and my! she looked swell. We tried to get her to talk like an English lady, but she could n't get rid of her Southern drawl, so we gave her up and concluded that this would simply add piquancy to the play. And it did.

Well, the evening came, as evenings always do, no matter how much we may push or pull them, and the crowd began to assemble. The girls came early to get the good seats, which are on the floor in the open

space between the first row of chairs and the stage. They brought their cushions with them, and wedged in together thick as sardines, right up to the footlights. Then came the others and packed the barn full.

When I appeared on the stage I had the most curious sensation I ever had in my life. When I caught sight of that solid mass of upturned faces there before me, and that whole room full of humanity all looking right at my legs, I was scared pea-green, and if I had had any strength in my limbs, if I had not been absolutely paralyzed, I would have cut my stick and run, and that would have been the last of the histrionic career of yours truly. But fortunately all applauded for a few minutes, and during that time the paralysis left me and a great revulsion of feeling came; a wave of indescribable exhilaration swept me clear out of and away from myself. I was myself no longer, but wholly absorbed in my character, and I sailed in and acted better than I ever dreamed I could.

Is n't it wonderful what an audience will do to you? It goes to your head like wine, and you move about upon the stage as if in air. But think what it would have been if that change of feeling had not come, if that awful numbness had not left me — I shudder at the thought!

I don't blame people for being stage-struck. It is a more vivid intoxication than alcohol. It makes the eyes sparkle and the head light, and raises all one's faculties to the *n*th power. But don't you fear, Daddy, I won't run off with any troupe. I have sense enough left to realize that there may be a difference between Barnswallows and Barnstormers.

When I came off the stage after my first appearance the girls just danced around me and hugged me, but I repulsed them, saying unto them that it was simply my man clothes they were enamoured of, and not me. And they laughed at that. I tell you, in the thin mountain air of youthful spirits almost anything seems desperately witty. But even Miss French, of the English Department, who was rather superintending things, unbent and smiled and said nice things to me.

The next scene my reserve forces were severely taxed. I was hidden behind a screen, and was supposed to be overhearing the conversation of a man and woman

seated before it. Every once in a while I had to put my head up and peep over, so as to remind the audience of my presence and add humor to the situation. The two conversing were, of course, presumed to know nothing of my proximity.

Now, the screen being very tall, and your humble servant being not as tall as some, a stool was placed behind it, upon which I stood. Things went along hummngly until I have one extra big peep, when the stool broke and down I fell, sprawling and catching at the air. The screen toppled and swayed. If it had fallen and exposed me it would have spoiled the whole play, as it was indispensable to the plot that they should be ignorant of my eavesdropping. For a moment all held their breath in speechless anxiety. But fortunately the screen settled back and did not tumble. I picked myself up, and *malgre* a skinned elbow and a splinter in my hand, I continued my performance by pecking occasionally out from the side of the screen.

That was one narrow escape. There was another. At a certain juncture I was supposed to pick up a letter lying on the stage, and, glancing at it, to be shocked at its purport. This was a critical turning-point in the story. Well, there was a girl who had just been in the scene, and who in nervous thoughtlessness had unconsciously taken the letter from the floor and had carried it off with her. All ignorant of this, I never glanced down until the time came for me to see the letter. Then when I dropped my eyes and went to see and pick up the missive, lo and behold there was none to pick up!

Great consternation in my mental works! I made a remark or two not down on the boards and kept on faking remarks and looking about to see if I could find anything that might do for the letter. Of course, those girls in the flies never knew enough to throw something where I could get it. I was in despair. I felt my face getting red to the roots of my hair. It would never do to stoop and merely pretend to find the letter. At last I espied a little scrap of paper at the back of the stage, and made for it. Saved again! I have that scrap now preserved as one of my most cherished possessions.

Aside from these two narrow escapes, everything went off well. The spectators

were ebulliently generous with their applause. When the final curtain rang down they howled and clapped and gave the Wellesley yell, and then all the class yells, and then special yells for each of the troupe. They passed up wagon-loads of flowers over the footlights, and then came up themselves and danced and sang and altogether disported themselves like insane patients out for a holiday.

So there you have the cause of all this thusness, Daddles. And you know now how much you have to be thankful for. To think that you are the parient of such a celebrity, all unworthy as you are!

I can see your smile now, peeping through your good gray whiskers, like the sun through October clouds, and see the sparkle in your nice blue eyes. I'm awfully gushing, I suppose, and quite unnecessarily exuberant; but you like it, don't you, Babbo? And you'd rather have me so than be a shark and have Aims, or a grind and "never lark and never play and never joke nor smile"—No?

I've had a mighty good time, anyhow.

Your

EDNA.

VI.

FRESHMEN

"The birdlings swarm the forest,
And the fishes swarm the seas,
And the Freshmen swarm the village
Far more numerous than these.
From the station unto Noanett
There are newly frizzled curls;
The houses, walks, roads, trees, and brush
Are full of brand-new girls."

The Freshmen have just had their elections. They have also just sustained a crushing defeat from us Sophomores. The way of it is this: it is the aim of the Freshman class to elect their officers and then come up to College Hall and yell for their new president before the Sophomores find out who said officer is. It is the aim of the Sophomores to thwart and frustrate this by secretly learning the name of the newly chosen official and yelling for her before the Freshmen do.

This does not seem like a tremendous issue, but it is. For days and days nothing is talked of but the approaching crisis. There are plannings and connivings and

secret meetings and stealthy conferences and — not much study.

In order to circumvent the Sophomores, the Freshmen do not announce their meeting for election until the night before, and then the word is passed around very quietly. The meeting takes place at the barn at five o'clock in the morning.

The Freshies thought they were dreadfully cute this time, as they had tried to put us on the wrong scent by letting the information ooze out that a certain girl was to be president, all the while knowing she would not be. But we were too wise to be caught with such chaff.

We got wind of the time and place of the elections, and five of us Sophomores were secreted in the barn when the Freshmen came. It was n't daylight yet. We had been up since half past three snooping around in the woods, and made our way into the barn through a window.

We found an elegant hiding-place under the stage floor, where there was a trap-door, and there we ensconced Sadie Beals. Madge Granger and Ethel Williams were back among the debris in the flies.

Florence Tree we put in a big dry-goods box among some clothes.

I had a beautiful hiding-place in some curtains, and it proved to be best of all, for I was the only one that was not discovered.

We waited, it seemed, ages before the Freshies began to arrive.

"Do you see anything of them?" Florence would ask, raising a plank on her box and looking out.

"No, not yet," I would reply. I had stationed myself where I could see out the window and yet could quickly get back to my place of refuge.

"I wish they'd hurry. I'm getting nervous," said Madge.

"What if they have fooled us, after all?" inquired Ethel.

And so we waited, and cheered one another in the dark.

Pretty soon I saw a bunch of them coming.

"There they are!" I exclaimed, in a stage whisper. "Get to your places." And I scampered and hid.

About a score of them came, in the first instalment, followed soon by the others, and soon the place was as full and busy as a beehive.

The first thing they did was to institute a thorough search of the premises, looking for concealed Sophomores.

A great shout went up. They had discovered Sadie under the trap-door. The air was blue with shrieks. All sorts of propositions were made as to what to do to her. Some were for putting her out.

"But we can't put her out," said another. "There are a dozen Sophomores at the door, and if we open it they'll rush in and break up the meeting."

"Nail her down!" cried some one.

So they did. They got some nails and a hammer and fastened a plank across the trap-door so that Sadie was securely imprisoned and could n't get out until somebody should pry up the board.

Hardly had they finished this when they discovered Florence in her box. One of the Freshmen settled her case by sitting on the box and pounding it with a stick whenever any motion or announcement was made in the meeting, so that she could not hear a word that was said. When the meeting was over they let her out; but as she had heard nothing, she could do no harm.

And it was n't long till they discovered the two girls behind the scenes. What should they do with them? They discussed the subject excitedly, all talking at once. They could not eject them by the door, lest the other Sophomores should invade the premises; indeed, the Sophs were already on the outside, banging the doors and screaming.

Finally they hit upon the plan of pushing them out through the transom. They brought them, held by many hands, to the door, and hoisted one of them up and shoved her through, the Sophomores on the outside catching her as she emerged. Then the other girl suffered the same process.

Wild yells of glee from the inside of the barn, and defiant shouts of scorn and dire threats from the besiegers.

Then they looked the place through carefully. But they did not find me, strange to say.

They therefore proceeded with their business. They distributed the ballots and began voting. When the tally was announced, the Freshmen pounded on Florence's box so she could not hear; and so they went ahead, blissful in the consciousness that the Sophs were outwitted.

At length they elected their president, Mabel Hallowell, and went forward to choose their remaining officers.

But the president's name was all I wanted. Now the question for me was how to get out without their seeing me, and get to College Hall before the Freshmen, so that we could announce their president's name before they did, and thus fill them with rage and fury. How could I do it? To attempt to sneak out before they were through would be to be surely captured and done for. So I determined to wait until the session was over, and make a dash for the door as soon as it was opened.

The time dragged along heavily, but at last they adjourned and the doors were opened. Now for it! I pushed aside my curtains and made a leap into the crowd. Before they knew what it meant I was out and sprinting away.

Then a chorus of howls went up, and they took after me. I gathered up my skirts and raced as for my life, they tearing after me like mad.

They were gaining on me. I cast a hurried glance over my shoulder and saw a long, lank Freshman outdistancing the rest and steadily overtaking me. She was running like a horse.

I was fast losing my wind, and was almost in despair, when, rounding the shoulder of a hill, I spied a group of Sophomores. With a desperate spurt I came near to them, and just before the long Freshie grabbed me I shouted:

"Mabel Hallowell is president. I heard them. Tell the girls — Mabel Hallowell."

Then I went down, all mixt up with the Freshman.

The Sophomore bunch took up the name and started to run, and, being fresh, easily outdistanced their pursuers, who left me and ran on when they saw that I was now not the only one who knew.

I picked myself up and got to College Hall in time to join in the triumph.

The girls were all packed in Centre. "Centre" is what they call the central rotunda of the building, out from which the halls lead four ways. It extends open to the top of the building, and on each floor the girls are gathered around the balustrade. Here they do their yelling after each election. The Seniors have the right of ground floor; the Juniors, the left; the Sophomores,

the second floor, and the Freshmen, the third.

Each class gives its yell. And it was the proudest moment of our lives when we were able to yell for the Freshmen's new president before they did.

Hence and thus, O Babbo, did I gain glory by setting at naught the Freshmen.

"Ich hab' es doch ertragen,
Aber frag 'mir nur nicht wie!"

Would you like a few historic incidents illustrating the extreme freshness of Freshmen?

Here's one. A Freshman, after being assured by the president, in a public speech, of the latter's sincere interest in the affairs of all the "dear girls," goes to her majesty and confides to her that she has lost her rubbers and can't find them anywhere. The president smiles and says some platitude of sympathy. The next day Freshie meets the president, surrounded by a group of visiting dignitaries, and cries out in a happy, kittenish way:

"O Miss Hazard, I've found my rubbers!"

Another confided to her friends that she had found just the dearest, quietest place in the world to read and study, it was so still and deserted. It was the *Faculty Parlor*, into which girls are not expected to go except as Moses approached the burning bush! (I mean as to his feelings — not as to his shoes.)

Still another went to the village bank to get a check cashed. The cashier said she would have to be identified, and asked her if she knew any one; and then, catching sight of Florence Tree, whom he knew, he added:

"Do you know Miss Tree?"

"Glad to meet you, Miss Tree!" said Freshie, dropping a pretty courtesy.

One more, in the early days of her career, saw one of the Faculty, who was quite young looking and dressed in white, standing in Centre, and thinking her to be a newcomer like herself, and mistaking the intellectual gloom upon her brow, put her arms about her and said, "I just know you're homesick, poor thing; but so am I."

Whereupon the Faculty remarked, dryly, that, as she had been here seven years, she had quite recovered from her early nostalgia.

There is a statue of Harriet Martineau in Centre. She is represented as seated in a chair thinking ponderously. All Freshmen are to be pulled through this chair, under the rungs. This ceremony is called "going through Harriet." Your own offspring has been pulled through Harriet, to the destruction of one belt-buckle. Two girls poke you in, and two girls on the opposite side pull you through. There was one fat maiden who got stuck, and we

could n't get her either forward or backward; and there she stayed, like a pig under a fence, until finally, with much torture, we got her through.

Well, good-by, Daddles. I must away, for duty calls me. I love your last letter and the pictures you drew. They were screamingly funny. It's nice of you to go and think of recollecting to remember

Your,

DOTING CHILD.

FROM THE DARK

By JOSEPHINE BELDING

Out from the blackness of midnight, pulsed by thy passionate prayer,
Forth from the shadows of doubting, forth from the deep of despair,
Hear'st not a voice from the stillness? O Love, I am there, I am there!

Close to thy soul torn with grieving, thrilled to the cry of its woe,
Press I by might of my loving, strive earthly bars to o'erthrow,
Open my arms to receive thee — Oh, fond heart, this canst thou not know?

Down with the doubt that would stay thee; down with the shadowy fear
Yearning to prison thy spirit; hearken, for nearer, more clear,
Cometh my voice from the stillness! O Love, I am here, I am here!

ALCHEMY

By ISABELLA HOWE FISKE

Heat ye your crucibles many-fold
And forge ye your wonder of silver or gold,
Yet not for your toil shall your dreams be true,
And a child and the ages shall laugh at you.
There are moments that cripple and moments that cheer —
Was it God or man that devised the year? —
An arc hath share in the circle's whole,
And a mote in the sunbeam pointeth the goal.



Concerning Home and School



By SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD

Dean of Simmons College

FADS AND ESSENTIALS



HESE terms are often linked in argument concerning school matters. They are not always defined. Yet from the trend of the discussion we may gather that to the uninitiated fads are the new, while the essentials are the old, elements in the school curriculum; or fads are the irregular, the unclassified, exercises, while essentials are the orderly and recognized three R's; or, as the argument proceeds, we may infer that the difference in meaning is that of the old definition: "Orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is the other man's doxy."

It was comparatively easy to keep our bearings when instruction was confined to the three R's. Then we knew that John and Susan must be taught to read the book, to recite the tables, to spell the words on the list — and the teacher's task was done. Tables had definite limitations, the book came to an end at the last page, the spelling-lesson was in plain print before us. Any committee-man could examine the class and test our ability. But sailing forth upon the uncharted sea of the modern curriculum, away from the familiar landmarks, with only the stars for guide, is another matter. Some of the wisest tremble inwardly as they contemplate the voyage, and find some difficulty in explaining their course. We cannot wonder, then, that the querulous parent complains of lack of understanding, and stormily objects to the "fads and fancies" which loom out of the mist when he attempts to discover the progress of the small skiff which he has sent out to sea.

Fads have always been the new elements in the curriculum. They have been a departure from established custom to be

deplored by the conservative and defended by the liberal. They have had their origin in individual experiment and exploration. The explorer reports with enthusiasm, and we set sail eagerly to follow in his wake. But time teaches us at last to abandon the leader who invites us to rocks and shoals, and to mark securely the safe channels which lead to the open sea. After the "fad" has been tested by one or two generations, it should earn the right to become an "essential."

Every fad, again, has been the result of some earnest endeavor to secure for the children useful training as opposed to mere knowledge. The leader who brings it within our horizon has in mind, we may almost say, the eternal welfare of John and Susan as well as their immediate promotion into the next grade. His eye is upon the stars, sometimes to the extent of forgetting the earth. But to look on the stars is good, nevertheless, and we need some one to remind us of their existence. Our wagon, according to Emersonian doctrine, must be hitched to a star. The sage omitted any description of the harness or the process, and our mistakes and failures are largely caused by lack of attention to the necessary connection.

Nature Study

Nature study is, or has been, one of the fads. Most, or many, readers of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE can remember when it did not exist in name — had never been heard of, at least. Now, rightly understood, it is becoming an essential. And why?

Because it is one of the inalienable rights of mankind to live upon and to enjoy this

fair old earth, "full of its riches." The schooling which sends Susan or John out into life without eyes to see and ears to hear has been a narrow and defective one. They are prepared neither for work nor for play. The seeing, the hearing, and the related thinking prepare them for the tasks that await them, enable them to understand the laws in harmony with which their work must be done; and last, but not least, make both work and play joyful because their minds are appreciative. They enter into their heritage in proportion as they know and love nature.

So the poet and the taskmaster may join hands when nature study comes into question. "Teach me the laws of nature and I will help you to build your ships," the youthful John may truthfully promise the taskmaster. "Teach me the laws of nature and I will keep for you a healthful home," the girl agrees. And both may plead with the poet: "Open to me the beauties of nature, and I shall learn how to enjoy both work and leisure, task and repose. For me all life shall be beautiful and wholesome, shall be worth the living."

This thought has been behind the nature study which has appeared in our schools. When masquerading as "Object Lessons," "Observation Lessons," "Elementary Science," "General Lessons," "Home Geography," the purpose and result have nevertheless been the same. Time given to this instruction has been well spent if it has made the youthful student more intelligently observant of the world of nature, more appreciative of her marvels, more reverent, more obedient, to the universal law. And such study, as we have said before, interprets the page of the book and makes reading possible.

The sentimental study of nature has been sufficiently emphasized by recent controversies. It attracts one type of mind and repels another. In passing we may note the truth that, aside from all sentiment or poetic tendency in such study, we should commend the study of nature for its help in teaching us to classify, to generalize, or, in other words, to recognize law. The first squirrel is a phenomenon. Repeated appearances, while making the squirrel familiar, fix the characteristics of the type in mind. Certain qualities belong with squirrels; certain actions may or may not be ex-

pected of them. In like manner the acorn is first, to the young observer, a separate, individual thing, then a representative of a class or group. The characteristics of the fruit and the seed, by repeated and connected thinking, are learned by means of separate and repeated observations. Take out of your life or mine the knowledge gained from "Nature, the old Nurse," and what is left?

What wonder, then, that the teacher has emphasized this teaching? For the barren and meagre lives of the city-walled children such instruction is essential. The country child fares better; but even here the interpreter is of great service.

Rapid Transit

The times emphasize getting somewhere, and getting there as fast as possible. On placid lake and river the rhythmic plash of the oars, has been drowned by the rush and stir of the motor-boat. The clang of the electric car assails the quiet of the village streets. Crowds await on the dock the mammoth *Lusitania*, in the ecstatic hope that she may have shortened by a few hours the already short voyage between the great continents; and already both time and distance have been annihilated by wireless telegraphy.

It is to be expected, then, that rapid transit should become the watchword in education. To get somewhere, and as soon as possible, will be demanded of every student in the near future.

All this is well enough, perhaps, in the world of commerce; but there is danger in transferring the process to the schoolroom. The activity of the school is not that of locomotion merely. Machinery alone will not serve to secure the desired end. John and Susan must "grow up in all things," and growth is a process which requires time.

The utmost we can do is to supply the conditions for growth. We may plant the acorn in the soil which has been found generous to oaks. And then we may watch, if we will, and look on. But who can say how the growth is secured? And who can decree that the oak shall mature in the lifetime apportioned to the milkweed?

No, the teacher must learn to wait and abide by the laws of nature. He knows that the one word in due season is worth the

whole dictionary at the wrong time and place. He knows the rhythm of seedtime and harvest, and waits with patience through the silence of winter, having faith in the coming of the spring. He therefore does not encourage the anxious and hurrying parent who would exact the mature fruit in the early summer. There is no rapid transit here. Believing, he will not make haste.

A part of our anxiety concerning industrial training is attributable to our extreme desire to make haste. "What fruit we desire for our harvest let us hasten by machinery," we seem to say. For ourselves, as well as for our children, nature study may be advised. Why such haste? What will you do with the time that is saved? Give the children time to grow and time to be children.

Physical Welfare

At the time of writing the schools are reopening and the tide of young life is pouring through their doors. Back from vacation by the sea or among the mountains, from farm and from field, the children troop—the favored ones, who know the freedom of a vacation in the country; and the city children turn from the freedom of the playground or the streets to the routine and regulation of the school.

Routine and regulation are not bad, except when they are out of place. But the transition from full-chartered freedom to constant restraint is irksome, and should be carefully managed. With high-strung natures the nerves often rebel at the sudden change, and many a case of discipline arises out of the mal-adjustment of the transition-period. The after-vacation sickness is not an uncommon malady. Let us hope that our big schools will move slowly out into the stream on their new voyage, and wait till they reach the open before they attempt to exceed their previous record in speed.

And just here we may note with satisfaction the appointment of a well-known physician as Director of Physical Training in the Boston schools, and with him twenty school-nurses, directed by another physician, a woman. It would seem that phys-

ical training in these schools is to be no longer confined to occasional gymnastic exercises, but will have to do with the physical welfare of the children. To create and to maintain wholesome conditions in the schools, to prevent the spread of contagious diseases, to advise concerning the care of children who are half-sick, but to whom no physician would be called and no aid would be given were the family not taught and assisted by the nurse, will be the function of the new force. Their duties are thus outlined:

"1. To assist the Board of Health medical inspectors in their work in the public schools of the city, seeing that the directions given by the inspectors are carried out, and giving such instructions to the pupils as will promote their physical welfare.

"2. In visiting their homes, to persuade the parent or guardian to provide the treatment ordered by the doctor, and possibly to take the child to the family physician. If the nurse is satisfied that the parent cannot afford private medical attendance, then it will be the nurse's duty to obtain a promise from the parent or guardian to take the child to the nearest hospital or dispensary. If by chance the mother or guardian is ill, too, and unable to comply with this request, the nurse, having obtained permission from parent or guardian, may take the child to hospital or dispensary. The nurse must not lose the medical history of that child until the child is returned to schoolroom from which it was excluded, making as many visits to the home as physician in charge deems necessary.

"3. Before giving to a teacher or master an opinion of the probable diagnosis, the nurse should first consult the medical inspector of the particular school, and in the meantime exercise all prophylactic precautions.

"4. In emergencies, such as fractures or falling down stairs, or fainting fits, first to notify medical inspector; and while awaiting his visit to take such necessary measures as immediate relief of the case requires."

No one can doubt that the schools will profit immensely by the new arrangement.

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An Off Year

THE month of November is always politically significant. Even in "off years," as those are called when neither President nor the House of Representatives is elected, the verdict of the November elections is eagerly awaited and exhaustively examined by students and experts in every city and cross-roads of the country. This is one of those "off years," and as it is the one just twelve months before the presidential election the results will be scrutinized with a view to a forecast of the election of 1908. Such a scrutiny is well worth while, for the public feeling indicated by the election of one year before the presidential contest is almost sure to be the same as in the greater battle. Men do not change their minds politically very freely, and, except for some great crisis, they are likely to feel quite the same in 1908 as in 1907. This year we are to see no great State contests upon which national eyes will be firmly fastened. Since the last "off year," 1905, two States have seen the error of their ways, for Iowa and Ohio no longer choose their governors in the odd years. But Massachusetts and Rhode Island, which elect every year, — an absurd anachronism, — will be the scene of strife in New England; Maryland and Kentucky will excite mild interest in the South; while New Jersey, once a strong Democratic State, will show by her gubernatorial election whether the pendulum is swinging

toward democracy again. Since Mr. Vardaman has been eliminated from Mississippi affairs we are not much interested in the choice of that State's voters for governor this month. Only six States will report election-night, and the lesson of such verdicts might seem meagre enough. Yet they will speak quite clearly and will show the trend of national thought.

We talk quite freely of the vast distances and great variety of peoples in the United States, with diametrically opposite viewpoints and bases of judgment, yet as a matter of fact, politically, we are practically a unit. The town of Attleboro, Massachusetts, is likely to go as strongly Republican this year as compared with last year as the town of Fargo, North Dakota, or Tombstone, Arizona. When one considers the widely differing classes and sections in America, it is amazing how national facts and circumstances influence them all in practically the same way. To be sure, there are exceptions to this rule. Denver, a Republican city, went Populist in 1896, while Democratic Boston went Republican; but in each of these cases a selfish and provincial interest and element entered into the issue and warped the minds of the voters. The triumph of the Democratic party in the election of 1892 was clearly shadowed in the State elections of 1891. Yet by 1893 this pro-Democratic sentiment had disappeared, largely because of the hard times for which the voters held the Democratic administration responsible. In each of these instances the shift of public sentiment was very largely the same everywhere. Massachusetts changed its notion of things no less completely than Iowa. Local causes sometimes operate to save a man or men from the wreck of his party, such as Governor Douglas, elected on the Democratic ticket governor of Massachusetts, although Roosevelt carried the State by a sweeping majority for president at the same time.

Another erroneous notion in which we all indulge is that of "overwhelming majorities," "ground swells," "tidal waves," "avalanches," and other choice figures of speech employed by the political enthusiasts to express tremendous changes of public sentiment. As a matter of fact, since Civil War days the voting population of the United States has changed its mind very little. A painstaking statistician, a few years ago,

showed that from Grant's second election up to Roosevelt's, in 1904, the highest percentage of the popular vote was 51, that obtained by Mr. McKinley, in 1900. General Grant had 53 per cent in 1868 and 1872. Mr. Roosevelt got 56 in 1904—a most unusual thing. Garfield and Hancock, in 1880, each had 48 per cent of the popular vote. Mr. Cleveland was "triumphantly elected" in 1892, and Mr. Bryan was "ignominiously defeated" in 1896, but each had the same percentage of the total vote—46. We see very clearly then that as a population we are just about the same one day as another. Very seldom do large areas of people actually change their political faiths. Some did in 1896, but as a rule the defeat of a party is caused, not by its adherents leaving it, but by their refusing to vote. They are disgruntled, not to the extent of allying themselves with the opposition, but just far enough to prevent their aiding their party. It is the stay-at-home vote that carries almost any election. That is always the peril of an administration. Its friends are likely to become lukewarm, while the opposition, because it is an opposition, is alert, aggressive, and eager to injure the enemy. This is a peculiar psychological fact which is the despair of the "ins" and the delight of the "outs." President Roosevelt's party at the present time seems to have escaped this danger, but one cannot be sure that it will elude it forever.

There may be surprising developments in these elections. It would not be astonishing if Rhode Island should set aside its Democratic governor, for "Little Rhody" is naturally Republican. That party, too, has recently got rid of an offensive and arrogant boss, and ought to be stronger therefor.

But suppose Governor Guild should fail to win a third election in Massachusetts, like his Republican predecessor, Governor Bates. That would be a hard blow to his party and would be interpreted as a reverse for Roosevelt policies, even if no national issues were mentioned in the campaign—and justly so, we think, for so closely are we knit together that national politics has influence in every local election from governor down to road supervisor in Wyoming or Delaware. Suppose New Jersey should return to its ancient Democratic faith! The other States choosing governors this year are safely Democratic, and no change is looked for there; but any

diminution or increase in majorities will make a text for the political soothsayers.

To the thoughtful there is another contest, only municipal, which is worth more than these State campaigns. It is the fight over the mayoralty of Cleveland, Ohio. The city of Cleveland is an important one, financially and politically. It is a seat of great power. Cleveland is the point where the iron ore from Michigan and Minnesota is transferred from the lake and shipped to the mills at Pittsburgh; and in this traffic men have become millionaires. It has become the metropolis of Ohio, outstripping Cincinnati several years ago. Politically, it has been inconstant. Nationally, it has been pretty staunchly Republican, but locally it has usually preferred the Democrats. Tom Johnson is the present mayor, getting office on an anti-monopoly issue in general and anti-street railway company in particular. Johnson is an odd, picturesque figure, a millionaire, single-taxer, free-trader, and anti-corporationist. Men accuse him of insincerity, but he has done many things to show himself an enemy to the interests he, by his wealth and companions, would seem most likely to favor. Against him is arrayed another national figure, Hon. T. E. Burton, now and for years Member of Congress from Cleveland, and Chairman of the River and Harbor Committee. Mr. Burton has been a pretty independent figure in Congress, and has always attracted men of opposing parties by his frankness and ingenuousness. Mr. Burton is no corporation favorite. In fact, he is as inimical to swollen trusts as is Mr. Johnson. But Mr. Burton does not believe Mr. Johnson is sincere. He purposes to give Cleveland good street car, light, and power service without municipal ownership. Johnson wants the city to own all these public utilities. It is a pretty well joined issue, and is attracting more attention from national politicians than almost any State contest. The spectacular is uppermost in this campaign, and the brilliant records of both candidates, and their eminence in national politics, lift this fight far above the other municipal contests; and when one considers the great issue involved we may question whether any State election is more significant than this.

Thus one may see that in spite of its forlorn "off-year" condition November, 1907, has in its political interests of intense and far-reaching importance.

THE GREAT MAINE CONSPIRACY

By LEWIS A. BARKER

*The Story of the Time When the Maine State-house Was in a State of Siege :
When the Clank of Arms Resounded in the Corridors at Augusta : When
Dual Governments, Each Claiming Authority, Stood Armed to
the Teeth, Ready to Battle for Supremacy.*

IN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
Feb. 5, 1880.

Ordered, The Senate concurring, that a committee of ten, consisting of seven members of the House of Representatives, to be selected by the Speaker, and three members of the Senate, be appointed, whose duty it shall be to examine into the condition of the "election returns," lately given up to the Secretary of State, the warrant and appropriation books, and all other books and papers of the Governor and Council for the year 1879, and extending to the first Wednesday of January, 1880; and to report to this Legislature what suppressions or alterations, if any, have been made in said returns, and what means have been resorted to for such purposes; and also in what cases and in what manner the will of the people, as shown in the last annual election, has been disregarded and attempted to be defeated, either by illegal construction of said returns, or changing or tampering with them, or by whom the same has been done, or attempted to be done. Such committee shall further report to this Legislature upon all undue and illegal expenditure of the money of the State by or under the direction of the Governor and Council for the period before mentioned, or by any officer of the State, or by any employee or contractor with the State during said time. And for such purposes said committee shall have power to send for persons and papers, and may employ such clerical and stenographic force as may be necessary.

Read and passed.

ORAMANDAL SMITH, *Clerk*.

IN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
Feb. 7, 1880.

House appoints Messrs. Hale of Ellsworth, Strout of Portland, Lord of Bangor, Ingalls of Wiscasset, Springer of Yarmouth, Cook of Lewiston, and Hill of Corinth, on its part.

Sent up for concurrence.

ORAMANDAL SMITH, *Clerk*.

IN SENATE, Feb. 9, 1880.

Passed in concurrence, and Messrs. Hawes of Cumberland, Harris of Washington, and Strickland of Aroostook, appointed on the part of the Senate.

C. W. TILDEN, *Secretary*.

Six and twenty years have passed away since it seemed necessary to the Legislature

of Maine to pass the above order. A quarter of a century has rolled along, and it seems almost incredible that time was when the duly elected Representatives and Senators of the people were refused their seats in the House and Senate; when two separate Legislatures were holding their sessions in Augusta; when the State-house and the streets were patrolled with armed men; when arsenals were seized; when the militia was called out; when the capital was under military law and civil war was imminent.

Such things have occurred before and may well occur again. In some of the States that form our Union events like these would not seem so strange and unusual; but that in the latter part of the nineteenth century, in the old-fashioned, Puritanical State of Maine, a contingency of this sort should arise is in itself sufficiently extraordinary to arouse interest as to the events leading up to it.

From the inception of the Republican party in 1856 up to 1879 Maine had elected an unbroken line of Republican Governors. In 1874 the Greenback party had made its first appearance in American politics, with the nomination of Wm. Allen for Governor of Ohio by the Democratic State Convention, in opposition to Rutherford B. Hayes, upon a platform containing a soft-money clause. This party made its first appearance in Maine with the introduction into the Democratic State Convention in 1875, by Solon Chase, of Turner, of a resolution containing this Ohio clause. This resolution was refused a passage. Before the next campaign Solon Chase established a Greenback newspaper, and a party was formed, which nominated Almon Gage, of Lewiston, as Governor. The first campaign of the

Greenbackers in Maine was not very encouraging, as Gage received only 520 votes out of a total of 136,823. Nothing daunted, however, they put forth Henry C. Munson in 1877, who received 5,291 votes out of a total of 102,058.

In 1878 a considerable foothold had been acquired in Maine, and Joseph L. Smith, running on the National Greenback platform, received a vote of 41,371; Seldon Conner, the Republican nominee, receiving 56,554 votes; and Dr. Alonzo Garcelon, the Democratic nominee, 28,208 votes.

No one of these candidates receiving a majority of the vote cast, as was then required by the Constitution, it became incumbent on the Legislature to elect a Governor, which they did in the person of Dr. Alonzo Garcelon, of Lewiston, the Democratic nominee; and so in January, 1879, a Democrat occupied the chair of state in Augusta for the first time since 1856.

All eyes were turned to the fall election of 1879, when the Republican party would make a strenuous effort to regain control of the State. The Democratic Governor Garcelon, and the National Greenback candidate, Joseph L. Smith, were renominated, while Daniel F. Davis, of Corinth, became the standard-bearer of the Republican forces. Although separate candidates for Governor were nominated and supported by the Democratic and Greenback parties, yet these parties practically united in nominating and supporting "Fusion" candidates for nearly all the subordinate offices in the State, and in the various counties and towns.

The election on September 8 was hotly contested, and the vote thrown was the largest ever given in the State up to that time. Party feeling ran high, and the keenest interest was felt in the result. Three candidates were in the field for Governor, and the popular vote resulted as follows:

Whole vote	138,806
Daniel F. Davis, Representative	68,967
Joseph L. Smith, National Greenback ..	47,643
Alonzo Garcelon, Democrat.....	21,851
Bion Bradbury, Democrat	
(not a candidate)	264
Scattering	81

Again had a Republican nominee received a plurality of the people's vote, and lacked only 437 votes of having a majority of the entire number of votes cast. Again it became apparent that on the incoming

Legislature of 1880 would devolve the duty of electing a Governor, and the political make-up of that Legislature became a most important factor.

It was currently reported by the newspapers, and generally accepted by the people, that a majority in both the Senate and House of Representatives had been elected by the Republicans, but nothing official touching this could be known until the action of the Governor and Council, to whom, by the Constitution and laws of the State, was committed the task of opening, examining, and counting the returns, and of seeing that certificates of election were issued by the Secretary of State to the proper persons; viz., "those who appear to be elected by a plurality of all the votes returned."

In article 4, part 1, section 5, of the Constitution of Maine, the duties and powers of the Governor and Council in this regard were defined as follows: "And fair copies of the lists of votes shall be attested by the selectmen and town clerks of towns, and assessors of plantations, and sealed up in open town and plantation meetings; and the town and plantation clerks respectively shall cause the same to be delivered into the Secretary's office thirty days at least before the first Wednesday in January, annually, and the Governor and Council shall examine the returned copies of such lists, and also all lists of votes of citizens in the military service, returned to the Secretary's office, as provided in article second, section four, of this Constitution, and twenty days before the said first Wednesday of January, annually, shall issue a summons to such persons as shall appear to be elected by a plurality of all the votes returned, to attend and take their seats. But all such lists shall be laid before the House of Representatives, on the first Wednesday of January, annually, and they shall finally determine who are elected."

From the time of the election up to the issuing of certificates by the Governor and Council, the public interest increased, and vague rumors of a plot to "count out" certain properly elected Republican Senators and Representatives elect filled the air. As Nov. 17, 1879, the date set for the meeting of the Governor and Council, drew near, excitement increased. The trains that forenoon brought to Augusta great numbers of Representative Republicans, nearly one

hundred, both from the eastern and western portions of the State, and the afternoon trains brought many more, all waiting with fevered anxiety for the action of the Executive Department at four p.m. Among those who arrived in the morning were United States Senator Hamlin, ex-Vice-President of the United States; Daniel F. Davis, of Corinth, soon to be chosen Governor; Hon. Lewis Barker, of Bangor; Hon. L. A. Emery, of Ellsworth, now a Justice of the Supreme Bench of Maine; ex-Governor Nelson Dingley, Jr., of Tariff fame; C. A. Boutelle, Esq., and Seth L. Milliken, Esq., both of whom have since passed away, after long and brilliant terms in Congress.

The forenoon was consumed considering the condition of affairs, and all sorts of rumors were afloat as to what would and what would not be done by the Governor and Council. As the day wore on the excitement over the "counting out" of the Republican Legislature ran higher, and by evening the hotels were crowded. In addition to the number of prominent Republicans who arrived in the morning, the later trains brought ex-Governors Israel Washburn, Lot M. Morrill, Anson P. Morrill, Sidney Perham, Joshua L. Chamberlain, and Abner Coburn; and Congressmen Thomas B. Reed and Stephen D. Lindsey. The members of the Republican State Committee for the current year and the committee for the following year, and a large number of Senators and Representatives elect, whose seats were threatened, were present. United States Senator James G. Blaine was on hand and ex-United States District Attorney, the Hon. Nathan Webb, since Judge of the United States District Court, was present as council. Probably never before or since, with no Legislature in session, has Augusta seen such a deputation of prominent men.

The Governor and Council arrived during the day, and assembled in the State-house at four o'clock. It had been given out generally through the State that they would at once proceed to count the official returns. At four o'clock they were waited upon by a committee of sixteen, one from each county, headed by ex-Governor Nelson A. Dingley, of Androscoggin. The committee, on reaching the ante-chamber, were informed that there would be no session of the Council that afternoon. The Governor, however, received a sub-committee of three, and re-

mained in conference with them some time, giving them the following comforting assurance: "Ample opportunity will be given to correct any errors in the returns which can be corrected under the statutes. If any returns are fatally defective, you must take the consequences."

The Council immediately after went into session, when the Committee on Elections reported that they had canvassed a part of the returns and opened the whole, and that twenty days from this date would be allowed for corrections under the statute. In order that the attorneys of the gentlemen who were candidates for Senators, Representatives, and county officers might know whether any errors or omissions existed in the returns, they must then examine the returns. But on subsequent conversation with a member of the Council, it was asserted that no one would be permitted to examine the returns except the Governor and Council themselves. Should this rule be adopted by the Council, all opportunity to make corrections would be destroyed. The report of this conference to the full committee did not give satisfaction with regard to the position of the Governor, for they did not understand exactly what he meant by the phrase of "fatally defective."

Rumors to the effect that the vote of the town of Kittery would be thrown out by the Council, on the allegation that two notices of election were posted instead of three as required by the statute, added fuel to the flame. The effect of throwing out Kittery, with its large Republican majority, would be to change the result in the county of York, and elect three Democratic instead of three Republican Senators. Closely following this came a similar report relating to the city of Auburn, which gave a large Republican majority. If the vote of Auburn were thrown out the county of Androscoggin would be represented by two Democratic instead of two Republican Senators. The next intimation coming to the ears of the waiting Republicans was that the vote of Cherryfield would be thrown out on the ground that one of the selectmen was said to be an alien. Thus two more Democratic Senators would be added to the list. The total effect of throwing out these three towns would change the State Senate, giving the Democrats and Greenbackers nineteen Senators and the Republicans twelve, the

actual vote as cast giving the Republicans nineteen Senators and all others twelve.

Nothing definite could be learned that night, and a large number of the Republicans supposed to be elected as Senators and Representatives remained over the eighteenth for the purpose of examining the returns, which were declared open by the Governor and Council, in order that they might ascertain if there were any errors or defects which needed to be amended under the statutes. The law giving but twenty days for such correction of errors, these gentlemen were naturally anxious to have access to the returns as soon as possible. All appeals, however, by attorneys of Senators and Representatives elect to the Council for permission to examine the returns proved futile. Hon. A. J. Locke, Senator-elect from Cumberland, and Hon. Austin Harris, of Washington, subsequently personally and in writing applied to the Council, but were denied permission to examine the returns. Governor Garcelon left the city early in the morning. The Council sat during the day with John B. Foster, of Bangor, in the chair, but absolutely refused to see the committee, not even admitting them for "two minutes" to prefer their request. The committee were, however, informed that the Council had passed an order declaring that the twenty days of the statute for receiving application for corrections of returns would run from Monday, the seventeenth of November. Late in the afternoon the Council adjourned, and thus the second of the twenty days allowed for applications for corrections was cut off.

The futility of staying in Augusta further becoming apparent to the Senators and Representatives elect, they very generally returned to their homes, leaving as counsel at Augusta Messrs. Baker & Baker, with the Hon. Thos. B. Reed as advisory counsel. Before leaving, the Republicans assembled at the capital chose the following gentlemen to act as an Advisory Committee during the crisis: Hon. Lewis Barker, of Bangor; Hon. Nelson Dingley, of Lewiston; Hon. Seldon Conner, of Augusta; Hon. Frederic A. Pike, of Calais; Hon. L. A. Emery, of Ellsworth; Hon. A. A. Strout, of Portland.

On the nineteenth, no response having been received from the Council to any of the letters addressed to them by counsel or by Senators-elect, Messrs. Baker & Baker,

counsel, addressed another communication to the Governor and Council; but when the messenger bearing the letter reached the State-house, at half-past four o'clock, he was informed that the Council had adjourned over till Friday.

Apparently those in power were totally reckless. Perhaps their sentiments might have been voiced by a prominent Democrat of Eastern Maine, who, when approached by a reporter with the query, "Will not this proposed scheme, even if it is borne out by a strict interpretation of the law, be suicide for the Democratic party?" replied without a moment's hesitation, "Suicide? How in the devil can a corpse commit suicide?"

On the nineteenth, as a recourse for securing the rights denied by the Governor and Council, resort was had to the Supreme Judicial Court by petition to issue mandamus to compel the Secretary of State to exhibit the returns. In answer to this petition, Chief Justice Appleton ordered notice for a hearing on Tuesday the twenty-fifth.

For the moment this seemed to bring the Governor and Council to their senses, for on Saturday, the twenty-second, after notice had been ordered by the Chief Justice the following order was passed:

Ordered, That the Secretary give public notice that the Governor and Council will be in session from December 1st to 13th for the purpose of examining the official returns of votes for candidates for Senators, Representatives, and county officers. Candidates claiming irregularities or other causes presumed to vitiate their election will have reasonable opportunity to be heard either personally or by duly authorized counsel.

As this order was understood to concede, even though grudgingly and in restricted time, the privilege of inspecting and correcting the returns, all the parties in interest agreed to suspend legal proceedings and await the issue, their purpose being to reach the desired end without litigation, and even without irritation, if possible. Accordingly, on December 2, a large number of the Senators and Representatives elect, accompanied by their attorneys, repaired to the State-house in full expectation that they would be allowed to examine the returns in their several cases. Several members of the Council had individually given assurance that there would be no difficulty in seeing the returns, and they especially assured different gentlemen that any candidate who would bring a certified copy of

the election record of his town should be allowed to see the returns and compare the record with it, for the purpose of making the corrections hitherto allowed.

In anticipation of this condition the candidates, at no small expense and with much trouble, had taken pains to secure certified and attested copies of the records in nearly all the towns in the State, and thus were fully prepared to comply with this unprecedented action. One after another, however, failed even to get into the Council Chamber, when finally, about noon, Messrs. Savage & Wing, attorneys-at-law, of Auburn, representing the Androscoggin delegation, were informed that the Governor and Council had decided to allow the returns of the election of county officers to be examined, but that *no one should be permitted to see the returns for Senators and Representatives*. His Excellency was pleased to base the refusal on the conclusion of the Council that the Statute of 1877, so far as it related to Senators and Representatives, was unconstitutional, thus usurping for the Executive Department the prerogatives and duties of the Judiciary. This, too, involved a decided change in the Council's opinion since the seventeenth, when they had issued the notice under the twenty-day provision for corrections contained in the same article.

A meeting of the Senators and Representatives elect was held, and an exhaustive protest, reciting the facts, was drafted and forwarded to the Governor and Council. On December 3 an answer was received from the Executive Department, utterly irrelevant and granting no satisfaction for the injuries complained of. Following this came protests from the Hon. Chas. B. Rounds, County Attorney for the county of Washington, and from Baker & Baker, of Augusta.

County Attorney Rounds, in his protest, says:

I now offer on behalf of the Republican Senators-elect from Washington County, if your Honorable Board will open the subject for investigation, to prove that in the case of returns from Democratic towns for Senators and Representatives there have been changes made; that these changes were made to supply defects discovered by the surreptitious and premature opening of returns, and that they must involve, in some form, the collusion or connivance of persons connected with the State Government.

Petitions for an investigation into the charges of Mr. Rounds came thronging in upon the Council. Still the protests remained unheeded until December 9, when Herbert M. Heath, one of the attorneys for Washington County, was allowed to see the returns.

The hearing in the mandamus case, Andrew R. G. Smith, petitioner, vs. Edward H. Gove, Secretary of State, began on December 10, at the Senate Chamber, before Judge Virgin, and was resumed on the eleventh, before a vast crowd of spectators. The arguments closed at one P.M., when the case was given to Judge Virgin and the court adjourned. On the following day Judge Virgin's decision was published. While the petition was dismissed on the grounds that the Secretary of State could not take the returns from the Governor, it in reality affirmed in the most direct and positive manner every substantial claim put forward by the petitioner. It fully affirmed the principle on which the petition was based,—that parties interested had a clear and unquestionable right to inspect the returns of their elections; and he held, with the petitioner, that the right was not only conferred by the statutes, but that it was a right guaranteed by the Constitution itself. The judge further sustained the claim of the petitioner that the Secretary of State was the legal custodian of the returns, "and bound to exhibit them at all proper times to those whose interest is such as to justify an examination by them." This was a distinct affirmation by the court of every material clause made by the petitioner, and the ruling only stopped short of peremptorily commanding the Secretary to do that which the court declared to be his duty.

At this period a change of heart came over the Governor and Council, by a complete yielding on their part to the demands to see the returns. Hearings commenced before that body on the question of "fatal defects." Certificates began to be issued right and left to the Democratic and Fusion candidates. Senator Smith, of Lincoln County, Republican, was "counted out" because some of the votes gave only the initials. F. W. Hill, of Exeter, Fusionist, was "counted in" because some of the votes gave only his initials. By this time the people of the State were thoroughly aroused, and mass-meetings denouncing the action of the Ex-

ecutive were being held in every city and hamlet.

Never since the dark days of the war had people been so intensely excited, and never had indignation been more universally and emphatically expressed than in the denunciation of the great "counting-out" at Augusta.

On the doors of schoolhouses, on the town halls, on the fences, and on the trees might be found notices bearing the following:

A CALL

FOR A PUBLIC MEETING.

"God save the State of Maine!"

The counting was over. The House as claimed by the Republicans to have been elected stood ninety Republicans, sixty-one Fusionists; the Senate, nineteen Republicans, twelve Fusionists, giving a Republican joint majority of thirty-six. The House as "counted in" stood sixty-one Republicans, seventy-eight Fusionists; the Senate, eleven Republicans, twenty Fusionists, giving a Fusionist joint majority of twenty-six.

The pulse of the people was at fever heat, and the State of Maine was shaking like a mass of jelly, rocking from centre to circumference with the great excitement. Perhaps in no way can the feeling of the people at that time be evidenced better than by quoting the closing words of Paul R. Seavey, Esq., at a mass-meeting held in Bangor on Saturday, December 20:

"I say old men for counsel, young men for war. I thank God I am not too old to carry a musket. I am aware of my position in private and in public. I am not a man of means, not of widely extended influence; but I have the right to vote, and when I have voted I have a right that my vote shall be counted, and I will not submit to having this right wrested from me. There are thousands of old soldiers in our State who will lead the men of our State to maintain their rights, even if they thus have to shed their life's blood for it. I believe there is a way out of this, and that we shall throw up our hats for Daniel F. Davis."

From the press, the pulpit, and the platform poured forth the indignation of an outraged people. Resolutions "to prevent the consummation of the outrage perpetrated upon the rights and liberties of the people, and the honor and fair fame of our

commonwealth" were everywhere adopted. And still the "counting out" went on.

The Legislature was due to meet on the first Wednesday of January, 1880; but who composed the Legislature, and how was it to effect its organization? Threats of calling out the militia to seat the Fusion Legislature were freely made. On Christmas Day, Dec. 25, 1879, these rumors began to take definite form.

During the early part of Christmas Day rumors and reports that rapidly increased in number and directness, indicating some secret but organized movement on foot at the State Arsenal, caused a great deal of feeling in the city of Bangor; and as the reports gained wider circulation during the afternoon, a strong feeling of excitement prevailed. It was ascertained that one or two hacks and other teams containing several mysterious people had driven into the arsenal enclosure during the day, and that during the afternoon the arsenal windows were opened and men were at work inside. This remarkable proceeding on a quiet Christmas Day fanned the public excitement to such extent that about 3.30 o'clock P.M. members of the Citizens' Committee accompanied his Honor Mayor Brown to the Penobscot Exchange, where Adjutant-General Leavitt was said to be stopping, for the purpose of representing to him that a movement of warlike material through the streets during a period of so much public excitement might easily precipitate very serious trouble, beyond the control of any municipal force at command. At the hotel they learned that the Adjutant-General was not in town, but could obtain no information as to who was directing the operations; so it was decided to drive in a coach direct to the arsenal. On arriving there the gate was locked and the building closed, while the roadway showed that heavy teams had been passing, and from persons in the vicinity it was learned that two teams loaded with guns and ammunition had been taken from the arsenal but a few moments previous, to be carried to the Maine Central Railroad depot.

Driving directly back to the city, where they arrived about half-past four, the carriage containing the Mayor and the gentlemen named found it impossible to proceed beyond the Post-Office at Kenduskeag Bridge, on account of a great throng of

people completely filling the street and surrounding two teams, drawn each by two horses, that had been stopped at the east end of the bridge. Mayor Brown immediately alighted, and finding a most intense excitement prevailing among the great crowd, composed of respectable citizens who were determined not to permit the guns and ammunition to be carried any farther, he at once stepped to one of the teams and inquired who was in charge of the property. At first there was no satisfactory answer, the driver saying he had been engaged to go to the arsenal for a load by Mr. Thayer, landlord of the Penobscot Exchange. Some one then said that a clerk from Augusta had superintended the removal of guns, etc., and in a moment or two a young man appeared who said his name was French, that he was a clerk in the Adjutant-General's office at Augusta, and was acting under the orders of Governor Garcelon.

At this time the excitement on the street was rapidly increasing, and Mayor Brown said to the clerk that he had no wish to interfere with any authority of the Governor of the State, but that in view of the inflamed public feeling he could not, with any force at his command, guarantee the safety of the property if the attempt to go forward against the protest of the throng was persisted in, and that he, Mr. French, must assume all the responsibility of consequences that might follow the further provoking of collision with the excited people. Mr. French seemed greatly impressed by the gravity of the situation and concluded that the arms and ammunition had better be carried back to the arsenal. As soon as the orders to this effect were given and the teams started back the crowd good-naturedly gave three cheers, and almost immediately began to disperse.

At a subsequent interview with Mr. French he informed the Mayor that he was a clerk in the Adjutant-General's office, that he had no orders from the Adjutant-General, and no written orders from anybody, but was acting under verbal orders from Governor Garcelon! He thus strangely came to Bangor on so serious an errand without credentials or written instructions, and without a written order or requisition! The clerk, Mr. French, seemed to be an inoffensive person who had been pushed into disagreeable work that he did not know

much about, and he left on that evening's train to return to Augusta.

On the evening of the twenty-fifth about sixty breech-loading Springfield rifles, the arms of the Hersey Light Infantry, were removed from the armory in the Town Hall Building in Oldtown, and taken to the residence of C. E. Miles, Lieutenant, commanding the company, and a well-known sympathizer with the Fusionists. This removal, and the attempt to take from the arsenal in Bangor the arms and ammunition, caused the greatest excitement throughout the State. Warlike rumors of all kinds filled the air. On the twenty-ninth Mayor Nash of Augusta presented a petition to the Governor, stating that the police force had been augmented to two hundred men, that the city was amply able to preserve order, and begged in the name of citizens of Augusta that troops might not be brought to the capital.

In spite of the protest of Mayor Nash, on the twenty-ninth, in spite of the protest of a committee of Augusta's leading citizens, who interviewed the Governor on the thirtieth, particularly objecting to the proposed removal, at that time, of war material from Bangor to Augusta, to whom the Governor gave his assurance that the arms should not be brought to the capital, at eleven o'clock that night, ten hours after the interview closed, the arms and ammunition reached Augusta and were deposited in the State-house.

In the meantime a set of questions bearing on the matter had been prepared by ex-Governor Lot M. Morrill, at the invitation of Governor Garcelon to submit the same to the Supreme Court and let their decision settle the matter. Upon the presentation, however, of the questions, the Governor declined to so refer them. The Governor, however, with the assistance of the Council, concluded, on the evening of the thirty-first, the preparation of another set of questions for the court, but refused to furnish a copy thereof to the press or to the public.

On Monday, January 4, the result of the decision of the Supreme Court became public. By it the House of Representatives was enjoined to admit at once the twelve Republican Representatives from five disfranchised cities, in case the Governor and Council still refused to certificate them. It showed that the executive body acted

illegally in unseating one Republican Senator in Lincoln County, and at least one in York County, also Republican Representatives in seven class districts. The answer to question three also established the important point that the presence of at least seventy-six members in the House of Representatives (that is, a majority of the whole number, 151, prescribed by the Constitution) is necessary to constitute a quorum, and without that number no business could be transacted. The answer to question three also would seat the second Republican Senator in York County and the seven Republican Representatives from the disfranchised cities of Bath, Saco, Lewiston, and Rockland. The answers to the other questions would seat the five Republican Representatives from Portland; the six Republican Representatives from the districts of Vanceboro, Jay, Webster, Lisbon, Stoneham, Searsport, and Farmington; the Republican Representative from Skowhegan; two from Cherryfield and Hersey districts, and one from Fairfield; and would restore the three Republican Senators from Cumberland County, one from Washington County, and one from Franklin County.

The question now was: Would the Fusionists respect the opinion of the court? The general consensus of opinion to be obtained from the leaders of that party was that the decision of the court would have no effect on the Legislature, as certificates had already been issued.

In all the excitement caused by these startling events, the following manly letter from Farmington, written by Louis Voter, a Democrat, came as a ray of light from out of the gloom:

To His Excellency, Alonzo Garcelon, Governor of Maine: I beg leave to return herewith the certificate of my election as Representative to the Legislature from Farmington and Perkins Plantation, and I hereby resign that position. To honorably serve in that capacity I must receive a plurality of the votes cast at the last election. This was not the fact, and the reason given for the disfranchisement of Farmington is not, in my opinion, sufficient to justify my acceptance of the position, and in this matter, the action of my fellow citizens must be my law.

Very respectfully,
(Signed) LOUIS VOTER.

The Legislature was due to assemble on Wednesday the seventh, and by Monday quite a large number of Republican members-elect had arrived at Augusta. What

would be the action of the Fusionists? was the all-absorbing question of the hour. Their official organ, *The Standard*, published by Mr. Eben Pillsbury, the leading adviser of the Fusionists, denounced the opinion as partisan, and urged the counted-in members to "stand for their rights and not be bulldozed into giving up their seats."

An armed guard of some two hundred men was being maintained at the State-house. In Room 17 there were sixty stand of arms stacked ready for immediate use. Every one entering, passing through, or leaving the building was closely watched. Two hundred extra policemen were on duty in the city. In their mad attempt to get together a Fusion majority, a special deputy was dispatched across country to Farmington to endeavor to persuade Mr. Voter to come. Mr. Sproul, of Veazie, was also labored with; but both gentlemen firmly adhered to their determination to keep away from the Legislature. Three other Fusion members positively refused their certificates. Fifty extra men were placed in the State-house on the morning of the sixth. Caucuses were held by the Fusionists in a hall on Water Street, resulting in the nominations of James D. Lamson, of Waldo, for President of the Senate, and John C. Talbot, of East Machias, for Speaker of the House. The result of the Republican caucuses were: for President of the Senate, Joseph A. Locke, of Cumberland; for Speaker of the House, Geo. E. Weeks, of Augusta.

On Wednesday, January 7, the largest crowd that ever wended its way to the State-house began to move thitherward as early as eight o'clock in the morning. There was a perfect jam in all the corridors, halls, and stairways, and it was with great difficulty that those allowed to enter the Legislative Hall pressed their way thither. There were very many vacant seats in the House, as the Republicans carried out their program and stayed away, only a few moving about in the rear of the hall. No disturbance whatever occurred. At a quarter to nine the assistant clerk of the House, W. E. Gibbs, called the roll for the selection of seats. The Republicans did not respond to their names, neither did the Fusionists who had not affiliated with the majority of their party. As a quorum was conceded in the Senate, public interest attached to proceedings in the House, the galleries of which

were crowded. At ten o'clock the Senators-elect were called to order by Samuel W. Lane, Secretary of the last Senate. Senator Locke, of Cumberland, at once gained the floor and read a protest from the Republican members against the Senate proceeding, but the Secretary refused to entertain the motion, and a message was sent to the Governor and Council informing them that the members-elect of the Senate were present for the purpose of being qualified. The Governor and Council appeared and the oaths were administered. Senator Locke then renewed his motion, but the Secretary would not entertain it, and that body proceeded to elect James D. Lamson President, a protest being put in by Republican members that the election was not by legally elected members of the Senate.

In the House, Assistant Clerk Gibbs proceeded to call a certified roll of members. Mr. Hale, of Ellsworth, now United States Senator from Maine, took the floor and claimed that certain legally elected members of the House from cities were not on the roll, and moved that they be included. After a lengthy debate Mr. Hale was ruled out of order by the clerk. The Republicans withdrew from participation in the proceedings, and a message was sent to the Governor and Council stating that a quorum of members of the House were present and ready to be qualified. There was very great excitement, and during Mr. Hale's remarks the most uproarious applause. The Governor appeared and proceeded to qualify the members, after which the House, by a vote of seventy-two, being four less than a legal quorum, elected John C. Talbot Speaker. Mr. Hale objected, but was overruled, and Mr. Talbot was conducted to the chair. Three cheers were given for Mr. Hale. On the election of a clerk, Mr. Hale raised the point of no quorum, but was again overruled, as was the case in the election of an assistant clerk. The question of notifying the Senate of the organization was debated, Mr. Hale taking the ground that there had been no legal organization of the House and no other body could be informed thereof. Again he was overruled. The protest of the members of the five disfranchised cities was presented by Mr. Hale in a ringing speech. At three o'clock the House adjourned. There were scenes in the House that day never before witnessed in New

England. As the single Republican Representative qualified, Hon. Eugene Hale poured the hot shot unmercifully into the ranks of the opposition. His defence of the judiciary was one of the grandest efforts of his life. The supreme moment came when the assistant clerk refused to put the motion to adjourn, and Mr. Hale, standing upon a desk, put the motion himself, which was followed by deafening applause and the immediate withdrawal of the Republican members.

The whole audience arose, and there followed a tremendous storm of applause.

At twelve o'clock that night Governor Garcelon's term of office expired, and the State of Maine was without a Governor. On the morning of the ninth, Major-General Joshua L. Chamberlain, First Division M. V. M., the hero of Little Round Top at Gettysburg, and ex-Governor of Maine, issued a general order stating that in view of the extraordinary situation now presented at the seat of government, he would assume command and protect the public property and the institutions of the State in trust for the people until the Governor's successor had been duly elected and qualified. By this order, General Chamberlain assumed temporarily the office of Governor and Commander-in-Chief. The entire police force at the State-house was changed, those indicated by General Chamberlain taking the place of those who had been drilling there for several weeks. In the House, Mr. Hale announced the presence of sixty certified Republican members who were ready to be qualified. As the State was without a Governor, a message was sent to Mr. Lamson, President of the Senate and acting Governor, and they were conducted to the Council Chamber, but the acting Governor refused to qualify them. Business in both branches was at a deadlock, and there was no knowing how long this state of things might last. At six o'clock the House adjourned, without transacting any business.

On the morning of the twelfth, as the Fusionists took their seats in the House many of their faces wore an anxious look. A message was received from the Senate that Randall W. Ellis had been elected President *pro tem* of that body. At eleven o'clock the bogus Senate came in and took their seats in the House. Ellis took the

Speaker's chair, and after a brief delay, the chief actor in the farce, Lamson, came in, accompanied by Secretary of State Gove, and also by Messrs. Monroe, Brown, and Parker, of Garcelon's ex-Council, who claimed to hold over and act as advisory council to Lamson. A deathlike silence prevailed when Lamson held up his right hand and took the "oath of office." After the oath was signed Secretary of State Gove made a proclamation to the effect that Lamson was the duly qualified Governor of Maine. The House then adjourned until ten o'clock of the next day. General Chamberlain stated that he should refuse to recognize Lamson as Governor, replying to his message in a communication from which the following is quoted:

Supported by the decision of the Supreme Judicial Court, I should obey without a moment's hesitation; but solemnly believing that if at this juncture I abandon my trust there will be no barrier against anarchy and bloodshed, I cannot under present circumstances recognize your authority as Governor of Maine.

Late on the afternoon of the twelfth the Republicans brought the crisis to a head by organizing a Legislature of their own in the State-house. Between five and six o'clock they commenced entering the State-house by twos and threes, until there was a large crowd in the rotunda. Two of the Republican members-elect had asked General Chamberlain if the members-elect who had not been qualified could have the use of the legislative chambers for the purpose of holding a meeting. As the General had given the same privilege to Hon. John C. Talbot, Fusionist, on the ninth instant, he replied that he saw no reason why they should not, and wrote an order which they might have as their protection against interference, couched in the same language as the assurance he had given Speaker Talbot of the Fusion House a few days before. Dr. Lancaster, Superintendent of Public Buildings, endeavored to prevent the entrance, but without effect. The hall was enveloped in utter darkness when they entered, Lancaster going in with them and running off with the chandelier-lighter; but he was caught, and it was taken away from him, and at the next moment the hall was in a blaze of light and the seats occupied by the members-elect, who all wore smiling faces, the galleries being filled with spectators in a short time.

There was no difficulty in the Republican members effecting an entrance to the Senate Chamber, as the doors were unlocked. Meeting with no resistance, they went in and quietly took their seats, and in a few minutes they, like the House, entered upon the work of organization. In the Senate, Joseph A. Locke was chosen President, receiving all the votes thrown, nineteen. In the House the roll was called by the clerk, who announced that he would call the roll of names of those who appeared on the rolls to be chosen Representatives. Eighty-four answered to their names, and these, with others who came in afterwards, were duly qualified, the oath being administered by the Clerk of Courts of Kennebec County. Geo. E. Weeks, of Augusta, was elected Speaker. An order was passed in the House that a committee consisting of three members be appointed by the Speaker to report to the House for its action whether the House would require the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court to give their opinion touching the legal organization of the House of Representatives for the Fifty-ninth Legislature of the State of Maine, and to present for the action of the House such questions as the law and facts demanded in the premises. The order was adopted, and at a quarter of two the committee submitted a series of questions which it was voted to submit to the court. Both branches adjourned at 2.15, until Saturday, January 15, at two P.M.

In accordance with an order passed by both branches on January 12, a statement of the facts, together with twenty-seven questions, were propounded to the Supreme Court for their opinion, as provided for by the Constitution. All eyes were turned toward the court, and its decision was awaited with great anxiety. On Friday, January 16, the Fusion House and Senate went through the form of electing Joseph L. Smith Governor of Maine, and seven Fusion Councillors. At four P.M. a joint convention was held and "Governor" Smith inaugurated, State officers chosen, and the Fusion Legislature adjourned until Saturday at nine A.M.

On January 17 the Supreme Court published its unanimous opinion in the premises. The answers to the questions submitted sustained the Republican Legislature absolutely, and the bottom practically dropped out of the Fusion bubble. "Gov-

error" Smith in the meantime had issued an order relieving General Chamberlain from command, but the General declined to either recognize Smith's authority or be relieved.

There is little more to tell. The opinion of the court gave the finishing stroke to the illegal Legislature set up by the Fusionists, and laid low the great fraud attempted to be forced upon the people of Maine. The answers were complete and conclusive upon every vital point. It exposed the illegality of the sham Fusion Legislature and left it not even a shred of apology for its existence. It elevated to its proper place the People's Legislature. The justices of the court were unanimous, all subscribing their names to it; Judge Libbey, a lifelong Democrat, signing with the others.

Incendiary articles inspiring armed resistance to the court appeared in *The Standard*, the organ of Mr. Eben Pillsbury, the real leader of the "count-out." Certain Fusionists telegraphed General Butler at Washington, requesting him to come at once and act as their legal adviser, but the General refused to come.

On the seventeenth the largest crowd ever gathered in the State-house thronged in at the Capitol door. On the appearance of Eugene Hale loud and prolonged applause was heard. The Republican members were all present in both branches. Soon after the House was called to order cheering was heard in the rotunda, which was prolonged through the corridors. Soon Senator James G. Blaine entered, and received a great ovation. Men jumped up into their seats, flinging their hats in the air. Lot M. Morrill appeared, and was also received with applause. The answers of the court to the questions propounded by the Legislature were read in both branches. The Senate was crowded as it had not been during the controversy, when the vote was taken for Governor. Nineteen votes were thrown, all of which were for Daniel F. Davis, who was declared by the President to be the legally chosen Governor of Maine. A joint convention was then held for the purpose of electing seven Executive Councillors, resulting as follows:

First District, Roscoe L. Bowers.
Second District, Frederick Robie.
Third District, Joseph T. Hinckley.
Fourth District, William Wilson.

Fifth District, James G. Pendleton.
Sixth District, Lewis Barker.
Seventh District, Samuel N. Campbell.

At a quarter of seven another convention was formed. This time formed the most interesting event during this season of intense excitement. A committee representing both branches waited upon Governor-elect Davis, and soon made the report that he would forthwith attend upon the convention to take the oath of office. As he entered, attended by the Council and several distinguished gentlemen, the audience rose up as one man, and the sound that followed was like the roar of the sea, steadily increasing in volume, until the old Capitol building fairly rocked. As Mr. Davis stood at the right of the President and faced toward the audience the applause and cheering increased, and it was two or three minutes before order could be restored. Again the applause broke forth, and three cheers followed for Davis, Blaine, Boutelle, and Chamberlain. It was a grand and thrilling ovation. After a while the audience consented to remain silent, and Governor Davis, in a clear voice and impressive manner, took the oath of office and delivered an address.

Some trouble was had in opening the Governor's room and Council Chamber, which had been locked by the Fusionists. Deputy Secretary of State Sawyer refused to give up the keys to the Secretary's office, but it was opened and the State seal and a number of important papers were found to be missing.

The Fusion Legislature, which had adjourned on Saturday, attempted to gain access to the Capitol grounds on Monday, the nineteenth. Messrs. Talbot, Lamson, and Smith acted as spokesmen, but were denied admission by Mayor Nash. "Speaker" Talbot and "President" Lamson mounted the stone coping along which the iron fence runs, and called their respective branches to order. They then adjourned, to meet at Union Hall the next forenoon. On Tuesday morning both branches of the Fusion Legislature met in Union Hall, and after discussing the situation, adjourned. Other sessions were held on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Talk of taking the State-house by force was rife. The gravity of the situation was considered sufficient to warrant the calling out of the military, and four

companies were ordered to the capital and quartered at the State-house.

In the meantime the Fusion Legislature had addressed a series of questions to the Supreme Court, and met daily, awaiting its answer. On January 27 the court gave its opinion, which, while distinctly disclaiming any recognition of the Fusion Legislature as a legally organized legislative body, overthrew all their claims. This was the final blow. "Governor" Smith said he believed the controversy had now ended. He said that while the previous opinion of the judges was based on the Republican statement, there was room for reasonable doubt; but in view that the court had decided against them on the Fusion statement they could but gracefully submit. He had gotten through playing Governor, and should go home. On January 28 the last meeting of the Fusion Legislature took place, adjourning until the first Wednesday in August. And from that time on the properly elected Fusion members one by one took their seats in the House and Senate of Maine.

The troops were withdrawn from the State-house, and with the disappearance of the soldiery, the presence of the Fusion members in their seats in the Legislature,

and no signs left of the late trouble, everything settled down to a peaceful footing. The Fusionists entered upon their legislative duties cheerfully, as if nothing had happened, and apparently seemed resigned to the situation. Mr. Sawyer decided to return the State seal, the returns of votes for Governor and county officers, Senators and Representatives, council records, and reports of the Executive Council for the year 1879 relating to election returns.

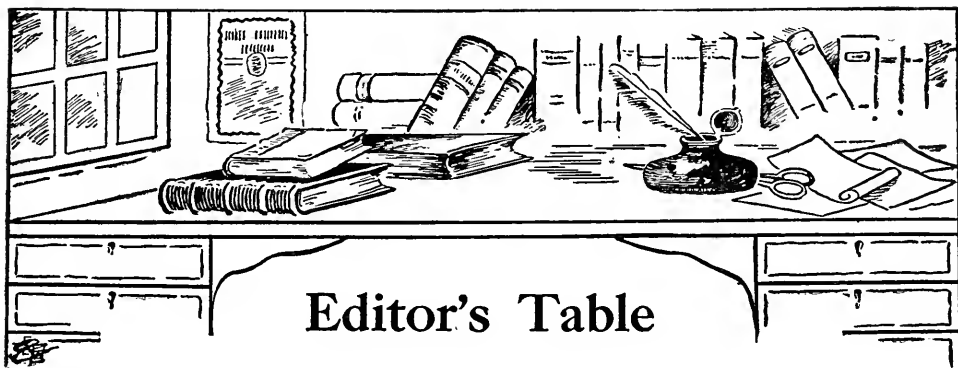
And thus ended the only period in the history of the State of Maine when civil war seemed imminent.

NOTE.—The actual methods for enabling the Governor and Council to carry out the scheme to "count in" a quorum of Fusion members, the erasures, alterations, and method of distinguishing the politics of candidates for Senator and Representative, together with facsimiles of altered town returns, and the correspondence of some of the principal conspirators, may be found in the "Report of the Joint Select Committee to Inquire into the Condition of the Election Returns of September eighth, 1879, and the Expenditure of Public Monies Under the Direction of Governor Garcelon and Council," together with the evidence taken before the committee, the same being published by order of the Legislature by the State Printers at Augusta in 1880. This report comprising eight hundred and thirty-eight pages, the impossibility of going into detail here may readily be seen.

MARGARET FULLER

By MARGARET ASHMUN

Would that she might have tarried long among
 Those gifted friends whose faith perceived her skill
 To see and do, her virile, tireless will,
 The clear, unfaltering fervor of her tongue;
 Would she had stayed till kindly age had flung
 Its soft content around her, and until
 It touched her with that tolerance which still
 Is life's best gift to those no longer young!
 So many joys stood waiting for her here,
 Which all the wide, art-haunted halls of Rome
 Could never give; and triumphs, doubly dear,
 Shared in the peaceful precincts of a home
 Whose white dream-portals gleamed convincing-near —
 And these must vanish in a burst of foam!



Editor's Table

The International Live Forever Club

IT was inevitable that the growing tendency towards longevity should focalize in some quarter, and it is only in accordance with tradition that Boston, the centre of "isms" and reforms in the past, should open its arms to the "International Live Forever Club." The brain of the old town has latterly been accused of a tendency to atrophy, but this up-to-date movement, along with another which has the deep rumblings of an earthquake, should help restore its lost prestige.

This "perpetual-youth" idea is calculated to give some people a terrible scare. They have hugged the old-age scarecrow so long they hate to part with it. Besides, "life forever" has been so long associated with doleful psalm-singing and monotony that it looks anything but alluring to us on earth, or anywhere else. Most of us, I take it, would be willing to start out with a round century of assured mental and physical vigor, with the privilege of renewing the lease at the end of that time if we so desired.

The Live Forever Club is defiant and aggressive. It has to be in order to cope with the surprising tenacity of the old-age bogey, which must be driven out of the brain-cells of the race, where it has been stabled for ages, and belabored soundly with "New Thought" missiles until it is proved to be nothing but a wind-bag. The club proposes to give such teaching as shall lift the race above it, just as the earth was once lifted from the back of a huge turtle—or was it an elephant?—and sent spinning buoyantly through fields of ether. It made people feel floating and insecure then, as it does now, to be loosened from their moorings to these or any other old fogies, but they always find their feet.

You think this idea is visionary? Man may be visionary; but cold science, never. Science declares that all the particles of the human body, including the bony structure, are completely changed within about seven months—seven years, it said,

while creeping slowly towards certainty. *Completely changed*, you understand. There is n't a human body on the round earth which is more than a year old so far as *material* is concerned. It being a scientific fact that we are all walking around in less-than-a-year-old bodies, where do wrinkles, bald heads, loss of eyesight, and general decadence come in? It has an origin *somewhere*, surely. If not in the materials of the body, it must be in the mind. Think of that! In the MIND! The old-age fallacy has been woven into the very texture of our being, you see. The process must have begun away back with Methuselah and those other old fellows. There they were with limitless life in their hands, without knowing yet how to use it. They had n't learned how to create trusts and crowd each other to the wall, and got dead tired of the monotony, said, "What's the use?" and put forth the beginnings of the hypnotic spell which drew around the race tighter and tighter through the centuries, until it squeezed us up into a mean miserable seventy or eighty years' lease of life, leaving us only time to look around, take the lay of the land, and learn how to use our working-tools before we had to drop the body and get out. As if that was n't enough, a certain professor raised a cry of decadence at forty, a short time ago, and then the worm turned. The professor was ridiculed to the ends of the earth. He had put the race on its mettle—which was what he had intended all along, it seems. The list of centenarians has been growing ever since.

"What are you going to do about it?" Why, just face about. *Think* youth and health, instead of old age and decay. Since nature is putting new atoms into our bodies every moment, through the medium of food and air, let us work *with* instead of *against* her. She expended energy through aeons of evolution to set a creature upon his feet with the power of continual *self-renewal*—in leading-strings no longer. But when she saw that her masterpiece was bent upon the down-hill grade she let him go his own gait for awhile. Experience

has taught wisdom, and the race is coming out of its trance. But don't run away with the idea that *thought* will do it all. Nature is fastidious about her building-materials. No matter how strong your mental coöperation, she won't contract to build a vigorous, long-lived body from non-assimilative food and air so heavy with germs that it is solidified, and fit to cut into cubes and triangles, as in the disease-incubators of the cities. If it is your fate to ride in subway and electric cars, hold your breath as well as you can until you get out into the open, and take the long deep breaths upon which your life mainly depends. "Breathe deep, breathe deep, and evermore breathe deep."

The Live Forever Club vanquishes the idea that the body is a machine and, like other machines, must wear out. "Did you ever see a *self-renewing* machine like the body," Harry Gaze asks, "renewing hourly from a perpetual spring within, which is a tributary of the infinite life reservoir and bubbles up from it continually?"

But, about thirty-five or forty, we have been beginning to pile up the rubbish of old thought over the spring, and shut off the power by degrees, and *invite* decay and death. Men journeyed about to find the fountain of life with an intuitive idea that it must be *somewhere*, and all the while they were carrying the fountain along with them, if they had only known how to draw from it and rejuvenate themselves.

"Thought is n't so much," you say. Can you show me anything ever constructed on this round earth — railroad, canal, cathedral, electric battery, witless — that had n't a definite form in thought before it was made manifest in matter? Thought? Why, it is the worker of seeming miracles. And it can kill as well as make alive. You know about the hale, vigorous man of eighty who found this notice posted on his office door one morning, "Died of old age, Funeral Wednesday," and who proceeded to die, though actually in good health. Had he parried the death-blow by a telling one from a live, vigorous thought, do you think he would have died? Not he. But the death idea linked hands with another one skulking somewhere in his brain that he had really reached the limit and forgotten to act upon it, and these, united, shut off the power. If some wise one had only slapped the man on the shoulder at that juncture, and said, "Snap your finger at that joke," it would have tided him over the danger-point.

With the knowledge that coöperation with the continuous change in our bodies is the condition of long, vigorous life, we are finding out what an all-around, sufficient-to-himself creature a man really is. We have the keys of life and death. The

Creator gave them into our hands. Why did n't he make us use them, then? Because he was n't dealing with dummies. Man was to stand up and go by himself; draw all the time from the great reservoir of life, which would never run dry. But if people *think* a reservoir has gone dry, of course they won't try to draw from it. A millionaire without knowing it may go round like a beggar. Of course the statement that our lives are in our own hands is little short of blasphemy to some minds. What about the time-honored blasphemy of shouldering disease and death upon the Lord when we have brought it all upon ourselves, we or our ancestors, by breaking his health law? Think of the inscriptions upon tombstones, giving the Lord credit for man's foolishness! We have been reveling in such blasphemy for ages; let us honor the Creator awhile, instead of blaspheming him.

The zeal which some people manifest to railroad others out of the body as soon as the so-called "limit" is exceeded a year or two is going to give the new-life idea an up-hill climb. The minute any one shows a tendency to really coöperate with nature and secure his or her birthright, some one claps the "stopper" upon them and tinkers away to rivet it. I was struck by the treatment which Sara Bernhardt received at the pen's point of a dramatic critic who ought to have known better. Here is a woman unconsciously plastic to the play of the life forces, one who could continue to delight the coming generation, as she has the past, and present, because she would move with the tide, and retain the plenitude of vigor nature intended. But, lest she should forget, this critic marshals the age-long scarecrow to the front, and weaves a plot of her last night on the stage, where with the scarecrow in the background wearing a death mask, she does her part with exquisite grace, and sinks into his arms as the curtain falls. And Dr. E. E. Hale! They keep harping upon his persistence in mental and physical vigor, as if it were a wonder that a man should continue to draw from a brimming life-reservoir when he knows how to keep the pipes clear. This new-life idea has been taking root underground for some time. Professor Elie Metchinkott of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, declares that he sees no reason why a man should not live in full possession of his powers one hundred and forty years, at least. Professor Jaques Lock, of the California University, and other scientists, predict the eventual overcoming of disease and death. The more daring exponent of long life sweeps away all limitations, and declares we can live forever. They unite in declaring that old age is a disease of the mind. There is no other limit.

But the candidates for long life will have to be-

stir themselves to better conditions so that the earth will be a more desirable place to stay in for a century or two than it is at present. What a grand thing it would be if some of the people with big opportunities would break away from their old moorings and swim along in the new life-current, breasting the waves of youth and health joyfully, as in earlier days! Think of Mrs. Russell Sage. To have all that money to do good to others with! One's head fairly swims with the joy of it! I should lie awake at nights gloating over my opportunity to help the deserving ones I could lay my finger upon this minute, who are like "infants crying in the night, and with no language but a cry." She has expressed her belief in the old-age fallacy, openly. If she could only cut loose now and face about, take the matter into her own hands and coöperate with nature, and secure another half-century at least, in which to sow and reap, what a boon to the race because of her singleness of purpose!

Then Messrs. Carnegie and Rockefeller, and the others, each with a multi-million hump on his back, making him like the camel ducking his head before a needle's eye in the wall! There seems to be a growing tendency on the part of these people to reduce the impediment to the kingdom, but they are bound down and fettered by the thought that they must soon pass out. If they would only stand up now and rain a shower of tremendous blows upon the old-age scarecrow, and demolish him, than start in feeling they had another half-century at least to make good in, and unload, they would be doing a fine thing for themselves and their fellows, besides paying a compliment to the Creator. See them bend all their energies — for the Live Forever Club guarantees continuous mental vigor — to get back into the hands of the workers and their children a fair, well-earned share of the wealth that has been diverted out of its natural channels and heaped upon them until they cry out with the burden — those, at least, who have not reached the stage of crystallization by the process. See them dominated, controlled, swept along by a perfect whirlwind of passion for *justice* towards the *producers* of the wealth that overburdens them! Watch them band together with the "Thunderer" against the system of financial juggling, and help along to the overthrow, then scheme and plan and scheme again for a system which shall overtake and pay up all arrears — and then start with a clean slate! Would n't that be a spectacle for gods and archangels? There would be no question of squeezing through a hole in the wall to get into the kingdom. They would open their eyes one day to find themselves in

heaven, with the "sweet fields dressed in living green" all around them, and wonder how they got there without passing beyond the "swelling flood." The zest of dispensing would be so much more soul-satisfying than that of accumulating that the rejuvenation would filter all through them and cause them to move with light step and radiant face. But they had abolished the old-age scarecrow at the outset, don't forget to remember, and started on a new lease of life untrammelled.

It seems that Edison has struggled out of the hypnotic spell, along with many others, and believes that we can live and work as long as we want to. This has been whispered into his ear along with other secrets. He is only a boy of sixty today, and as he is coöperating consciously with nature, it follows that he will bring new wonders to pass during the next sixty-odd years. Among other things, he has a mind to help along the problem of aerial navigation if it promises to be of practical value. "Practical?" Why, wars will be ended soon after the airship is in navigable trim. They may as well begin now to beat their swords into plough-shares, for the cessation of war is in sight already. Tennyson saw it:

"Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there
rained a ghastly dew
From the nation's airy navies, grappling in the
central blue."

What could armies and navies do on land with air-ships circling round above them, rendering secret military tactics an impossibility? The abolition of war, with its horrors! What a transcendent motive for Edison and the others to bring the air-ship to perfection with all possible speed! Does n't Tennyson's vision make you hold your breath?

"Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the
battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the
World."

From some remarks he has dropped in print, one might judge that the old bugaboo has been prospecting around Mark Twain. Think of such an idea being foisted upon Mark when his humor is still fresh as the morning! He has been meandering along paths of his own make all his life; surely he won't allow himself to drop into a jog-trot along this old rut! Let him put on his garment of youth in face and eyes of the old dissembler as he donned the white flannels for a call at the White House. We have Dooley and Dinkelspiel and the rest of them; but Mark is an old love, and we want him to stay and spray us with his fun as in bygone days, when our cheeks were drenched with tears of

laughter. Stay with us, old friend, stay indefinitely. Out of the body you may feel lonesome.

Many others, too many to enumerate here, we would like to see treading the path to the "Fountain."

And Great Heart, the impetuous, high-souled, versatile-brained creator of Bob Brownley, who evolved a resistless dynamic power against the spoiler, even while sitting crushed in his Gethsemane, what of him? When his honesty of purpose shall have been vindicated, Bob Brownley

having played his culminating trick, and he shall have unfurled his victorious banner, there will be other fields as outlets for his energies. We bespeak him full, deep draughts at the Fountain of Perpetual Youth! Many more of those, too many to enumerate here, who have not reached their "prime," as well as those who have passed it in thought, we would like to encounter frequently along the well-trodden path leading to the "Fountain."

ISABEL HOLMES.

TO THE CLOSED GENTIAN

By CHRISTINE P. KELLEY

Meek brookside cousin of the autumn's queen,
 Who flaunteth her fringed mantle in the field,
 Where all who pass may ready homage yield,
 Thou dost disclaim thy kinship by thy mien!
 Yet peepeth Bourbon blood from out the hoods
 Which thou hast chosen for thy prim disguise.
 Wouldst thou then hide from some mad lover's eyes,
 Or hath the haughty prelate of the woods,
 Yon Cardinal in scarlet, bidden thee
 To do a penance, veiled and shrouded thus?
 Still guardest thou thy mystery from us,
 Sweet, silent nun! and tho' the brook might tell,
 Shifting his wild song to a minor key,
 He hath conspired to keep thy secret well.

THE SONG-WEAVERS

By CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

Across the heavy warp of life they fling
 The flying shuttle of their fantasy
 And rhythmic weave a figured tapestry
 Of thoughts aglow and words a-shimmering.
 The warp of life's a dull and sordid thing,
 Taut cords of strife and lust and treachery;
 But Master-Weavers glimpse what life may be
 And interweave their bright imagining
 Of Passion, masterful, that yields to none
 Save Honor, that will neither yield nor lie;
 Of Battle, bravely lost and fairly won;
 Of Love, that humankind can deify;
 Of Justice, calm, benignant, like the Sun,
 All-seeing, as He paces through the sky.



ONCE in a while, after struggling with the swash of novels now weekly and weakly sent out where persons you would not care to meet go on as if idiotic, depraved, or insane; or bored almost to inanition by a wishy-washy flood of so-called poetry—oh, how that glorious name is insulted by the vague, or diluted, or objectionable stuff which is neither poetical, worth while, or even intelligible!—or sent into a waking drowse by highly lauded essays which weary by their sameness and unvarying egotisms, the point of view of one person who says nothing really new, original, or brilliant, the work of those who are not sufficiently great in this difficult department of literature to deserve respectful study; then, after all this depressing, enfeebling experience I long for something in the way of reading that wakes me up, stirs and starts heart and brain; that makes me surprised or shocked or downright angry or antagonistic; a sort of mental Tabasco or a cocktail of Chutney of the “Bengal Hot” variety.

Do you ever get into such a jaded mood? Then sympathize with me and open your eyes to what I bring you!

Noticing the startling advertisements of Max Stirner’s “The Ego and His Own,” or, as a German tells me is more exact, “The Ego and His Very Own,” as being the most revolutionary, daring, too terribly advanced to be believed sort of a production, I sent for it and agree with the general verdict of the rational and conservative reader.

It is published by Benj. R. Tucker, who promulgates the literature that “makes for” egoism in philosophy, anarchism in politics, iconoclasm in art. He is also the editor of a small-sized magazine called *Liberty*, which appears bi-monthly, full of sarcasm on almost everything but anarchism. All this was new to me, and I cannot say that the perusal of this repellent expression of the EGO, deformed by chronic and general elephantiasis, has made me happier, wiser, or better. Stirner

says with easy boldness what others hardly dare think; or, at most, whisper with bated breath.

I have seldom met any one, whatever his or her superiority, but had a full appreciation of his own gifts; and shyness is only egotism wrong side out. Did any one ever find a person who voluntarily acknowledged a sin or a mistake or a wrong opinion?

Touch the domestic side; has n’t every bit of precious glass or china broken by careless handling been surely “crackit before”? Is n’t the blame for every casualty or blunder thrown on some one else?

All men and women are duly conscious of their own gifts and attainments, and “A man is never so honest as when he speaks well of himself.”

Novalis said, “Every Englishman is an island,” and Mackintosh added, “Every American is a Declaration of Independence.” As a shrewd farmer said to me the other day, “Self is always the first man on parade.”

Pascal declared that “vanity is so anchored in the heart of man that a soldier, sutler, cook, or street-porter, vapour and wish to have their admirers.” And he goes on to say that the very frogs find music in their own croaking, and that the look of self-satisfaction on the face of a croaking frog is scarcely to be matched in nature.

Some Frenchmen who had landed on the coast of Guinea found a negro prince seated under a tree, on a block of wood for his throne, and three or four negroes armed with wooden pikes for his guards. His sable majesty anxiously inquired, “Do they talk much of me in France?” And I must tell one more story: of a Scottish driver of pigs, who was led on by a waggish Englishman to talk of himself. At last it was boldly stated by this wicked fellow that the driver was in fact a greater man than the Duke of Wellington!

The stupid lout scratched his thick head, and, with a satisfied expression, replied: “Aweel, Wellington was a great mon, and verra smart in his own

way; but I doot — I doot, if he could ha' driven seven hundred pigs fra Edinboro to Lonnon, and not lose one, as I ha' done!"

As this is a true presentment of proofs of universal egotism, why, then, need Stirner or his followers urge further development of the most prominent quality in our make-up. A deal of it is found in animals and birds. I have seen a few hours old incubator chicken which had just dropped to the lower shelf, attracted by the light, go for the next feeble little comer and try to fight and pick out an eye.

This eccentric creature who denied the existence of an Absolute, of a God, a State, "the State and I are enemies," and rejected religion, humanity, society, the family, did not make a success of his own life. He was born at Bayreuth in 1806 and died in Berlin in 1856; his real name was Schmidt, Max Stirner being a nickname given to him because of his extremely high and massive, though retreating forehead.

He prepared himself to be a teacher, but his mother becoming insane just before his last examinations at the Berlin University, he gave up his own plans and devoted himself to her. This filial devotion is the only thing in his life that seems free from his hideous theories. Still, according to his creed no one is or can be disinterested. "Altruism is a pretty disguise for egotism; no one is or can be disinterested."

His wife did not enjoy his society, and, leaving him, tried writing, and in the end became a washerwoman and married a laborer. When asked for some facts in the career of her first husband she said, sharply, that she was not willing to revive her past; and that her husband had been too much of an egotist to keep friends and was a very "sly man."

He was twice imprisoned for debt and was often hungry and penniless. He was solitary and probably inherited the mental askewness of his mother. His book, "The Ego and His Own," or as some translate it, "The Only One and His Property," was soon forgotten and apparently consigned to oblivion when Mackay, a scholar and a man of wealth, hunted it up and for ten years made a study of Stirner and his teachings, and in 1898 published the story of his life. Both Ibsen and Nietzsche were greatly influenced by Stirner; I now understand them better.

This book is divided into two parts, "The Man" and "I."

We are told by one of his best critics that "his icy, relentless, epigrammatic style is in the end more gripping than the spectacular, volcanic, whirling utterances of Nietzsche." Well, so be it.

Let them grip and whirl, both semi-maniacs; unfortunately they seize upon others and poison their minds as they whirl.

I intended to quote some of his wild statements and paradoxes, but I'm tired of talking of such self-absorbed rot and rubbish; it actually produces a mental nausea. So excuse me and look at it for yourselves if inclined.

As an antidote, I think of Pascal's phrase, "The hateful I," and of the blessed life-work of such self-denying, self-forgetting men and women as the late Dr. Barnardo of London, Dr. Grenfell of Labrador, Clara Barton, and a shining host of sincere philanthropists who have sacrificed their own ambitions and plans, and even life itself, to save the unfortunates who do not have a fair chance.

The egoists and anarchists and assassins ought to have a continent of their own, with a Kilkenny Cat result for a finale.

A self-obsessed person is apt to be a little "off;" a person who continually talks of himself wearies every one, detracts from his own estimate of self, and by foolish confidences make those laugh who otherwise might be tolerant.

George Sylvester Viereck is another pest, of the poetic variety, a compound of egotism, lust, irreverence, and positive indecency. One reviewer says, "The poems in 'Nineveh' stand as a monument to sensuality, repellent grossness, morbid audacity, and grave neurotic manifestations." And another, "The ever-recurring note of eroticism side by side with the pose of Christ-worship is revolting and nauseating beyond endurance except for one thing: the writer's youth and immaturity." To me, most of his verses seem like the lurid yells of a hyper-ecstatic and passion-crazed Goop; but let me try to be fair. "The true critic," says *Life*, "is one who can appreciate something he does n't like." He is at times strong, individual, with gleams of genius, and there are half a dozen real gems that can be quoted without being in danger of being complained of for disseminating obscene literature. Viereck goes farther and says worse than Whitman, and has, besides, the rare power of adding color to his word-pictures. Yet a few, a very few, of the poems are as pure, as fragrant, as the golden-hearted water-lily rising in its serene beauty from its surroundings of muck and mire. I give the first and last verses of "A Spring Blessing."

"Spring's blessing be upon you, dear!

Such is the prayer most meet for one

Whose eyes look up so starry-clear

With all his flowerets new-begun.

Still may he bless your pathway, dear,

Who weaves his golden threads around
Your heart and mine together bound:
Because your eyes are starry-clear —
Spring's blessing be upon you, dear!

"Spring's blessing be upon you, child!
And never may the wine-cup hold
One drop of bitter questioning.
May death in spring-time find you, child —
But love shall toss his locks of gold
And make all life an endless spring,
And fate and he be reconciled;
Spring's blessing be upon you, child!"

Viereck is another full-fledged Egotist. He says in his Preface, "If I am right I have extended the borderland of poetry into the domain of music on the one side, and to that of the intellect on the other." As if both these had not been an indwelling quality of the best poetry since Job! But, "it has never before been consciously applied!"

His poetry can lay claim to a peculiar nastiness and vulgar freedom, with "his libidinous lyrics dedicated to bestial passions."

Even a manure-heap gives out a stimulating whiff of ammonia and he has undoubted strength, and just misses being a genius; but to let his book loose in a public library, where boys and girls in the dangerous years of adolescence can read and wonder, is surely a crime as great as mailing an objectionable picture.

From what I have been told of the hideous conditions in public schools as regards purity, I conclude that parents who can't, really can't, "doncher know?" talk plainly with their own children do not know much about them, and are seriously to blame for whatever happens.

I cannot resist giving a few samples of his prose efforts; of course the theme is the only supreme and important, — himself. By the way, he is supposed to be a grandson of the great Kaiser William, and a cousin of the present Kaiser, a beautiful and famous actress, Edwina Viereck, being his grandmother. The poet freely admits this to be a fact. He remarked to Otis Notman, who was interviewing him, "I, George Sylvester Viereck, would rather have written 'Nineveh, and other Poems,' than be the German Emperor. I would rather have written the 'Game at Love' than be President of the United States, and I would rather have conceived 'The House of the Vampire,' my forthcoming novel, than be Czar of all the Russias."

He has a strange Trinity of his own for his Inspiration: "His three best friends, Christ, Napoleon, and Oscar Wilde."

And here is one of his so-called clever epigrams.

When asked if he went in for sports of any kind, he replied, "If I were to play golf what would become of American Literature?"

Moffat, Yard and Co., who usually publish delightful and wholly desirable books, are responsible for the getting out of this volume. Price, \$1.20.

Arthur Symons, who is so versatile, scholarly, and critical, has now published the result of his careful study of that wild and weird man William Blake. To borrow the words of Crabb Robinson, "Shall I call him Artist or Genius or Mystic or Madman? Probably he is all." He was considerably Nietzschefied and said mighty strange things, wrote stranger yet, and painted the queerest objects, yet had sufficient sanity to hold his own anywhere. Here are some of his thoughts:

"Whoever believes in nature," says Blake, "disbelieves in God; for nature is the work of the Devil."

He declared that "there was nothing in good and evil, the virtues and vices; that vices in the natural world were the highest sublimities in the spiritual world."

"Sin is negation, is nothing; everything is good in God's eyes."

He constantly saw visions and spoke of his paintings as being what he had thus seen. If asked about Socrates he said calmly, "I was Socrates." "A sort of brother." "I must have had conversations with him. So I had with Jesus Christ. I have an obscure recollection of having been with both of them." His poems are marvelous. Wordsworth said, after reading a number, they were the "Songs of Innocence and Experience," showing the two opposite sides of the human soul; "There is no doubt this poor man was mad; but there is something in the madness of this man which interests me more than the sanity of Lord Byron and Walter Scott!"

A celebrated German painter, after returning from England, said, "I saw in England many men of talents, but only three men of genius, — Coleridge, Flaxman, and Blake, — and of these Blake was the greatest."

Blake once wrote, "Cowper came to me and said, 'Oh, that I were insane always! I will never rest. Can you not make me truly insane? I will never rest till I am so. Oh, that in the bosom of God I was hid! You retain health and yet are as mad as any of us all, mad as a refuge from unbelief: from Bacon, Newton, and Locke.'"

Blake, the poet, painter, and vision-crazed, believed that he was directly inspired, and that his dead brother revealed to him a secret mechanical process for illustrating his own poems.

Homer, Dante, and Milton were frequent visitors, and the angels were continually coming to see

him. As he went along a common lane happiness stretched across the hills to him —

"With a blue sky spread over with wings,
And a mild sun that mounts and sings;
With trees and fields full of fairy elves
And little devils who fight for themselves;
With angels planted in hawthorn bowers
And God himself in the passing hours."

He explained his methods thus: "I write when commanded by the spirits, and the moment I have written I see the words fly about the room in all directions. It is then printed and the spirits can read." His illustrations for the book of Job are considered his finest work. Mrs. Jameson said, "The only new and original of the Scripture ideas of angels is that of William Blake, a poet-painter."

He indulged in fantastic portraits, such as "the ghost of a flea," "the man who built the pyramids," and "Nebuchadnezzar eating grass." His life has been written by many noted men, as Professor Norton and the late Alexander Gilchrist; there is also a critical essay by Swinburne; Rossetti has contributed explanations of his odd pictures. Swinburne speaks of "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" as the greatest of all his books, and about the greatest produced by the eighteenth century in the line of high poetry and spiritual speculation. Those who study Blake will find few poets and artists who, like him, to use his own words, make you

"To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour."

Mr. Symon's fascinating book is published by E. P. Dutton and Co., New York. Price, \$3.00, net.

And the dedication is very fitly to "Auguste Rodin, whose work is the marriage of Heaven and Hell."

"Life in the Homeric Age," by Thomas Day Seymour, Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in Yale College, is an exhaustive study of the Homeric poems. From the poet's language the author has endeavored to discover what was before the poet's mind. It is invaluable to the scholar, and exceedingly interesting as a book of reference to all. It contains maps, many illustrations, and references to other works on similar lines of study. Beginning with Cosmogony and Geography, he finds that the Homeric sun rises in the east and sets in the west — meteors, rainbows, dew, and hoar-frost, earthquakes, and an eclipse are mentioned. "The state in the Homeric times was extremely simple. Indeed, the government was the king. No treasury, standing army, or navy

existed. The king is not only leader in war and first in council, but also represents his people before the gods."

The Greek women of the poet's time were far from being kept in semi-Oriental seclusion. Fair Helen of Troy is beautiful, fascinating, with great tact but little conscience, the quick-witted mistress of her household, and yet easily influenced. She is not greatly troubled in soul by the fact that she is the cause of the war; but she applies to herself such harsh epithets and so wishes that she had died before causing all this trouble that in general no one has the heart to reproach her, though Achilles, addressing the dead Patroclus, calls her "horrible."

The formal education of the Homeric child was exceedingly limited, and consisted almost entirely in the observation and imitation of the elders. The power of the father over his children, as over his servants, was theoretically unlimited,— he was a despot; practically his power seems to have been used mildly. That marriages were "made in heaven" is indicated by the rather odd combination of expressions of one of Penelope's suitors. "She would wed him who should bring the most gifts and who should be according to fate." In those days everything was determined on Olympus. Men made their gods in their own image, and the society of the Homeric Olympus is the counterpart of that on earth. The Homeric divinities are all anthropomorphic, and each has his own physical characteristics, though they are able to change their forms at pleasure. They need sleep and food as truly as any mortal. Children are born to them by mortal women. They have chariots and horses, "swift of flight." Zeus harnesses his horses in order to journey from Olympus to Mt. Ida, and there releases them from the chariot and covers them with mist as he takes his place to view the battle of the Trojans and Achæans. Homer knows no divine providence in the sense of a definite purpose and guidance for the life of a man or for the development of a city or nation. Their several human favorites, and their plans for them, cause the greater part of the quarrels and jealousies of the gods as they are presented in the Homeric story. They appear in their proper form to only a single mortal at once — never to a group or large number. Generally they appear in the guise of men. Every human action is ascribed to the suggestion or coöperation of some divinity.

Hades in Homer is the name of a person and not of a place. He is a son of Cronus, and brother of Zeus and Poseidon, who divided among the three their new kingdom,— the realm of murky darkness. In general the realm of Hades lies be-

neath the earth, like the mediæval hell, yet Odysseus on his visit to the home of the dead descends through no cavern, but sails to the land of shades in a single day from Circe's island. According to a familiar view, the souls of the dead were not admitted immediately to the realm of Hades, but wandered in loneliness on the confines of that land until the body was either burned or buried. Although the souls are as unsubstantial as dreams, yet they not only have the human form, but may also feel anger, like Ajax, or joy, like Achilles, or may weep, like Agamemnon, and they partake eagerly of blood, wine, and honey which are provided. Even this shadowy existence of the souls of the dead is not conceived as lasting forever,—it is not immortality in the modern sense, though no hint is given that they endured only as long as their memory was kept alive on earth.

The worship paid to their gods by the Homeric Greeks was joyous. Priests were not necessary, as they were among the Jews, for the popular performance of a sacrifice. Sacrifices in confirmation of an oath were symbolical, that the violator of the oath might perish as the animal of sacrifice perished. "Whichever first breaks this oath, so may his brains flow upon the ground as does this wine."

There are chapters upon House and Furniture, Homeric Food, Property Trades and the Crafts, Sea Life and Ships, Agriculture, Animals, Fishes, Birds and Insects, upon Homeric Arms, and other topics of interest to which I hope to refer more fully at another time.

This book will be a valuable addition to any library.

[Macmillan Co. Price, \$4.00, net.]

LEAF - MOLD

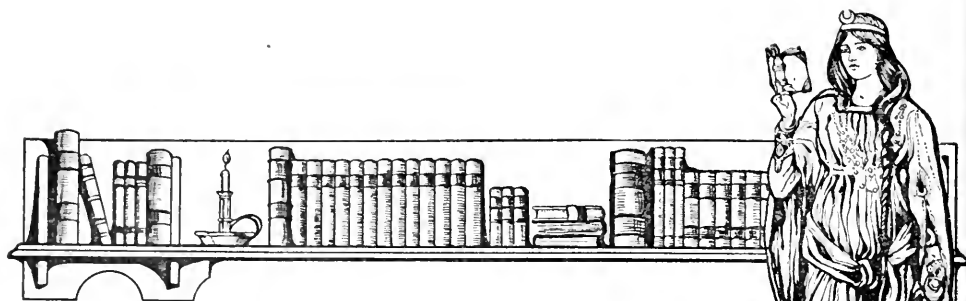
By CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

Drift of the leaves that have floated down,
Ashes of life; but they once were fair,
Fair in green-crimson, and golden-brown,
Drinking the wine of the autumn air.

Low in their beds they have lain asleep,
Lain while the feet of the years moved on;
Pulsings of Nature stir warm and deep,
Thrilling the waste of the summers gone.

Now, to the call of the springs anew,
Upward will leap, from the black leaf-mold,
Froned of the fern, and violet's blue,
Star in the dark, and wood-lily's gold.

All of the Earth to the Earth must go;
Yet will Life waken, in God's own plan,
Wake to some new, sweet living, and know
Infinite Life is Death's gift to Man.



Book Notes

FAMOUS PAINTERS OF AMERICA. By J. Walker McSpadden.

All the canons of tradition have been violated. A book dealing with art and artists (herein is artless evidence of the author's artfulness) and not once appears, from title to finis that overworked word "chiaroscuro," while "color-values" and "relief effects" are also given a well-earned rest. The casual reader will get pure enjoyment from this sort of treatment. He is not pestered with technical definition or critical analysis, but is given a picturesque glimpse of the real men which it takes but a scratch of the great artists' skin to reveal. Intimate and personal are these studies, chatty, anecdotal glimpses of the men at their easels. Benjamin West, Painter of Destiny, the little Quaker boy in Pennsylvania, pulling fur from the cat's tail to make his first brushes; John Singleton Copley, Painter of the Early Gentility, growing up amid the fumes of tobacco-smoke and the pungent odor of snuff in his mother's little shop in Boston; Gilbert Stuart, Painter of Presidents, the indulged only son, with his first box of paints and brushes; George Inness, Painter of Nature's Moods, a slender youth with pale face and dreamy eyes, doling out sugar, cheese, and soap in his father's grocery-shop; Elihu Vedder, Painter of the Mystic, frowned upon by his practical Dutch father as he chews his sticks into brushes and invests his pennies in cheap paints; Winslow Homer, Painter of Seclusion, a shock-headed New England boy, standing before the teacher's rostrum, face red as a beet, receiving corner sentence for "making pictures all over his books;" John La Farge, Painter of Experiment, subaltern in the French army under General Leclerc on his way to suppress an insurrection in San Domingo; James A. McNeill Whistler, Painter of Protest, the fun-loving boy who "when he was good was very, very good" and when—at least, his pensive, delicate face was shaded by soft, brown curls, one of which, even then, fell "right down his forehead," the one of which in later years he was so proud, and which, turning gray while he was quite young, gave him a striking appearance—Whistler, the schoolboy, convulsing the near-by scholars with his droll likenesses of the master and painting a drop of water on a fellow-student's desk so cleverly that the other boy tried to wipe it up with his coat-sleeve; John Singer Sargent, Painter of Portraits, child of a handsome and accomplished mother, surrounded from his cradle by every

congenial influence, travelling with his family from place to place as fancy leads them, making his first experiments in line and color at his mother's knee, meeting poets and painters and visiting galleries, his portraits at twenty-three showing the touch of the mature artist; Edwin Austin Abbey, Painter of the Past, an under-sized boy in staid old Philadelphia, with weak eyes, peering closely at his books, or at the dream pictures which persist in coming between, later a typesetter on the *Public Ledger*, taking lessons in drawing for an hour on three afternoons a week and every evening poring industriously over his sketches; and William Merritt Chase, Painter of Precept, an Indiana youngster making little figures out of the mud kicked up from the creek's bottom. These are the sketches which the author has drawn of those great men. He has appended a bibliography which gives a list of books and articles about these painters and their works. It is a handsome volume with many fine illustrations. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price, \$2.50, net. Postage, 20 cents extra.)

QUIPS AND QUIDDITS. QUESTIONS FOR THE QUIRIOUS. By John B. Tabb.

A modern "Mother Goose for Grown-ups" is this, in that its humor lies in its utter nonsense and its wit in its absolute foolishness. Funny verses and pictures from cover to cover, and, take it all in all, a strong dose it is—as one of its verses is called.

A STRONG DOSE

If brevity be soul of wit,
The Boston wag discovered it
In saying that my verse fulfils
For him the purposes of pills.

Here's "Ingersoll's Dilemma:"
"Says Bob to the Devil, 'I do not believe
In the doctrine of hell—nor in you!'
Says the Devil to Bob, 'You must, or be
damned!'
Says Bob, 'I'll be damned if I do!'"
(Small, Maynard & Co. Price, \$1.00, net.)



His Excellency Curtis Guild, Jr., Governor of Massachusetts

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH NEW ENGLAND?

VI.

MASSACHUSETTS IN AN ERA OF INDUSTRIAL PROSPERITY AND POLITICAL BUNCOMBE

By FRANK PUTNAM

I.



If you were set the task of studying and reporting upon the conditions of life in Massachusetts, three courses would at once lie open to you.

The first, most obvious, and easiest would be to follow the fashion and pronounce a whole-souled eulogy upon "the grand old Bay State," mother of Presidents and of younger commonwealths. For a second course, you might set up a standard of human perfection, in the fashion of the grim reformers, and having tried Massachusetts by that standard, you could conscientiously find her guilty on all counts. The third, and least easy, course would be to adopt a standard averaging the best that men have done in this and other communities, in the management of public and private affairs, and try faithfully to learn wherein Massachusetts excels, equals, or falls short of this standard of averages. Whatever course you took, you could be sure that you would make many errors, and your highest reasonable hope would be that by assembling your observations

you might reawaken among the negligent an interest in problems that affect them powerfully if indirectly. I have tried to work out my task along the third course.

Industry and Government Out of Step

Massachusetts's industrial and political systems are out of harmony. The former represents the twentieth century; the latter is a survival in form, though a wide departure in essence, from the eighteenth. Industrially, the State is a bee-hive. Half a million men, women, and children work in her factories. The value of their product is a billion and a quarter yearly. With 3,000,000 inhabitants, she has nearly 2,000,000 savings-accounts in her banks, totaling close to \$700,000,000, or an average of about \$350 each.

An extraordinary change has taken place in the industrial organization of the State during the last half-century. The small general-purpose farm has passed with the small factory. What was, in the main, a self-employed people has become a wage-earning people. Strange and perplexing problems have arisen. The political system that was competent to regulate the

affairs of the earlier civilization is not competent to manage these new problems. The State has sixty-odd boards and commissions, permanent or temporary, now in the field. Each, affording places of honor or profit, is composed of several members. In most cases, one known expert could get swifter and more satisfactory results, at vastly less cost to the public that pays the bills. A private business enterprise would in like case adopt the cheaper, swifter, more effective method; but in the public service undertakings of this character are ordered only after the office-hungry masters of the machine have provided jobs for as many of their placemen as they dare to. The governmental system of the State should be reorganized, not by the creation of countless special commissions powerless to do anything but spend money and report back to indifferent Legislatures, but by the creation of one commission-in-chief, substituted for the Legislature, elected by the people, and responsible directly to the people. In a word, system should be simplified. It should become indeed a government of the people, by the people, and for the people,—that is to say, for the majority,—instead of, as now, a government of the people by the politicians for the big special interests.

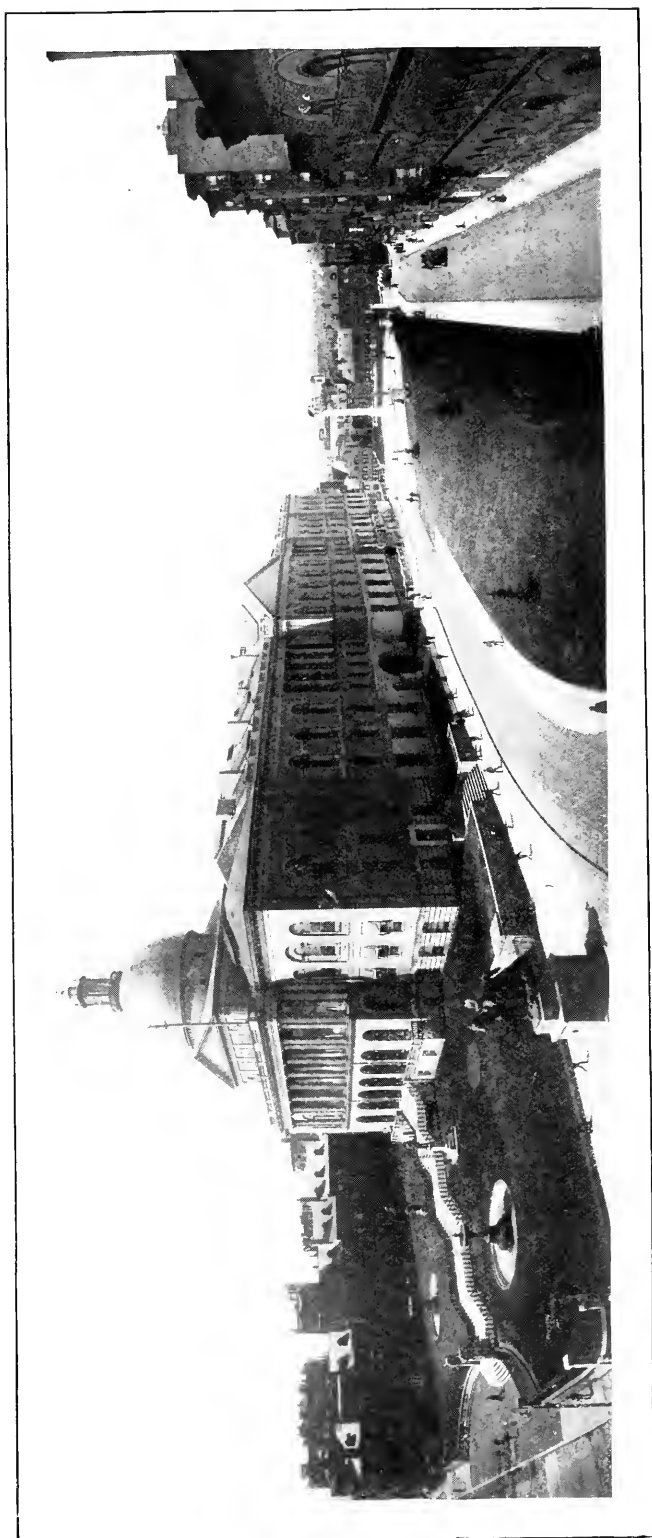
The secret of the vast growth of private business is the union of many little warring, wasteful, competitive enterprises into a comparatively few big and economically efficient companies. The little warring, wasteful, competing political units have not yet been united into one efficient whole. Each ward and town still clings to its shadow of sovereignty, insists upon separate representation in the Board of Directors.

The result is that the ship of state is waterlogged by the mere weight of its crew.

The Legislative Regiment at Work

Two hundred and forty assembly men and forty senators come up to the State-house in Boston once a year to transact the State's business. They are no sooner met than the air is filled with charges of bribery in connection with legislation concerning this special interest or the other one. Measures affecting the public good are decided not upon their merits as business problems, but with a main view to

their effect upon the political fortunes of the members and their parties. It is notorious that in too many districts members who "invest" considerable sums in obtaining an election go up to the State-house determined "to get it back." The result is familiar to all students of American politics. "Strike" bills are offered, intended to "hold up" corporations that are enjoying special privileges for which they are not making a fair return to the public. Menaced, or believing they are menaced, with the loss of these special privileges, they pay to the people's representatives a part of what they ought in the first place to have paid to the public treasury. Other legislation is sold across the counter. Some men are bought for cash. Others sell votes for political promotion, or to get places for their dependents, or for reasons affecting their private business. It is the same story wherever and whenever one of these antiquated, cumbrous, directorial boards assembles to manage public affairs. Somehow the case seems especially absurd in a State so preëminent in all the fields of private endeavor for high intelligence and sound morality. If Massachusetts must have any more special commissions to investigate this, that, and the other, let us pray that the next one to be appointed will be a commission, composed of men successfully directing great business and educational institutions, and required to report upon the best means of simplifying and modernizing the entire machinery of State government. Our governments have gradually become, like railroad-rate sheets, so complicated that only high-priced experts (called rate clerks when dealing with railroads, and lobbyists when dealing with councils and legislatures) can understand them. As a natural result, while city, state, and nation are forbidding private enterprises to grant special rates or other privileges to favored patrons, they are themselves constantly granting rebates of one sort or another to favored individuals, corporations, and communities. Massachusetts has led the country in so many beneficent forward movements, beginning with the free public-school system, that she could with peculiar propriety take the lead in this movement. True, it has already been given effect by four or five cities of Texas, and by the capital of Iowa, in the substitution of city commis-



The Massachusetts State-house

sions for city councils; but no State has yet considered how easily and profitably a commonwealth might substitute a State Commission for a Legislature.

The Slow, Sure Tendency Toward Concentration

There is a perceptible unconscious movement toward the concentration of public function in the State governments, and the gradual extinction of cities and towns as independent political units. One by one the States are taking over the control of public schools, public roads, and the like. Authority once granted to the towns in these affairs is being steadily withdrawn. Slowly but surely public governments are adopting the new idea of concentration for efficiency and economy. In the several States that have adopted the initiative and referendum the people have practically taken back to themselves the legislative power and have left to their Legislatures, in all affairs of chief importance, the duty only of enacting the public will into written law. The inevitable next step will be the elimination of the Legislature as at present constituted, and the substitution in its stead of a small board of experts elected by the whole State, and charged with the double duty of registering the public will and executing it. This has nothing to do with the socialistic movement, which may gain ground or may fade away into the limbo of populism and other political memories. It is a return to the principles of the fathers of the republic, and to common sense.

Massachusetts has not yet taken the first step in this direction. Her Legislature at its latest session defeated the so-called "public-opinion bill." This was a measure designed to enable the people, not positively to instruct their representatives upon pending legislation, but merely to make known their desires, upon which their representatives could act or not as they chose. The Massachusetts Legislature, like the Connecticut Legislature when it was proposed to let the people of that State say whether a State debt of six millions should be incurred for public works, was mightily affronted by the public-opinion bill. Its dignity was ruffled. Its intelligence and its integrity were impugned. It argued that if the people have not sense

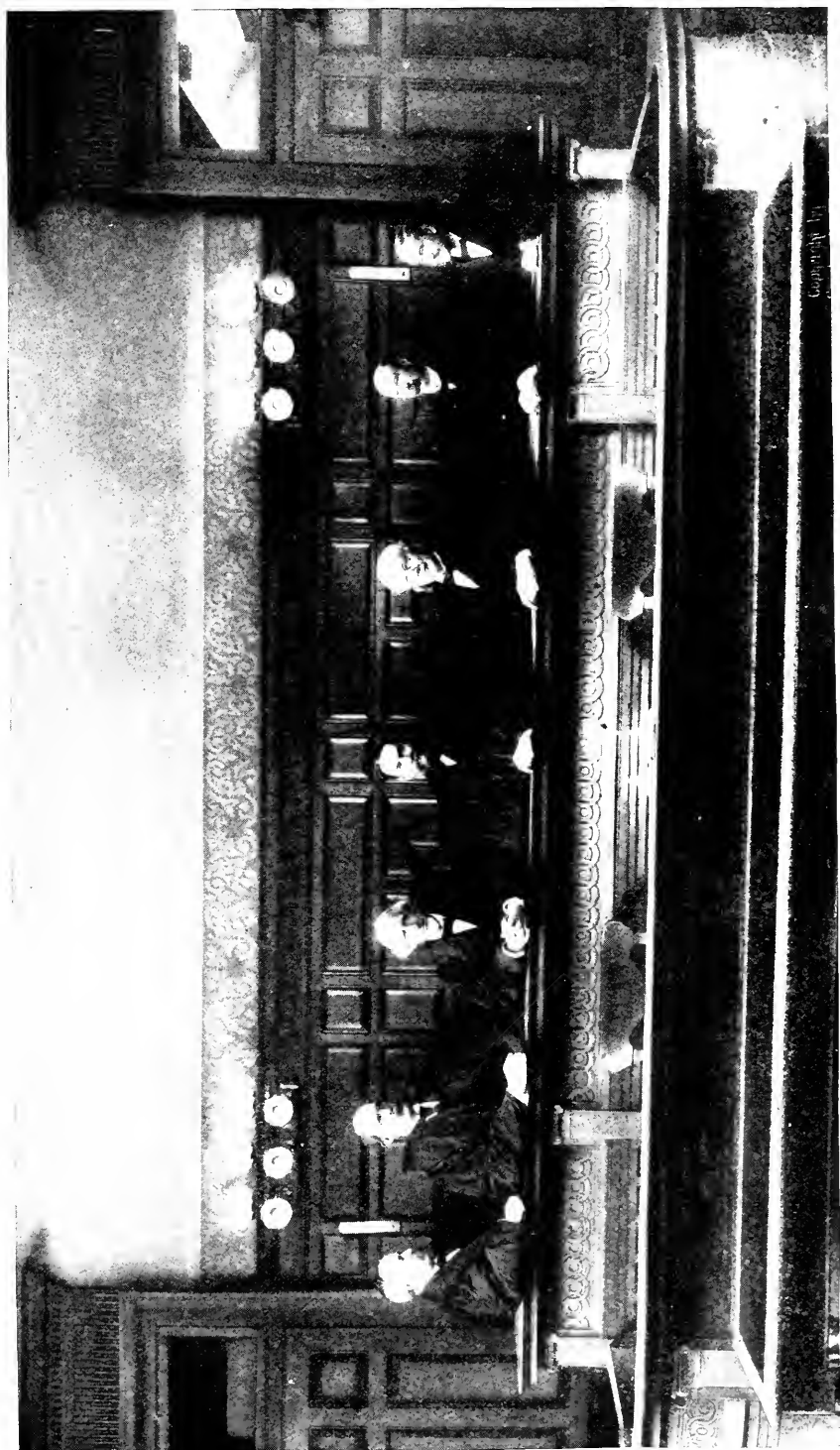
enough to elect honest, intelligent representatives, they have not sense enough to know how they want their business done. In this the legislators ignored the obvious fact that an employer may know very well how he wants his work done, but cannot, in the nature of things, guarantee that the man he hires to do the work will do it honestly or intelligently. In private affairs, the employer reserves to himself the right to supervise at any and all times the work of his hired men; his own intelligence would be doubted by his neighbors if he did not, and if he escaped the bankruptcy court it would be due more to luck than to sagacity.

II.

An Era of Political Buncombe

Judged from merely surface indications, Massachusetts might be termed the home of political buncombe. In the State campaign of the autumn of 1907 we had the side-splitting and amazingly impudent spectacle of the recognized leader of the Republican party offering as an issue in the State's election the proposition that the nation ought to get rid of its tariff-taken surplus by paying its debt. And we had the scarcely less amazing proposition, on the Democratic side, that the campaign should be fought out on the question whether the next Legislature should authorize the merging of two great non-competitive railroads into one homogeneous system. Even more surprising was the ineptitude of the third party, the Independence League, whose chief leader laid most stress upon popular election of United States Senators, opposition to the railroad merger, and upon the need of a State law to prevent the Standard Oil Company from selling its own wares cheaper in one city than in another.

In none of the three principal political programs did we find a suggestion of the commonwealth's duty to create a board of compulsory arbitration, that would prevent wasteful strikes, protect the general public from the annoyance of industrial war, and substitute the equitable judgment of a court for the enforced and too often unjust submission of one or the other party to the conflict. We had no suggestion that the State ought to buy and reforest the hundreds of thousands of acres of waste and practically



worthless lands that might in this way be made ultimately the source of a rich public revenue, the guarantee of water-supplies, and an object-lesson for private holders of such lands. There was no demand that the State should lead and assist the cities of the river valleys in the creation of trunk-line sewage systems or other suitable means to end their barbarous practice of polluting nearly all of the running waters of the commonwealth; no suggestion that the State ought to lead in providing a safe and adequate system of pensions for the underpaid school-teachers of Massachusetts; no proposition that suit should be begun to dissolve the lease under which the New York Central Railroad operates, and grossly mismanages, the Boston & Albany, a road that was built with large aid from this State, to insure competition between Boston and the West; nothing positive proposed with reference to Boston's dwindling prestige as a seaport, the result of the alien domination of her commercial highways. If the buncombe programs that were proposed could be said to represent the intelligence of the commonwealth, then it would be a poor State indeed. But they do not. We can grin at the buncombe and pass on to a more serious consideration of the real business of Massachusetts.

III.

A Population of Urban Wage-earners

This State has, to be exact, 3,050,000 inhabitants, of whom two-thirds dwell in thirty-three cities, with a total area of 514 square miles. The remainder of the State, with an area of 8,040 square miles, supports the other third of the population. That is not to say that a third of the people are supported by the farms. The number of farms of all sizes in 1900 was 37,715. Say there are forty thousand now, and allow six persons to each farm—a liberal allowance, in excess of the true case—and we have but 240,000 out of the third million that get their living from the soil. It is doubtful if as many as 200,000 are so supported. The value of farm products in Massachusetts rose from fifty-two millions in 1900 to sixty-seven millions in 1905, but the gain was the result of intensive farming rather than of an increase of acreage under cultivation. American farming hith-

erto, East and West, has been a matter of five-acre men wastefully operating eighty-acre farms. Our new-comers from Europe's farming districts, and our new scientific instruction in agriculture, are teaching our farmers that they can get more off a five-acre farm intelligently worked than off an eighty-acre farm worked in the old fashion. The rest of the third million, like most of the two millions in the thirty-three cities, are employed at wages in manufactures of one kind or another. As a whole, the people of Massachusetts depend upon manufacturing to a degree not surpassed, if it be equalled, in any other State of the Union.

Massachusetts has, therefore, with regard to the acquisition of the means of life, three chief concerns: first, that she may find a ready market in other States and in foreign countries for her manufactured wares; second, that she may be able to obtain the raw materials of her manufactures (of which her own production is practically nil) at prices that will allow her manufacturers to compete with those of other States and of foreign nations; third, that she may be able to obtain a plentiful supply of laborers for her factories.

Apart from the means of obtaining her livelihood, Massachusetts is chiefly concerned, in her internal affairs, with the three problems, first, of public education; second, of creating, through State, county, city, and town, permanent public works; and, third, of preserving the public health. True, there is from time to time a flurry of excitement over some such temporary matter as the merging of railroad systems in obedience to the irresistible laws of economic development, but the foregoing problems are those which, year in and year out, most engross the attention of the people of Massachusetts.

Tariffs, the Great Political and Economic Issue

Massachusetts has constantly, during the period of the rise of her great manufacturing industries, voted her conviction that a national system of protective tariffs, shutting the competing wares of other nations out of the American home market, is her best guarantee of ready and profitable sales. These protective tariffs



Washington Street and the Old South Church, Boston

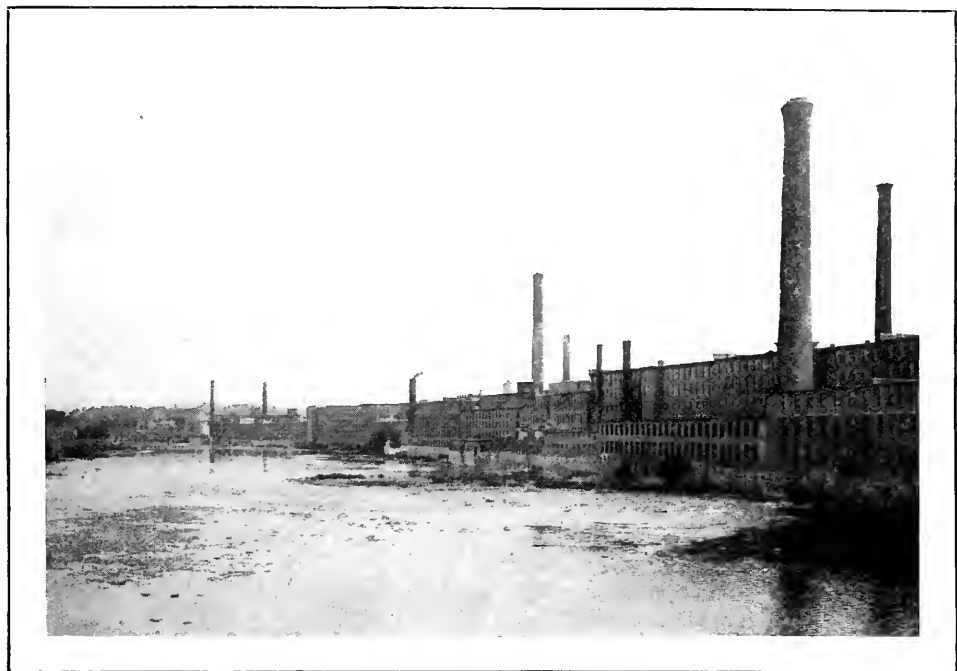


Street scene in Lowell

levied, as the campaign orators tell us, to "protect American labor," have served Massachusetts in two ways: first, by barring out the competing wares of foreign nations; and second, by *not* barring out the laborers of those foreign nations who should choose to come to Massachusetts to compete in the local labor-market against the native residents of the commonwealth. It is the fashion among opponents of the protective tariffs to charge that they protect the manufacturer, but do not protect his employees. To which the advocates of the protective tariffs retort that if there were no such bar set up against the free admission of foreign goods, Massachusetts could never have created the great systems of manufactures which are now her main support. They say that the tariffs, giving insurance to home capital against the products of cheap foreign labor, encourage home capitalists to embark in manufactures which employ not only as many of the native residents as wish to work in them, but also attract hundreds of thousands of the natives of other countries, whose presence in the State enlarges land

values and enriches the commonwealth in a thousand ways.

Professors of political economy resident in Massachusetts have most of them opposed protective tariffs. Or, if that statement, which I have not time to verify in detail, be not exact, it may be modified thus: those professors of political economy, resident in Massachusetts, who have been heard by the country at large, have most of them been opponents of protective tariffs. Most of the newspapers of Boston, the principal city of the commonwealth, have been of the Democratic faith, and the city likewise is Democratic. But the mass of the wage-workers in the commonwealth have remained convinced that, whatever abuses the protective tariffs may have created or fostered, they are, on the whole, more beneficial to Massachusetts than any other national system that has been offered in their stead. This conviction, it seems to me, is not likely soon to be dislodged. Mr. Foss, a Republican by profession and a "millionaire" manufacturer, in the lingo of the day, urges reciprocal free trade with Canada. This is an item in the professed political



In Lowell, textile mills line the Merrimac as far as eye can see

creed of the Democratic party of Massachusetts. Governor Guild and a majority of the Legislature petitioned Congress for a modification of the national tariff laws to enable New England to obtain from Canada, at lower than present cost, the raw materials used in New England manufactures. Governor Guild, though a suaver and less forceful man than President Roosevelt, is agreed with the President (his college and army comrade and lifelong friend) upon the need to protect the general public against the misused power of too much wealth in a few hands. Senators Lodge and Crane, Lieutenant-Governor Eben S. Draper, and others influential in the Republican party in Massachusetts seem to be more concerned for the preservation of the established order than for any changes that have been proposed.

Two Years of Great Prosperity

While the great statesmen are manoeuvring for partisan advantage, the people of Massachusetts go quietly about their business. The operators of the great textile

mills, shoe factories, foundry and machine shops, and other industries, have just closed two years of extraordinary prosperity. They have been hard put to it, in many cases, to hide their enormous earnings. Hardly a single mill city but has one or more textile mills that have earned a hundred per cent a year in this flush period, and almost without exception the textile mills of the State have served their owners handsomely. The wage-earners, steadily employed at higher rates of pay than those of two years ago, have poured their savings into the savings-banks, have bought thousands of homes, and have been better housed, better dressed, and better fed, even if at higher prices in all three particulars, than in any previous period. Their products have flowed into the world's markets in a volume that overtaxed the carrying capacity of the railroads. New mills and factories have sprung up in most of the industrial centres; there are few exceptions. Thousands of men and women from other lands have come here to take places among the wage-earners and wealth-producers of the commonwealth. Realty values have

advanced in nearly all the thriving towns and cities. If this prosperity, this thrift, can be shown to be dependent upon the nation's system of protective tariffs, then Massachusetts workmen may easily be pardoned by their impatient critics for adhering to that system. Probably the truth is that the industrial prosperity of Massachusetts is based not so much upon any political system as upon the firm establishment here of a large population amazingly skilled in the manufactures in which they are employed and, to a less extent, upon the large natural water-powers, well and thoroughly utilized.

The latest report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics states that twenty thousand horse-power that might be developed along the streams of the State is not now utilized. It reports that one hundred and twenty-three towns have less population than they did ten years ago, and urges the appointment of an engineer in the service of the State to "examine the condition of the water-power of the State, with a view to ascertaining to what extent it could be increased by the construction of dams and other means of storing water." "If," the Bureau adds, "the expenditure of a reasonable sum will store up power in our rivers and ponds and thus enable manufacturing-establishments to locate in these almost moribund towns, it will be for the benefit not only of manufacturers but of workingmen and farmers." The losses of population have been very marked in Barnstable, Berkshire, Franklin, Hampden, Hampshire, Middlesex, and Worcester county towns. If continued at the present rate a few more decades many towns will have to go out of business for lack of funds.

Still Capable of Rising to Great Issues

Doubtless the great statesmen are enabled to play with buncombe issues because of the people's intense absorption in the business of creating and enjoying new wealth. No student of the State's history and her status to-day can doubt that Massachusetts will in the future as in the past rise to swift and imperative action upon any issue of genuine importance. There is something in the soil and climate, in the overshadowing great traditions of Massachusetts, that transmutes the new-comers

from all the other countries into an approximation of the historic Massachusetts type. Evacuation Day falls upon March 17, but it is not in honor of the good Saint Patrick that Boston's Irishmen so gallantly celebrate the anniversary of the British retreat. At most, it may be said that their veneration for the saint is far less evident than their detestation of the wicked English. And if their emotions on that momentous anniversary are deeply toned with affectionate regard for the land of their adoption, this is not otherwise than it should be, since Massachusetts is certainly the paradise of the Irish. It is a singular city in Massachusetts that has not for its mayor, from time to time, a keen, clean, witty young Irish lawyer, and for a majority of its public servants other Irishmen who, whatever may be said of their political inefficiency at home, so manage the business here that they impose upon an indifferent majority of other peoples the rule of an active minority of their own. Herein the race is truly to the swift, and there are none swifter in the local politics of Massachusetts.

IV.

Leaders of the Old Stock and Some Others

The old native stock still claims the highest political offices, the senatorships and the governorship; still dominates the realm of large affairs in finance and industry; still determines what sort of political philosophy shall be preached to the people through the principal public journals; still takes the big graft in all the alliances of public credit and private profit. A Lodge, exquisitely alien to the common life, is senior Senator and master of the Republican organization. A Crane, shy, silent, simple, shrewd, masterful yet modest, succeeds the glorious statesman Hoar, and in a single session, without making one speech, wins a working influence in the federal Senate greater than his predecessor ever wielded. The old stock still turns out men, you see. A Guild is Governor — cordial in his office, handsome in the saddle or on the platform; deft, genuinely sympathetic, using his influence in the main to better the condition of the working masses; aware, as Roosevelt is aware, that some business practices, once com-

mended, have gone out of fashion and must be stopped by legal enactment; brave, but too cautious to be a popular idol in these swiftly shifting scenes. A Whitney consolidates the metropolitan street-railways, the gas-works, enlists the Hessian dollars of predatory Gotham, and pulls many wires behind the curtain in public-service corporations, banks, newspapers. He is teased with a quaint desire to be Governor, forgetting that his ways and works, that once won him public honor, have now another and a baleful significance. A Douglas rises from the shoemaker's bench to the Governor's chair; is even mentioned respectfully for the Presidency. His millions, we infer, are clean; they excite no envy. A Sam McCall, the stubborn child of Massachusetts politics, flouts his superiors in their hour of need, and saves his bacon by appealing in his crucial hour to the fiscal conscience of his constituents — an appeal that never fails in Massachusetts.

In a word, the State belongs to the native sons; the cities, to the Irish — Fitzgerald, for example, the author of the movement for a bigger, brassier, busted Boston. Only give him money enough and he will make the old town look like a continuous vaudeville. He will prove that young men can still prosper here by entering office poor and leaving it rich — leaving themselves rich, I mean, not the office. If you are a banker, advertise in his newspaper and get a slice of city funds on deposit. But there are other types — Duggan of Worcester, quiet, clean, efficient, a Democrat elected by a Republican city for his quality; Coughlin of Fall River, yesterday a street-car driver, studying law, and politics, at night; Kane of Lawrence, fighting uphill for betterments in a city owned by alien landlords. And there are others. The Boston prestidigitator is not the ablest Irishman in Massachusetts; he is merely the noisiest. There are no vigilance committees upon the trail of these others; no finance commissions cutting down the graft in the interest of tired taxpayers.

Plenty of High-priced Government

Government is costly in Massachusetts. Its cost increases with the density of population. The total of taxes collected in the State in 1906 (I quote a Boston city publi-

cation) was \$56,165,963, or \$18.46 per capita of the population. This was on real and personal property, and was collected from 509,537 individuals, firms, corporations, trustees, etc., of whom 107,327 were non-resident. *Approximately five-sixths of the population paid no property tax.* Poll taxes were collected from 863,686 men. The State collected a direct tax of \$3,500,000, and took other revenue from corporations, national banks, etc., totaling about nineteen millions. The State uses about ten millions a year to maintain its own institutions, and distributes about nine millions a year to the cities and towns.

Consider the case of Boston. The city of Boston has in round numbers 600,000 inhabitants. The statement was published early in this year that the city government in its various departments employs forty thousand individuals. The names on the city pay-roll fill a book of 223 pages of agate type. The total value of all the city's property, real and personal, is \$87,000,000. Its funded debt is \$101,000,000. Its net funded debt is \$69,000,000. *Its net debt was increased during the last fiscal year two and a quarter millions.* Its annual revenue from all sources is about \$24,000,000. You would naturally think that a corporation with a total investment of \$87,000,000 and an annual income of \$24,000,000 could at least pay its way as it went, and you might even reasonably expect it to be reducing instead of enlarging its net debt. So it would if it were a private corporation — or else it would speedily arrive in the hands of a receiver. The municipal corporation has this advantage over your private corporation: that it cannot fail; it has behind it not only its own assets, but also the entire assets of the residents of the municipality. In this case, that means a billion and a quarter added to the \$87,000,000 owned by the city corporation.

Why Boston's Vast Debt Grows Constantly

The city of Boston should be paying off its debt. If its business was given in charge of a small board of experts — expert business men, not expert politicians — its pay-rolls would be rid of several regiments of tax-eaters, unnecessary employees, and those who remained upon the rolls would



The heart of Boston, showing how the modern sky-scrappers begin to overshadow the business houses of the earlier type

give a full day's work for a day's pay, which is far from being the case to-day. Nowhere in all New England is there such a crying need for government by commission as in the city of Boston. With fourteen aldermen and seventy-five councilmen in the legislative department of the city government, is it any wonder that the public's funds are spent with lavish hand, and in large part in ways so veiled and confusing that only the inner circle of politicians and the chief beneficiaries really understood how it is done? Is it any wonder that waste is everywhere apparent, since responsibility is so widely diffused that the taxpayer cannot fairly hold any one man to account for anything that takes place?

Public Credit in Partnership with Private Profit

Boston builds subways, under streets and harbor, and leases them at nominal rates to the immensely profitable street-railway monopoly. She buys lands, for parks and institutions, and notoriously pays more for it than a private buyer would pay. In this respect Boston is not different from most other American cities. The fact is mentioned because somehow the student from the West expects better government in Boston than in younger, rawer, less experienced communities. However strongly one may believe in the common sense of all municipal ownership and operation of all public utilities, he must admit that until Boston learns how to get an honest and efficient city government she will be better off with her public utilities in private hands, and supervised by State commissions. Boston has good water, plenty of it, at fair rates. This is the one public utility service, of any considerable importance, that is owned by the city. The East Boston ferries, earning less and costing more every year, exemplify the blend of official cupidity and stupidity that make the city government a backward, losing corporation. The public business is everywhere subordinated to the game of politics. Fourteen aldermen, seventy-five councilmen, and a drove of other office-seekers must give their first thought to securing their election; their second thought is, not unnaturally, under all the circumstances, upon how they may "get even with the

game" personally; their third thought, if perchance any of them ever take that third thought, is for the general welfare.

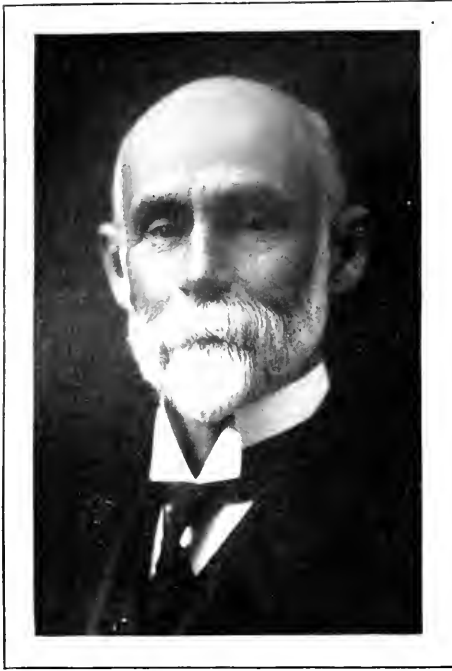
The Fault of a Lazy Citizenship

All of this is, of course, the fault of the citizens of Boston. Their government is precisely as good as they deserve. If they submit to be plundered, year in and year out, by a partnership of the mob and the big special-privilege grafters, they have no just cause of complaint. When a sufficient number of Boston's big men, her real leaders, lift their eyes off their own private ledgers long enough to learn what new ideas in government have been tested and tried by other cities, they can get as good for Boston. They must first dismiss the absurd and provincial conviction that Boston is the best-governed city in America. She is in many ways one of the worst-governed cities in the world. Her main streets are paved still with ancient granite blocks, maddeningly noisy, impossible to clean, killing in their effect upon both horses and vehicles. Surrounded as she is by wide, open spaces of cheap and beautiful home-inviting country, her slums are as sad and terrible as any in America. Her higher public schools, with very few exceptions, are less concerned with the age their pupils live in than with the age that Cæsar died in. She spends millions upon pleasure-drives for the rich, and each winter hundreds of her little slum children hide in hovels, half-frozen, half-fed, wholly neglected by drunken, unfortunate, or incapable parents. The little ones may believe that God still remembers them, but there can be no doubt that their civic mother has forgotten them. These things have I seen repeatedly during the last five winters.

V.

An Expert Criticism of Public Schools

Boston's schools are her pride. She spends four and a half millions upon them annually. Without them the trade in eyeglasses would languish. They adhere religiously to the ancient dogma that "mental discipline" can be got by a child only by studying books. Creative manual labor, by which the whole world lives, is still socially



George H. Martin, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education

below par. The system is framed for the minority that will finish the course and become professionalized. At this point I wish to quote from the annual report of Mr. George H. Martin, the secretary of the State Board of Education. Mr. Martin says:

There is a growing conviction that the scheme of public education must in some way be broadened to include provision for the healthy physical development both of boys and girls. This would require playgrounds and gymnasiums, large and small, and adequate supervision and instruction. Some provision is now made at public expense, and private efforts are multiplying; but there can be no doubt that this necessity of growing boys and girls is a matter of public concern and legitimate public support — not as a charity, not as a *fad* or fancy, but as an imperative obligation.

On another side the conditions of modern city life are unfavorable. They offer few opportunities for that participation in simple and varied forms of industrial activity on which children thrive, and which is also an essential part of a complete education.

When the first report of the Board of Education was written, these natural means of education for mind and body were in full activity. Because they were so familiar, so fully a part of their everyday life, their educational value was overlooked. Because education through schools was scanty,

its relative value was overestimated, and all the efforts for social improvement were directed to increasing and improving the schooling. When the time comes to write the seventieth report, the conditions have become reversed. We have schooling in abundance, and nothing else. Hence the necessity for a new view-point.

Some of the Lost Advantages

An analysis of the earlier forms of home education may serve to show what they contributed, and may direct our thinking in planning for the present and the future.

The children became familiar with the regular processes of the household life,—the care of the house, the preparation of food, the care of the children, the care of clothing. The girls, and in many cases the boys, learned to sweep, dust, wash, iron, make and tend fires, cook, sew, mend, and to wash and dress the younger children. In more primitive times they learned to spin, weave, and dye, to make butter and cheese, to cure meats and fish. Outside the house they learned the care of horses, cattle, pigs, and poultry; the propagation and care of plants; tillage, planting, and harvesting. They learned to do much construction and repair work on buildings and tools. They learned to do all these things by actual helping in the doing, according to their age and strength, beginning by merely running and carrying, gradually taking on more responsibility.

In this they learned the orderly processes of a great variety of industries. They learned the qualities and uses of materials and the use of tools. They saw the necessity of continuous industry, and, because money was scarce, they learned to practise those small economies which are the basis of frugality and thrift. They gained certain mental power with it all. They learned to see straight and quickly. They learned to see differences, and to compare. They learned to fit means to ends, and became ingenious and inventive. Judgment and common sense were developed. More important than all, they were forced to take a serious view of life, and to feel their obligation of service. There was a social element in it all that gave it its chief value. The children worked as members of the family in a coöperative way. They learned that where many worked together every little helped, and that only by mutual help could results be attained.

With such an equipment, it is easy to see how they might get on in life with scanty schooling, for they had all the essentials. Add reading, writing, and ciphering, and the education was complete. Only the squire, the minister, and the doctor needed more.

The problem now pressing for solution is, How to secure these essentials under modern city conditions.

Through the coöperation of the home much has been learned by school-children in the care and use of back yards. This has come about partly through the school-garden work. The school garden is another wholly feasible means for the training of city children, and it has in it much educative value, if rightly conducted.

By a modification and extension of the manual-



Commonwealth Avenue, one of Boston's most beautiful streets

training work, some of the old-time advantages may be gained.

Half a Day for Books, Half a Day for Tools

All of this work, to be well done, would call for considerable modifications of existing practice. First of all would be needed a simplification of existing courses of study. With such simplification would come spare time for the new work. It would probably be possible, in a forenoon session of four hours, say from 8.30 to 12.30, to do all of the academic work needed, and in the afternoon to do shop and garden work and drawing of a substantial and useful kind. Some of the morning work would be reinforced by the afternoon work. This would be especially true of the language work and the arithmetic.

These modifications may seem revolutionary, but they are not as revolutionary as the change by which the existing system has been built up. The effect would be to retain what of the present work is most useful, and to recover some of the former elements which have been lost. The process of recovery is likely to resemble the process by which the present system has become general—in being gradual, tentative, and local, and spreading through the united efforts of enlightened men and women.

The justification which has been offered for devoting the first eighteen years of a child's life entirely to scholastic pursuits, ignoring wholly any specific future, has been that by the study of the subjects in the school curriculum general mental power might be acquired which could be turned to use in any specific calling.

In actual practice, the result of the exclusive study of the subjects in the school curriculum has been to generate general mental boredom instead of general mental power, as witness the fact that most pupils acquire this learning reluctantly and take the first opportunity to forget it while learning practically how to live in the larger world outside of the schoolroom.

Mr. Martin adds:

Recognition of the New Economic Order

The result of basing school work on this theory has been that pupils have been going through the elementary and high schools without specific preparation for any vocation, and late in life must begin at the beginning of whatever calling they enter.

Precisely, and the reason for it is exactly the same as the reason for corrupt and inefficient city government generally; namely, the neglect by citizens of their social duty. The courses grow continually more scholas-

tic and professional because they are left too exclusively in the hands of professionals. The natural result is that in due season the schools are found to be operated for the teachers instead of for the children.

I have examined scores of city and State documents in the attempt to learn the tendencies of government in Massachusetts, and nothing has been more refreshing than this blast of common sense in the report of the secretary of the Board of Education. There are scores of other indications, in the reports of administrative departments and in the *Acts and Resolves* of the Legislature, that Massachusetts continues active in investigating proposals for the general good; but nothing else in all the thousands of pages of documents that I have here examined so aptly proposes to bring public business forward into step with the new industrial régime.

Some Surface-Scratching Reforms

Most of the finished business of a legislative session in Massachusetts is of necessity of a commonplace and routine character. Yet the public business of this State is, in its variety, more nearly like that of the nation than like the business of most of the other States. For example, Massachusetts appropriates very large sums annually to improve rivers and harbors, supplementing the national appropriations, or reaching needs not met in the national river and harbor bill. Not all of the progressive legislation of the 1907 session originated in the Governor's recommendations, but a significantly large part of it had this origin. The Governor is unmistakably a leader, of sentiment if not of men—a conservative among radicals, a radical among conservatives. It may be said of him, as of Governor Proctor of Vermont, that he knows what his people want and makes an intelligent effort to get it for them. He plows a straight furrow, if he does n't plow deep. Among the surface-scratching reforms that were put into law on his recommendation at the last session were the following:

Corrupt Practices.—The Governor renewed his recommendation of the preceding year, in his inaugural in January, for an extension of the Corrupt Practices Act. There was no legislation on this subject in 1906, but this year the Legislature passed an act prohibiting corporations from contributing to campaign funds and requiring

political advertising to hear the name of some one responsible for it.

State-house Enlargement.—The Governor called attention to the necessity for increasing the accommodations for the various State boards and commissions by the construction of a modern office building. This suggestion resulted in a law providing for the appointment of a commission to consider plans for the extension of the present State-house by means of eastern and western wings in harmony with the general design of the existing Bulfinch front.

Direct Inheritance Tax.—A direct-inheritance-tax proposition has been in every Legislature for a great many years. At some sessions it has passed the House, only to be rejected in the Senate. This year Governor Guild came out in favor of it in his inaugural address, stating that he believed the time had come when the increasing needs of our treasury demanded a graduated tax on direct inheritances. This proposition has now been incorporated into law, having been enacted and signed by the Governor on the last day of the session. In making this recommendation the Governor stated that "those who would be the heaviest contributors are the very ones whose larger share of the fruits of prosperity make it just that they should bear the greater burden."

Tax on Automobiles.—The Governor in his inaugural laid down the proposition that "he who is especially responsible for the waste and damage of public property should pay for any unusual damage that he causes. The suction of the automobile tire, for instance, is the cause of exceptional damage to the roads of the Commonwealth." He therefore recommended a tax on all motor-cars, the proceeds to be devoted to the maintenance of State highways. A bill providing for such a tax became a law in the closing days of the session. The Legislature also passed an act, chapter 408, extending the provisions of the law relative to convictions under the laws regulating the use and operation of automobiles.

Powers and Duties of the Auditor.—Up to the present year the auditor had no authority, nor was it his duty, to examine into the accounts of State officials, boards, and institutions which receive State funds that have to be deposited with the State Treasurer. These receipts amounted to nearly \$1,500,000 during 1906. The Governor took the ground that such matters should be subjected to audit by the auditor the same as regular claims against the Commonwealth. His recommendation that the auditor's powers be extended so as to require him to audit the accounts referred to was enacted into law.

Boiler Inspection.—The Governor's numerous recommendations with reference to further protection of the public against the dangers from defective steam boilers resulted in the enactment of chapter 465, entitled "An Act Relative to the Operation and Inspection of Steam Boilers," and also in the enactment of a law providing for the appointment of a "Board on Boiler Rules." Under this new legislation the public is assured a more thorough inspection of boilers than ever before.

One Day's Rest in Seven.—In his inaugural the Governor said: "European nations, not only from religious motives but from motives of social econ-

omy and common humanity, have found it necessary to provide at least one day's rest in seven. If women and children are to be forbidden night work, all workers of all ages and classes should be given, as far as possible, one day's rest in seven, especially demanded for a people of strenuous application and high-strung nervous activity. Where work of necessity and emergency enforces employment on Sunday, an opportunity should be given the Sunday toiler for some other day of rest." Legislation based on this recommendation, after considerable discussion, was finally enacted on the last day of the session.

Medical Examination in Factories.—In 1906 Governor Guild recommended an innovation by suggesting medical examination of school-children at the public charge, and in order that children whose parents could not provide for them proper medical attendance might have the benefit of expert advice. The reports that came to the State-house as to the beneficial effect of the medical inspection of school-children amply justified, in the Governor's mind, the passage of this legislation, and in his inaugural of the present year he recommended its extension and inquired: "Shall not Massachusetts lead also in medical inspection of the children in our factories?" "The boy with weak lungs," said he, "should not be exposed to the flying lint of the cotton-mills, though hearty labor in the open air might be not only permissible, but remedial. Let us take those with weak hearts from the treadles, the incipient epileptic from the elevator-shaft, that the labor of the young may not become, as it too often does, drudgery that actually hastens the approach of death, but may be such as to promote, not livelihood alone, but life itself." This recommendation has resulted in a comprehensive law providing for the division of the State into fifteen medical districts, for each of which an inspector is to be appointed. It is to be the duty of these State Inspectors of Health to inform themselves respecting the sanitary condition of their district and all the necessary dangers to the public health. They are to give information concerning the prevalence of tuberculosis and other dangerous diseases, and disseminate knowledge as to the best methods of preventing their spread; they are to inform themselves concerning the health of minors employed in factories, and whenever they may deem it advisable or necessary they are to call the attention of the parents or the employers and of the State Board of Health to the ill-health or physical unfitness of such minors. These inspectors are to enforce certain laws relative to factory inspection which have hitherto devolved upon the district police. No such comprehensive law for the protection of the public health and the insurance of the workers against bad sanitary conditions of employment has ever been placed upon the statute-books of the State.

Transportation and Railroad Problems.—The Governor in his inaugural reminded the Legislature that the development of the transportation facilities of the Commonwealth demanded its serious consideration. He called attention to the lack of sufficient trackage and rolling-stock to handle the freight business of the State, and the necessity of seeking a remedy from complaints of poor passenger-service and freight congestion.

These general observations were followed up later in the session by a special message recommending the creation of a special commission on commerce and industry, which should give special consideration to transportation questions and methods that might be devised for augmenting the industry and prosperity of the State. This resulted in the passage of an act providing for the appointment of such a commission, and the Governor hopes to be able to select his appointees within a short time. The Governor's recommendation to ensure proper safeguards for the public in view of the proposed combination of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad and the Boston & Maine Railroad is a matter of record.

This Legislature also passed an act, approved by the Governor on May 14, providing for a more careful inspection of work-shops in order to ensure their better ventilation and cleanliness. An act was also passed this year, and approved by the Governor, chapter 164, providing for the keeping of medical and surgical appliances in factories, in order that opportunity for speedy attention in case of accident might be facilitated.

Jury Reform.—The Governor urged upon the Legislature in his inaugural the necessity of jury reform, and the Legislature passed an act requiring registrars of voters to thoroughly investigate, before placing on the jury list, the reputation, character, and fitness for jury service of prospective selections, and such investigation to be by means of inquiries at the man's place of residence, business or employment, or by any other means. The board is given power by this law to obtain the assistance of the police.

Banking Reform.—In compliance with a recommendation of the Governor, a law has been passed giving the bank commissioner authority to protect depositors in foreign banking corporations.

Bucket-Shop Law.—The Governor said in his inaugural: "I commend to your attention the abolition of the so-called bucket-shop, or, in other words, of the misuse of market quotations as a basis for public gambling." The Legislature passed a law against bucket-shops after a long contest extending over many years, and these institutions have therefore been driven out of the State.

Misleading Advertising.—The Governor called attention to "the propriety of legislation against the attempted sale, through misleading advertising, of properties which in some cases are known to be worthless to the promoters and which in some cases do not exist at all." A law was passed intended to reach this sort of swindling.

Gas and Electric Light Commission.—In 1894 a special law was passed prohibiting the Gas and Electric Light Commissioners from having any other business. The Governor took the ground that this prohibition acted as an unnecessary brake upon the appointing power in the matter of selecting the ablest men for such important boards as this, and he accordingly advised the repeal of the act in question. The Legislature accepted this recommendation.

The Militia.—The Governor recommended liberal treatment of the militia, calling attention to the desirability of providing suitable and soldierly full-dress uniforms in order that a proper *esprit de corps* might be maintained and recruiting stimulated. The Legislature has accepted this

recommendation and provided the appropriation necessary to carry it out.

Forest Protection.—The Governor recommended more effective laws in regard to forest fires, and the Legislature passed, chapter 431, an act to provide for the better protection from fire of woodlands adjoining railroads. This act requires railroad corporations to install and maintain spark-arresters on locomotives, and provides further regulations to be observed by railroads and their employees in this connection.

Divorce.—Legislation was passed, following the Governor's recommendation, authorizing a justice of the Superior Court, if he deems it advisable, to appoint an attorney to investigate and report to the court in relation to suits for divorce. This law was passed as a result of the Governor's suggestion that uncontested divorce cases be subject to investigation at the hands of some public official in each county, in order that "it may be known that Massachusetts regards the marriage vow as something more than a social convention to be lightly assumed and as lightly abandoned."

Among other important legislation approved by the Governor this year was the Overtime Bill, so-called, and an act extending the Eight-Hour Law, so-called, so as to make it apply to engineers in public institutions as well as to workmen, laborers, and mechanics. The session was notable also for an act authorizing savings-banks to issue cheap industrial insurance. It is hoped that this will relieve the poor of the excessive charges now levied on them for this class of insurance. Another act provides for establishing three additional State sanatoriums for tubercular patients,—one in northeastern Massachusetts, one in the southeast, and one in the Connecticut valley. Half a million a year was set aside for building State highways. Governor Guild induced the Legislature to authorize a commission to study the subject of old-age pensions for working men and women, having in mind, perhaps, the successful and beneficent operation of the German old-age pension system. Perhaps we may before long have a commission studying the problem of a minimum living-wage for workers not yet ready to be pensioned. It is conceivable that some time the State may even perceive its obligation to insure its members against lack of honorable employment suited to their capacity. Some time, it may be, city and State governments will officially take notice of the economic revolution of the last half-century, that has changed a population of small business men and farmers into a population of wage-earners dependent upon the initiative of a small minority of their



Looking down the main business street, Springfield

number for bread and shelter. Mr. Martin's advocacy of a radical revision of the courses of study in the public schools, and Governor Guild's beginning in the movement toward old-age pensions are, whether consciously or not, steps in recognition of this vast change in the character of the people's economic condition.

Now Let us Stroll Through the State

Let us now leave the official documents on the table and stroll through the State. We will take train at Boston for Spring-

field. The distance is a hundred miles, and if the Boston & Albany train is not more than usually belated, we will do it in four hours. Springfield is the seat of the government firearms factory. She has many other factories, mostly working in metals and employing a high grade of workmen at good wages. St. Gaudens' statue of the Puritan — in Springfield they call it the Deacon Chase statue — is alone worth going a hundred miles to see. You have heard of the *Springfield Republican*, and have a lively curiosity to see where it is published. This great newspaper, the "Connecticut Valley

Bible," is second to none in the United States in its reputation for ability and independence. It was founded in 1824 by Samuel Bowles, printer, son of Samuel Bowles, candle-maker. Samuel Bowles, printer, bought a printing-outfit in Hartford and rafted it up the river to Springfield; his paper was a weekly. His son, Samuel Bowles third, founded the *Daily Republican*; his son, Samuel Bowles fourth, founded the *Sunday Republican*, the fifth Samuel Bowles, now a student at Harvard, will no doubt continue the family tradition by founding the *Evening Republican* when his turn comes to control the property. The city has close to one hundred thousand inhabitants, with a larger percentage of native-born, old New England stock than any other city in the State, and enjoys a government so free from scandals that it would seem idyllic in Boston. Springfield is now redeeming her river-front, to make a beautiful public park.

Eight miles up the river is Holyoke, where thirty paper-mills turn out a larger amount of fine writing-materials than any other city in the land. Sixty thousand people reside here, and fifty-nine thousand of them were rooting for their champion baseball team the day we made our pilgrimage through the town and up Mount Tom. Chicopee and Westfield, with other thriving cities and towns close to Springfield, swell the population of what may be termed the Springfield urban district to close upon two hundred thousand. That is a pleasant country to watch from the deck of a trolley-car.

The Price of Success on the Farms

On through Amherst, the seat of the college of that name and of the State Agricultural College; through Shelburne; through the Hoosac Tunnel to North Adams, whose factory output mounts in annual value while the number of her factories decreases. At Williamstown, the seat of Williams College, we find a match for Dartmouth, in New Hampshire, in the competition for the crown as the loveliest college settlement in New England. Thence down the line of the hills through the summer towns—Lenox, Stockbridge, and the rest, seats of fashion and luxury in the outdoor months; they must seem very far out of the world

when the deep snows come down. Get off the trolley in a quiet cross-roads village, and walk along the highway into the country. At a mile's end we come to a flourishing farmstead. We are courteously received by the master of the place. A drink of cold spring-water tastes good after the tramp in the sun. We learn that (in his opinion) farming is just as profitable in Massachusetts as it ever was, provided one gives it the same amount of study and attention he must give to any other business he would succeed in. Massachusetts, we are told, can in many places grow more corn to the acre than Iowa—she has done as well as one hundred bushels of shelled corn to the acre. But this calls for rich fertilization and closest cultivation. Such fields are necessarily few and small in extent. Most Massachusetts grist-mills have gone out of business, so that it is not always easy to get corn and wheat ground here. Anyway, it is cheaper, in most cases, to bring grain from the West. The principal farm crop, aside from dairy products, is hay. At \$15 to \$22 a ton it pays to glean the meadows clean; pays better on most Massachusetts soils than it would to plant grains. Farther east, in the Connecticut valley, some fine tobacco-fields are seen. A little is grown as far north as the Vermont line. But this is a specialty, interesting but bulking small in the total of farm products. On our way home we get off at Worcester. There we find the handsomest city hall in New England, if perhaps we except the little masterpiece given to Fairhaven by Henry H. Rogers. "And it was built within the appropriation, too," says Mayor Duggan. In Worcester the "Heart of the Commonwealth" and the State's second city, we find manufactures almost if not quite as varied as in Bridgeport, Conn.

The Northern Mill Cities

Our next journey out of Boston will be northward. We pass Lexington and Concord, where the Minute-men whipped the red regulars and where in later years the poet Emerson fired the shot heard round the world; but we do not stop there, since our concern is with the affairs of this day. We stop at Lawrence, which reminds us of Manchester in New Hampshire, with its

low, shabby business blocks, its dusty, ill-kept streets, its general air of an overgrown village, or of a young city so desperately busy making money that it has no time to be tidy. The Merrimac River is lined with huge textile mills for a mile, it seems, on either side. A new worsted mill, the largest in the world, we are told, rears its huge brick bulk upon the site where, years ago, a cotton-mill collapsed and bore hundreds down in wreck and death. We stand at noon and watch the army pour out of the mill gates. Down half a dozen streets they come, most of them women, a few children, many bare-armed young men — not laggard, but stamped with the quality of patience. Lawrence empties her sewage and her mill-drainage into the river. A few miles above, Lowell does likewise. Farther up, Nashua and Manchester also empty their sewage and mill-drainage into the Merrimac. Each in turn takes its water-supply from the river. Farther down the river Haverhill empties her sewage into the river and likewise takes her drinking-water from the same source. It is a highly colored and no doubt a highly flavored river as it passes Lawrence. We are told the fish cannot or will not live in it. Ben Butler once proposed that the cities along the Merrimac should unite to build trunk-line sewers to carry their sewage down to the sea, and trunk-line water-mains to bring drinking-water from Lake Winnepesaukee in New Hampshire. The valley supports a population of, say, four hundred thousand people. It ought to be a good place to enlist soldiers immune against the intestinal diseases that afflict our fighters in the Philippines.

Lowell has thirty thousand operatives in her mills; Lawrence, something less. Haverhill is one of the three shoe centres of the State. Like Brockton, she won temporary celebrity awhile ago by electing a socialist mayor. Lynn is the third of the shoe towns. She has not followed the political example of the other two. We are unable to learn just what may be the connection between shoes and socialism, unless, as one man, a policeman, tells us, it is because the shoe-shops employ a higher grade of skilled labor than do the textile mills,—men who read and think more, and whose wages are better than those of the textile town work-folk.

Fall River and New Bedford

For a third journey we will go south from Boston to Fall River, the chief cotton-milling country of the State. Over seventy mills are here. The wage scale of Fall River determines the scale for the industry throughout the State. A majority of the employees are women and children. The student from the rural West wonders whether it was worth while to invent all of this complicated machinery, since it has resulted chiefly, as far as he can see, in creating a few great fortunes and in harnessing thousands of women and children to the machines. He had supposed that the function of a labor-saving machine was to save human labor. It seems to him that these machines ought to be renamed, and hereafter called machines for multiplying human labor.

Let us take the trolley to New Bedford, which, as we have heard, is the seat of the whaling industry. The whaling industry? Why, it would n't pay New Bedford's cigar bill to-day. Here is the most amazing development of textile milling. Between sixty and seventy mills at work! Thirteen new ones built last year, Mr. Pease, the editor of *The Mercury* tells us, and none that cost less than \$600,000. Immigrants coming in at the rate of three hundred a week for two years past; the city growing with leaps and bounds; ambitious to be the second city of the State; already first in the manufacture of fine cottons. We go down to the waterfront, and have the good luck to see four or five whaling-ships tied up there. One that has just returned from a twenty-two months' trip had a rich catch. Her captain's share alone was \$16,000. We ask Mr. Pease about conditions in the New Bedford mills. Are the workers able to save anything? "Save anything? Why, the typical mill family consists of the father, earning \$20 a week as a spinner; the mother, earning \$12 a week as a weaver; and two out of five or six children earning from five to seven dollars a week in minor places. That makes a weekly pay-envelope that they ought to be able to save something from." "And they do; go to one of the savings-banks on Saturday evenings," said the grizzled foreman, who had just joined us, "and you'll have to take your place at the end of a line of waiting depositors that may number one hundred and fifty people."

The Seat of the Modern Rogers Group

Across the river from New Bedford lies Fairhaven, the town that H. H. Rogers made famous. We cross on the ferry. The next train from Brockton is two hours distant. Stroll down the street into the town centre. Approach the church and marvel at its classical cut-stone beauty. Captain Bryant, a soldierly figure of a man, picks us up and shows us the Rogers group, so to say,— the Town Hall, the Library, the Masonic Hall, the Inn, the High School; when he tells us how Mr. Rogers, who was born in Fairhaven, clerked in the Union Grocery while he went to high school; how he sold oil there for — I think it was a dollar and a quarter a gallon, and got the idea into his head that there was big money in oil for him if he could get into the business as a producer; how Mr. Rogers married and pulled brakes on this very railroad at \$28 a month; and how he went into the Pennsylvania oil-fields and roughed it, with his young wife, on \$40 a month. By this time you understand that Captain Bryant is Mr. Rogers's right-hand man in the work he has done at Fairhaven; or, if not precisely his chief adviser, is at least one of his most valuable lieutenants. It has n't always been easy for Mr. Rogers to give money to Fairhaven; you may be sure there were strong-headed folk who fought his gifts. But he has had his way, and the pretty little town where he ran barefoot, where he stammered out his first tongue-paralyzing appeal for the privilege of "seeing home" a pretty girl neighbor, is the richer for his grateful memories of those earlier years. He is superintendent of streets of Fairhaven, and takes a lively interest in their condition. He plants trees everywhere; cuts down none. Mattapoisett, a village near-by, had a celebration this summer, an old-home week affair. The committee asked Mr. Rogers to come. He would on condition they saved for him (he wrote) the seventh pew from the front on the left — the pew he sat in with his grandfather when, as a boy, he visited at his father's father's home. They did n't know he remembered. "One of the finest men that ever lived," said Captain Bryant; "always helping some one. Not one of his schoolmates has ever come to want if he knew it, or ever will." Pleasant side-lights on the character of one of

the biggest of Mr. Lawson's "money-devils."

The Cities that Touch Elbows with Boston

Let us now visit the cities adjacent to Boston — Cambridge, Chelsea, Somerville, Newton, Everett; Quincy, the home of Presidents; the "richest town," Brookline; and the other towns that ring the metropolis around with a solid wall, on the landward sides, of urban population. A stranger would at once assume, if ignorant of the lines upon the map, that all of these cities and towns were a part of Boston. There is no open space, except the river, between Cambridge's hundred thousand people and Boston's six hundred thousand to indicate a political division. Somerville and Boston have grown together. Chelsea is Bostonian in environment and in character. Everett on the north and Milton and Quincy on the south are joined to the city by a closely built suburban development. Yet they all, except in so far as some of them share the benefit and the cost of metropolitan water, park, and sewer district systems, prefer to maintain individual existence, outside the Boston corporation. They all help support the big stores, the theatres, the newspapers, and other metropolitan institutions of Boston, and thousands of their people go into the big cities every day to business or to labor. They refuse to be absorbed because they perceive that Boston's government is costly, incompetent in many ways, and because they do not wish to assume any share of Boston's enormous public debt. The Hub is really, counting in the residents of the adjacent cities and towns, a city of a million people, and fourth among American cities. But she will not achieve this rank legally, by attracting her neighbors into a civic partnership, until she has got a clean and efficient city government.

A trip up the north coast takes us to Salem, Marblehead, Gloucester, Newburyport — where wharves once thronged with white-sailed ships now rot idly in the sun, and where the whirl of spindles is the voice of the newer industry. The centuries rest lightly on the shoulders of these old towns. They still send out their young men and women to adventure up and down the world, albeit they now try other channels

than those favored by their forefathers. Swarms of dark foreigners have brought new standards of living into their humbler quarters, but as a rule the old stock has risen buoyantly above the incoming human tide.

The Yankee Still Commands

And so the tale runs. You whirl through wide country spaces mostly growing up to young scrub timber, the fields and meadows religiously clipped of their hay crop, though no house be visible. You tarry in towns and cities big and little, alive to their finger-tips with energy and productivity. Almost everywhere you find a strong coloring of dark-skinned, black-eyed people of the south European races in the streets store, and mill groups. But almost every, where you find the Yankee still in command. He has not lost his virility. He still manages usually to get the better end of a bargain,

and to grin over the telling of it. Out Cape Cod way he flourishes about as he did a hundred years ago. He has not grown so much poorer there as the superficial observers would have you believe. He simply has n't grown richer in the ways that inland communities have grown richer. His life is more primitive. But he is a mighty racy individual, and if you pick him up for something "easy," something left over from another age, you are due for a surprise.

Looking back upon the many journeys into all the six States of the little but mighty northeastern group, and comparing them, in their past and their present, with other State groups more favored by the bounty of nature, I am minded to bring the series to a conclusion, and to answer the inquiry, "What's the matter with New England?" by quoting the words of the wise and kindly doctor of Manchester, who stoutly declared, "The only thing the matter with New England is, there is n't enough of it!"

SILENCE

By HARLEY R. WILEY

The Fates have wrought with sounds at strife
And on their ringing anvils made
The noisy pattern of this life
With golden silences inlaid.

Lo, where these rests of stillness fall
In life's great psalm, above the whole
And star-like sweeping over all,
We catch the song's sublimer soul.

And in the tortured herds of men,
Where shouting passions bait and prod,
The soul slips from its dusty pen
And in the silence touches God.

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THE CONSPIRATORS

A CHRISTMAS PLAY

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

AUTHOR OF THE "LAND OF JOY," "KITTY OF THE ROSES," ETC.

CHARACTERS

TIME

CONSTANCE AYLWIN, a young married woman.

HOPE MEREDITH, a spinster of twenty-one.

GERALD (otherwise "JERRY") BROOKS, a bachelor of thirty and brother to CONSTANCE.

CHARLES, a middle-aged servant.

SCENE

Drawing-room of the Aylwin's home, "White Birches," Windimere, Long Island. A richly furnished apartment with high wainscoting of black walnut and upper walls of Spanish leather in copper and gold, which tones are carried out in the large rug which covers the floor, and in the other furnishings. A broad and deep bow-window occupies almost all of the back of the stage and contains wide window-seats upholstered in leather, a tea-table with old-fashioned copper kettle and furnishings, and two small chairs. Evergreen wreaths, tied with ribbon bows, hang at each window, and a bunch of mistletoe is suspended above the table. Through the windows is seen a winter landscape and falling snow. At left of stage is a huge fireplace with burning logs. An arm-chair fronts it. At right are folding doors with portières drawn back at either side. In the centre stands a large table bearing a lamp, a few pieces of good bric-à-brac, an immense bowl of crimson roses, and one or two books. Beside it is an easy-chair. Smaller tables, holding ornaments, flank the bow-window, and a high-backed chair occupies the right upper corner. Other chairs are scattered about the stage. Electroliers from walls, right, left, and back. These are unlighted, and the stage is dim save for a flood of white light from the windows and the mellow glow from the fire.

Three o'clock in the afternoon of the twenty-fourth of December. CONSTANCE is discovered standing in front of fireplace. She is dressed for driving, and is buttoning a glove, holding it to the fire-light and frowning.

CONSTANCE. Oh, bother these buttons! I do wish Jerry would come down and swear for me! There! [*Secures the last button, sighs, and drops her hands.*] I suppose, though, I might as well do it myself, for, after all, swearing is a minor sin beside those I've already committed to-day. Let me see [*counts on her fingers*]. First, I've lied to Hope Meredith; second, I've lied to my brother; third, I've lied to the servants. Is n't it dreadful? And the only thing that keeps me from lying to my husband is the fact that he is not at home. I suppose I ought to feel mean and guilty, but I don't. Perhaps I have already reached the stage of callousness where the conscience gives up in despair; perhaps I am already a hardened criminal. I wonder! I don't feel hardened — particularly. But perhaps the process is so gradual, the — the poison so insidious — Oh, dear, what am I talking about? [*Goes to window and looks out.*] No carriage yet! [*Returns and sits in chair by fire, opening her coat.*]

But, really, they were all very tiny little lies — white lies, I believe they're called. And they were all told for the best purpose in the world — to make others happy. For they will be happy, I'm sure of it — as happy as they've been miserable, and that's saying a good deal. For I've seen through them both. Ever since it was broken off — and it's almost eighteen months — Jerry has acted like an animated tombstone and Hope has looked like a faded wreath of immortelles! They have n't fooled me a

bit, either of them; neither Jerry, with his show of cynical indifference, nor Hope, with her pathetic gayety. They're both of them just as much in love as they ever were, perhaps more! And of all stubborn, obstinate, mulish people they're the stubbornest, the obstinatest, and the mulishest! Hope has never mentioned Jerry's name — not once! but I've noticed she has always paid very close attention when I've spoken of him, in spite of her assumed indifference. And Jerry has never visited us here, save once when he knew that Hope was South, for fear that he might meet her. And he would have, too. He'd have met her if I'd had to drag her here by the hair of her head, the obstinate thing! And that's what I'm doing to-day, only I am not endangering her hair. When Jerry walked in on us last night with his left arm in a sling I made up my mind on the instant he should n't go back to town until he had spoken to her. Why, the hand of Providence is in it! Of course, I'm sorry he fell and sprained his wrist, but if he had n't he would n't have come near us. I wonder if he knows she is home? If he does it is strange he should come, sprained wrist or no sprained wrist.

However, I sha' n't quarrel with Providence. I've got them where I want them at last, and meet they shall. I've sent a note to Hope telling her she simply must come over this afternoon — that I've something terribly important to say to her. I've made Jerry promise on his word of honor not to leave the house for fear he might catch cold in his arm, and now I am going to run away and leave them to fight it out! If only they'll come off their high horses for just a moment! But there's no telling what such persons will or won't do. They broke it off because she went abroad for a month and he did n't want her to. She did n't want to herself, for that matter, but that interfering old aunt of hers filled her brain with a lot of nonsense about asserting her independence before marriage and not allowing her future husband to dictate to her, and such stuff; and Hope took it all in, like a little silly; and now look at them! Hope was miserable all the time she was away, and wrote a mean letter to Jerry, and he wrote her a meaner one, and then — presto! — it was all off.

But it's going to be all on again, or else

I've perjured myself for nothing; and I don't think that I have! [*Rises and crosses again to the window.*] At last! I never knew them so slow at the stable! If I don't hurry, Hope will get here before I'm gone. I wonder [*pauses and looks thoughtfully into the fire*] — I wonder why Jerry was so anxious that I should go out. He said it would do me good and that I must n't stay in on his account. It's odd. Still [*shrugs her shoulders*], I was dying to go, and so —

Enter CHARLES.

CHARLES. The carriage is waiting, ma'am.

CONSTANCE. It is time, I should think.

CHARLES. I'm very sorry, ma'am. Joseph was away on an errand for Mr. Brooks, ma'am, when you sent the order.

CONSTANCE. An errand? For my brother? How strange! He said nothing to me about sending him. Do you know where Joseph went?

CHARLES. No, ma'am.

CONSTANCE. Very well, it's of no importance. By the way, Charles.

CHARLES. Yes, ma'am?

CONSTANCE. I am expecting Miss Meredith this afternoon. When she comes tell her I was obliged to go away. [*Aside*] Oh, dear! Lie number five! Tell her I was obliged to go away, but will be back very soon. Show her in here, Charles, and say I must see her; don't allow her to return home before I come, on any pretext. Do you understand?

CHARLES. Oh yes, ma'am; very good, ma'am.

CONSTANCE. And — er — don't mention to Mr. Brooks that Miss Meredith is expected. It — it might worry him. You will be careful not to, won't you?

CHARLES. Yes, ma'am.

CONSTANCE. That's all, Charles. [*Exit CHARLES.*] How nice and cozy it looks in here! What a place for lovers! I wonder if they'll — but what's the use in wondering? They'll probably behave like the pair of sillies they are. [*She goes out.*] Jerry! . . . Jerry! I'm going now . . . About five, I think. . . . What say? . . . No, I won't hurry. . . . Jerry, won't you please come down to the drawing-room and sit? There's such a lovely fire, and you know you must keep your arm nice and warm. You will? That's a dear chap. Good-by!

[*There is a sound of a closing door. Enter CHARLES. He goes to the fireplace, mends*

the fire, and then stands with his back to it, warming his hands.]

CHARLES. There's something up, I say! Here's Mr. Gerald and the madam both sending off notes and not letting the other know about 'em, and the madam going out driving in a snow-storm, which ain't at all like her. It's very mysterious to say the least! [*Shakes his head disapprovingly.*] I do hope as how it ain't scandal!

[*Enter GERALD on tiptoe. His left arm is supported by a sling formed of a bright-colored silk handkerchief. He peers anxiously about the stage.*]

GERALD. Gone at last, thank Heaven! I thought she'd never be off! [*Sighs with relief and approaches fireplace. Sees CHARLES and starts nervously.*] Oh, that you, Charles? I — I did n't see you at first. Awfully dark in here, is n't it?

CHARLES. Yes, sir. Would you like a light, sir?

GERALD. No, no! That is, I — er — like the gloaming; very romantic, you know, the gloaming. Did you ever sit in the gloaming, Charles, and gloam beautiful pale purple thoughts?

CHARLES. No, sir; I can't say as I ever did, sir.

GERALD. Really? You should try it.

CHARLES. Thank you, sir, I will. Can I get you anything?

GERALD. Let me see. Yes, bring the cigars from the library.

CHARLES. Very good, sir.

[*Exit CHARLES. GERALD sits at table, leaning forward with hands clasped on his knees. There is a sound of a closing door and he starts nervously.*]

GERALD. By Jove, I'm as skittish as a colt! I suppose it's the penalty of a guilty conscience. I dare say a fellow who has steeped himself in crime as I have to-day has no right to expect calm nerves. I started out by deceiving my sister; I followed that up with a deliberate and verbal lie to her; I thereupon wrote a brief series of lies to Hope, lied to Joseph, lied again to Constance, and — and now I experience a most fascinating inclination to lie to Charles! It just shows how the habit grows. Talk about drink! Nothing takes such a hold on a chap, nothing so enslaves him body and soul, as lying. [*Rises and walks nervously between fireplace and window.*] What a sub-

ject for the artist, "The Liar's Progress!" First scene, the dilettante lie, the mere social fib, thoughtlessly, unsuspectingly indulged in to avoid a function or break an engagement; second scene, the deliberate prevarication, the whetting of the growing appetite; third scene, the deliberate whopper, told for a purpose and with a relish. And so on, scene after scene, until, last of all, we find the liar in the very depths, a real-estate agent or an auctioneer! [*Sits before fire.*] Not satisfied with lying, I have added forgery to my list. I feel myself becoming blasé already. I contemplate theft without a throb of excitement. Even murder sounds tame and uninteresting. If this sort of thing keeps up, by New Year's I shall be sighing for a new crime, as that Roman chap sighed for a new pleasure. So far my schemes have carried. To be sure, Joseph was not able to deliver my note in person to Miss Meredith, and so brought no reply. But she was expected home shortly, and as the note was distinctly imperative I fancy she will come. I had some difficulty in imitating Constance's handwriting, but I flatter myself that I did rather well; the signature, at least, was perfect, for I traced it. So far, so good. Then, to my surprise, Constance required almost no persuasion to go out for a drive. So the stage is set, the hero — who feels much more like the villain — awaits, and the lights are appropriately lowered. Enter now the heroine! [*CHARLES enters, carrying box of cigars.*] Ha! It is only the comedian. [*To CHARLES*] Put them on the table there.

CHARLES. Is there anything else, sir?

GERALD. Nothing, thanks. [*Selects cigar and lights it, observing CHARLES furtively.*] Er, by-the-by, Charles, it's just possible that Miss Meredith may call.

CHARLES [*starting*]. Yes, sir.

GERALD. If she should, just show her in here. Tell her that Mrs. Aylwin desired her to wait; in short, don't allow her to go away at any cost. Understand?

CHARLES. Yes, sir; very good, sir.

GERALD. And, one thing more, Charles; kindly abstain from mentioning my presence here. That is important. You see, Charles, it's — er — it's a sort of a joke. [*Laughs feebly.*]

CHARLES. I quite understand, sir. [*Laughs discreetly behind his hand.*]

GERALD. I believe to-morrow is some

sort of a holiday, is n't it? [*Takes out bill-roll and selects a bill.*]

CHARLES. Why, sir, it's Christmas!

GERALD. Dear me! Are you quite sure?

CHARLES. Oh, quite, sir. Observe the wreaths, sir.

GERALD. Oh — ah — the wreaths; to be sure; yes, you quite convince me.

CHARLES. And the mistletoe, sir!

GERALD. Mistletoe? Why, to be sure, above the tea-table. I had n't noticed it. Let me see, is n't there some sort of a — er — privilege connected with mistletoe, Charles?

CHARLES [*smiling behind his hand and coughing*]. They do say, sir, that when a gentleman finds a lady under the mistletoe, sir, he is allowed to kiss her, sir.

GERALD. Indeed? You quite surprise me! But a charming custom, Charles. May I enquire whether — oh, merely for information, I assure you! — whether you have ever tested the — er — the efficacy of the mistletoe?

CHARLES. You mean —?

GERALD [*nodding*]. Exactly!

CHARLES. Well, yes, sir; meaning no offense, sir.

GERALD. None taken, I assure you. And it — it worked all right, Charles?

CHARLES [*smiling*]. Ahem; very satisfactorily, sir.

GERALD. Indeed? In that case, Charles, I will trouble you to move that tea-table about three feet to the left. It annoys me to see furniture arranged with such geometrical precision; true art, Charles, is never precise.

CHARLES. Very good, sir. [*Moves table.*] Is there anything else, sir?

GERALD. Why, yes, you might oblige me by accepting this as a Christmas present. [*Hands bill to CHARLES.*] You are quite certain about to-morrow being Christmas?

CHARLES. Oh, quite, sir; the wreaths —

GERALD. Oh, yes, I had forgotten the wreaths. If I want anything I will ring. I should like to add, Charles, that in case Miss Meredith is shown into this room there will be another of those coming to you later. That's all.

CHARLES. Yes, sir; and thank you, sir; wish you a merry Christmas, sir.

GERALD. Why, thank you; the same to you.

CHARLES. I hope your arm will continue to improve, sir.

GERALD. Eh? My arm? Oh, yes, yes; my arm. I — it — it is doing very well, Charles.

CHARLES. Yes, sir; thank you, sir.

[*Exit CHARLES.*]

GERALD. And now I have added bribery! [*Rises and walks to window.*] Still snowing. I wonder if the weather will keep her away. By Jove, it does look like Christmas! And — yes, there are the wreaths — and the mistletoe. Undoubtedly Charles is right. Let me see; "very satisfactorily," he said. Well, I hope it will work out so in my case! What's that? [*Turns sharply and looks out of window.*] It's her — it's she! On horse-back, too. [*Looks around nervously.*] By Jove, I feel like a small boy caught in the jam-closet! I think — I think I'll just keep out of sight until she comes. [*Retires behind chair in right upper corner, and watches.*]

CHARLES [*outside*]. Left word she wanted to see you on an important matter, miss; and would you be so kind as to wait.

[*Enter HOPE MEREDITH, in riding-cos-tume, followed by CHARLES.*]

HOPE. Very well, I'll stay awhile. [*Lays whip on table and removes hat and gloves.*] Just brush the snow off my hat, please.

CHARLES. Certainly, miss. Quite a storm we're having.

HOPE. Yes, indeed. [*Looks toward window.*] How nice the wreaths look! And you've got mistletoe, too. Charles! [*Shakes her finger at him, laughing.*]

CHARLES [*smirking*]. Mrs. Aylwin's orders, miss. May I bring you anything, miss?

HOPE. Nothing, thanks. I'll sit here and get my feet warm. [*Sits in chair before fire.*] Tell Mrs. Aylwin I'm here, when she returns. Is there — is any one else at home?

CHARLES [*looking perplexedly about the room*]. Mr. Aylwin's in town, miss; we expect him back on the five o'clock train.

HOPE. Oh!

CHARLES. Yes, miss. I'll attend to the hat, miss.

[*Exit CHARLES, looking bewilderedly about the stage.* HOPE rises from chair, sniffs, sees box of cigars, and looks around. GERALD steps out from his hiding-place and goes toward her.]

HOPE. Ger — Mr. Brooks!

GERALD. How do you do? [*Offers his*

hand. She hesitates, then takes it.] I — I thought I'd keep out of sight — er — just at first, you know.

HOPE [*coldly*]. I see. [*Moves to upper end of fireplace.*] Quite a storm, is n't it?

GERALD. Yes, quite a storm. I — er — I fancy the snow must be quite deep?

HOPE. It is; three or four inches already, I think. I expected to find your sister, but Charles tells me she had to make a call.

GERALD. Well, something of the sort, I believe. Won't you be seated? I'm afraid she'll be back — I mean I expect her home any minute.

HOPE. Thank you. [*Sits in chair by fire. GERALD moves around table to other end of hearth.*] Is n't this something unusual, this visit? I believe you don't very often favor Windimere with your presence.

GERALD. Well, I — er — I just ran down for Christmas. Not much doing in town, you see. [*A pause. She gazes at the fire, he at her. Finally she raises her head, looks up at him, and jumps to her feet.*]

HOPE. Gerald! What has happened? Your arm? [*Starts toward him, but stops.*]

GERALD. Nothing at all, really! I — I'm just pretending I sprained my wrist. Rather good fun pretending, don't you think?

HOPE. Pretending! You're not pretending! You've really sprained it! How did it happen?

GERALD. I — I imagined a fall on the steps of my office building. Please don't bother about it; it's doing very well.

HOPE. I'm so sorry! Are you sure it's all right? Ought n't you to see a doctor again?

GERALD. Not for worlds! It's — it's mending rapidly.

HOPE. But you must n't stand! Please sit down here.

GERALD. Not a bit of it! That's your seat. I'll just bring another chair up, if I may. [*Starts to draw her chair beside table toward hearth, but makes hard work of it. HOPE hurries to his assistance, and between them they place chair in front of fire. She stands beside it until he is seated and, unseen by him, stretches her hands toward him, longingly, lets them fall, sighs, and goes back to her seat.*]

HOPE. I'm very sorry. Just at Christmas, too!

GERALD. But why not at Christmas?

HOPE. Why, at Christmas one wants to be as happy as one may, don't you think?

GERALD. Yes, I do think so. That's — that's what I've been thinking for some time; in fact, that's one reason I came down here last night.

HOPE. Yes, it must be pleasant for you to be with Constance. She's such a dear!

GERALD. Constance? Oh, yes, of course. Yes, Connie is a pretty good sort. [*A pause.*] You have been well, I hope, since I — since I — since you — that is, since we met last?

HOPE. Quite well, thanks. And you?

GERALD. Er — so-so. [*A pause.*]

HOPE [*looking toward windows*]. It does n't seem inclined to stop, does it? I think I shall have to go back; Topsy made hard work of it coming over, and I fear —

GERALD. Go home? But you must n't! I — Constance would never forgive me if I let you go before she returned. I tell you, suppose we have some tea, eh? Tea's awfully nice a day like this, don't you think? I'll ring for some water.

HOPE [*hesitatingly*]. Well, if you think Constance wants me to wait.

GERALD. I'm sure of it! [*Rises and pushes button.*] I think she wants to consult you about something — something important; a basque, I think, or maybe an accordion pleat.

HOPE [*laughing*]. Dear me, what a lot you know about such things!

GERALD. Well, a fellow's bound to hear of those little matters if he has a sister, you know. [*Enter CHARLES.*] O Charles, Miss Meredith is going to make me a cup of tea. Will you bring some water, please, and any other little thing you think would fit in?

CHARLES. Yes, sir. [*Takes tea-kettle from table; exit.*]

GERALD. There! Now we'll have a cozy cup o' tea, and by that time Constance will be back, and she'll persuade you to stay to dinner.

HOPE. Oh, no, I must n't do that. Auntie would be worried.

GERALD [*coldly*]. I beg your pardon; I forgot to ask after the health of your estimable aunt.

HOPE. Auntie is quite well, thank you. She — she often speaks of you.

GERALD. Really? I am flattered.

HOPE [*demurely*]. I should never guess it.

GERALD. Well, I — I don't mean to be discourteous, Hope, but when I think that

if it had n't been for that woman's meddling we might have —

Enter CHARLES, with tea-kettle and tray.

CHARLES. I brought a few tea-cakes, sir. [*Places kettle and plates on table and lights alcohol lamp.*]

GERALD. All right. That's all. I'll ring if we want anything. [*Exit CHARLES.*] As I was saying, when I think —

HOPE [*rising*]. I really believe I'm hungry. Don't those cakes look lovely? Where shall I sit? [*Glances quickly at mistle-toe and takes chair beneath it.*] Now then, we're all ready. [*Lowers flame of lamp and uncovers sugar.*] Are you going to have cream or lemon and cloves?

GERALD [*absently, watching her face*]. Er — please.

HOPE [*laughing*]. But which?

GERALD. I beg your pardon; cream and cloves.

HOPE. Don't you mean lemon and cloves?

GERALD. Probably. Fact is, I seldom drink tea nowadays, and —

HOPE. Oh, in that case—[*Puts down cup.*]

GERALD [*eagerly*]. But to-day I'm famished for it!

HOPE. Really?

GERALD. Really and truly! Cross my heart!

HOPE. How many lumps?

GERALD. Er — one, please. [*Watches her intently. She drops three lumps into a cup. He smiles happily and heaves a deep sigh of content.*] I was afraid you had forgotten.

HOPE [*blushing*]. What do you mean?

GERALD. You put in three lumps — just as you used to; "one for sweetness, one for completeness —"

HOPE. You said cream?

GERALD. "— and one for — love!"

HOPE [*laughing nervously*]. You have a good memory.

GERALD. I remember more than that, Hope.

HOPE. Here's your tea. [*Hands him cup.*]

GERALD. There used to be a little formality —

HOPE [*lightly*]. Oh, yes, I used to touch my lips to it, did n't I? I'm afraid we were awfully silly for grown-ups, Mr. Brooks.

GERALD. My name's Gerald, you know.

HOPE [*hurriedly filling her cup up with cream and adding three slices of lemon*]. We've both grown very much wiser, don't you think?

GERALD [*soberly*]. I know I have.

HOPE. Well, really! And I have n't?

GERALD. I don't know. I — I want to learn. In my own case the wisdom I have gained takes the form of a realization of the fact that I have behaved like a bally idiot!

HOPE [*lightly*]. I dare say it's just the weather. I sometimes feel that way when it rains or snows. But I don't call it wisdom; I call it the blues!

GERALD [*leaning eagerly across the table*]. Have you felt that way? About — about what?

HOPE. Oh, different things. The last time it was about my furs. You see, I had my chinchilla made over, and —

GERALD [*disappointedly*]. Oh, furs!

HOPE. Certainly. Furs don't interest you? I'm sorry. But you have n't drunk your tea!

GERALD. Oh! Well, neither have you. [*He drinks his at a gulp. She takes a sip of hers, makes a face and pushes the cup away.*] Why, what's the matter? [*Leans over and looks.*] You have n't put any tea in it! Do have another cup.

HOPE. Thanks, no; I don't believe I care for any. I think I ought to be going now.

GERALD. Nonsense! Here, let me make you a cup. I can do it finely; I have been frequently complimented on my tea. [*Rises and stands beside her. She leans away timidly and watches the operation.*]

HOPE. You must find it difficult with only one hand?

GERALD. Well, yes. Sugar?

HOPE. Please.

GERALD. Er — how many?

HOPE. Your memory is n't so wonderful, after all, is it?

GERALD. That's not fair. You always put the sugar in. However, if you won't tell me, here goes. [*Drops in sugar.*] "One for sweetness, one for completeness, and one for — love!" Lemon?

HOPE [*faintly*]. Please.

GERALD. Cloves?

HOPE. Please.

GERALD. Tea?

HOPE. Silly! [*He leans across her to reach kettle.*]

GERALD. Pardon me. [*She leans away*]

and nods her head, her eyes avoiding his. *He fills cup and hands it to her.* There you are! Made by my own fair hands. [*Laughs uncertainly and glances swiftly up at mistletoe.*]

HOPE. Thank you.

GERALD. But you don't drink it. [*Stands beside her, looking down, his hands clenched.*]

HOPE [*nervously*]. Oh. [*She drinks.*]

GERALD. That's right. Good?

HOPE. Lovely. [*A pause, during which she sits in a strained attitude, gazes straight ahead, and sips tea feverishly.*]

GERALD. I—I suppose you realize that to-morrow's Christmas.

HOPE. Of course! What a funny question!

GERALD [*glancing at mistletoe*]. Is it? Well, I just thought I'd recall the fact to your mind in view—er—in view of subsequent events.

HOPE [*weakly*]. I—don't understand.

GERALD [*glancing again at mistletoe*]. Shall I—er—explain?

HOPE. If—if—if you like.

He leans over, raises her face, and kisses her. The cup slips from her hand and breaks on the floor. He releases her and draws back. She puts her elbows on the edge of the table, hides her face in her hands, and sobs softly, her shoulders heaving.

GERALD. I beg your pardon! [*Draws left hand from sling and places it on her shoulder.*] I should n't have done it, Hope! I was a brute! Forgive me, please! [*Leans over her, striving to draw her hands away from her face.*] Don't cry, please, Hope, dear! I did n't mean—I could n't help it, Hope! I—[*She raises her head and looks up at him, half smiling and half aggrieved.*]

HOPE [*brokenly*]. You—you were so long about it!

GERALD. Hope! [*Lifts her up to him and clasps her in his arms.*]

Enter CONSTANCE.

CONSTANCE. Thank Heaven! [GERALD and HOPE draw hurriedly apart. CONSTANCE hurries across to HOPE and hugs her.] It's all right, is n't it? It's all on again?

HOPE [*tremulously*]. I—I—don't know.

GERALD. Right as a trivet, Connie! We're going to be married at once—to-night—to-morrow—next week at the very latest!

CONSTANCE. I'm so glad, you dear, silly, stubborn things! You've been breaking your hearts for each other for a year and a

half—you know you have. [GERALD puts his arm around HOPE and draws her to him.]

GERALD. Well, now that you mention it—

CONSTANCE. And I suppose you think you're dreadfully smart, both of you! But allow me to tell you that if it had n't been for me this would n't have happened.

GERALD. The deuce you say!

CONSTANCE. It's so. I sent for Hope and left word that she was to wait for me. Then I carefully stayed away as long as I could without freezing to death. If I have pneumonia it will be your fault!

GERALD. Oh! Well, I dare say you're right, and—

CONSTANCE [*pointing tragically*]. Jerry! Your arm! [HOPE starts away from him in alarm.]

GERALD. Eh? Arm? Oh! Well, you see, it got better suddenly, and so—[CONSTANCE goes to him and examines wrist.]

CONSTANCE. Jerry Brooks! You never had anything the matter with it!

GERALD [*with embarrassment*]. Well, that's a fact. And since confession seems to be in style I might as well own up, Connie. You see, I simply did n't have the face to come down here without any excuse, after staying away as I have, and so I—er—I just imagined a sprained wrist. I came with the determination to see Hope and ask her to marry me. This noon I sent a note to her by the groom, copied your handwriting, and signed your name. Then, as I supposed, I prevailed on you to go out. I regret the deception, but [*drawing HOPE to him again*] I glory in the result!

CONSTANCE. Well, of all sly, underhand proceedings! No wonder Hope came! What could you have thought when you received both notes, dear?

HOPE [*looking down, twisting her fingers nervously, and apparently longing to escape*]. I did n't know what to think. I—[*looks up with gesture of despair*]. Oh, dear, I suppose I must confess, too!

CONSTANCE. Confess!

GERALD [*simulating horror*]. Are you, too, a conspirator?

HOPE. I—I—Oh, I can't! [*Hides her face on GERALD'S shoulder.*]

Enter CHARLES, bearing salver and notes.

CHARLES [*to HOPE*]. Beg pardon, miss, your man just rode over with these notes. He said as how they came from here, and as

you had n't been home your aunt thought she'd better return them, thinking maybe they were important. [*Holds out salver.*]

HOPE [*taking them and handing them to CONSTANCE*]. Read them.

CONSTANCE. The lights, Charles [*CHARLES turns switch; illuminates stage and draws curtains*]. Why, they're mine, at least this one is! [*Tears one open and reads*] "Dear Hope: Do come over this afternoon and —" hum — "quiet chat — important question —" That's the one I wrote to you. Then this must be — [*Opens second note and reads*] "Dearest Hope: Won't you please come over here this afternoon about three? I must see you. I am in a terrible quandary about the new dress and I know you can help me. Bring your — your —" What's this word? [*Turns to GERALD.*]

GERALD [*proudly*]. "Tatting!"

CONSTANCE. *Tatting*? Did you ever, Hope? "Bring your tatting and come prepared to tell me whether to have my new — new basque —" *basque*, mind you! — "made with — with — [*laughs hysterically*] accordion pleats or — or *passementerie*!" O Jerry, you're too funny!

GERALD [*folding his arms with dignity*]. I think it's a very well-expressed communication. At least [*turning to HOPE*] it served its purpose.

CONSTANCE. But it did n't! Don't you understand that Hope never got them?

GERALD. Never got them? Then how —

HOPE [*nervously*]. I had luncheon at the Phelps's and afterwards I — I — I just thought I'd drop in here and —

CONSTANCE [*taking her by shoulders and viewing her sternly*]. Hope Meredith, you knew he was here! Now did n't you? [*HOPE nods her head shyly, turns to GERALD,*

and is taken into his arms.] And I thought I was helping you along! If you two are n't the — the —!

GERALD. Oh, come now, Connie, we're all in the same boat; we're a trio of conspirators, that's what we are. [*Puts finger to lips.*] S-s-s-s-h!

CHARLES. Beg pardon, miss, is there any answer to go back?

GERALD. Yes, Charles; tell the man Miss Meredith sends word she will not be home until very, very late in the evening, scandalously late; understand?

CHARLES. Very good, sir.

GERALD. And Charles! [*Draws him aside, produces bill-roll and hands him bill.*] I just wanted to tell you that it worked "very satisfactorily!"

CHARLES [*blankly*]. Sir?

GERALD. "Very satisfactorily," Charles.

CHARLES [*suddenly smiling behind his hand*]. Oh, yes, sir, I understand! [*Looks at HOPE.*] Yes, sir; thank you, sir. [*Exit, chuckling.*]

CONSTANCE. I'm actually famishing for a cup of tea. [*Goes to table.*] Why, you've had it, you selfish things! Is there any more water? [*Shakes kettle.*] Yes, I shall have a cup.

HOPE. Yes, do, it's delicious tea.

GERALD. Oh, simply immense! And — er — take three lumps. [*GERALD and HOPE, his right arm about her, move toward table, their backs to the audience. CONSTANCE lights a match.*]

CONSTANCE. Three lumps? Why three?

GERALD [*softly*]. "One for sweetness, one for completeness, and one for — love!"

[*CONSTANCE bends to light alcohol lamp, and GERALD, turning HOPE's face toward him, kisses her lips.*]

CURTAIN.



LETTERS OF A WELLESLEY GIRL

By H. B. ADAMS

VII.

TEACHERS AND FRIENDSHIPS

"Our Teacher, sweet and capable,
Is as a Pillow of Fire,
Calling us to better things
To which we should perspire.

"Our Teacher loves each 1 of us,
From the greatest 2 the small;
We ought to Obey her laughing Smile,
Which won't come off at all."
— *Legenda MDMVI.*



AM getting along in my Italian, so don't be alarmed, Babbo. I really talk it some. I doubt if an Italian could understand me very well, but I could talk to him, just the same. Most young ladies, you know, when they have finished their course, and have read oceans of books and have learned cords of rules, fall into a comatose state the minute you ask them the time of day in Italian. So I think I'm pretty clever, as I invariably jabber back when any one attacks me.

I talk it, I must confess to you, a great deal better than I understand it. I'm like the man in Berlin that could speak German but could n't understand what was said to him; so whenever he asked a question of a native he always quickly added, "Um Gottes willen, antworten Sie mir nicht!"

But, Babbo, teachers are like pupils: about one in a hundred knows how to teach. That's the trouble with the teachers in every school, I suppose. Not that they don't know enough; they know so much it overflows them like the fringe on a napkin.

But a teacher who can teach is as rare as a student who can study. Most pupils simply want to get through and get their marks and not disappoint their folks; and most teachers think themselves competent when they are chock full of knowledge.

Now, I'll show you the different kinds of teachers who are experts in how not to teach.

First, there's the kind that talks all the time. She asks you a question, and when you attempt to answer she takes the words out of your mouth and gives an interminable answer and explanation of her own. Of course she knows it all better than you do, and can say it a whole lot better; but she does n't realize that we are there, not to get the thing well said, but for the dumb pupil to learn to say it.

Second, there's the kind that gives you wholly impossible lessons. The other day our task in French was to read three plays of Victor Hugo and a criticism of somebody or other on them, and to give an outline of the plays and an opinion on the criticism. I could n't have done it in a month, and you could n't have done it, Babbo, in two days. Result, we gave it all a lick and a promise, and came up to class prepared to bluff. As a matter of fact, the bluff went well, for the teacher did all the talking herself, and most of her discourse was upon a subject foreign to Victor Hugo. If it ended there it would be well; but, alas! we have to take a test on all that, and then comes the day of judgment.

Third, there's the narrow, pig-headed sort. She conceives an idea that you are lazy and stubborn, and picks on you ever after. If she asks you a question and you don't answer glibly and perfectly, she will snap you up, say some nasty, sarcastic thing, and pass the question on to some girl she likes. The latter girl may stumble and stammer as much as she pleases, and she will only be helped and encouraged. I don't know where a little, prejudiced nature can cause more unhappiness to the square inch than in the instructor's chair.

Fourth, there's the self-conceited, vain, sensitive kind. They act as if the pupils were all pachyderms, while they themselves are thin-skinned to a degree. After all, the schoolroom is a little Russia, and the teacher is the Czar. If you happen to get a nice Czar you're all right, but if you should fall under the sway of a feminine Ivan the Ter-

rible you had better look pleasant and say nothing.

Still, they are not all bad. On the contrary, some of them are perfectly lovely. Everybody likes the president, though of course we don't see much of her. I suppose she's out interviewing millionaires, and getting endowments, and all that sort of thing, most of the time. But she's a woman who gives you the impression of power and gentleness, and — we like her.

The real head of the practical working of the institution is the Dean, Miss Pendleton. We all bow down to her afar off, and think her the most marvellous woman we ever met. She knows every student and everything about them, has a memory like the British Museum, a manner soft as velvet, and a will of steel. Nobody ever trifles with her, nobody can fool her, nobody can bluff her. Yet, we all think she's charming, and we're proud of her as can be. I imagine if one were not in her school, and could penetrate her reserve, and get close to her heart, one would find her mighty lovable.

Then there's my German teacher. O Babbo, she's something divine! I wish you might know her. She's the dearest woman you ever could imagine. She just helps you all the time, don't you know. You never go into her class but she seems to take you under the arm-pits and give you a boost up to being better. She makes you want to study. That's what I call a good teacher. It really don't make so very much difference whether a teacher knows so much herself; her power lies in making you want to know something.

And that's what Miss Vail does. There's something about her that makes you want to be like her. I just love her.

And what do you think? The other day she said to me,

"Edna, would you like to take a tramp with me this afternoon?"

My heart almost stopped beating! I stammered out something stupid, to the effect that I would be pleased to, when all the while I was in raptures. I could hardly wait for the time to come.

Well, we took a long walk, and O Babbo, we just had the loveliest time! I could have walked hundreds of miles with her. She asked me all about myself, and I told her, and of course said a lot of silly and crude things; but I did n't seem to be ashamed of them, but went on and told all my dreams

and plans and ideas — she simply turned me inside out — and I liked it.

Then she told me something of her story. She has had a pretty hard time of it, but is so sweet and noble withal! Oh, I am so fortunate to have met her! And I think she likes me, too, though she did n't say so. There is not one bit of slopping-over in her. But she made me feel that she liked me; that's what I mean.

I never really understood the meaning of the word "sympathy" before. I understand now there is a sort of nature that simply invites you out of yourself, that acts upon you like the sun on a flower, and makes you open all your petals and realize what your own life means.

Why are n't there more people like this? Why is it that with most persons you feel you must be careful, must choose your words and guard your actions, and you would not dare to live your own real self out before them? And then to meet one like Miss Vail — and like you, too, Babbo, though I'm afraid you'll get too conceited — to meet a personality in whose presence you can come out of your hole and sit down in the sun and let every faculty play freely! To feel the sacred loyalty of such a one, too; how that your every word and deed is to them an inviolable trust, that around you two is a high wall of Friendship over which the suspicious, evil-minded world cannot peep!

I have many friends, of course; but it's different having a friend who is better, wiser, and nobler than yourself. I know and love lots of girls, but the touch of a higher nature than mine awakens something in me that the ordinary companion does not reach.

Miss Vail is n't so very much older than I; she's awfully young to be a teacher; so it's something like having a friend of my own age.

But enough of this "De Amicitia." Here's a good one Miss Vail told me. A certain professor at the Wesleyan, in Middletown, Connecticut, was a crank on the subject of etymology, and was always tracing the origin of words. One day a smarty youth said to him,

"Professor, do you know that the word 'Middletown' is derived from Moses?"

The professor pricked up his ears at the unusual problem in his favorite study, and inquired how that might be.

"Why," said the youth, "you just take

off the 'oses' and add 'iddletown' and they're the same."

Which wit set the youth back several degrees in his marks and almost expelled him from the school.

Can you stand another?

She told me of a German philologist who illustrated the maxim that the ruling passion is strong in death. As he was dying he exclaimed in French, his favorite field of research, "Je meurs!" Then after a moment of silence he opened his eyes and added, to his weeping family, "Man kann auch sagen, Je me meurs!"

Yours eternally,
EDNA.

VIII. THE BALLYHOOS

"I've lived a quiet, peaceful life
All through my college days:
I never wished to stay up late;
I never tried to haze.

"My mother is a lady;
My auntie is one, too;
I need no class to tell me
The proper thing to do."
— *Legenda MCMVI.*

The other evening three of the girls were in my room; we were cutting up and seeing just how silly we could be, and finally we decided that we could have a lot of fun if we organized a club — not with any idea of self-improvement or earnest purpose, you understand, but simply for fun. We discussed plans for initiation, each seeing what particularly horrible and outlandish thing she could think of.

We were Lida, Belle, Martha, and I. As we were talking, in came Sybil and Florence, and we straightway voted them in and prepared to initiate them. We called ourselves the Ballyhoos — for no reason at all, so don't ask.

We are supposed to be all quiet by 10 P.M., and it was already after that hour; hence our doings were carried on in whispers and prodigious giggling. We blindfolded the girls, and swore them in, making them promise never to reveal the secrets of our order, unless somebody asked them. We made them crawl around over the floor, and climb over the furniture, and do all sorts of ridiculous stunts.

Then we took them down the dark hall,

keeping a sharp lookout for the night watchman, Old Slippy. One of the girls had an electric hand-light, so that we made our way without much difficulty along the dark corridor, all the while endeavoring not to giggle too loud, and expecting every minute that the proctor would hear us. We were in our stocking feet and slid along as noiselessly as possible.

Spying a light in the crack under a door, and presuming it to come from the midnight oil of some student who was pounding away religiously at trig or some such thing, we told one of our victims, Sybil, to knock at the door, go into the room, all blindfolded as she was, and ask the person there — we did n't have any idea who it might be — if her grandmother was a turnip.

Sybil knocked, and we all slipped away a little distance so that we could run if anything happened, but still could hear what was said.

"Come!" said a voice.

Sybil opened the door and asked:

"Pardon me, but is your grandmother a turnip?"

"I think you forget yourself," replied the voice.

We recognized it now. Horror of horrors! it was Miss French, of the Math Department, one of the frigidest and most unapproachable of the Faculty! We scurried down the hall to the centre and got behind a corner, where we peeped out and saw Sybil groping her way out of the apartment.

One of us ran up and took her arm and led her away, and fortunately Miss French did not pursue us, nor raise any row. We lay in heaps on the floor and giggled till I thought we'd die.

By and by we came to and proceeded with the initiation. We led the two lambs of the slaughter up the stairs, finding our way by the little electric light. On up to the fifth floor we went, to the attic, where we led them over trunks and boxes and old lumber, half scared to death ourselves, and yet perishing with laughter.

In a big open space up there we put them through other degrees. We bared their arms and then, telling them we were going to brand them with red-hot irons, so that they would be known forever as Ballyhoos, and could be recognized if they ever tried to escape our vengeance for having broken their vows, we applied to each arm a cake of

ice, whereat wild squeals, quickly smothered, and renewed glee.

We also gave them the degree known as "Hole in the Wall." We had several candles which we lit and set around on the boxes. Then unbinding the eyes of the candidates we showed them a hole in the wall where the plastering had been gouged out and instructed them to take good aim, so that when blindfolded again they could hit the hole with their outstretched forefinger, having to walk several paces to do so. When the bandage was put on Florence was started by one of us in the right direction, and slowly approached the wall. But in the meanwhile one of us had slipped around and stationed herself against the wall, and when Florence's finger was advanced it was given a sharp bite.

More idiotic spasms, and dancing, and smothered te-he-ing. Then the same degree administered to Sybil.

There are a big stuffed hippopotamus and a stag and a few prehistoric monsters in the old zoo room on this floor. There we gave the victims some rides and made them duly acquainted with their preadamite bears and forebears.

Thence we decided to take them down to the fourth floor to the advanced zoölogy room, where students take what is called the "cat course." This course has something to do with animal anatomy, and they get cats and, having chloroformed them, boil them and cut them up, so as to know how their wheels go around inside.

A consignment of tabbies got loose once and ran all over the place. You could n't take a walk in the woods without seeing the fleeing form of some scared feline that had escaped his hot bath and was swindling the inquisitive yearners for knowledge out of a great deal of useful information.

We knew there was a skeleton in a closet in this room (not a figurative, but a real one), and our design was to put a lighted candle inside it, and have the candidate shake

hands with it, and just as she had grasped its bony fingers, to unbandage her eyes.

We left Sybil outside the door, blindfolded, and took Florence in first. Belle left her lighted candle by Sybil, setting it on a box by the door, and we went in. We found the skeleton in its place — and a spooky looking thing it was.

We held a whispered discussion over the manner in which we were to get the candle inside of it. It was suggested that some one hold it up in the hollow of its ribs; but that was voted down, as the hand of the holder would be conspicuous. Finally I tinkered at it until I found that I could take off the back of its head. That was excellent. Now we could stand the light right up in the skull.

We were about to put this bright plan into execution when we heard voices and the door slammed outside. And there was the night watchman, who had heard our noise and had come up to see what the trouble was. He had hold of Sybil and was asking her things.

"What in the world do you mean," we heard him say, "putting a lighted candle right down by an open naphtha bottle?"

Gracious! but we were frightened! Suppose that naphtha had exploded right there by Sybil!

We all cut and ran as fast as we could, and soon were in our rooms.

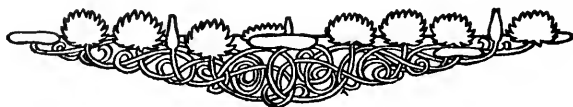
The next day we felt we were walking on thin ice, and expected every minute to be called to account. Of course Old Slippery did n't know us; but then he had doubtless reported the escapade to the head of the house, and we were fearful that we might be found out in some way.

But nothing has come of it yet, and we are saying nothing and being as good as good.

What do people want to leave naphtha bottles sitting around open for, anyway?

Your own model, precious

EDNA.



PATRICIA'S CHRISTMAS FAMILY

By EMILIA ELLIOTT



HERE!" Patricia stepped back, with a sigh of satisfaction. "It's all ready for the presents. Custard Kirby," she bent to pat the small curly black dog, stretched lazily out on the hearth-rug, "on your honor, have you ever seen a prettier Christmas-tree? Good! There's Daddy!"

Patricia ran to open the front door. "Come and admire, Daddy," she urged.

Dr. Kirby went with her to the library; in the centre of the broad square room stood the tree, its slender tip just escaping the ceiling.

"And I trimmed it nearly all myself!" Patricia explained, proudly. "Aunt Julia had to go out. Maybe you don't think I've been busy to-day, Daddy! I don't know but what it is a good thing that Christmas does n't come more than once a year."

"I should be bankrupt if it did," the doctor said, pulling one of Custard's long ears. "An only daughter is rather an expensive luxury."

"As if I were anything more than a plain every-day necessity! And not such an incapable after all, am I, Daddy?"

"Not when it comes to Christmas-trees."

"Daddy, see, it's beginning to snow!"

"We're going to have a white Christmas, all right," the doctor said; then as the telephone rang sharply, he went to answer it.

Patricia heard him give a sudden exclamation, ask one or two rapid questions; then he hung up the receiver and came back to the library door.

"Patricia," he said, "there has been a bad accident down at the curve — the eastern express — they are bringing the injured up here to the hotel. 'Phone your aunt for me; and remember, *you* are not to leave the house."

"O Daddy!" Patricia followed him into the office; but all he could tell her was that it seemed to be a pretty bad affair, and that he was likely to be away from home some hours.

"A sad Christmas eve for a good many, dear," he said, kissing her good-by.

Patricia watched him, as he drove off a few moments later, through the fast falling snow. Christmas eve — and down there at the curve! Patricia choked back a sudden sob, as she went to telephone to her aunt, who was down at the church, helping with the Christmas decorations.

Miss Kirby decided instantly to go right down to the hotel, where help would be needed. And *she* also warned Patricia that she was not to leave home.

"But oh, I want to go, Custard!" the girl protested; "I know I could help." She closed the library door; the sight of the Christmas-tree, its gay ornaments glittering in the firelight, hurt her.

Patricia went to curl herself up on one of the sitting-room window-seats. Jim had gone with her father; Sarah was down at the gate talking over the accident with the maid from next door. Presently, across the street, a familiar figure came into view, through the gathering twilight. Patricia hurried to the door. "O Nell!" she called.

Nell Hardy came running over. "Patricia, you've heard?"

"Yes; they sent for Daddy. Aunt Julia's gone down to the hotel."

"So's Mama; she would n't let me go with her. O Patricia! If it had been the local!"

"Don't, Nell! Come on in and stay; I'm under orders not to leave the house."

They went into the sitting-room, where Patricia brightened up the fire and lit the big lamp, with its crimson shade. Then she came to sit beside Nell on the broad old lounge. "Nell, are n't you wild to help too? If only Daddy had n't — Oh, I know —" The next moment Patricia was out in the hall at the telephone.

Nell waited wonderingly.

"Come on, Nell!" Patricia stood in the open doorway, her eyes dancing. "Five of them coming!"

"What are you talking about, Pat?"

"Children." Patricia was leading the way

upstairs. "I got Mrs. Brown, down at the hotel, over the 'phone. I wish you could have heard her! 'Children! I should say so, Miss Patricia! Five of them crying in my own sitting-room at this minute. No, not hurt; frightened out of their wits, and their own people too hurt to look after them.' And when I asked if I might have them up here, Nell, I wish you could have heard her. She's sending them right up in one of the hotel rigs."

"But, Patricia —"

"There are n't any buts in this affair. We'll take Aunt Julia's room and mine. It won't do to turn Daddy out of his, and I must have communicating ones."

"But your aunt —" Nell began again.

"Oh, Aunt Julia'll understand." Patricia was kneeling before the deep fireplace in her aunt's room, piling it generously with wood from the box in the corner.

"Miss 'Tricia, what yo' up ter?" Sarah demanded, unexpectedly, from the doorway. "Yo' know Miss Julia don' like a fire in her room nights — an' de house like summer now, wid de furnuss!"

"Aunt Julia is n't sleeping here to-night," Patricia answered, calmly; "and I particularly want the room cheerful; you know, there's nothing like an open fire for making things cheerful."

"Miss 'Tricia, what yo' be'n doin'?"

And Patricia explained.

Sarah rolled her black eyes ceilingwards. "Who ever heerd tell o' sich doin's! I'd jus' like ter know who done gib yo' commission ter do this, Miss 'Tricia! An' whatever is yo' goin' do wid five strange young-uns?"

"Make them happy and comfortable, I hope," Patricia laughed. "There they are now. Start a fire in my room, please, Sarah, and make up a bed on my lounge. Come on, Nell," and Patricia was out of the room and downstairs in a flash.

Before the steps stood the carriage from the hotel, and from within it five white, frightened little faces looked anxiously out.

Patricia made straight for the youngest one, a two-year-old girl. "You poor baby!" she cried, softly.

Heedless, impulsive, Patricia had at least the gift of winning her way right to a child's heart; and without a moment's hesitation the child put a pair of clinging little arms about her neck.

She and Nell took the five into the warm,

bright sitting-room, where they took off hats and coats and gently rubbed the cold little hands. "Why, you're not much more than babies, any of you!" Patricia glanced pityingly from one to another of her protégés.

"I'm seven," the oldest answered. "I'm Norma Howard; she's my little sister Totty." She pointed to the baby on Patricia's lap. "She keeps crying for Mama — Mama was hurt," Norma hid her face against Patricia.

Patricia slipped an arm about her. "I should n't wonder if my daddy were looking after her right now. He's the best doctor in the whole world!" She turned to the two little boys, staring up at her from the depths of the doctor's big chair: "And are you brothers?"

"No'm," the larger one responded; "we've only just 'come 'quainted. He's only five; I'm five an' half. I'm Archibald Sears; his name 's Tommy — I want my mother!"

Tommy's big blue eyes filled. "So do I," he cried.

Totty took up the wail; and the little four-year-old girl on Nell's lap promptly followed suit.

"What shall we do?" Nell asked, imploringly.

But at that moment Sarah appeared. She took Tommy up in her strong, motherly arms, soothing him in practised fashion: "There, there, honey! Yo's goin' have yo' mother pretty soon. What yo' wants now's yo' supper, ain't it, honey? I reckon ain't no one had de sense ter gib yo' chillerns a mite ter eat."

Tommy tucked his head down on Sarah's broad shoulder with a pathetic little sigh of comfort. In the home which at this moment seemed very far away to Tommy was an old colored mammy. He refused to let Sarah put him down, so she took him with her while she got ready the five bowls of warm bread and milk, which she declared the best possible supper for them under the circumstances.

"But whatever put such a notion in yo' head, Miss 'Tricia, is more'n I kin figger out," she declared a few moments later, guiding the sleepy Tommy's spoon in its journey from bowl to mouth. "What yo' reckon yo' pa's goin' say?"

"I think," Patricia glanced about the table, "that just at present Daddy would say — bed."

"Hm," Sarah grunted, "yo' knows what I means. Well, it's sure got ter be a bath for them all 'fore it kin be bed; so we'd best get started."

She headed the little procession upstairs, Tommy in her arms, Patricia bringing up the rear with Totty. "If it had n't come about in such a dreadful way, would n't it be perfectly lovely?" Patricia said. "Think of it, Nell — *five* children to spend Christmas with one!"

Nell laughed. "Your Christmas is n't over yet, Pat; it won't be all smooth running."

"You can't scare me. Nell, we'll hang up their stockings for them. They must have their Christmas."

"What yo' goin' do fo' night things fo' dem, Miss 'Tricia?" Sarah asked, suddenly; "'pears like ain't none o' 'em come much laden down wid luggage."

"N-no," Patricia answered; "probably their things were n't very getatable. We'll have to take some of my gowns, Sarah."

Whereupon Archibald lifted up his voice in swift protestation; he did n't want to wear a girl's things; he wanted to go home; he wanted to sleep in his own bed; he wanted his mother!

At that all-compelling word four other voices rose in instantaneous lamentation, even Norma catching the general infection.

"Sarah, can't you do something?" Patricia implored. "Nell, what does your mother do when your brothers cry like this?"

"They — don't cry like this," Nell answered, trying desperately to quiet Lydia.

"Mebbe next time, Miss 'Tricia," Sarah's tone was strictly of the "I-told-you-so" order, "yo' won't go 'vitin' a whole tribe o' young-uns, widout resultin' any one."

Patricia, walking the room with the screaming Totty, came to a sudden halt before Archibald, lying face down on the floor. "If you'll stop crying I'll let Custard come up," she said.

"Who's Custard?" Archibald rolled over on his back to consider the matter.

"My dog."

"Where is he?"

"Downstairs — in the kitchen."

"Does he like boys?"

"Not when they cry."

Archibald rubbed his eyes. "I'm not crying now."

But at that moment, Custard, who con-

sidered that he had been kept in the back-ground quite long enough, came upstairs on his own account. As Sarah said, he seemed "ter sense the situation," for he trotted about making friends, lapping the tears from Tommy's face, and standing up on his hind paws to let Totty pat his head.

Sarah promptly took advantage of the lull to whisk the boys off to the bathroom; half an hour later, all five children, well wrapped in shawls and blankets, were gathered about the fire in Patricia's room for the hanging of the Christmas stockings.

That ceremony over, Sarah pounced on Tommy and Archibald, carrying them off to bed in Miss Kirby's room. "An' mercy knows what Miss Julie done say when she find yo' here," she muttered, tucking them in snugly.

Archibald sat up in bed. "I want — Custard!"

"Yo' go 'long ter sleep, young sir," Sarah expostulated. "What yo' think Marse Santa Claus goin' say ter such goin's-on?"

"I want Custard!"

"Let him have him, Sarah!" Patricia exclaimed.

"Miss 'Tricia! 'Low that onery dog on yo' aunt's bed!"

Patricia let the insult to her pet pass. "*In it, on it, under it*, if it'll keep him quiet!"

Sarah lifted Custard in far from respectful fashion, dropping him, a little, astonished, but entirely acquiescent heap, between Archibald and Tommy.

Lydia, already asleep, was disposed of in Patricia's bed, and Norma and Totty settled comfortably on the wide lounge.

"An' now, honey," Sarah said, "I's goin' get you and Miss Nell yo' supper."

They went downstairs, where Sarah made Patricia and Nell comfortable at a small table drawn up before the sitting-room fire.

"But what are you going to fill those stockings with, Pat?" Nell asked, after Sarah had left them alone.

"I can manage all right for the girls; I've loads of toys stowed away up garret. I've always had heaps of things given me. but if I could get out-of-doors, and had something alive to play with, I'd let the other things go every time. I am a bit puzzled about Archibald's and Tommy's."

"I'll run home and get some of the little boys' toys," Nell offered; and when supper was over, and while Patricia went, as she

called it, "shopping up garret," Nell made a hurried trip home and back.

"There," she exclaimed, coming in breathless, her head and shoulders white with snow, "will these do?" She laid a toy engine, a trumpet, a tin sword, and a small box of lead soldiers on the table.

"Beautifully!" Patricia was placing a small jointed doll in the top of Norma's stocking. "This is going to be about the realest Christmas I've ever had; and by to-morrow night I'll have had fourteen."

"It's going to be a mighty sad one for a lot of people."

All the fun and laughter vanished from Patricia's gray eyes. She looked about the pleasant, homelike room, with its trimmings of evergreen and holly, and a swift, sharp, realizing sense of what was going on down at the hotel came to her. For a moment the girl's lips quivered and the hand that held Tommy's empty stocking trembled. "But, Nell," she said, slowly, "I am sure — oh, I know they would want their children to have their Christmas. It would be too dreadful, afterwards — if they could remember nothing but — sadness and — sorrow. O Nell, I wonder if there were any children hurt?"

"I don't know," Nell answered. "Let's — not talk about it, Patricia. Shall I put the trumpet in Archibald's stocking?"

"I suppose so, he's larger than Tommy. I don't know what Aunt Julia will do if he wakes up early and starts to blowing it. Poor Aunt Julia! She's got a lot of surprises coming her way." Patricia stuffed out the toe of Lydia's stocking with the regulation nuts and raisins. "There," she said, a moment later, "I reckon these are ready to hang up again."

They tiptoed upstairs softly; the children were all sleeping quietly, and even Custard barely opened the corner of one eye at Patricia's coming.

Custard was having the time of his life. Hitherto, beds had been strictly forbidden ground with Custard; and just what could have brought about this most delightful state of affairs was quite beyond his powers of imagination, but he was wisely wasting no time in idle speculation.

Patricia stroked him a bit dubiously. "I am afraid Aunt Julia will rebel at this, old fellow; but Archibald's got fast hold of you, and I simply can't risk waking him up."

"I must go now, Pat," Nell said, as they

went downstairs again; "I told Papa I'd be back soon."

"Somehow," she added, as she and Patricia stood a moment on the front steps, "I can't make it seem like Christmas eve — not even with your five stockings, Pat."

Patricia looked out at the white whirl of snow; the street seemed deserted, but here and there, where a blind had been left undrawn, a light shone out.

Then, from a house next door, came the sound of a Christmas carol:

"Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King!"

Clearly, joyously, through the still, snow-laden air, sounded the words —

"Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings.
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!"

Patricia drew a long breath. "But it is Christmas eve, Nell. And, O Nell, at least, we did n't have any one there — on the express."

"N-no," Nell said, gravely, "still —"

"Maybe it won't be exactly a 'merry Christmas'," Patricia began — "Nell, listen!"

From upstairs came a prolonged wail.

"Totty!" Patricia cried.

It was more than an hour later when the doctor and Miss Kirby drove slowly up the snow-covered drive. "I am afraid Patricia has had rather a lonely Christmas eve," Miss Kirby said.

"It looks as if she had gone to bed," her brother answered; "the door would have been open by this time, if she were on hand."

Miss Kirby went directly upstairs to take off her things; in the upper hall she caught the flicker of firelight through her own and Patricia's half-opened doors; and although ordinarily she did not care for a fire in her room at night, the knowledge that there was one awaiting her now brought a sense of comfort. Probably Patricia had thought she would be cold and tired — Patricia was really very considerate at times.

Three minutes later Miss Kirby was standing in the middle of her room, staring with wide, amazed eyes at her very much occupied bed.

Two children and a *dog*!

Involuntarily, she lowered the light, so as

not to awaken the sleepers. Two children and a *dog!* Could it be the effect of overwrought nerves? Then she recognized Custard.

Custard was blinking sleepily up at her, but he did not move. He may have realized the desirability of not disturbing his companions, or he may have concluded that possession was nine tenths of the law; with a little audacious sigh of comfort, he tucked his head down and dropped off to sleep again.

Miss Kirby turned towards Patricia's room. A moment after, the doctor heard her calling to him softly from the landing. "Anything wrong?" he asked.

"Come and see!" Miss Kirby was almost hysterical.

"Patricia is n't —?"

"Come and see!" Miss Kirby led the way to her room, pointing dramatically to the bed.

The doctor surveyed the trio within it. "Upon my —" his lips twitched. "No one from around here! Evidently, Patricia has —"

"Suppose you look in Patricia's room," Miss Kirby suggested.

Going to the door, the doctor gave one brief, comprehensive glance; then he turned: "And how many in my room?"

Miss Kirby gasped. "I'll go see."

"None," she reported, "and none in the spare room. Patrick, these must be children from — the hotel. Oh dear, was there ever such a girl!"

The doctor looked about him, more slowly this time, seeing Lydia in the bed, Norma on the lounge; seeing the little, flushed, contented faces; seeing the stockings hanging ready for the morning from the mantel-piece; seeing, and here his glance rested longest, Patricia in a low chair before the fire, Totty in her arms, both fast asleep; noting the tired droop of the dark head against the baby's yellow one.

He might have known Patricia would never be content to sit idle, when just at hand was so much of pain and suffering to be relieved.

"Is n't it exactly like Patricia?" Miss Kirby sighed, wearily.

"Yes," the doctor's voice was very gentle, "I think it is — exactly like Patricia." Crossing the room, he carefully loosened Patricia's grasp, taking Totty from her.

Patricia stirred and opened her eyes. "Daddy! Oh, I am glad you're back! But, please, please, be very careful not to wake Totty; I'm so afraid she'll get to crying again."

The doctor laid Totty beside Norma. "Suppose you come downstairs, Pat, and explain this invasion of the premises to your aunt and me," he said, holding out his hand to her.

Sitting on the arm of her father's chair, Patricia told her story. "Have — you been in your room, Aunt Julia?" she asked.

"I have, Patricia."

"I am sorry about Custard, Aunt Julia; but Archibald would n't be comforted without him; he wanted his — mother."

Miss Kirby thought of the long dining-room down at the hotel, turned into a hospital ward; where on this Christmas eve more than one mother was lying very near the borders of the undiscovered country.

"And I had to take your room, Aunt Julia," Patricia went on, "so as to have two communicating ones. I hope you don't mind very much?"

And Miss Kirby had not the heart to admit how much, in her present weariness of mind and body, she did care.

The doctor patted Patricia's cheek. "I thought Mrs. Brown was keeping those children wonderfully out of the way. I wish their poor mothers could have known how well they were being cared for."

Patricia drew a quick breath of pleasure. "And we'll keep them over Christmas, Daddy?"

"That depends — upon various reasons. By the way, where do you sleep to-night, Pat?"

"Oh, I'll go into the spare room, with Aunt Julia," Patricia responded, cheerfully.

Miss Kirby stifled a sigh; and hoped that Patricia's activities would not recommence too early the next morning.

It was not Patricia who woke Miss Kirby the next morning.

Custard, waking early, and finding himself in such unaccustomed surroundings, decided to look for his young mistress. Having been permitted on one bed seemed to Custard sufficient warrant for getting on another. Miss Kirby woke with a start to find a little wriggling object standing between

herself and Patricia, while a small moist tongue did active and alternate service on both their faces.

Her shriek of dismay woke Patricia.

"Aunt Julia!" Patricia was shaking with laughter, "I'll tell Daddy — how you woke me up, playing with Custard!"

"He's the most —" Miss Kirby dived beneath the bedclothes. "Take him away, Patricia!"

From across the hall came the shrill blast of a trumpet. Custard, his forefeet firmly planted on Miss Kirby's chest, his head cocked enquiringly, promptly barked a defiant response.

The next moment the spare room seemed full of children, all, like Custard, in search of Patricia, and making, at sight of her, as swift an onslaught in her direction as the extreme length of their nightgowns would permit.

So, after all, Christmas morning began merrily for them, at least.

The doctor, coming home later from an early visit to the hotel, stopped outside Patricia's open door. "Merry Christmas, Pat! Got your hands full?"

Patricia was kneeling on the floor, buttoning Tommy's shoes. "Merry Christmas, Daddy," she answered, gaily; "I certainly have."

Norma came slowly up to the doctor; she remembered him from last night; for in all the hurry and confusion of the moment he had found time for a few comforting words to the frightened, bewildered children. "Have — have you made Mama better?" she asked, wistfully.

The doctor sat down, taking her on his knee. "What is your mother's name, dear?"

"Mrs. Howard."

The doctor brushed the child's soft curls; and Patricia, seeing the gravity of his eyes, caught her breath. "Your mother was resting very quietly when I left her just now, dear," he said, gently; then he turned to Archibald. "Did you find that trumpet in your stocking, young man?"

Archibald nodded. "I want my —"

"I found this!" Lydia held up one of Patricia's many dolls. They all crowded about him, claiming his attention, Totty demanding to be taken up.

"Got your hands full, Daddy?" Patricia laughed.

About the candle-lighted tree Patricia's small guests circled admiringly. It *had* been a merry Christmas for the little travel-wrecked strangers; and now, with the tree, had come the culminating point of this long, happy day.

"Is n't it pretty?" Norma came to lean against Patricia. "I wish Mama could see it."

"You must remember to tell her all about it," Patricia answered.

"Will I see her to-morrow?" Norma asked, longingly.

"Perhaps," Patricia said; and when presently her father had to leave them, to go down to the hotel, she went with him to the door. "Daddy, you'll be back soon?"

"As soon as possible, dear."

"And — you think — with good news for them — all?"

"I hope so, dear."

Patricia went back to the library with sober face. "But at least," she thought, taking Totty on her lap, "they'll have had their Christmas."

It was far from soon before the doctor returned. Patricia's charges were in bed and asleep. Custard, who had been looking forward to bedtime all day, had retired to his basket — a disillusioned dog. To-night Archibald was finding all the solace needed in a gaily painted Noah's Ark. Miss Kirby was lying down in the sitting-room, — she had not found it a day of unbroken calm, — so that Patricia was alone in the library when her father returned.

He drew her down beside him on the lounge. "It is good news for them all, Patricia. I think Norma and Totty may see their mother to-morrow. I have brought you a great deal of love, Patricia, from more than one mother; love and gratitude."

"Oh, I am glad they're all better!" Patricia said. "Daddy, I've been thinking; I don't see how we're ever going to get along after this without a Christmas family."

The doctor bent to kiss her. "What I've been thinking, is what your 'family' would have done for their Christmas without you. I'm proud of you, Pat."

"O Daddy!" Patricia's eyes were shining.

MEN AND AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

By DAVID S. BARRY

The Opening of Congress : Mediocre Republican Leaders : Allison, "Father" of the Senate : Bingham, "Father" of the House : The Opening Ceremony and Its Humors : Speaker Cannon and His Lieutenants : The Improved and Embellished Capitol Building



WASHINGTON has waked up from its eight months' doze. It has a "hustle" on, for Congress will meet December 2, the constitutional first Monday of the month, and then things legislative, executive, judicial, and political will hum for six or seven months. This being the opening session of a new Congress,—the long session, as it is popularly known,—it can sit as long as it pleases, and next year it may be pleased to keep going until along about the time the conventions meet to nominate presidential candidates. These exciting meetings are generally held in June and July, so Congress may be expected to remain with us until along about that time; although if the leaders of Senate and House have their way, as they have been having it lately, adjournment will take place at an earlier date.

In the old days—that is, before the present era of practical business methods set in—the long sessions of Congress were wont to continue into August and sometimes September, especially the sessions in the years of a presidential campaign. It is at the sessions of these years that political capital is made. The dominant party, the Republican at present, are put on the defensive and the ever-increasing pages of "The Congressional Record" are filled with speeches—"Congressional hot air," it is called by the scoffing and irreverent—designed on the part of the Democrats to demonstrate that the Republican administration has been faithless to its stewardship, and on the part of the Republicans to prove their long-maintained claim that the Democratic party are incompetent to manage the affairs of the country and should not, therefore, be put in control. This mass of

partisan oratory is then disseminated among the people in the shape of pamphlet speeches printed, folded, and mailed in Washington, and paid for by the party organizations and the candidates. The speeches also find their way into the country newspapers, the patent insides and outsides, whose publishers thus find the campaign years to be less lean than others. Congressional speeches do not in recent years seem to have the authority they enjoyed in the old days, and it is probable that the one who derives the most actual, direct benefit from them is the favored individual who has the contract for indexing "The Congressional Record." He is paid by the page, and if a statesman talks all day on one subject every page of his speech is "fat" for the printer and indexer. "The Record" has grown in the past decade or so from a leaflet to a bulky volume.

The session about to open—the first of the new 60th Congress, whose life began on the fourth of March last, although the members have not yet been sworn in for the two-years term ending March 3, 1909—will be apt to continue at least until June. Little will be done until after the holiday recess, which continues generally from about December 20 to January 5, nothing being accomplished in the first two or three weeks of the session but formal organization. In the recess the Speaker makes up his committees and announces them at the end of the holiday. Then business begins in earnest. This assigning of men to committees is not an important or especially difficult task in these days of continuing Republican rule, for it consists merely of leaving the old dead wood where they are and filling in the spaces at the bottom of the committee lists with new and obscure members. When the control passes from one party to the other



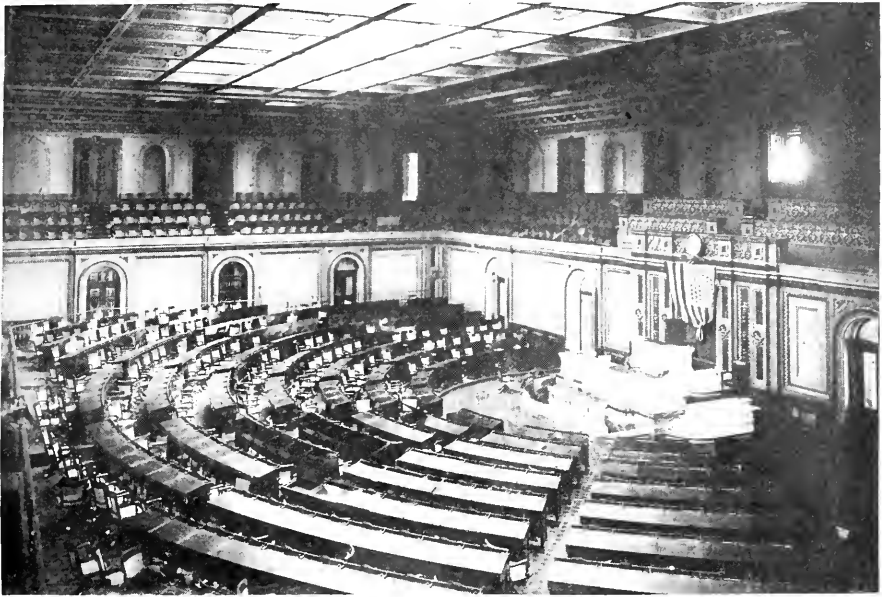
The United States Senate Chamber

in Senate or House the making-up of committees is serious business, especially if the parties are divided on some great question like the tariff.

At present it is hard to distinguish one party from another, as both seem so enthusiastic for, or at least subservient to, the wishes and policies of the Republican administration. Seniority of service counts for a good deal in the House of Representatives as well as in the Senate, although it does not control so absolutely in the "lower" as in the "upper" branch of Congress, and so a member who is reelected is continued in his committee places no matter how ill-fitted he is for them. The "bunch" of Republican statesmen who have been the so-called leaders in the past ten years or so are mediocre men; that is generally admitted, but no Speaker, certainly not Mr. Cannon, would have the temerity to depose one of them. Under present conditions little good would be accomplished if he did. He would simply be jumping from the frying-pan into the fire, because among the old members there are none who have shown qualities above those possessed by the "triumvirate,"

composed of the majority of the Committee on Rules, who now hold the reins. Perhaps among the new timber there may be some of leadership size, but that remains to be seen. Mr. Cannon was not himself regarded as a big man — and he has served a long time in Congress — until he was put into the powerful office of Speaker. Now he is posing as a presidential candidate. But it will not be for long. The spasm will soon be over, and the various "favorite sons," after their brief strutting upon the stage, will retire each to his proper niche.

The ceremonies of ushering in a new Congress are not elaborate or particularly picturesque, except perhaps in the years when one or the other of the great parties is coming into power or a new President being inaugurated. This being a Republic, official affairs are, as a rule, carried on in democratic fashion. There is no pomp connected with any of our governmental ceremonies save the civil and military display on Inauguration Day, and the show of army and navy authority that have of recent years crept into the management of social functions at the White House. Congress,



Chamber of the House of Representatives

however, is still democratic, and the rules of true democracy prevail there on the opening days, as at all times.

The public press, catering always to what it regards as a popular demand, fills long columns with accounts of the opening proceedings of the two Houses, however humdrum they may be. The love of curiosity is strong in the breasts of the American people, as elsewhere, and no opening session of Congress could be dry enough to prevent the ample gallery from being crowded almost to the point of suffocation. By the hundreds and thousands the citizens of this great Republic, residents of Washington as well as the strangers within her gates, climb Capitol Hill on the first Monday in December by foot and by tramways and by every other known means of locomotion. They go early, too, so that a person arriving along about noon, the usual time for the meeting of Senate and House, would be laughed at if he should attempt to get into the gallery or even as far as the inner door, no matter if he be armed with a separate pass for each letter of his whole name. As there are exceptions to all rules, there is an exception to this one; two exceptions, in fact. Just opposite the pre-

siding officer's desk in the Senate, and on his left in the House of Representatives, there is a small section of gallery-space reserved at all times for members of the Diplomatic Corps, to which admission is gained by the presentation of credentials, or, better still, recognition from the veteran doorkeepers, who are supposed to, and generally do, know everybody, or by cards from the Secretary of State. It is only on rare occasions, "Field-days," as they are popularly known to those who describe scenes in Congress, that members of the Diplomatic Corps condescend to visit the Capitol, so that as a usual thing the benches reserved for them are conspicuous by their emptiness.

The second exception is that in both Senate and House the front row of seats in that portion of the gallery reserved for the personal friends of Senators and Representatives is held in readiness for members of the President's family. The bench just back of the presidential row is similarly reserved for the Vice-President, and this is about the only perquisite that belongs to the office. Former Vice-President Stevenson was once twitted with his lack of power, when, draw-

ing himself up to defend his dignity, he replied to his tormentor:

"You forget, sir, that I have the unquestioned right to issue gallery passes."

And issue them he did. It is a tradition of the Senate that no man, woman, or child from Illinois or elsewhere ever called upon "Uncle Adlai" while he occupied the ornate green room now presided over by Charles Warren Fairbanks of Indiana that he did not carry away, sought or unsought, a ticket to the gallery signed with a rubber stamp "A. E. Stevenson."

It was "Uncle Adlai," too, who one night at a dinner at the house of the late Senator Gorman, in resenting the charge that the Vice-President of the United States was never consulted by the President, told the story of Vice-President Breckenridge, who, when asked whether it were true that President Buchanan never consulted him upon a public question, at first replied:

"Yes, sir, it is only too true." And then, correcting himself, added, "No, that is not just right. He did consult me once. He sent for me one evening to come to the White House. As I was ushered into the library he solemnly drew a document from the inner pocket of his coat and said:

"Mr. Vice-President, I have here my Thanksgiving Proclamation, the phraseology of which I desire to submit to your critical opinion and judgment."

When the laughter caused by this story subsided Senator Gorman turned to Mr. Stevenson and asked:

"Has Mr. Cleveland yet consulted you to that extent, Mr. Vice-President?"

"Not yet," promptly replied "Uncle Adlai," who is not always so slow, with a twinkle in his eye; "but," he quickly added, "there are still a few weeks of my term remaining."

In both Houses there are sections of the galleries reserved for ladies with and without escorts, for the members of the Cabinet and their friends, the families of Senators and Representatives, and for those who have cards from members of either House. The remaining portions of the gallery, and they are not especially spacious, are assigned to the general public, and are generally occupied by negroes and the few — not so very few, either — long-haired and long-whiskered gentlemen who make it a business to attend every session of Congress. They

come early and stay late, and their faces are as well known to the doorkeepers as are the portraits of George Washington and the Marquis de Lafayette that hang on the wall of the House of Representatives on either side of the Speaker's chair. There are no paintings or portraits or pictures of any kind in the gilded Senate Chamber. There is nothing there but dignity and decorum and quiet, restful furniture. The House of Representatives is more like what it is generally but erroneously pictured to be in the comic papers — a "bear garden."

The opening procedure in both Houses is much the same. This year the tall and ambitious Vice-President will arrive at the Vice-President's chamber just off the Senate lobby some time before noon, and will be met there shortly after by the venerable and distinguished Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who for \$900 a year opens the sessions of the Senate each morning with prayer. At one second before high noon the head page of the Senate will enter the Vice-President's room and bow, and immediately Mr. Fairbanks and the chaplain will cross the Senate lobby, enter the chamber, mount the rostrum, and the gavel of the presiding officer will fall. Then Dr. Hale will raise his sonorous voice and the few Senators finding themselves caught will stand with bowed head during the prayer. When it is finished, all the other Senators will come straggling in from the corridors, the cloak-rooms, the committee-rooms and elsewhere, having waited until the very last moment and used up every minute of grace allowed them. This year the death of two distinguished members of the body, Senators Morgan and Pettus of Alabama, will be simultaneously announced, and the Senate will adjourn out of respect to their memory. Ordinarily, the President's message is laid before each body immediately after being called to order; but this year the country will have to wait, at least until Tuesday, the third of December, before perusing the few words that President Roosevelt will have to say touching upon the state of the Union.

Before the presidential message is received in either House it will be necessary for a committee of Senators and Representatives to wait upon the President and inform him that the two Houses are organized and are ready to receive any communications that he may desire to make. To this the Presi-



Interior of United States Supreme Court Chamber

dent will reply that he will communicate at once in writing, and his secretary, carrying the more or less important document under his arm, will follow the Notification Committee to the Capitol, and the formal announcement that he bears the message of the President will be made immediately upon the report and discharge of the committee that will ride from the Capitol to the White House and back in a procession of carriages to be paid for out of the always elastic contingent fund.

Speaker Cannon and the blind chaplain, Dr. Couden, will go through just the same performance in the House of Representatives that Vice-President Fairbanks and Dr. Hale do in the Senate. The Speaker has a handsome office, in addition to the little private room below stairs where some of the finest political and legislative work pertaining to the office of Speaker is accomplished, and there he will be met by Dr. Couden, who will walk with him to the rostrum and offer up a prayer for members. In both Houses, at the first opportune moment after meeting, one venerable member will solemnly offer a resolution that the sessions begin at noon until further notice;

another, that the standing rules of each body shall prevail; another, that some many thousand copies of the President's message shall be printed for distribution for the use of Senators and Representatives; and so on down the line, until the honors are easy among all those who by reason of seniority of service are set down as "veterans."

The Senate moves very slowly, as all really deliberative bodies do, and should, and so while the House of Representatives is resting on its oars, giving the Speaker a chance to make up the committees, the Senate will, on motion of Senator Hale if tradition is adhered to, adjourn from day to day, after a very brief session.

The "father" of the Senate now is Senator William Boyd Allison, of Iowa, who has served continually since March 4, 1873. He was seventy-eight years old last March, but, until his recent illness, did not look to be much more than sixty. Mr. Allison did not arrive in Washington last year until near the close of the session, and then looked so haggard and emaciated from his long illness that it was thought that when he returned to Iowa Washington would never see him again. Happily, however,

this wise and popular man of wide experience and unblemished character has recovered his lost health and much of his youth. He writes that he will return to Washington at the opening of the new Congress and assume the working harness. He will, moreover, be a candidate for reelection at the expiration of his present term in 1909. Governor Cummins, another ambitious Hawkeye statesman, had the little matter of "Uncle Billy's" successor all nicely arranged when Mr. Allison appeared on earth again and told the boys he thought he would remain a while longer. Everybody in Washington and elsewhere who knows Senator Allison hopes that it will be many a long day before his shoes are left empty for anybody to fill.

The "father" of the House of Representatives is Gen. Henry H. Bingham, of Pennsylvania, who represents a Philadelphia district. General Bingham will be sixty-six years old two days after the next Congress meets. He has been a member of the House of Representatives less than thirty years, so that in point of age and service he is almost a youth compared with Senator Allison, but nobody in the House has served longer or enjoys more personal popularity. Were it not for certain peculiarities and impediments of his make-up, General Bingham would have succeeded Mr. Cannon as chairman of the Committee on Appropriations when the Illinois member was elevated to the Speakership. The Pennsylvanian has served long and ably on that important and hard-working committee. He is a modest man, and the Civil War produced no more gallant soldier than the young Philadelphia lawyer who entered the army as a lieutenant and came out a brigadier-general with his breast covered with medals for distinguished gallantry.

New States are coming so fast into the Union, and the population of the old ones as well as the new is increasing so rapidly, that the Senate and House chambers will, in a few years, be unable to accommodate the growing membership. There are now ninety Senators and three hundred and eighty-seven Representatives, and the desks in each chamber are crowding back farther and farther toward the wall, foreshadowing the early coming of the day when these individual desks must give way to general benches and the sessions of the American

Congress come down, or up, as the case may be, to the informalities of the British House of Lords and House of Commons. From time immemorial there has been a Republican side and a Democratic side in Senate and House, the Republican side being on the left of the aisle which the presiding officer faces. So rapidly have the majorities of the Republicans grown, however, that the members of that party cannot all be accommodated on their side of the aisle. In each House the little space where the Democrats and Republicans huddle together is known as the "Cherokee strip," although why it is so called or why the patness of the designation nobody seems to know. It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the Senate in the new Congress will actually have a two-thirds majority of Republicans. Of the total number of Senators, when all vacancies are filled and the representation from the new State of Oklahoma are sworn in, two-thirds will be members of that party, so that it will not be necessary for the Republican leaders to go over to the Democratic side of the chamber as heretofore they have done when they need votes to ratify a treaty or override a presidential veto. Like those captains of industry in charge of the great corporations known as trusts, they have a monopoly of the legislative situation and control it absolutely. Such a state of things has never before existed in the Senate.

There will be no opposition to the reelection of Speaker Cannon for a third term. He will be nominated by acclamation in his party caucus and elected by a strict party vote at the first session of the House. Mr. Cannon is not a great man; he is not of the "Tom" Reed stripe. But as Speakers as a whole go, there is no fault to be found with him. When he was for many years one of the floor leaders by virtue of his chairmanship of the all-important Committee on Appropriations, he was regarded as a somewhat narrow-minded and prejudiced partisan, possessing, however, elements of good fellowship that made him popular on both sides of the chamber. Following the late David B. Henderson, a good fellow but not a brilliant Speaker, Mr. Cannon has had an easy row to hoe. As a Speaker Mr. Cannon has been so satisfactory that no objection is heard from any source when the State of Illinois puts him up as a favorite-

son candidate for the presidential nomination. The Speaker's candidacy is taken more seriously in Illinois, apparently, than elsewhere, and nobody looks to see him pull down the persimmon.

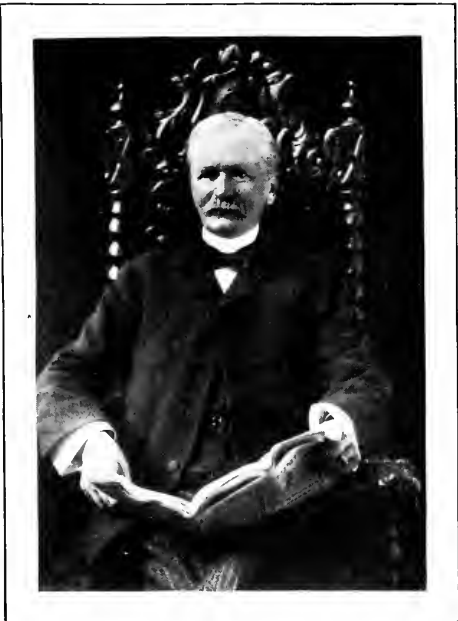
As has been said, it will be an easy thing for the Speaker to fill up his committee places. It will be necessary for him only to put pegs into the empty holes, and, having as many holes as pegs, and the pegs as well as the holes being round, nothing will be easier than to make everything come out even. As at present, Speaker Cannon's lieutenants on the floor, the so-called leaders of the House, will be Representative Sereno E. Payne, of New York, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and Representative John Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, a member of the controlling Committee on Rules. The Speaker is, *ex officio*, chairman of this committee, and the third member was, until the fourth of March last, the Hon. Charles H. Grosvenor, of Ohio, he of the snow-white hair and beard, long known as Santa Claus, although the characteristics of the Ohio politician whose tongue is as nimble in debate as his satirical and effective wit and satire possessed none of the characteristics generally reputed to belong to



Sergeant-at-Arms Daniel N. Ransdell,
U. S. Senate

childhood's Christmas-time friend. Mr. Grosvenor, after long and stormy service, has passed off the stage; that is, he was defeated for renomination and is now supposed to be living in Athens as a private citizen. It is not thought in Washington that he has actually retired, because it cannot be believed that General Grosvenor could exist for any length of time out of public life any more than a fish could live all summer out of water. However that may be, this rugged, cross-fire debater who was under cross-fire himself much of the time during his long congressional career, will be absent from the floor of the House when the new Congress meets, and it will be necessary to fill his place on the Committee on Rules. Whatever General Grosvenor's shortcomings, it is plain that the Republicans will find it hard to fill the particular place which he held so long and so effectively, looking at the matter from a purely partisan standpoint.

As General Grosvenor is about the only conspicuous one of the so-called leaders of the House who has dropped out of the ranks, so it is that none of special prominence will



Sergeant-at-Arms Casson, House of Representatives

make his appearance in this Congress. It is a pity that in recent years the tendency of the able, eloquent, versatile, and attractive young men in all communities, urban and rural, seems to be to go into the big business concerns of the country, or at least to keep out of public life. Real statesmen, especially those who are young and enthusiastic, are needed, and needed very badly, in the House of Representatives, as well as in the Senate. In the House, particularly, small men have been in control for so long a time that it begins to look as if there would never be a change for the better, and yet it is a fact unappreciated, apparently, that it is a peculiarly easy thing for a man to make a reputation as an orator or a statesman in Congress to-day — easier than it has been at any time for many years. There are no orators in Congress any more. There are a few pretty good speakers and a host of poor ones. Any man, whether his service be long or short, who can muster up the courage to deliver a straightforward, sensible speech without reading it from manuscript can make a hit and be held up to the public as a coming man. But political ambition seems to be dead or dying even in those who consent to come to Congress, and so it is that about three hundred and eighty of the three hundred and eighty-seven Representatives sit quietly and silently in their seats and allow the remaining handful of their colleagues to run things to suit themselves. Much of this inertia and lack of self-assertion is due, no doubt, to the arbitrariness of the code of rules made necessary by the growth of the country and the corresponding increase in the amount of business dropped each year into the legislative hopper. The late Speaker Reed met the situation by writing and engraving the code of rules which was afterwards indorsed by the Democrats when they took control, and which is now in force. This code, working almost automatically, mows its way along unmercifully, and yet the Speaker and his colleagues on the Committee on Rules have not such arbitrary power that a man with something to say cannot make the House listen to him if he only has the nerve to say it, and say it in the right way. Some day another Blaine or another Reed will rise up from an obscure corner in the House of Representatives and with a rush and a bound make all these little statesmen who have so long been managing

things according to their own sweet fancy hunt their holes.

In the Senate conditions are different. It is a continuous body with a presiding officer ready made and a set of rules that work as smoothly as a guillotine, but which, unlike those of the House of Representatives, are based on the idea that there shall be unlimited debate upon any and every question, and that no man shall be taken off the floor so long as he wishes to speak. In the House of Representatives debate is carried on only by the grace of the Committee on Rules, consisting practically of but three members, who can, by ordering the previous question, shut all mouths and bring the question before the House for a vote at any moment. In the Senate there is no such rule, and probably never will be. A Senator can talk as long as the spirit moves him, and yet, in spite of the clamor that has been raised throughout the country at various times when some action demanded by the people has been held in abeyance, it is an historical fact that in the end the Senate, as well as the House of Representatives, has been compelled to bow to the popular will.

There is one feature of the opening proceedings of the new Congress that is always interesting to the spectators, as it is important to those who take part in it. This is the drawing for seats. In the Senate seats are obtained by the simple process of Senators putting down their names in the "little red book" of the assistant sergeant-at-arms for whatever seats they think may become vacant. The rule of first come, first served, is strictly carried out, and the entries demonstrate that Senators are very much impressed with the truth of the adage that the early bird catches the worm. The occupants of the most desirable seats are often surprised to learn from these advance applications for seats how their colleagues regard their chances of dying or being defeated in the near future.

In the House of Representatives the members at the opening of each new Congress choose their seats by a little game of blind-man's buff. When the Speaker and other officers of the House have been sworn in, the members are required to crowd in the spaces behind the brass railings in the rear of the chamber. A blindfolded page draws out of a box a white ivory ball and calls out the



Rev. H. N. Couden, Chaplain of the House of Representatives



Elliott Woods, Superintendent of the Capitol

number upon it. The reading-clerk then announces the name of the member whose number, the names being arranged alphabetically on a tally-sheet, corresponds with that on the ivory ball, and the member so named selects any seat he chooses in the House, the process being continued until all names have been drawn. According to the time-honored custom, the "father of the House," the ranking member of the minority, and one or two other veterans are shown the courtesy of being allowed to choose their own seats, this being accomplished by permitting those who draw lucky numbers to relinquish their privilege. Their intention to give way to their superiors they indicate by placing their hats upon the desks, they themselves taking whatever seats are left after the drawing is otherwise concluded. Republicans, of course, take seats on the left side of the aisle, and the Democrats on the right, so long as they hold out, and after that the overflow, which of late years has been Republican, accommodate themselves among their political opponents. The drawing of seats always causes much amusement. Several hours are required for the procedure, and it always happens that some of the most prominent

and distinguished members whose names may be near the top of the alphabetical list find themselves passed over by the fickle goddess of chance until the roll-call is almost entirely concluded. The leaders or would-be, whether "veterans" or not, of the respective sides generally manage to find complacent new members who are willing to give them good seats if they happen to draw bad ones.

Senators and Representatives will find the Capitol building in first-class shape when they return this year. During the long recess many improvements and embellishments have been made in and out of the building by the officials in charge of such work,—Sergeant-at-Arms Ransdell of the Senate, the one-armed soldier who was the late President Harrison's comrade, neighbor, and friend; Sergeant-at-Arms Casson of the House of Representatives, who came to Washington from Wisconsin with the late Secretary of Agriculture "Uncle Jere" Rusk; and the Superintendent of the Capitol, Elliott Woods. The latter has charge of all architectural and structural changes and the sergeants-at-arms are in charge of the working force of their respective Houses, a force which in recent years has grown to the

proportions of a veritable army. On the south side of the Capitol grounds the new \$3,000,000 building designed to furnish private rooms for members of the House of Representatives is slowly approaching completion, and on the north side the like building for the accommodation of Senators is well under way. The most interesting feature of the work at present, which will undoubtedly attract much attention from the incoming statesmen, new and old, is the set of tunnels being built to connect these Senate and House buildings with the Capitol. These passageways will be fitted with electric cages to carry Senators and Representatives back and forth, thus adding another to the long list of attractions of congressional life.

Senators and Representatives of both parties who are being freely interviewed in the newspapers in these days preceding the meeting of the new Congress seem to be at sea as to what important legislation will be, or ought to be, enacted at the coming session. It is still an open question, for instance, whether the revision of the tariff, which is bound to come soon, will be commenced be-

fore or after the presidential election, the Republican leaders being about equally divided on the question of which would be a preferable time — regarded from a political or business standpoint. Much will depend, however, upon the tone and the specific recommendations of the President's annual message, for it is apparent that he will continue to dominate the situation — political and legislative as well as executive. The Congressmen, like the people at large, do not know what Mr. Roosevelt will do next; and while some of them do not care, all will be compelled to sit up and take notice when he lays his program before them. President Roosevelt does not always win when he locks horns with Congress. He is compelled sometimes to compromise, as in the rate-bill fight last year, but when he has anything to say — and it is indeed a rare day when he has not — he forces Congress and everybody else to listen. Whether the new Congress will be more or less subservient than the old, or more or less successful in opposing the policies which he will outline on the eve of the presidential campaign, remains to be seen.

DRY-DOCK

By ISABELLA HOWE FISKE

The trees stand in the forest
Like masts about a dock,
In harbor of the hillside,
With ballast of the rock.

Bare are their swaying halyards,
Their canvas winter-furled;
Yet shall they take on cargoes
For a new summer world.

Views Along the Hudson River

AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE

*ENGRAVERS OF THE FIRST HALF
OF THE LAST CENTURY*

From Drawings by
W. H. BARTLETT

With Descriptions by
N. P. WILLIS

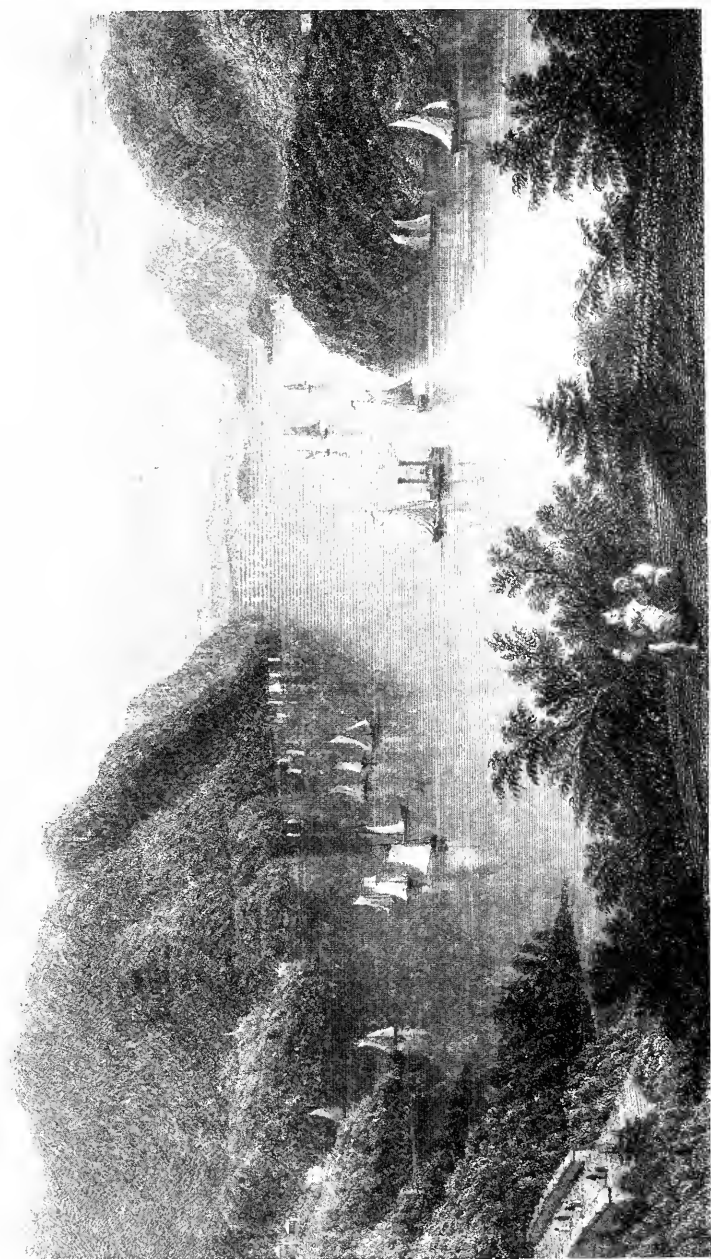
*Reproduced from AMERICAN SCENERY, Published in
London by George Virtue, 26 Ivy Lane, 1840*

VIEW FROM WEST POINT

“OF the river scenery of America, the Hudson, at West Point, is doubtless the boldest and most beautiful. This powerful river writhes through the highlands in abrupt curves, reminding one, when the tide runs strongly down, of Laocoön in the enlacing folds of the serpent. The different spurs of mountain ranges which meet here abut upon the river in bold precipices from five to fifteen hundred feet from the water's edge; the foliage hangs to them, from base to summit, with the tenacity and bright verdure of moss; and the stream below, deprived of the slant lights which brighten its depth elsewhere, flows on with a sombre and dark green shadow in its bosom, as if frowning at the narrow gorge into which its broad-breasted waters are driven.

“Back from the bluff of West Point extends a natural platform of near half a mile square, high, level, and beautifully amphitheatred with wood and rock. This is the site of the Military Academy, and a splendid natural parade. When the tents of the summer camp are shining on the field — the flag, with its blood-bright stripes, waving against the foliage of the hills — the trumpet echoing from bluff to bluff, and the compact battallion cutting its trice-line across the green-sward — there are few more fairy spots in this working-day world.

“On the extreme edge of the summit, overlooking the river, stands a marble shaft, pointing like a bright finger to glory, the tomb of the soldier and patriot, Kosciusko. The military colleges and other buildings skirt the parade on the side of the mountain; and forward, toward the river, on the western edge, stands a spacious hotel, from the verandahs of which the traveller gets a view through the highlands, that he remembers till he dies. Right up before him, with the smooth curve of an eagle's ascent, rises the ‘old cro'nest’ of the culprit Fay, a bright green mountain, that thrusts its topmost pine into the sky; the Donderbarrak, or, (if it were not sacrilegde to translate so fine a name for a mountain,) the *Thunder-chamber*, heaves its round shoulder beyond; back from the opposite shore, as if it recoiled from these, leans the bold cliff of Breknock; and then looking out, as if from a cavern, into the sunlight, the eye drops beyond upon a sheet of wide-spreading water, with an emerald island in its bosom; the white buildings of Newburgh creeping back to the plains beyond, and in the far, far distance, the wavy and blue line of the Kattskills, as if it were the dim-seen edge of an outer horizon.”



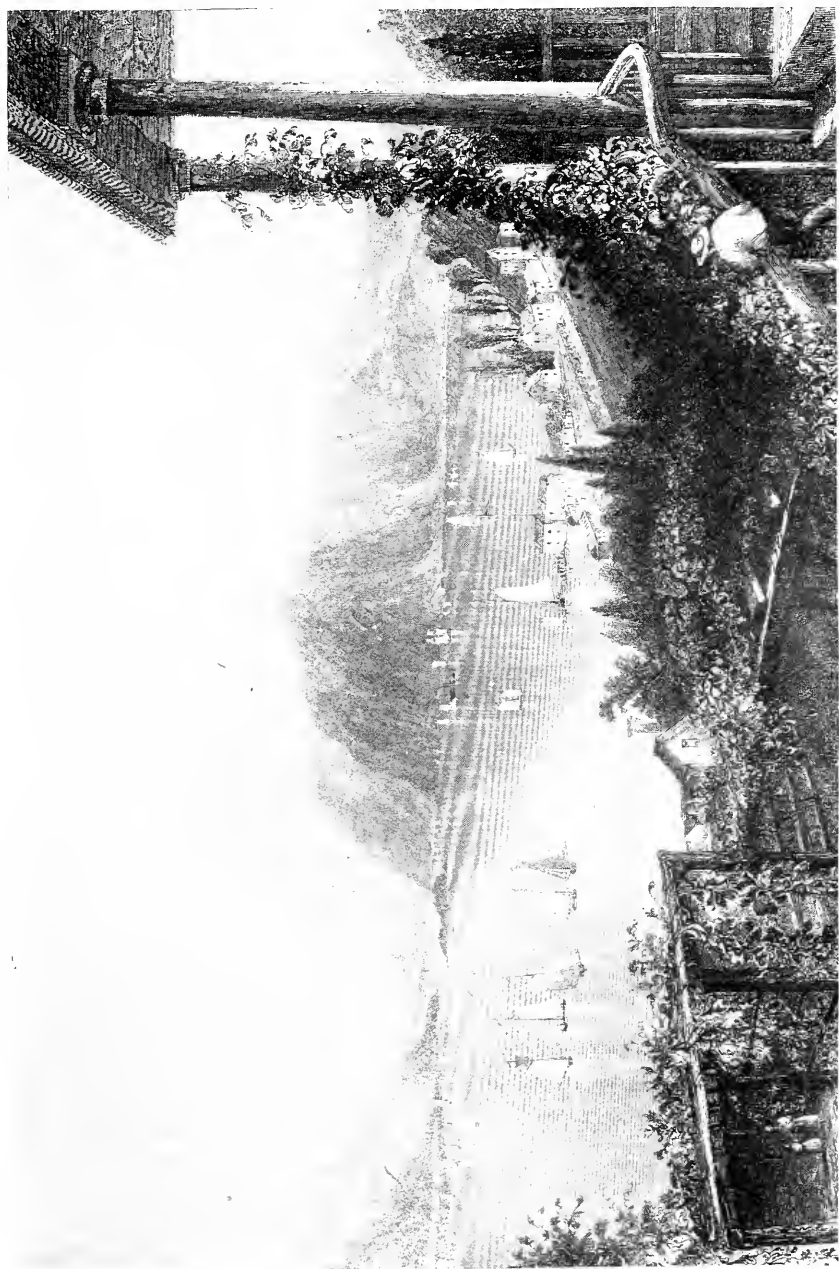
The Hudson from West Point

VIEW FROM RUGGLES HOUSE, NEWBURGH, HUDSON RIVER

“NEWBURGH has a considerable trade with the back country, and supports two or three steam-boats, running daily and exclusively between its pier and New York. If there were wanting an index of the wondrous advance of enterprise and invention in our country, we need not seek further than this simple fact — a small intermediate town, on one river, supporting such an amount of expensive navigation. Only thirty years ago Fulton made his first experiment in steam on the Hudson, amid the unbelief and derision of the whole country. Let anyone stand for an hour on the pier at Newburgh, and see those superb and swift palaces of motion sweep past, one after the other, like gay and chasing meteors and then read poor Fulton’s account of his first experiment — and never again throw discouragement on the kindling fire of genius.

“‘When I was building my first steam-boat,’ said he to Judge Story, ‘the project was viewed by the public at New York either with indifference or contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances.

“‘At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be made. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I wanted many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it is manifest they did it with reluctance, feigning to be partners of my mortification, not of my triumph. I was well aware that, in my case, there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new, and ill-made; and many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unacquainted with such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment, now succeeded murmurs of discontent and agitation, and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, “I told you so,—it is a foolish scheme. — I wish we were well out of it.” I elevated myself on the platform, and stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage. I went below, and discovered that a slight maladjustment was the cause. It was obviated. The boat went on; we left New York; we passed through the Highlands; we reached Albany! — Yet even then, imagination superseded the force of fact. *It was doubted if it could be done again, or if it could be made, in any case, of any great value.*”



The Hudson from the Ruggles House, Newburgh

CHAPEL OF "OUR LADY OF COLD SPRING"

"THE Hudson bends out from Crow-Nest into a small bay; and in the lap of the crescent thus formed, lies snug and sheltered the little village of Cold Spring. It is not much of a place for its buildings, history, or business; but it has its squire and postmaster, its politics and scandal, and a long disappointed ambition to become a regular landing-place for the steamers. Then there are cabals between the river ferrymen, on which the inhabitants divide; the vote for the president, on which they agree (for Van Buren); and the usual religious sects with the usual schisms. The Presbyterians and Methodists, as usual, worship in very ugly churches; and the Catholics, as usual, in a very picturesque and beautiful one. (*Vide the Drawing.*)

"It is a pity, (picturesquely speaking,) that the boatmen on the river are not Catholics; it would be so pretty to see them shorten sail off Our Lady of Cold Spring, and uncover for an Ave Maria. This little chapel, so exquisitely situated on the bluff overlooking the river, reminds me of a hermit's oratory and cross which is perched similarly in the shelter of a cliff on the desolate coast of Sparta. I was on board a frigate, gliding slowly up the Egean, and clinging to the shore for a land-wind, when I descried the white cross at a distance of about a half a mile, strongly relieved against the dark rock in its rear. As we approached the small crypt and altar became visible; and at the moment the ship passed, a tall monk, with a snow-white beard, stepped forth like an apparition upon the cliffs, and spread out his arms to bless us. In the midst of the intense solitude of the Egean, with not a human dwelling to be seen on the whole coast from Moron to Napoli, the effect of this benediction was almost supernatural. He remained for five minutes in this attitude, his long cowl motionless in the still air, and his head slowly turning to the ship as she drew fast round the little promontory on her course. I would suggest to Our Lady of Cold Spring that a niche under the portico of her pretty chapel, with a cross to be seen from the river by day, and a lamp by night, would make at least a catholic impression on the passer by, though we are not all children of St. Peter."



Chapel of Our Lady at Cold Springs on the Hudson

HUDSON HIGHLANDS FROM BULL HILL

THIS view from the gorge of the highlands presents a foreground of cliff and shadow, with reflections almost folded across in the bosom of the river, and a middle ground of the village of Newburgh and the gently undulating country in the rear. The blue and far-off line of the Kaatskills shuts in the horizon.

There is some very romantic scenery hidden among the undulations just mentioned, embracing several small rivers, and a romantic stream called Murderer's Creek, a tributary of the Hudson. Mr. Poulding in his "New Mirror for Travellers" gives an interesting legend in explanation of the name, the climax of which is as follows:

"'Wilt thou name,' said the old Indian, 'the red man who betrayed his tribe? I will ask thee three times.' The mother answered not. 'Wilt thou name the traitor? This is the second time!' The poor mother looked at her husband, and then at her children, and stole a glance at Naoman, who sat smoking his pipe with invincible gravity. She wrung her hands and wept, but remained silent. 'Wilt thou name the traitor? 'T is the third and last time.' The agony of the mother waxed more bitter; again she sought the eye of Naoman, but it was cold and motionless. A pause of a moment awaited her reply, and the next moment the tomahawks were raised over the heads of the children, who besought their mother not to let them be murdered.

"'Stop!' cried Naoman. All eyes were turned upon him. 'Stop!' repeated he in a tone of authority. 'White woman, thou hast kept thy word with me to the last moment. I am the traitor. I have eaten of the salt, warmed myself at the fire, shared the kindness of these Christian white people, and it was I that told them of their danger. I am a withered, leafless, branchless trunk; cut me down if you will. I am ready.' A yell of indignation sounded on all sides. Naoman descended from the little bank where he sat, shrouded his face with his mantle of skins, and submitted to his fate. He fell dead at the feet of the white woman by a blow of the tomahawk."



Highlands of the Hudson (from Bull Hill)

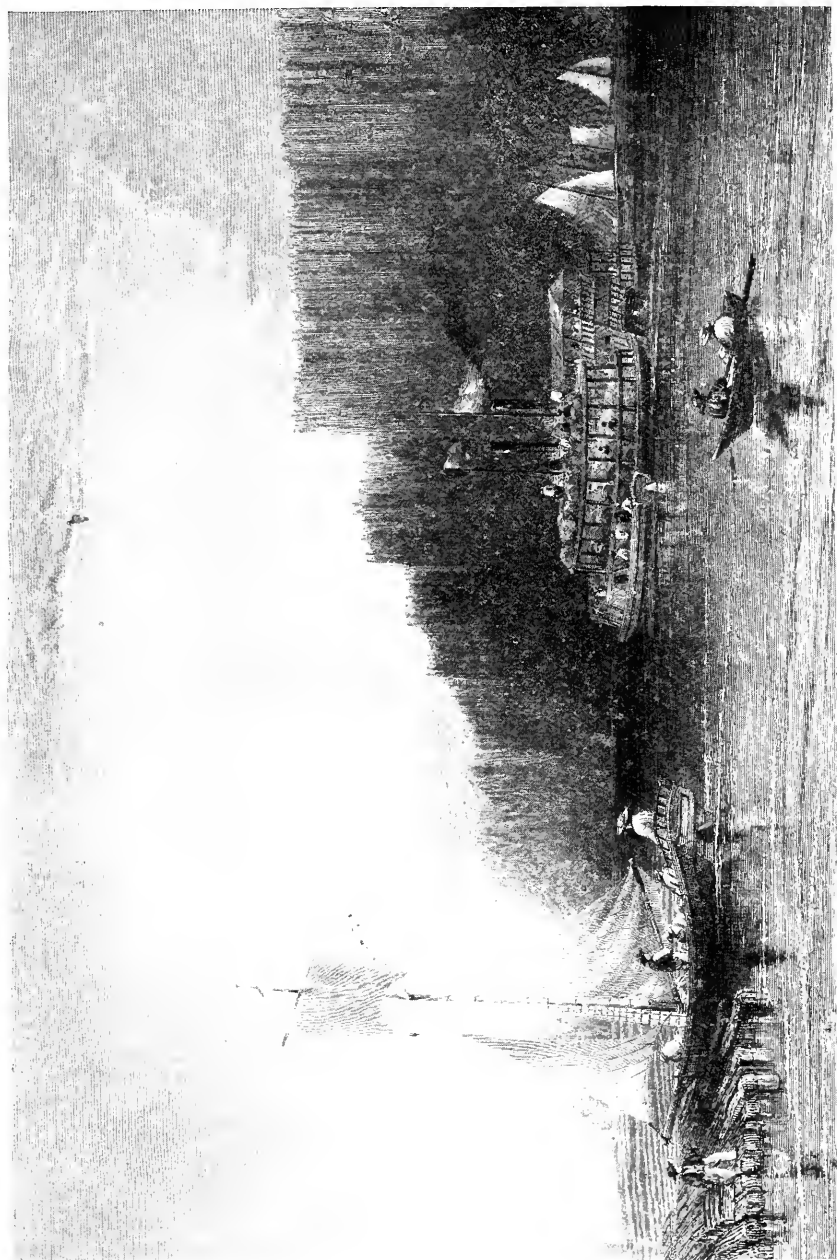
THE PALISADES — HUDSON RIVER

“THE first feature of the celebrated banks of the Hudson, which arrests the eye of the traveller after leaving New York, is this singular wall of rock, extending as far onward as he can see, and forming a bold barricade against the river on the side of New Jersey. This singular precipice varies in height from fifty to two hundred feet, and presents a naked front of columnar strata, which gives it its descriptive name. The small sloops which lie along under the shore, loading with building stone from its base, and an occasional shed, diminished to the size of a dog-kennel, across the breadth of the river, are the only marks of life and habitation it presents to the traveller's eye.

“With most persons, to mention the Palisades is to recall only the confusion of a steamer's deck, just off from the wharf, with a freight of seven or eight hundred souls hoping to ‘take tea’ in Albany. The scene is one of inextricable confusion, and it is not till the twenty miles of the Palisades are well passed, that the bewildered passenger knows rightly whether his wife, child, or baggage, whichever may be his tender care, is not being left behind at the rate of fifteen miles in the hour.

“I have often, when travelling alone, (for ‘reflection with folded arms’ consorts only with the childless and baggageless bachelor,) I have often flung my valise into a corner, and sure that the whole of my person and personal effects was underway, watched the manifold embarrassments and troubles which beset the uninitiated voyager on the Hudson.

“Fifteen minutes after the starting of the boat, there is not a passenger on board; ‘time is moving,’ and the American counting it as part of the expense, determines to pay only ‘on demand.’ He arrives on the narrow pier at the same instant with seven hundred men, ladies, and children, besides lapdogs, crammed baskets, uncut novels, and baggage for the whole. No commissioner in the world would guarantee to get his freight on board in the given time, and yet it is done, to the daily astonishment of newspaper hawkers, orange-women, and penny-a-liners watching for dreadful accidents. The plank is drawn in, the wheels begin to paw like foaming steeds impatient to be off, and the bell rings as if it was letting down the steps of the last hackney-coach, and away darts the boat, like half a town suddenly slipping off and taking a walk on the water.”

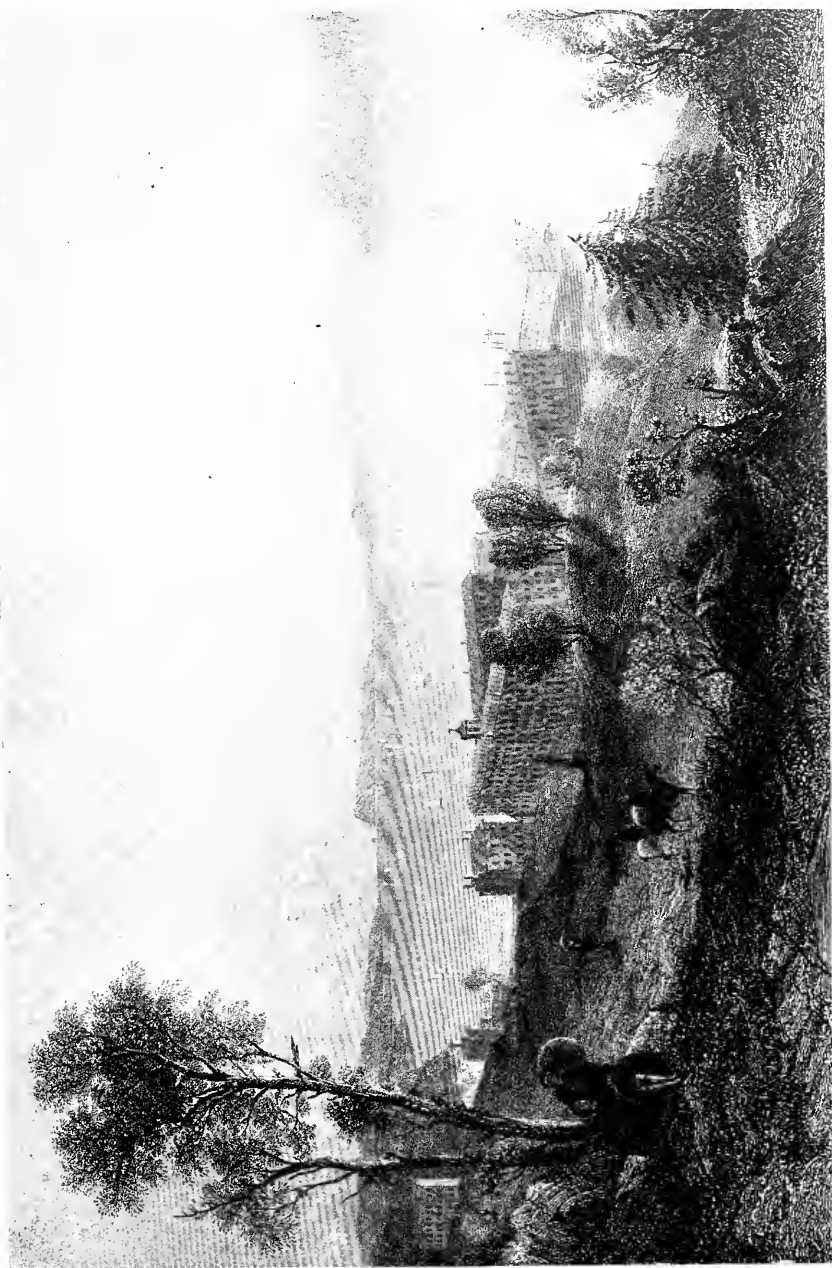


The Palisades of the Hudson

SING-SING PRISON AND TAPPAN SEA

“AN American prison is not often a picturesque object, and, till late years, it suggested to the mind of the philanthropist only painful reflections upon the abuses and thwarted ends of penitentiary discipline. To the persevering humanity of Louis Dwight, and to the liberal association that sustained him, we owe the change in these institutions which enables us to look upon them without pain and disgust as places of repentance and reformation, rather than as schools for vice and abodes of neglect and idleness. It is a creditable thing to our country to have led the way in these salutary changes; and there are many who have felt their patriotism more flattered by the visits of persons from Europe sent out by their governments to study our systems of prison discipline, than by many an event sounded through the trumpet of national glory.

“The Tappan Sea spreads its broad waters at this part of the Hudson, looking, like all scenes of pure natural beauty, as if it was made for a world in which there could neither exist crime nor pain. Yet there stands a vast and crowded prison on its shores to remind us of the first — and for the latter, who ever entered upon these waters without a recollection of poor Andre? It may be doubted whether in the history of our country the fate of an individual has ever excited more sympathy than his. The rare accomplishments which he possessed, the natural elegance of his mind, the unfitness of his open character for the degrading circumstances under which he was taken, and his mild constancy at the approach of his melancholy fate, endear him, without respect to party, to the memories of all who read his story. Andre was taken on the eastern shore of the river at Tarrytown, and executed on the opposite side, at Tappan.”



Sing-Sing and Tappan Sea

VIEW FROM HYDE PARK

“THE Hudson at Hyde Park is a broad, tranquil, and noble river, of about the same character as the Bosphorous above Roumeli-bissar, or the Dardanelles at Abydos. The shores are cultivated to the water's edge, and lean up in graceful, rather than bold elevations; the eminences around are crested with the villas of the wealthy inhabitants of the metropolis at the river's mouth; summer-houses, belvidered, and water-steps, give an air of enjoyment and refreshment to the banks, and without anything like the degree of the picturesque which makes the river so remarkable thirty or forty miles below, it is, perhaps, a more tempting character of scenery to build and live among.

“All along, in this part of the river, occur the ‘landings,’ which are either considerable towns in themselves, or indicate a thickly settled country in the rear. The immense steamers that ply on the Hudson leave and receive passengers at all these points, and, to a person making the voyage for the first time, the manner and expedition of this operation is rather startling. In the summer time, the principal steam boats average from five to seven hundred passengers, and there is usually a considerable number to go ashore and come off at each place. A mile or two before reaching the spot, a negro makes the tour of the boat, with a large hand-bell, and, in an amusing speech, full of the idioms of his own race, announces the approach, and requests those who are going ashore to select their baggage. This done, the steamer, gliding over the smooth water at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles in the hour, sheers in toward the shore, and the small boat is lowered, with the captain in her at the helm; the passengers are put on board, and away she shoots at the end of a line gradually loosened, but still kept tight enough to send her, like an arrow to her mark. The moment she touches the pier, the loose line is let out from the steamer, which still keeps on her way, and between that moment and the exhaustion of the line, perhaps thirty seconds, the baggage is thrown out, and taken in, passengers jump ashore and embark, and away shoots the little boat again, her bow rising clear over the crest of her own foam, with the added velocity of the steamer at full speed, and the rapid hauling in of the crew.”



View of the Hudson from Hyde Park

VIEW NEAR ANTHONY'S NOSE, HUDSON HIGHLANDS

"THIS mountain 'known to fame,' served as a landmark to the industrious craft plying upon the Hudson, and thus fulfills a more useful destiny than is commonly awarded to spots bright in story. It stands amid a host of interesting localities, marked with the events of the Revolution, and has witnessed, with less damage than other noses, many a conflict by land and water.

"On the opposite side of the river from the base of the mountain, lie the two forts Montgomery and Clinton, taken by the British in October, 1777. The commander-in-chief at New York was prompted to this expedition by two objects: to destroy a quantity of American stores which the Americans had collected in this neighborhood, and to make a diversion in favor of General Burgoyne. For these purposes Sir Henry Clinton embarked between three and four thousand troops at New York and sailed with them up the Hudson. On the 5th of October they landed at Verplank's Point, a few miles below the entrance to the Highlands. The next morning a part of the force landed on Stony Point, which projects into the river on the western side, just below the mountains; hence they marched into the rear of the fortresses.

"General Putnam commanded at that time in this quarter. He had one thousand continental troops, a part of which only were effective, and a small body of militia. He believed the principal design of the enemy to be the destruction of the stores; and when he was informed of their main purpose, it was too late for him to resist with success. He supposed that they were aiming at Fort Independence, and directed his attention to its defence; the heavy firing on the other side of the river gave him the first decisive information of their real intentions.

"Lieut.-Col. Campbell, in the mean time, proceeded with nine hundred men by a circuitous march to the rear of Fort Montgomery; while Sir Henry Clinton, with Generals Vaughan and Tyron, moved onward towards Fort Clinton. Both fortresses were attacked at once, between four and five in the afternoon: they were defended with great resolution. This will be readily admitted, when it is remembered that the whole garrison consisted of but six hundred men. The conflict was carried on till dark, when the British had obtained absolute possession, and such of the Americans as were not killed or wounded had made their escape. The loss of the two garrisons amounted to about two hundred and fifty. Among the killed on the enemy's side was Lieut.-Col. Campbell."

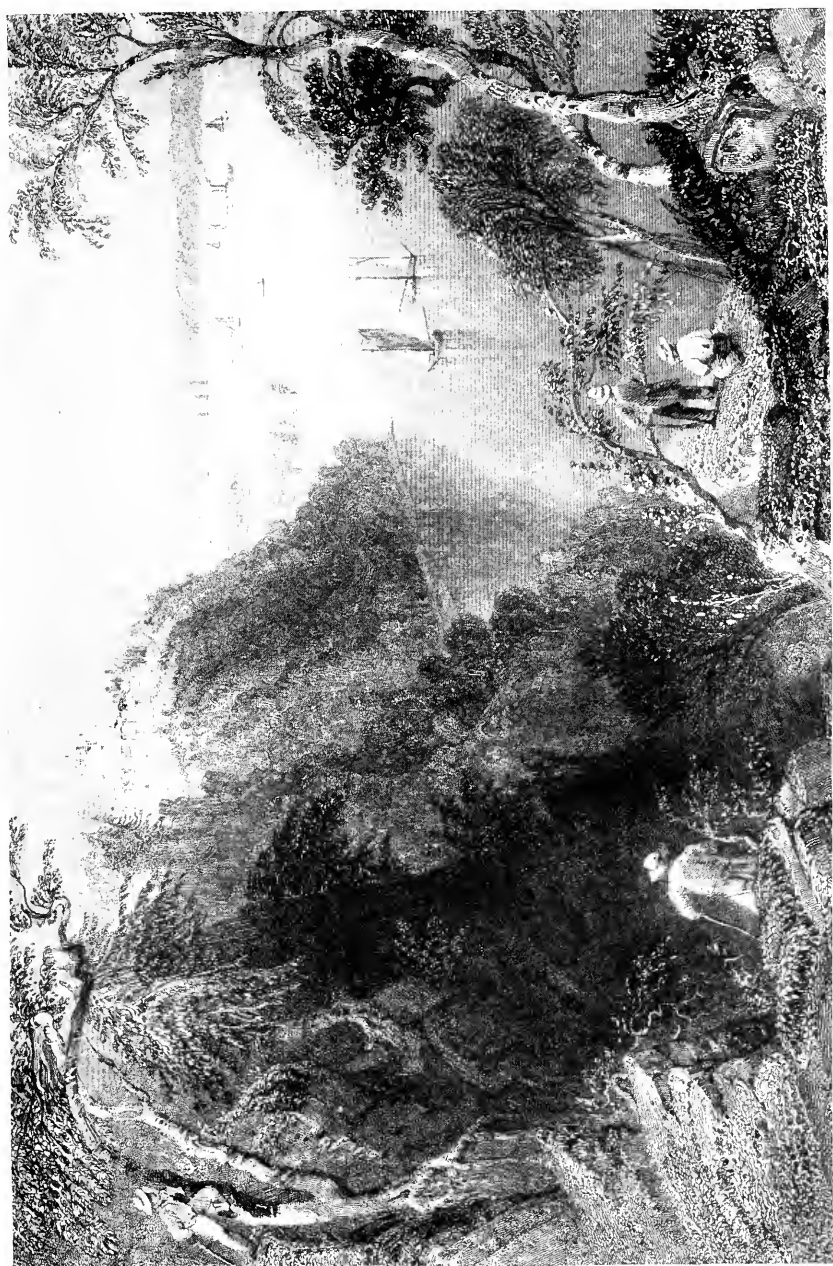


The Hudson Highlands near Anthony's Nose

VILLA ON THE HUDSON, NEAR WEEHAWKEN

“FROM this admirably chosen spot, the Bay of New York appears with every accessory of beauty. The city itself comes into the left of the picture to an advantage seen from no other point of view, the flocks of the river-craft scud past in all directions, men-of-war, merchantmen, steamers, and ferry-boats, fill up the moving elements of the panorama; and far away beyond stretches the broad harbour, with its glassy or disturbed waters, in all the varieties of ever-changing sea-view. It was on this side that Hudson, who had felt the hostility of the Manhattan Indians, found a friendlier tribe, and made his first amicable visit on shore. The Indian tradition, springing from that visit, and describing the first intoxication they had ever experienced, is extremely amusing.

“‘He (Hudson) drinks, has the glass refilled, and handed to the chief near him; he takes it, smells it, and passes it to the next, who does the same. The glass in this manner is passed round the circle, and is about to be returned to the red-clothed man, when one of them, a great warrior, harangues them on the impropriety of returning the cup unemptied. It was handed to them, he said, by the Manitto, to drink out of as he had; to follow his example would please him — to reject it might provoke his wrath; and if no one else would, he would drink it himself, let what would follow; for it was better for one even to die, than a whole nation to be destroyed. He then took the glass, smelled at it, again addressed them, bidding adieu, and drank the contents. All eyes were now fixed (on the first Indian in New York who had tasted the poison which has since affected so signal a revolution in the condition of the native Americans.) He soon began to stagger; the women cried, supposing him in fits; he rolled on the ground; they bemoaned his fate; they thought him dying. He fell asleep. They at first thought he had expired, but soon perceived he still breathed. He awoke, jumped up, and declared he never felt more happy; he asked for more; and the whole assembly imitating him, became intoxicated.’”



Villa on the Hudson near Weehawken

OLD KING SPRUCE

By HOLMAN F. DAY

XI. THE LAW THAT LIMPED



RODBURD IDE, fresh-arrived from Castonia in hot haste, saw well to it that he and Dwight Wade were safe from interruption in the wangan camp. He even drove a sliver from the woodbox over the latch of the door. Wade, summoned down from the chopping by a breathless cookee to meet his partner, gazed upon these nervous, eager precautions of secretiveness in some alarm.

"Now brace your feet and get hold of something and hang on hard," advised the "mayor" of Castonia.

"In the name of God, Mr. Ide, what has happened to her?" gasped the young man. His trembling hands clutched at the edge of the splint table, hallowed by Lyde Barrett's smiles of love across it.

"Her!" snorted the little man, in indignant astonishment. "You don't think I've whaled up here hell-ti-larrup on a jumper to sit down and talk about women, do you?"

"But Miss Barrett —" gulped Wade.

"Miss Barrett be —" Ide checked himself, discreet even in his impatience. "Miss Barrett is all right, and my girl is all right, and — say, look-a-here, my boy, don't you look at a girl, don't you think of a girl, don't you even go to bed and dream of a girl, for the next two months!" He drove his hard little fist upon the sacred table.

He leaned forward, jutting his mat of bristling beard at the young man. "Forget your mother, forget your grandmother, forget that there is anything to you except grit and muscle. For if ever two men had a man's work cut out for 'em we 're the ones. If ever two men found themselves on the outside of a ripe cheese and needed teeth to gnaw in, we 're the men. Money! I can't see anything but dollar-bills hangin' from those spruce-trees out there! But you've got to put on brad boots and climb to get

'em. You've got to walk over men to get 'em. And the ones you can't walk over, that are standin' up, kick 'em down and walk over 'em." He was striding about the little room. "I reckon I seem a little excited," he added, with a catch in his voice. "But by the priest that hammered the tail for the golden calf, I've got reasons to be excited. I've smelt it comin' two years, son! I ain't said anything. I did n't say anything to you when I took you into partnership. I did n't dare to. But I smelt it all the time. I ain't watched the comin's and the goin's at Castonia for nothin'! Let 'em bring guns and fishin'-poles! They can't fool me. I smelt it comin'. And now by the gods it's come!" Again he banged his fist on the table, and glared down on his partner with eyes popping excitedly.

The partner stared back at him with so much of dismay and reproachful inquiry that Ide blew off his superfluous excitement in one vigorous "Poof!" and sat down.

"The sum and substance of it is, those old Hullin' Machine falls ain't goin' to bellow away all them thousands of hoss-power in empty noise any longer. But they've made a noise big enough to reach the crowd that's organized to fight the paper trust. See now?"

Wade's eyes began to gleam in swift comprehension.

"The independents are goin' to develop that power. They're goin' to build the biggest paper-mill in the world there. They're goin' to extend the railroad up to Castonia. They're goin' to do it all on an old charter that every one had forgotten except the lobby clique that put it through and has been holdin' it for speculation. And why I know it all, and no one else knows it on the outside yet, my boy, is because they've had to come to me! They've had to come to me!"

And he promptly answered the eager

though mute inquiry in the young man's eyes.

"Every dollar that I could save, rake, scrape, and borrow for years I've been putting to shore rights and timber. What timber country I could n't buy I've leased stumpage on. I've smelt it all comin'. And now they've had to come to me, Wade. They've bonded the shore rights for a purchase, and it's all settled."

"Out of the depths of my heart I'm glad for you, Mr. Ide," cried the young man, with a sincerity that put a quiver in his voice. And with both hands he took the hands of the magnate of Castonia in a grip that brought gratified tears to the other's eyes.

"I know it has always been a surprise to you, Wade, that I was so ready and anxious to give you a lay on the timber end," the little man went on. "But I knew it was time to operate on these cuttin's this season. There are things that you can't hire done with plain money. I wanted courage and grit and honesty. Most of all, I needed absolute loyalty. There's been too much buyin'-up of men in these woods. The old gang is a hard one to fight. I reckon I've got you with me."

"Heart, soul, and body, now as from the first, Mr. Ide."

"And the lay I have given you is the best investment I could have made," declared the partner. "I want you to feel that it is straight business. It was no gift. You are earnin' it. But the big bunch is ahead of you, boy!" His tone was bodefully serious. "Your make will come out of the timber lay. I've said I smelt this comin'. If it had n't come this year we should have sent our logs 'way down river along with the rest and done the best we could to steal a profit after Pulaski Britt and his gang had charged us all the tolls and fees they could think of, and made us accept their selling-scale. But now! But now!" His voice became tense, and he leaned forward and patted the young man's arm. "The Great Independent — and that's the name of the new organization, and it's a name that's goin' to roar like the Hullin' Machine in the ears of the trust — wants every log we can hand over to 'em this season. What they don't use in construction work and in their new saw-mill they'll pile to grind into pulp next year. I've got their contract, Wade. Every log to

be scaled for 'em on our landings! And I reckon that will be the first time a square selling-scale was ever made on this river. No Pirate Britt and his gang of boom scale thieves for us this time! Every honest dollar we make will come to us. And there'll be a lot of 'em, son."

Wade, even though Rodburd Ide had so brusquely commanded him to forget his love, felt that love stirring in the thrill that animated him now. Did not success mean Lyde Barrett? Did not fair guerdon from honest toil mean that he could face as a man John Barrett, bulwarked by his millions? Forget his love? Gazing on Rodburd Ide he would not admit to himself that love softened him. His love was rather ambition's goad, whose every thrust was delicious pain. But now that the great secret was out, Rodburd Ide's tide of enthusiasm seemed to be in somewhat ominous and depressing reflux.

He spread upon the splint table a lumberman's map, and his hands trembled as he did so.

"You've done as I told you, and only yarded at the ends of the twitch-roads, and have n't hauled to landings?" he inquired.

Wade nodded.

"I was waitin'; I was waitin'," explained the other, nervously scrubbing his hand over the map. "If nothin' had happened at Umcolus Hullin' Machine this year we'd have landed our logs on Enchanted stream and run 'em down into Jerusalem and taken our chances along with Britt's logs. 'T was a hard outlook, Wade. The last time I dared to operate here I done that. And you'll find jill-pokes with my mark stranded all along that stream. The old pirate took my drive because he claimed control of the dams, charged me full fees, and left behind twenty-five per cent of my logs, claiming the water dropped on him. But I noticed he got all of his out. It's what we're up against, my son. If I'd tried to fight him with an independent drive he would have had me hornswoggled all the way to the down-river sortin'-boom, and then would have had my heart out on the scale. It's what we're up against!" he repeated, despondently. "There is n't any law to it. It's the hard fist that makes the right up this way. I'm tellin' you this, so you can understand. You've got to understand, my boy. I wish it was different. I wish it was all square. I

hate to do dirty things myself. I hate to ask others to do 'em."

It was not entirely a gaze of reassurance that the young man turned on him. Ide avoided it, and with stubby finger began to trace upon the map to illustrate his statements. Wade leaned close. He realized that a new and grave aspect of the situation was to be revealed to him. Getting the timber down had absorbed his attention utterly. As to getting it to market, he had been awaiting the word of his partner and mentor.

"Here it is!" gritted Ide. "It's a picture of it! And if it ain't a good picture of the damnable reason why no one else but Pulaski Britt and his crowd can make a dollar on these waters, then I'm no judge. Here we are on Enchanted—mountain here and pond here! The dam at our pond will give us water enough to get us down to Britt's dam on Enchanted dead-water. Then we've got to deal with Britt. Law may be with us, but in dealin' with Britt up here in this section law is like a woodpecker tryin' to pull the teeth out of a cross-cut saw. Britt has got the foot of Enchanted stream, and he controls Jerusalem stream that gobbles Enchanted. That's our outlook to the east of us. Now to the west, and only two miles from our operation here, is Blunder stream. Runs into Umcolcus main river, you see, like Jerusalem stream away over here to the east. Straightaway run. Fed by Blunder Lake up here ten miles to the north. That is, it ought to be fed! And it ought to be the stream to take our logs. But more than thirty years ago, without law or justice, Britt closed in the rightful western outlet of Blunder Lake with a big dam and dug a canal from the eastern end to Jerusalem stream, and every spring since then has used the water for the Jerusalem drive. A half-a-dozen small operators have been to the Legislature from time to time to get rights. Did they get 'em? Why, they did n't get even a decent look! Old King Spruce does n't go to law or the Legislature askin' for things. King Spruce takes 'em. Then the laborin' oar is with the chaps who try to take 'em away. Even if a thing is unrighteous, Wade, it does n't stir much of a scandal in politics to keep it just as it is. It's what we are up against, I say!"

He held down the map, his finger on Enchanted, as though typifying the power

that held them and their interests helpless.

Wade gazed upon the finger-end. He felt it pressing upon his hopes. His brows wrinkled, but he said nothing.

"The Great Independent will make that name heard by the next Legislature, I have no doubt," Ide went on, "but that's a year from now. In the meantime we've got five millions or so of timber here at this end and its market and the money waitin' at the other end, which is Castonia. And there's another thing, Wade, and it's the biggest of all. We've got to hold our timber above the Hullin' Machine. Nature has fixed the holding-place for us. There's the logan behind Hay Island. With Britt drivin' our logs, he'd ram 'em hell-whoopin' through the Hullin' Machine, and find an excuse for it, and then buy 'em in down-river at his own price. If we undertook to follow him down Enchanted and Jerusalem he would n't leave enough water to drown a cat in. I'm takin' the time to show you this thing as it stands, son. You've got to see all sides of it."

Ide's little gray eyes were gleaming at him, and the expression of his face showed that he was narrowing possibilities to one prospect, and was wondering whether his partner had grasped the full import of that prospect.

"I think I see all sides of it, Mr. Ide," he said at last. Then he put his finger on the thin thread that marked the course of Blunder stream. "And the only side that does n't hurt the eyes seems to be this side, west of Enchanted Mountain."

"Well, even then it depends on what kind of specs you've got on," returned Ide.

"Suppose we forget that dam at the west end of Blunder and Britt's canal to the east, for just a moment, Mr. Ide. If we got our logs down the side of Enchanted Mountain and landed them on Blunder stream we'd stand our only show of heading Britt's drive at the Hullin' Machine, would we not?"

"You was reckonin' on havin' water under 'em, was n't you?" inquired the little man, with good-natured satire. "Was n't plannin' on havin' 'em walk like a caterpillar nor fly down, nor anything of the sort?"

"I was reckoning on water," returned the

young man, flushing slightly, "but I was not discussing Blunder Lake. I asked you to leave that out for a moment."

"Leave out Blunder Lake and you have n't got a brook that will float chips," said Ide. Then he jumped up and shot his fists above his head. "But with a drivin'-pitch in Blunder stream we can have the head of our drive down into Umcolcus River and to Castonia logan while Pulaski Britt is still swearin' and warpin' with headworks across Jerusalem dead-water. We'd have our head there before he had a log down the last five miles of lower Jerusalem into the main river. We'll have our sheer booms set and our sortin'-gap, and we'll hold our logs and let his through — his and the corporation drive that he's master of and has been master of for thirty years. He's been the river tyrant, Wade; but with our head first at Castonia and our booms set and we willin' to sort free of expense to them followin', I'd like to see the man that would dare to interfere with our common river rights. The old Umcolcus was rollin' its waters for the use of the tax-payin', law-abidin' citizens of this State before old Pulaski Britt and his log-drivin' association gang of pirates was ever heard of. They've usurped, Wade! They've usurped until they've made possession seem like ownership. I've picked you as a man that can handle the men that's under him, and is n't afraid of Pulaski Britt. And it's got to be a case of reach and take what belongs to you. If they've got any law with 'em in this thing it's law they've stolen like they've stolen the timberlands they've scooped in."

"I have never intended to break law in my dealings with men," said Wade, with a cadence of mournfulness in all his tones. "Law up in the big woods does n't seem to be quite as clear-cut as it is in men's relations outside. But can there be honest law, Mr. Ide, that will allow men like Pulaski Britt to step in and deprive a man of rightful profits earned by his own hard labor? to deprive him of —" he was thinking then, despite himself, of Lyde Barrett, but choked and added wistfully; "when it's only an even show a man asks of the world, a fair opportunity to travel his own course, it seems hard that there are men who go out of their path to trip him."

"It's Britt's way," retorted the other, curtly. "He's made money by doin' it and

expects to make a lot more by bossin' the river."

"I want to see Mr. Britt," said Wade, quietly.

"See Britt! You don't think for a minute you're goin' to induce him to take our drive or do the square thing on the water question, do you?"

"But I want to see him for a reason of my own — yes, a reason wholly my own, Mr. Ide. I'm frank to say I don't expect any justice from Britt, after what I've experienced from him; but there is such a thing as justification for myself. I see you don't understand what I say very well." He noted the little man's wrinkling brows. "I don't know as I'm exactly sure of my own mind. But I can't seem to bring myself to fight this thing according to the code of the woods. I'm going into it with every ounce of courage, manhood, strength, and hope that's in me, and there's just one preliminary that I want for my peace of soul. I want to see Pulaski Britt."

"If I was gettin' ready to fight the devil," remonstrated Ide, "I reckon I'd keep away from his brimstone-pot. He's at his Jerusalem camp," he added, grudgingly. "He went through two days ago."

"Then that is where I'll go to find him," stated the young man, with decision.

Rodburd Ide fingered his nose and gazed on his partner with frank dubiousness. "Whatever you want of Britt, you're wastin' your time on him!" his tone was sullen; "and the wind-up will be another peckin'-match with that long-legged rooster, MacLeod. I say, save time and strength for our own business here, Wade."

"And I say I've got business with Pulaski Britt and propose to go to him like a man," declared Wade. "You and I cannot afford to have any misunderstanding about this, Mr. Ide. You have said you picked me to handle this end. I've got to handle it in my own way, so far as dealings with men go. I'll take your advice — I'll ask your advice on details of the work, because I don't know. As to my business with Mr. Britt, there is no doubt in my mind. I want you to go with me."

And in the end Mr. Ide went, nipping his thin lips, not wholly convinced as to the logic of the step, but with opinion of Dwight Wade's courage and self-reliance decidedly heightened; he reflected to his own comfort

that those were the qualities he had sought in his partnership.

For a long time they rode side by side on the jumper without word. Mr. Ide decided that his reticent companion was pondering a plan for the approaching interview, and was careful not to interrupt the train of thought. He was infinitely disappointed and not a little vexed when Wade turned to him at last and inquired, with plain effort to make his voice calm, whether John Barrett had recovered sufficiently to go home.

"He? He went two weeks ago — he and his girl," snapped the little man, impatiently.

After a moment he began to dig at the buttons of his fur coat and dipped his hand into his breast pocket. He brought out a letter.

"Here's a line Barrett's girl left to be sent in to you the first chance." He met the young man's reproachful gaze boldly. "When a man 's got real business to attend to," he snorted, "he ain't to blame if he disremembers tugaluggin' a love-letter." He gave the missive into Wade's hands and went on discontentedly: "What kind of a crazy-headed performance was it those girls was up to when they came up into these woods? I've had too much on my mind to try to get it out of my girl, and probably I could n't anyway, if she took a notion not to tell me. She has her own way about everything, just as her mother did before her," he grumbled.

"I have no possible right to discuss Miss Nina Ide's movements, even with her father. Miss Barrett's affairs are wholly her own. May I read my letter?"

"May you read it?" blurted Ide, missing the delicacy of this conventional request. "What in Tophet do you think I've got to do with your readin' your own letters?" And he subsided into offended silence, seeking to express in this way his general dissatisfaction with events as they were disposing themselves.

Though the cold wind stung bitterly, Wade held the open letter in his bare hands, for he longed for the touch of the paper where her hand had rested.

My dear Dwight:

We are going home. The darkness has not lifted from us. For my light and my comfort I look into the north, where I know your love is shining. My sister was sitting by my father's

side when I returned, and he was awake from his long dream and knew her, but he had not spoken the truth to her, and if she knows she has not said. And the cloud of it all is over us, and I cannot speak. He did not even ask where I had been. It is as though he feared one word would dislodge the avalanche under which he shrinks. And I have to write this of my father! So we are going home. Love me. I need all your love. Take all of mine in return.

Rodburd Ide did not look at the open letter. But when Wade folded it he found the little man studying his face with shrewd side-glance.

"Have any idea what 'Stumpage John' is goin' to do with the other one — the left-hand one?" he inquired, blandly. "Favor each other considerably, don't they? I told the story to me the first time I saw 'em together. You can't hardly blame John for not takin' the left-hand one out with him same as my girl sort of expected he would and his own girl did too, I reckon."

"Did he say anything to —" stammered Wade, and hesitated.

"Nothin' to me," returned the magnate of Castonia, briskly. "Did n't have to knowed I knew. Day he left he tramped and trodged up and down the river bank for more'n two hours, and then come to me with his face about the color of the Hullin' Machine froth and asked me to call the girl Kate into the back office of my store. I was n't tryin' to listen or overhear, you understand, but I heard him stutter some-thing about takin' her out of the woods and puttin' her in school, and she braced back and put her hands on her hips and broke in and told him to go to hell."

"What?" yelled Wade, in utter astonishment.

"Oh, not in them words," corrected Ide. "But that's what it come to so far as meanin' went. And then she sort of spit at him and walked out and back to my house."

He clapped the reins smartly on the flank of the lagging horse, as though this kind of conversation wasted time, and added "She's still at my house, and my girl says she's goin' to stay there — so I guess that settles it. Now let's get down to business that amounts to somethin'! What are you goin' to say to Pulaski Britt?"

But if Dwight Wade knew, he did not say. He sat bowed forward, hands between his knees, the letter between his palms, his jaw

muscles ridged under the tan of his cheeks, and so the long ride ended in silence.

When they were once in the Jerusalem cutting it was not necessary to search long for the Honorable Pulaski D. Britt, ex-State Senator. They heard him bellowing hoarsely, and a moment later were looking down on him from the top of a ramdown. A pair of horses were floundering in the deep snow, one of them "cast," and tangled in the harness. The teamster stood at one side holding the reins helplessly. The snow was spotted with blood.

"You've let that horse calk himself, you beef-brained son of a bladderfish!" roared Britt. "You ain't fit to drive a rockin'-horse with wooden webbin's!" He dove upon the struggling animal and, hooking his great fists about the bit-rings, dragged the horse to his feet. "Stripped to the fetlock!" mourned the owner. He surveyed the bleeding leg and whirled on the teamster. "That's the second pair you've put out of business for me in a week. Me furnishing hundred-and-fifty-dollar horses for you to paint snow with!" He plowed across to where the man stood holding the reins, and struck him full in the face, and the fellow went down like a log, his nose spurting crimson. "Mix some of your five-cent blood with blood that's worth something," he yelped. "If there's got to be rainbow-snow up this way, I know how to furnish it cheaper."

"That's a nice, interestin' gent down there for you to tackle just now on your business proposition," observed Ide, sourly. "Now suppose you use common sense and turn around and go back to Enchanted!"

But the Honorable Pulaski heard the jangle of their jumper-bell and stared up at them.

"Gettin' lessons on how to run a crew, Ide?" he asked; and, seeing that the teamster was up and fumbling blindly at the tangled harness, he advanced up the slope. "I ain't ever forgiven you for takin' Tommy Eye away from me. That man's a teamster. It was a nasty trick, and perhaps your young whelp of a partner, there, has found out enough about woods law by this time to understand it."

"Mr. Britt," began Wade.

"I don't want to talk to you at all!" snapped the tyrant, flapping his hand in protest.

"Nor I to you!" retorted Wade, in sudden heat. "But as Mr. Ide's partner I have taken charge of the woods end of our operation, and I've got some business to talk with you. We have n't begun to land our logs yet because —"

"It's a wonder to me you've got any cut down, you dude!" snorted Mr. Britt, contemptuously.

"Because we have n't had an understanding about the drive," went on the young man, trying to keep his temper. "Now about logs coming down Enchanted and into Jerusalem —"

"You'll pay drivin'-fees for every stick."

"And you'll take our drive with yours?"

"No, sir! I won't put the iron of a pick-pole into a log with your mark on it," declared Britt.*

"Mr. Britt," said Wade, his voice trembling in the stress of his emotions, "as an operator in this section, as a man who is asking you straight business questions as courteously as I know how, I am entitled to decent treatment, and it will be better for all of us if I receive it."

"Threats, hey?" demanded Britt, malignantly.

"No threats, sir. If you won't take our drive for the usual fees and guarantee its delivery, will you let us drive it independently?"

"Not with my water — and you'll pay fees just the same!"

"Your water! Who gave you jurisdiction over the rains that God sends and the streams that flow? Have you any charter, Mr. Britt, giving you the right to divert the State waters of Blunder Lake from their natural outlet and use them for your own purposes to the exclusion of every one else?"

Britt clacked his finger in his hard palm and blurted contemptuous "Phnuh!" through his beard.

"Show me any such charter, Mr. Britt, or tell me where to find the record of it, and I'll accept the law."

"Hell on your law!" cried the tyrant of the Umcolcus.

"Are n't you willing to let the law decide it, Mr. Britt?"

"Hell on your law!"

*Lest the remarkable attitude of the Honorable Pulaski D. Britt be considered an improbable resource of fiction, the author hastens to state that the Maine Legislature, in considering the repeal of a log-driving charter, had exactly this situation submitted to it.

Three times more did Wade, his face burning in his righteous anger, his voice trembling with passion, ask the question. Three times did the Honorable Pulaski Britt fling those four words of maddening insult back at him. And Wade, his face going suddenly white, snatched the reins from Ide's hands, struck the horse, whirled him into the trail, and drove away madly. Down the aisles of the forest followed those four words, as long as Pulaski Britt felt that their iteration could reach the ears of listeners.

"So you finished your business with him, did you?" inquired Ide at last, allowing himself, as a true prophet, a bit of a sneer.

"I got just what I went after," gritted the young man. "I got in four words the code of combat in these woods, as enunciated by the chief devil of them all, and, by the gods, if that's the only way for an honest man to save his skin up here they can have the fight on those lines! Take the reins, Mr. Ide; I want to straighten this thing in my mind."

Little passed between them on the return journey, but they talked far into the night, leaning toward each other across the little splint table in the office camp.

The next morning they climbed the side of Enchanted, following the main road that had been swamped to Enchanted stream. On the upper slopes they came upon the log-yards, and heaps of great, stripped spruces tiered ready for the sleds. Further up the slopes they heard the monotonous "whush-whish" of the cross-cuts and the crackling crash of falling trees.

In the Maine woods it is not the practice to haul to landings until the tree crop is practically all down and yarded on the main roads. This practice in the case of the Enchanted operation that winter was providential; for in the conference of the night before, Rodburd Ide and his partner had definitely abandoned the Enchanted-stream prospect. That decision left them the alternative of Blunder stream. It was the only proposition that fitted with Rodburd Ide's new hopes that he based on the log contract in his breast pocket. For months he had dimly foreseen this crisis without clear conception as to how it was to be met. But the possibilities of the gamble had fascinated him.

In his calculations he had tried to keep prudence to the fore. But he had been waiting so long that at last prudence became

dizzy in the swirl of possibilities. He had never intended to make Dwight Wade his mere catspaw. But the vehement courage of that sturdy young man as displayed in the battle before the store in Castonia had touched off something in Rodburd Ide's soul. All along in his quiet life he had seen might and mastery make money out of the woods. And so at last he himself had ventured, trusting much to the might and mastery he had found in this self-reliant young gentleman whom Fate had flung into his life.

Now he suffered himself to be dominated, willing to be dominated, even though prudence, set at last upon the hard facts, was no longer dizzy. Gasping at the boldness of it, he was willing that the whole winter's cut of the Enchanted operation should be landed upon Blunder stream. That there was a way to get their water he admitted to himself, but he did not dare to think much upon the means. Dwight Wade, his eyes glittering, his soul boiling with the bitterness of his hatred for Pulaski Britt, his heart aching for the girl that at last his hands might win were it not for Pulaski Britt, had beaten his fists upon the splint table and declared that there should be a spring flood in Blunder stream.

"And if you fear law-suits, being a man of property, Mr. Ide, you should not know what I intend to do. You may be held as a partner. Dissolve that partnership. You may be held as an employer. Discharge me when this log-cut is landed. Protect yourself. I have only my two hands for them to attach."

The little man had blinked at him admiringly, and then had patted his shoulder.

"You need n't tell me what you intend to do. You are the one for this end, and I can trust you. But when it comes to responsibility and the law, Wade, if those thieves try it on, after all they've stolen, you'll find Rod Ide right with you. You are my partner and you'll stay my partner," he declared, stoutly.

He repeated it as they swung around the uppergranite dome of Enchanted and looked down the western slope into Blunder valley.

"There's the place for your main road, Wade," he said; "down that shoulder there! Swamp a half-mile of the steep pitch and you'll come into the Cameron road, and it will take you to the stream. You'll need about fifteen hundred feet of snub-line for

that sharp incline there, and I'll have it up to you by the time you are ready for it. Put the swale hay to the rest of the pitches. It will trig better than gravel. Don't let 'em put a chain round a runner. You want to keep your road so that every load of logs will go down there smooth as a boy down a barn rollway. Sprinkle your levels and keep 'em glare ice. By the gods, it's a beauty of an outlook for a landing-job! Cut your high slopes this trip. Keep your logs above the level of that shoulder, and every hoss-team will make a four-turn day of it. We'll save a dollar a thousand on the landing-proposition alone, over the Enchanted road. And up there! — " he gazed to the north up the valley over the wooded ridges and then hushed his voice, as though there lay somewhere in that blue distance a thing that he feared.

"Up there is a lake of water, Mr. Ide, that God designed to flow down this valley, and it's going to find its own channel again — somehow! I hope that does n't sound like cheap boasting. It's only my idea of the right."

He led the way back around the granite dome above the spruce benches, and the old man followed in silence.

Two hours later Rodburd Ide was off and away for Castonia, his jumper-bell jangling its echoes among the trees. He had hope in his heart, and a letter in his pocket. The hope was his own. The letter was addressed to John Barrett's daughter, and the superscription had brought a little scowl to the brows of the magnate of Castonia. Somehow it seemed like communication with the enemy. But Dwight Wade, writing it in the stillness of the night while the little man snored in his bunk, had seemed in his own imaginings to be putting into that letter, as one lays away for safe keeping in a casket, all that heart and soul held of love and candor and tenderness. It was as though he entrusted those into her hands to preserve for him against the day when he might take them back into life and living once more. Just now they did not seem to belong in the régime on Enchanted; they did not correlate with the bitter conditions; he pressed down the envelope's seal with the fantastic reflection that he was sending out of the conflict witnesses in whose presence he might stand ashamed.

Therefore, it was not treason that Rod-

burd Ide bore in the pocket of his big fur coat; Dwight Wade had sent to the rear the fragile emotions. He staid at the front, ready to meet iron with iron and to fight fire with fire.

Days of winter snow and blow; days of sunshine, hard and cold as the radiance from a diamond's facets; days of calm and days of tempest; days when the snowflakes dropped as straight as plummets and days when the whirlwinds danced in crazy rigadon down the valleys or spun like dervishes on the mountain-tops! And all were days of honest, faithful toil in the black growth of Enchanted, and the dreamless sleep of nights that labor won.

In those long evenings hope lighted a taper that shone brightly beside the lantern of the office camp in whose dull beams Dwight Wade wrote long and earnest letters. But these were not to John Barrett's daughter; the conditions of their waiting love had tacitly closed the post between them.

The most brilliant young attorney of the newer generation in the State had been Wade's college mate. To him Wade detailed in those long letters the iniquitous conditions that fettered independent operators in the north country and gave the case into his enthusiastic keeping. It meant digging into the black heart of the State's political corruption, timber-graft, and land-steals. It was a task that the young attorney, with earnest zeal and new ideals of civic honor, had long before entered upon. He seized upon this store of new ammunition with delight, and Wade rejoiced at the tenor of his replies. That the law and the right would intervene in Blunder valley to preserve him from a conflict in which he must use the shameful weapons selected by Britt for the duello was a promise that he cherished. And thus heartened, he toiled more eagerly.

It was well into February before they began to land. But even with an estimated five millions to dump upon the ice of Blunder, time was ample, for the snub-line down the steep quarter-mile of Enchanted's shoulder made a cut-off that doubled the efficiency of the teams. It was the crux of the situation, that snubbing-pitch. With its desperate dangers, its uncertainties, its ever-brooding disaster — its ease and its celerity, it was ominous and it was fascinating. But it was the big end of the great

game. Dwight Wade made himself its captain. Tommy Eye, master of horses, came into his own and was his lieutenant.

Those two trudged there together in the gray of the dawn; they trudged back together in the chilled dusk, still trembling with the racking strain of it all.

Wade, cant-dog in hand, stood beside the snubbing-post and gave the word for every load to start, and watched every inch of its progress with tense muscles and pounding heart. Tommy Eye mounted the load and took the reins from the deposed driver as each team came to the top of the pitch; and the snorting, fearing horses seemed to know his master touch and in blind faith went into their collars and floundered down under the fateful looming of the great load. Thus, every hour of the day, Tommy Eye silently, boldly ventured his life in the interests of the man who had once saved it, and Dwight Wade watched over his safety from the top of the slope. No word passed between the two. But they understood. There was no other man in the north country with the soothing voice, the assuring touch on the reins, and the mystic power to inspire confidence in dumb brutes — no other man that could bring the qualities that Tommy Eye brought to his task, coupled with the blind courage to perform. The horses crooked their necks to make sure that he held the reins and was adventuring with them. Then they went on.

The snubbing-post was a huge beech, sawed to leave four feet of stump. It had been adzed to the smoothness of an ax-handle. The three-inch hawser clasped it with four turns, and two men, whose hands were protected by huge leather mittens, kept the squalling coils loosened, and paid out the slack. And when the coils yanked themselves loose and the rope ran too swiftly, even to making the leather mittens smoke, Wade with his cant-dog threw the hawser hard against the stump and checked it.

And all the time there was the rope to watch to make sure that no rock's edge or sharp stick had severed a strand, for broken strands uncoil like a spring under the mighty strain. There were the flipping bights of the coiled hawser to guard against as the men paid it out. Men are caught by those bights and ground to horrible death against the snubbing-post.

In time that rope came to have sentience in the eyes of Wade. Some days it seemed to be possessed by the spirit of evil. It would not run smoothly. It fed out by jerks, getting more and more of slack at each jump. It began to sway and vibrate between post and load, wider arc with every jerk, a gigantic cello-string booming horrible harmony. It snarled on the post; it growled grum and sinister warning along its tense length. So horrible are these wordless threats that men have been known to surrender it in panic, flee from the snubbing-post, and let destruction wreak its will. Hence the silent and understanding partnership between Tommy Eye, shadowed by death on the load, and Dwight Wade fiercely alert at the snubbing-post.

It had the devil and all in it, that day!

The weather was hard, with gray skies and a bone-searching chill. The hawser, smooth as glass by attrition, was steely and stiff with the cold. It had new voices. Once it leaped so viciously at the legs of one of the post-men that he gave a yell and ran. In the tumult of his passion and fear Wade cursed the caitiff, his own legs in the swirl of the bights, his cant-dog nipping the rope to the post and checking it short. And far down the slope Tommy Eye, his teeth hard shut on his tobacco, waited without turning his head, mute picture of utter confidence.

It was while Wade held the line, waiting for the men to recoil the hawser into safe condition to run, that the Honorable Pulaski Britt appeared. He came trotting his horses down the Enchanted main road and yanked them to a halt at the top of the pitch. Two men were with him on the jumper. Each wore the little blue badge of a game-warden.

"We are after a man named Thomas Eye, of your crew," said one of the men, catching Wade's inquiring gaze. "We've traced that cow-moose killing to him — the Cameron case."

For an instant Wade's heart went sick, and then it went wild. Such impudent, bare-faced plot to rob him of an invaluable man at this crisis in his affairs seemed impossible to credit. It was vengefulness run mad, gone puerile.

"Mr. Britt has signed the complaint and has the witnesses," said the warden. "We've got a warrant and we'll have to take the man."

"And there he is on that load," said the Honorable Pulaski, pointing his whip-butt.

"Hold that line, men," commanded Wade, coming away from the post. "Tommy Eye has not been out of my camps, wardens. He is absolutely indispensable to me. He has killed no moose. But if it can be proven I'll pay his fine."

"It takes a trial to prove it," said the warden, drily. "That's why we're after him."

"Britt, I did n't think you'd get down to this," stormed the young man.

"I'm not a game-warden," retorted the baron of the Umcolcus. "You're dealin' with them, not with me."

He sat, slicing his whip-lash into the snow, and watched the young man's bitter anger with huge enjoyment. And when Wade seemed unable to frame suitable retort he went on: "If you think I've got anything to do with taking your crack teamster out of your crew, you'd better thank me. Anything that interferes with your landing your logs in a blind pocket like Blunder stream is a godsend to you and Rod Ide." His temper began to flame. "What do you think you're goin' to do there? Do you calculate to steal any of my water? Do you think that whipper-snapper whelp of a lawyer that you've set yappin' at our heels is goin' to spin a thread for you against the men that have run this section for thirty years? If you've only got the law bug in your fool head, give it up. But if you have the least sneakin' idea of troublin' that dam up there—" he shook his fist into the north—"coil your snub-line and save time and money; for, by the eternal Jehovah, blood will run in that valley before water does."

In the pause that followed one of the wardens asked, "Do you propose to resist the arrest of Eye, Mr. Wade?"

The question was an incautious one. In a flash the young man saw that this last sortie of the Honorable Pulaski was not so much an adventure against Tommy Eye as against himself—hoping to embroil him with the officers of the law. That might mean more trouble than he dared reflect upon. He had very definite apprehension of what the legal machinery of Britt and his associates might do to him, if he afforded pretense for their procedure.

One of the wardens dropped off the jumper

at a word from Britt, and the timber-baron urged his horses down the slope, the other officer accompanying him.

Tommy Eye sat on his load, still with gaze patiently to the front, waiting in serene confidence the convenience of his employer. That back turned to Wade was the back of the humble confider, the back of the martyr. In his sudden trepidation at thought of his own imperilled interests, were he himself enmeshed in the law, Wade had thought to leave Tommy's possible fate alone. But now, almost without reflection or plan, he ran down the hill. The martyr's serene obliviousness struck a pang to his heart. In those days of strife and toil and understanding, Tommy Eye had grown dear to him. Britt, turning, yelled to the officer at the top of the slope, "Give that snub-line a half-hitch and hold that load!"

A bit of a rock shelf broadened the road where the logs were halted. Britt lashed his horses around in front of the load with apparent intent to intimidate Tommy. The warden dropped off the jumper and shut off retreat in the rear. And Wade, running swiftly, carrying his cant-dog, came and leaped upon the load and stood above Tommy—his protecting genius, but a genius who had no very clear idea of what he was about to do.

No one ever explained exactly how it happened!

The warden, who was at the top of the pitch and who did it, gazed a moment, saw what he had done, and fled with a howl of abject terror, and never appeared on Enchanted again. The men at the snub-post stated afterward that he came to them, hearing Pulaski Britt's orders, elbowed them aside with an oath, and took the hawser. He probably undertook to loosen the coils to make a half-hitch; but a game-warden has no business with a snub-line when the devil is in it.

It gave one triumphant squall of release, and then, "Toom! Toom! Toom!" it began to sing its horrible bass note.

Tommy Eye knew without looking—knew without understanding. He knew—that most terrible knowledge of all woods terrors—that he was "sluiced." He screamed once—once only—and the horses came into their collars. Their hot breath was on the back of Pulaski Britt's neck when he started—started with a

hoarse oath above which sang the shrill yelp of his whip-lash.

"Jump, Mr. Wade! Jump!" gasped the teamster. But Wade drove the peak of his cant-dog into a log and clung to the upright handle. He looked back. The great hawser spun itself off the spindle of the post and chased down the hill in spirals, utterly loose and free. It was no dare-devil spirit that held him on the load. His soul was sick with dreadful fear. It was something that was almost sub-consciousness that kept him there. The feeling could not be analyzed. Perhaps it was pity — pity for Tommy Eye, who was so brave a martyr at his post of duty. In the flash of that instant when the great load gathered speed he stiffened himself to leap, then looked at Tommy's patched coat and remembered his oft-repeated little boast: "I've never left my hosses yet!" And so if Tommy could stay with his horses, he, Dwight Wade, could stay with Tommy! There was a queer thrill in his breast, and the sting of sudden tears in his eyes as he decided.

The first rush of the descent was along an incline, steep but even. There were benches below — ten feet or so of jutting level — that broke the descent. Wade saw the jumper of Pulaski Britt strike the first bench. The old man went off his seat into the air and when he fell he dropped his reins, clutched the seat, and kneeled, facing the pursuers, his face ghastly with terror. He remained thus, not daring to turn. There was only the narrow road for his flying horses, and they ran straight on, needing neither whip nor admonitions.

The groan of five thousand feet of timber, chafing the bind-chains when their great load struck the shelf, was like a groan of an animal in agony. The chains held. It was Tommy who had seen to every link and every loop. Then for the first time in his life Wade heard the scream of horses in mortal fright. The lurch of the forward sled lifted the pole, and for one dreadful instant both animals kicked free and clear in air.

Tommy Eye shot two words at them like bullets. "Steady, boys!" he yelled. His head was hunched between his shoulders. His arms were outstretched and rigid. Tommy Eye, master of horses! It was his lift on the bits at just the fraction of a second when they needed it that set them on their

feet when the pole dropped. And down the next descent they swooped.

From his height Wade looked straight into the eyes of Pulaski Britt. It seemed that with every plunge of their hoofs Tommy Eye's horses were going to mash that puffy face. The check of the benches from time to time allowed Britt's lighter equipage a bit of a start. But the mighty projectile that drove on him down the smooth slopes gained with every yard, for the thrusting pole swept the horses off their feet in plunge after plunge. And then it was Tommy Eye's desperate coolness that helped them to their infrequent footing. All of the man's face that Wade could see was a ridged jaw-muscle above the faded collar of his coat. The peak of the slewed Scotch cap hid all but that.

There was a curve at the foot of the snub slope. The wall of trees that closed the vista was disaster, spelled by bolled trunk and sturdy limb. There stood nether mill-stone; the upper was rushing down and the grist would be flesh of horses and men.

Wade crouched low, his eyes on that ridged jaw-muscle. There came a surge on the tight reins, eight hoofs dug the snow in one frantic thrust, and they went around — they went around!

Twenty rods further on they struck the hay, spread thickly for the trig. And the sled-runners, biting it, jerked and halted, the bind-chains creaked, the chafing logs groaned — and they were stopped! The lathering horses stood with legs wide spraddled, their heads lowered, their snorting noses puffing up the snow.

Tommy Eye dug the tobacco from his cheek and thoughtfully tossed it away. Britt's team had disappeared, reins dragging, the horses running madly, the whitened, puffy face flashing one last look as it winked out of sight among the trees.

"I've dreamt of such a thing as this," observed Tommy, at last, a strange tremor in his tones. "I've dreamt of chasin' old P'laski Britt, me settin' on five thousand feet of wild timber and lookin' down into his face and seein' him a-wonderin' whether they'd let him into the front door of hell or make him go around to the back. It's the first time he was ever run good and plenty — and I done it — but," he sighed, "it was damnation whilst it lasted!"

He turned now and gazed long and wistfully at Wade.

"Ye stuck by me, did n't ye, Mr. Wade?" he said, softly. "Stuck by me jest like I was a friend, and not old, drunken Tommy Eye! I reckon we'll shake on that!" And when they clasped hands he asked, still wistful, "What was it all about? I jest only know they sluiced me!"

And Wade gasped an explanation, Tommy Eye staring at him with wrinkling brows and squinting eyes.

"Come to arrest me for northin' I had n't done?" he shrilled. "Come to take me off'n a job where I was needed and where I was earnin' my honest livin'?"

"They had the warrant, and Britt swore out the lying complaint."

"Mr. Wade," said Tommy, after a solemn pause, "I've done a lot of things in this life to be ashamed of — but jest gittin' drunk, that's all. I ain't never done a crime. But jest now, if it had n't been for that toss-up between supper in camp or hot broth in Tophet to-night, I'd be travellin' down-country, pulled away from you when you need me worst, and all on account of P'laski Britt. If that's the chances an honest man runs in this world, I'm an outlaw from now on!"

Wade stared at him in amazement, for there was queer significance in Tommy's tone.

"An outlaw!" repeated Tommy, slapping his breast. "Yes, s'r, I'm an outlaw! An outlaw so fur as P'laski Britt is concerned. I've showed him I can run him! Did you see him lookin' at me? He'll dream of me after this when he has the nightmare."

He took Wade by the arm.

"I ain't been sayin' much, Mr. Wade, but I see how things are gettin' ready to move in this valley. *You* ain't built for an outlaw. But you need one in your business. I'm the one from now on."

He pulled his thin hand out of his mitten

and shook it toward the north in the direction in which Blunder Lake lay.

"You need an outlaw in your business, I say! I'm tough from now on. I'll be so tough in April that you'll have to discharge me. There's no knowin' what an outlaw will do, is there, Mr. Wade? I'd ruther go to jail as an outlaw than as a drunk like I've done every summer. They look up to outlaws. They make drunks scrub the floors and empty slops." His voice trembled. "Oh, you need n't worry, Mr. Wade! I'll be proud to be an outlaw. And I ain't northin' but old Tommy Eye, anyway."

He slid down off the load and went between his horses' heads and fondled them and kissed them above their eyes.

"Brace up, old fellers!" he said. "You won't have to pull no more to-day. I reckon you've done your stunt!"

"I — I hardly understand this outlaw business, Tommy," stammered Wade, looking down on him from the load. Tommy peered up, his head between the shaggy manes of the horses.

"Don't you try to, Mr. Wade," he cried, earnestly. "There ain't no good in tryin' to understand outlaws. They ain't no kind to hitch up to very close. Don't you try to understand them!" And as he bent to unhook the trace-chains he muttered to himself, "I ain't sure as I understand much about 'em myself, but there's one outlawin' job that it's come to my mind can be done without takin' many private lessons off'n Jesse James, or whoever is topnotcher in the line just now. In the meantime, let's see that warden try to arrest me!"

But as days went by it became apparent that the wardens and the Honorable Pulaski D. Britt considered that they had precipitated an affair on Enchanted whose possible consequences they did not care to return and face.



THE NUMBERED DAYS

By MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS



ONSENSE," said Adoniram, in his sledge-hammer way. "Myra's young enough to wait. We can't spare her from home yet — it's a hard winter."

It always was a hard winter with Adoniram, a hard winter and a scant summer, yet field after field was added to the Gaines farm and one big barn rose after another. Mrs. Adoniram, however, checked the profitless desire to say so, and spurred herself on to renewed appeal.

"She and Tom have waited such a spell now, and he has a house all ready for her. When it ain't *needful* for young folks to wait it seems such a — such a pity!"

This feeble, womanish sentiment was passed over in fitting silence. Adoniram contented himself with stating tersely, "It is needful. Can you spare Myra now?"

"I dunno as I can exactly *spare* her," his wife equivocated, nervously. "Nellie and Sue are young yet and the boys make so much work, what with the cooking and the sweeping and all. But I don't see why — that is — well, Sally Ely has n't a place now, and she could come and help us, like as not."

"I spose you've got the money to pay Sally Ely?"

The sensitive color rushed into Mrs. Adoniram's thin face. She stared out over the bare November landscape with black rebellion seething in her heart. Adoniram, judging the incident closed, touched up Brown Betty and the buggy jolted roughly along the frozen road. After a pause, however, the woman began again:

"When the Baileys and the Coltons and the Millikins all keep help — I dunno why — we can't have somebody."

"I dunno why we can't have a French cook or a livery-man or a red automobile," Adoniram returned, with ponderous levity; then, dropping from such unusual flight to the hard facts of life as he saw them, "There's no use talking, Mother. We've got to lay up for our old age. There may be a roof over our heads to-day, while we can

work, but we're getting on; we're getting on all the while. What's to hinder my leg from breaking to-morrow, I'd like to know? And will Myra's husband bring me three meals a day and the doctor to mend it? No; it's money in the bank does that. And who's going to put it there if we don't?"

"Then I guess I can get on without anybody," the woman declared, one mittened hand pressed against her side, where her heart was fluttering desperately at such prolonging of the fray. "I can't stand by and see Myra grieving any longer. I —"

"Now, Mother, don't get excited. Myra has got a good home and no call to go round moping because she can't fly off at the beck of the first feller that comes beauning round. It's a pity she can't do for her own first! And you can't spare her, either. Why, here I am now taking you to Dr. Martin for that thumping in your side. Seems kinder silly to take the trip, does n't it, when you're so spry to undertake more work?"

Mrs. Adoniram closed her lips tightly. It would have done no good to open them over any words — that she knew. When Adoniram put his foot down he kept it there, and it seemed to her unusually stimulated mind that she and Myra were directly beneath that heavy heel. For herself, resignation had become the habit of wifehood, but she resented passionately the injustice to pretty, gentle Myra. There was something sacred about youth to Mrs. Adoniram — its dreams, its hopes, its poignant capacity for happiness or pain; and sharply as she dreaded losing the girl from her daily life, she desired her marriage to quiet, kindly Tom Colton with incredible keenness.

"Well, here we are." Adoniram had drawn up before the drug-store over which hung Dr. Martin's sign. "You go and find out what you've got, while I see Spring about those eggs."

Secretly Adoniram considered a hankering for an incurable disease as an essential trait of woman; he had become hardened through the years to what his wife called

her "heart-spells," but since they had grown doubly frequent of late, he had brought her to town, hoping the doctor would reassure her and give her some bracing tonic.

It was not the old family physician who had been with Mrs. Adoniram at the birth of her children, but a younger man, who had taken his place. He looked keenly, understandingly, at the woman's prematurely bent shoulders and faded cheeks, while she submitted mechanically to the examination. Her thoughts were all on Myra and the disappointment that awaited her. Almost indifferently she asked at last, "Is it really heart-trouble?"

Dr. Martin hesitated. "Well — it's trouble of the heart. It means you must take life easier, Mrs. Gaines, and avoid any form of worry or overwork. Meanwhile we'll see if we can't find something to brace you up."

He disappeared into the back room, and through the unlatched door she heard him in low conversation with the dentist who shared the improvised laboratory. They seemed to talk a long time, but Mrs. Adoniram waited listlessly till one question, incautiously loud, pierced her preoccupation.

"You are sure there is no hope for her?" the young dentist was saying.

"Not an atom." The doctor banged a drawer as if to emphasize it. "Where are those capsules I left here? No — not an atom. She can't last more than six weeks. Same old story — overworked farmer's wife who should have looked after herself ten years ago. There ought to be a law requiring inspection of farmers' wives," he grumbled, as if to cover any trace of unprofessional emotion.

There was soldier-blood in Mrs. Adoniram. She sat now in the office facing a huge framed diploma in much the same spirit that her great-grandfather had faced the British muskets at Lexington. Only when the doctor put the medicine in her hand with a few kindly words of advice, her inward fear found voice.

"There ain't nothing more you can do for me, doctor?"

"All there is to do you must do yourself," he answered, with professional cheer. "Take life easy and get as much rest and pleasure as possible. Happiness is a great stimulant!"

Happiness! The word cut her with its

irony. Happiness! What did she know of it?

"Well, Mother, I s'pose now he fixed you out with heart-trouble, did n't he?" queried Adoniram, on the homeward way. "Or was it consumption or spinal complaint or nervous prostration, maybe?"

"He said I'd got to be careful." She spoke dully, with an effort. The terror of ridicule made confidence impossible. Adoniram would surely scoff — he never believed women were sick.

"Said to be careful. Well, I vow! What'd he ask you for sayin' that?"

"A dollar. The medicine was seventy-five."

"One seventy-five! I hope you're glad you come!"

"I am." There was an odd crispness in the response. Adoniram, concluding she was still worrying over Myra's affairs, forbore to provoke further speech.

Mrs. Adoniram went very quietly about her work that evening, and, after clearing away the supper dishes, went directly to bed. She folded her clothes in the neat pile of years of habit, knelt down methodically to repeat her prayers, put out the lamp, and climbed into the great four-poster to lie staring wide-eyed in the darkness.

Death she had always regarded with the unemotional practicality of the New Englander; it was neither a terror nor a relief, but something to be endured in the best possible way, like the rest of life. Through her brain went the procession of her days: her prim childhood, the brief, shy delight of courtship, and the thrill of marriage, merging into the long, slow routine of work and depression.

She thought of the children and how they would get along without her; of the sewing that must be finished and the cranberries to be jelled. Only six weeks! That would be the eighth of January, she calculated.

Then she thought of Myra, and her heart stood still with sudden terror. She saw the girl saddled with all the burdens of the motherless home, staggering along interminably till all youth and life were crushed out of her. The mother grew cold and hot with indignation. There was no need for such a sacrifice; Aunt Melissa could take charge as well as not, and Adoniram could get her a helper — but Adoniram never would. He would never let Myra go now.

There was only one way. Myra must marry before New Year's, and in the darkness Mrs. Adoniram made her great resolve.

Returning at supper-hour next day, Adoniram was transfixed by the vision of his wife rocking deliberately before the open hearth, her knitting-needles flashing in the firelight. Over their school-books the four children were covertly regarding her with the same uncertainty and amazement that struck their father. It was not Mrs. Adoniram's wont to be rocking and knitting when there was supper for a family of seven and three hired men to be prepared.

"Well!" said Adoniram, with meaningful intonation. From the kitchen came the savor of cooking and the sound of brisk steps. "I thought Myra was going to Aunt Melissy's to-night."

"She did go. That's Sally Ely," explained Mrs. Adoniram, with a desperate assumption of matter-of-fact ease that deceived her astounded family. "I thought I needed her, after all, as I felt none too spry and Myra needs so much sewing now."

Adoniram's mouth closed like a steel trap over the information. He appeared to digest it in silence; then, rising slowly to the bait of her last insinuation, "What do you mean by sewing for Myra?"

She stopped knitting and looked straight at her husband, her tired, blue eyes earnestly seeking some feeling in his own.

"Adoniram, they ought n't to wait any longer. Life is uncertain enough anyhow, without our putting any stones in their way. I talked it over with Myra this morning, and she and Tom want to be married New Year's. That's five weeks from yesterday. She's our first child, Adoniram, and we ought to be grateful there's a good man wanting her."

Gratitude would scarcely express Adoniram's state of mind, however. Sheer amazement held him speechless; then dull, heavy anger surged over him like a sea. His words came forth jerkily, as if bitten off:

"If my daughter wants to fly in my face against all decency and respect, you can tell her for me that I've nothing more to say to her, now nor ever, and not a cent of mine goes on her back again. If you uphold her, that's your lookout. She can think it over and take her choice."

His wife's eyes turned wearily away. "You're hard as hickory, Adoniram," she commented, with a certain sad simplicity

that struck him with its difference from her usual nervous, deprecatory utterance.

The difference was more and more apparent in the days that followed. Mrs. Adoniram went about in a state of exalted energy, astonished at her own intrepidity whenever she stopped to think about it, but that was not often. The household bustled with preparation, while through it all stalked Adoniram, grim, resolutely oblivious, biding his time.

He judged his first victory would ensue with the request for Sally's wages, for there was never any money in his wife's pocket-book, but Mrs. Adoniram chose her hour.

"Adoniram," she said, casually, one evening, "Sally's been here a week to-night and wants her two and a half."

Adoniram turned. His wife was sewing in the rocking-chair she used so much of late, and in the doorway stood Sally, waiting in confident unconcern. Now, however much he might disdain the tongues of his own women-folk, Adoniram was not without a proper respect for neighborhood gossip; he knew the Ely family well, and the knowledge drew his sluggish feet to the old secretary and his slow hand to unlocking the drawer. When Sally, money in hand, had gone her ways, he glanced half wrathfully, half angrily, at his wife, and she was counting stitches in serene oblivion.

In the matter of the wedding, however, Adoniram was adamant. Not a word to Myra passed his lips, and the girl herself was far too sensitive and shy to attempt to approach him. She only looked up timidly when he entered a room, and slipped away soon after. Not a penny, either, did he give for her clothes; but most of her sewing had long since been done, and Aunt Melissa came forward handsomely with enough money for two simple dresses.

"I s'pose I could get a real light gray and be married in that," Myra said, wistfully. It is hard for a girl to relinquish the idea of a white wedding-dress; the ceremony is very dear to her heart — she looks forward to it all her girlhood, and back upon it all the rest of her life.

"Gray spots too bad; you'll get more wear out of a nice black silk," said her mother, with the decision that had grown upon her; and Myra yielded, with unspoken regret.

They were busy days for Mrs. Adoniram,

even with Sally's brisk help. There was all the sewing to be finished and the house to be put in order — and there was also that strange ceremony to be gone through with, known as making her peace with God; but Mrs. Adoniram postponed that to the week after the wedding. Myra must be provided for first.

The other children she could not plan for so clearly, though she thought about them a great deal. At night, when they were all asleep, she used to tiptoe gently from room to room, rearranging the tumbled clothing, touching little garments with tender, love-worn hands, while her heart throbbed pitifully.

Aunt Melissa would be good to them, she knew, but it would not be long before Adoniram married again — he was not sentimental, but he was the marrying kind, and a wife was an economy.

The thought of the Widow Larkin, thin, dark, and energetic, with a dash of color that men call handsome, filled her with terror. She had seen the widow's capable hand descend with bony smartness on the ears of offending children.

Cannily she dropped a few careful seeds in her husband's mind. "Pity the Widow Larkin's so tongueful," she murmured, impersonally, one evening. "Folks say her sister ought to take her in, 'stead of letting her farm it alone — but la! she's sour as vinegar and sharp as tacks, and I don't blame any one for doing without her."

Adoniram smoked on noncommittally. She scrutinized his wooden face in some anxiety. "Still, I thought she'd catch some young fellow from Pelham Road, the way she's been after them. Being in Pelham, they might not hear —"

"I guess men can hear a talking-machine when they listen," remarked Adoniram, sententiously; and, much comforted, she began to prepare the ground in another direction. Gentle, lonely Mrs. Mayhue had always found favor in her eyes, and after due deliberation had been selected as the most desirable candidate. So now she commented casually: "They say Seth Hicks is after the Widow Mayhue again. She certainly is a good housekeeper. My, Adoniram, you just ought to sight her table — and always so agreeable and soft spoken, too!"

Adoniram snorted — not at the lauded widow, but at this praise of tractability

from his defiant wife. She continued to praise it steadily, however, relating touching tales of the widow's kindness and economy, and offering pies and cakes as baked according to her famous recipes.

It was a little hard to infuse much Christmas spirit into the divided household. The children usually descended to the breakfast-table for their presents with a rush and a whoop; but on this Christmas the general atmosphere seemed to have congealed their spirits, and they entered uncertainly, glancing dubiously from their mother, erect and scarlet-checked, to where their father sat, stolidly consuming his bacon and fried eggs.

Myra came last, to find a large, flat parcel at her place. While the children, with gathering enthusiasm, hung about, conjecturing its contents, she carefully unwrapped it, rolling up the string tidily for future use, and then, lifting the last veil of tissue-paper, she found herself looking down at soft folds of shimmering white.

"Oh!" she breathed, almost inaudibly; then touched the silk with shy, longing hands. Her cheeks were very pink with the surprise. A little card lay on the top fold, and she read it through incredulously, with a quick intaking of her breath; then turned with shining eyes.

"Father!" she cried; and, stirred from all constraint, her two hands clasped about his neck, while somewhere on his grizzled, bearded face fell her kiss, shy and fleet, but pulsing with the hidden tenderness of her love.

Adoniram turned crimson to the roots of his hair, his mouth opened, then shut, and his face twitched strangely. With an odd, furtive pat of Myra's arm, he got up and went out.

Myra picked up the card again. "Mer-ry Christmas to Myra from her father," she read, happily; then, turning to her mother, "How do you suppose he ever came to do it? And how'd he ever pick it out?"

"I would n't ask him too much if I was you. He don't like it." There was some dryness in Mrs. Adoniram's tone, but her face was radiant with some inner light. Then she followed her husband out into the hall, where he was drawing on his coat.

"I charged it at Slake and Trimble's," she said then, without preamble. "It's a good wearing weave and not high. I thought you'd want Myra married right."

Adoniram carefully wound his muffler about his neck. "It seemed like a good piece," said he, and marched out.

Mrs. Adoniram lingered at the window, watching him plow through the drifts to the barn; then suddenly she turned white, and her heart fluttered like a frightened bird. The doctor's sleigh was just drawing up before the door, and she felt all the fear of a criminal before the executioner. It was as if he had come to remind her of her impending doom.

"It ain't six weeks yet," she thought, resentfully, even while she exchanged Christmas greetings and told him to draw up to the fire and get warm. "Perhaps he thinks Adoniram ought to be told now, so's it won't be too much of a shock."

Dr. Martin, however, said nothing about that. He complained of the cold and his long ride to the Pettigrew farm. "Not a bit of use," he grumbled, holding out his hands to the crackling blaze. "She'd been dead an hour when I got there."

"Liza Pettigrew — she that was Liza Meacham? I have n't seen her for ten years — not since she removed to the North Church. She ain't a visiting body — that is, she was n't." Mrs. Adoniram corrected. "Dreadful sudden, was n't it?"

"For her, yes." He frowned at the fire. "She'd had heart-trouble for years, and never looked after it. Came to me a while ago, but it was too late — too late. I told

Dr. Harris then that she would n't last six weeks, and she did n't — it's just four weeks ago to-day. I remember well — she was just ahead of you."

"Four weeks ago?" Mrs. Adoniram pressed her hand to her side. "You don't mean — it was n't — O Doctor, you'd tell me now, would n't you, if there were anything like that the matter with me?"

"With you?" The doctor, pulling on his gloves to depart, turned to look curiously at her quivering face. "What an idea, Mrs. Gaines! You've a nervous heart, you know, a rapid heart, but not a diseased one. Just take care of yourself, and don't worry. You'll outlive the rest of us, yet."

Mrs. Adoniram stood at the window till his sleigh had dwindled from sight. She was breathing quickly, with her hand at her heart in the old gesture, but the questioning terror had faded from her eyes. From the kitchen rose the clatter of dishes and the cheery strains of Sally's upraised soprano, and a slow, quaint smile stirred the corners of her straight lips.

Then her eyes caught a glimpse, over the snow-laden trees, of a thin smoke-wreath curling from a red chimney, — the chimney of the Widow Mayhue, — and a little pang smote Mrs. Adoniram — as if she had defrauded the widow of her heritage.

"I declare, I'll do up some of our mince pies," she murmured, "and run right over with 'em — poor, solitary creetur!"

AT THE YEAR'S END


By CLINTON SCOLLARD

At the year's end one saw before him rise
Phantasmal presences. The first outcried,
"I am the love that once you deified!"
"And I," the second said, with mocking sighs,
"Am that ambition which, in splendid guise,
Both day and night was ever by your side;"
"And I," a third exclaimed, reproachful-eyed,
"Am that fair faith you cherished, precious wise."

He met their glances levelly, aware
That each had uttered naught save truth, and yet
He felt no smarting of remorse's stings.
'T is thus with those brave souls who stair by stair
Ascend the years above all vain regret
To the triumphant heights of better things.

MISS NANCY'S PO'CH IN BATTLETOWN

By CLARA WOOD SHIPMAN

HE po'ch is the joy of many and the terror of a few, but the few are sensitive misanthropes and deserve to be terrorized. I mean the po'ch of Miss Nancy's "residence." I say "residence" because some one once called up on the 'phone and asked, "Is this Miss Nancy Cable's bo'din'-house?" and Miss Nancy's reply was spirited and squelching.

The po'ch is on the most commanding residence corner of the town. It covers both advance and retreat to and from banks, stores, station and post-office, and the three largest churches. It has white, colonial columns, a big swing, lovely blooming boxes, strewn-about rugs, and is so comfortable that it is always occupied, forever full of eyes, like the watch-tower of a citadel in time of invasion.

Old Judge Burke says he would go out of his way five miles rather than pass that corner. If he does pass he takes the opposite side of the street and keeps in the shadow of the maples; but that does n't save him. Miss Nancy's voice easily reaches across.

"Good-mawnin', Judge Burke. You must be feelin' right venturesome this mawnin'"—despite the fact that the judge is fairly sneaking by.

And Nancy, who would take her for a landlady! She has fuzzy hair and dimples and a saucy laugh, and round arms that sometimes have blue bows on the elbows. On Sundays, when her frock is spick and span, a wonderful pink apron overspreads her, just the right tea-rose shade of pink with enough open places about it to show crisp, swissy yoke and sleeves. But to get a true and adequate idea of the deadly work done by the pink apron one would have to go out in the side garden, where it flits back and forth between screen door and yard on Sunday mornings, and look deep into the souls of some who sit behind newspapers under the trees.

To get a true mental picture of Miss Nancy, one must also include her frame. Her environs seem a part of her, from the rare old pieces of mahogany standing about on her polished floors to the old prints of General Lee hanging all the way up the stairway, with his farewell address in a black oval frame. Miss Nancy is a real, sure 'nough Lee. And never forget for a moment the mingled smells of honeysuckle and syringa, wisteria and clambering roses, that blow in and out and all about, so wondrous sweet that one's senses all but reel with them, like a drunken bee.

I omitted to say that "Miss" Nancy is only a title of affection, since she is a widow. Her son is all of fourteen, which leads one to the conclusion that she must have been married back in her schooldays. The boy, a pampered darling, considers his mother the same age as himself, and calls her "Miss Nancy" along with the rest.

About ten in the morning she comes out on the po'ch with a bushel basket of peas and a big dishpan for the hulls, and plumps them down in front of the swing, and everybody draws up, young and old. Even young Littlefield d'Arcy, who came down from Wall Street to have appendicitis, and incidentally to visit his mother, carefully hitches up the knees of his New York trousers and gets down to work. Indeed, you may be writing to your best beloved, or reading the most diverting tale ever printed in a book, but you will stop, draw up, and begin to shell Miss Nancy's peas. You may even say in your rebellious heart, "Perhaps she's working us. It's ridiculous, boarders helping to get their own dinner;" but you'll do your share and think yourself a low black-guard for the thought.

"Yonder's a pea on the flo', Fieldy. Pick it up, fo' it gets away," says Miss Nancy. And young D'Arcy stoops and reaches for the pea and never remembers that he has just parted with his appendix.

It's wonderful the personal hold she seems to acquire, right away, on folks' affections. She may be telling you an absorbing tale about Mrs. Hoover's second husband, and you think that she does not even know that old shuffling Sam is doing up the porch floor, and when he gets to the bottom step she says, "Aw! That's just grand, Sam. It's so nice to have it all clean like that."

Sam's black face goes to shining all over. "Thank you, Miss Nancy; thank you, Miss." He feels quite overcome with the honor and privilege of cleaning the floor. He fairly purrs. Everybody is happy and goes to purring who comes within reach of her gentle, thoughtful, tactful stroke.

She is so spontaneous withal. You turn and look at her a moment with some wonder. You always knew she was somebody to care a whole heap for, and you suddenly notice the splendid, strong sweep and curve of her beautiful executive chin, and then you know why the household machinery is so well oiled, why the floors are shiny, why the mahogany is so carefully dusted, why the great porch jars always have fresh flowers in them, why the "spoon bread" is always browned just right, why the salad is so delightful, why everybody stays, season in and season out, and more are always wanting to come. You have been slow to perceive it, but now you know that Miss Nancy is a genius.

And Miss Nancy is n't all there is. There is also Miss Agnes, who has the most wonderful, heavy coils of hair, and is pretty besides, not to speak of her true Virginia voice. She calls herself the "public entertainer." She is really the easy, polished hinge by which all the new people swing to the old. If you go to Battletown she will introduce you to every one, and take you up to see the new hospital, and the church under which Lord Fairfax reposes, and the "Yankee cemetery," and old Mr. Trotter's lumber-room of old mahogany which he collects from the countryside, and sells very reasonably. If you sit on the po'ch with her she will tell you the name of every pretty girl who passes by, and they are legion; and you will become hopelessly involved if you try to say which is the most beautiful.

Besides Miss Agnes there are also the "D'Arcy gyrls." They must not be left out, because they are truly great-grandchildren of Nellie Custis. There is Kitty, the young-

est, a little brownie girl, who works French needle-work on the end of the po'ch every morning, and calls out to every male pedestrian and equestrian who passes by.

Then there is Dora-Delevan, very tall, very thin, a Roman nose, and little chin. She has pronounced hair with a great many curls on the top of it, with, usually, a nestling rose. But Miss Katherine is by far the beauty of the family, simple-mannered, gracious, bearing the mark of the gentle-born. It will never be necessary for her to speak of her great-great-granddame, because she lives up to her.

Their mother takes the family traditions very seriously. She is one of those unhappy ladies to whom many sorrows seem not to bring the brotherhood feeling. It must be a very lonely duty, a real burden of mind and soul, to sustain family antecedents every moment, and be entirely exclusive, in an atmosphere where everybody knows everybody, and life is so intimate and personal, and even the obscure stranger is welcomed.

"Hyah comes Virginia Barker. Is n't she a ravin' beauty? The Duke said when he was hyah that she was the most beautiful woman he had met in this country. She's just as lovely as she looks, too. Her manners and her character are so delightful."

"Hyah comes Mr. Rogers. Good-evenin', Mr. Rogers. I'm glad to see you gettin' home early, for once."

"I'm glad to be *able* to get home early, Nancy," says Mr. Rogers, significantly, as he passes on his way.

Some one passes under the light quite far down the street.

"Aw, Nettie, where did you get those roses?"

A sweet-throated voice drifts back out of the shadows.

"Out of Mother's garden."

"Did Dick put down yo' matten' to-day?"

"No, Billy and I put it down ourselves."

"I jus' thought I'd ask you, 'cause I've been tryin' to get Dick fo' a month."

Miss Nancy sees us laughing. "What do you all see that's funny?"

"You'll really have to make allowance for us, Miss Nancy, because we were brought up in a city. We have a sort of native feeling that if you shout very loud in public a policeman might get you. But it's only a precon-

ceived prejudice. We'll get over it in Battletown."

"Yonder comes Miss Margaret — Hello, Miss Margaret. Where are all the beaux this evenin'? I certainly think you ought to have a beau."

"I feel that way, myself," says Miss Margaret, as she goes by the po'ch. "They've gone off with the other gyrlls, I reckon."

Half an hour later Miss Margaret goes sweeping by in her best Gainsborough hat, with a tall escort. She had gotten almost by the corner before Miss Nancy saw her.

"Aw, Miss Margaret, I'm delighted!"

Miss Margaret swings around. "You're not any more pleased than I am," and the tall escort gravely lifts his hat, unsuspecting.

Miss Margaret and her sister live alone in the most beautiful old ancestral home, with wide steps leading up to a wide-reaching door, and a warm, fragrant, tangled garden all about. Their house is full of carvings and tracery, rare bronzes and vases and china, and they themselves wear the most beautiful gowns and have the most lovely arms and shoulders and waists and hair and smiles, and the most gracious manner! And they also have family traditions. Their uncle was the judge who sentenced John Brown, and his old yellow mansion with its great wings and beautiful grounds is still in the family, empty and haunted, except for the shambling in and out of an old negro servant, who lives in the south wing.

But the best fun at Miss Nancy's is when her uncle Colonel Lee comes up from Richmond. He has the rare ability to make everybody as happy as himself. He is fat, bald, and sixty, and his stories nearly always contain some little reference to one of these three deficiencies. But nothing can describe the even flow of his fun. He spent a lovely, fragrant Sunday afternoon with us in the side garden, where the redbirds were swinging in the tops of the cedar-trees and the white rabbits were nibbling the grass, and warm delicious waves blew upon us from the honeysuckle and Jacque roses.

"Did I tell you about how old Judge Lacy at Winchester tried to follow up the scent of a blind tiger? They were very rigid prohibition times in those days, just about the time that my hair was beginning to get thin. My old Aunt Eliza sent me a very excellent hair tonic, whiskey and

quince-seed. An excellent tonic it was. Well, one day my boy Pedro was arrested. There had been a big, drunken fight the night befo', and they came after Pedro the next mawnin'.

"When the judge asked Pedro if he had been drunk he said, 'Yes, sah, I was dat.'

"Well, Pedro, suppose you speak up and tell us where you got the liquor. Out with it now; where did you buy it?"

"I ain't bought it, Judge, fo' Gawd, I ain't. I done got drunk on Marse Charlie's hair-oil."

Colonel Lee slaps his round knees with his plump, generous hands. He beams upon his appreciative hearers like the moon. Young Dick Winton, who has been reading under a tree, puts down his *Herald*.

"I see they're changin' the divorce laws in Dakota, Colonel."

"What's that to you?" asks Mrs. Dick.

"My dear Madam," says Colonel Lee, "a man has to read these little matters. 'In time of peace prepare fo' wah.'"

Old Chris appears a moment at the side door. "Aw, Chris," calls Miss Nancy, without looking round. "Come hyah!"

And Chris advances, smiling and ducking.

"Chris, come hyah and speak to Colonel Lee, and then stand over yonder by the bush and tell the ladies about what happened at yo' mother's funeral."

Chris mops his face, embarrassed but flattered, and unfolds a tale, with pantomime and gesture, narrating how when he was a boy, an old "ooman," a neighbor, six sheets to the wind, came to the funeral of his mother and fell ovah de coffin and done broke de glass, and how he, Chris, not being able to control his laughter, had to be removed from the room.

"Where did you get that white vest, Chris? If you should take off that watch-chain you'd catch cold," says the Colonel.

"I got it la'ge, suh, so I could see it in de dark," Chris explains, and then Miss Nancy orders him off to water the flower-beds.

As a final bit of information about Chris, Miss Nancy says that the boys down at the club used to give him quite generous fees for the privilege of breaking boards over his head; and according to Chris, the performance never gave him a headache.

Battletown has received its name, not

from internal strife among the natives, as some may suppose, but because it was a centre in the hard days of the great national struggle.

"Yonder's a tree, a little way down the pike, where two of Moseby's men were hung, and when Colonel Moseby came by and saw them he took them down and hung up three Northern prisoners in their place; so five men were hung on that ol' oak limb, and it's there yet."

"Yes, indeed. It is n't so far over that way, that General Lee crossed the Monockacy. Did Miss Nancy ever show you the letter her grandmother wrote to General Hunter, the day after her home was burned?"

It is in an envelope marked "Grandma's letter," a strong, heart-wrung cry of a defenseless and stricken woman. What could his answer have been! And if there was no answer what did he feel when he read it, if he had a human heart in his body! Your father and your grandfather may have fought four years in the Union Army. You may never have had but one idea on the gruesome subject; but after you have read

"Grandma's letter" you'll never tell your sentiments in Battletown.

It is sunny and genial in Battletown, especially if one has come from a workaday place where one's existence does n't seem to count especially.

"Miss Margaret, let me introduce Mr. and Mrs. Haskins. Mr. Haskins used to be a Virginian befo' he went No'th."

"I thought he looked mighty nice," says Miss Margaret; and when he smiles at her, "Did you choose him because he has such gorgeous teeth, Mrs. Haskins?"

Forever sociable; forever happy and personal. Underneath, some maintain, there is unkindness, worldliness, silly pride, the same hard ambition that makes one down one's fellow in the highways and markets of the world; but these cracks in the social fabric, if they are, certainly do not appear to the eyes of the outsider, and the friendly manner makes life pleasant the while.

As for Miss Nancy, I still maintain she is unremittingly kind, she never forgets, and may the shadow and shelter of her roof-tree never grow less.

THE CARNATION

By LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

You saucy, spicy, fringed flirt,
Stop flaunting all your rosy flounces
And tell us where you learned that smile
That only blithesome joy announces.

And oh, you're vain, you merry jade!
You preen yourself with gay defiance,
And gain effects with airy grace
Unknown to any art or science.

You gladsome thing! you heartsome thing!
I love your free, undaunted spirit.
That lilting carol that you sing
Forget not, for I love to hear it.

So, lady of the ruffled frock,
And gray-green cap, and breath of honey,
Small wonder that we love you well,
You incarnation of the sunny!

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Savings-Bank Insurance

NEXT to the church, the public school, and the town library in public esteem in many a New England village stands the savings-bank. It is the projection-point of the community's thrift. Here the "will to refrain" of the plain people expresses itself. After each pay-day a long line of wage-earners may be seen, pass-book in hand, each waiting to deposit as much as can be spared from the weekly stipend. Saving is a hard virtue to cultivate in these days of high prices, and we wonder that wage-earners are able to lay by anything at all. Yet, according to the latest report of the Bank Commissioners of Massachusetts, deposits in the Bay State savings-banks increased from \$662,808,312.87, in 1905, to \$694,081,141.68 in 1906. More than \$31,000,000, in other words, were put aside in a single State, mostly by persons whose weekly stipend is nearer fifteen dollars than fifty, in a year of phenomenally expensive living. This involves an annual saving of not less than ten dollars for each man, woman, and child of the commonwealth. It is as if every individual in Massachusetts went to the savings-bank each Saturday night and left twenty cents there. Already the total of deposits in the savings-banks of one New England State nearly equals the total assessed valuation of Maryland or Kentucky. Within a very few years, at the present rate of increase, it will exceed the interest-bearing debt of the United States.

Massachusetts leads all other American States in devotion to the savings-bank, though the other five New England commonwealths are not far behind. Ever since the organization of the Provident Institution for Savings, Boston, January 13, 1816, these institutions have prospered steadily. With very rare exceptions, they have been under the management of unpaid trustees who have regarded the funds in their charge as a trust, rather than as a means of personal emolument. In one of the earliest advertisements of the Provident Institution for Savings it was stated, "The Trustees will take no emolument or pay for their services, having undertaken solely to promote the interest of the city and of the persons above described who may put their money therein." Such has been the prevailing spirit of savings-bank management down to this day.

In many respects the savings-bank in this country and other countries has fulfilled the expectations of those who first advocated it in England a century or more ago. It has proved up to now a somewhat less extensive institution than that which was originally planned. "Saving" is a wide term. It includes not only putting aside money occasionally, but also depositing it by agreement at stated intervals, as for purchase of life-insurance, and it includes the purchasing of annuities. All these forms of saving were contemplated under the original movement for savings-institutions.

Now, an attempt is about to be made in Massachusetts to extend the functions of the savings-bank in the direction originally designed. A measure which passed the Legislature on Beacon Hill in June, and which Governor Guild signed, provides that on or after November 1, 1907, any savings-bank of the Bay State may, by complying with certain regulations which safeguard the public interest, open a department for selling life-insurance of the type known as industrial, and for dealing in annuities. The amount of policy that may be issued upon the life of any resident of the State by any one bank is limited to \$500, and no annuity in excess of \$100 annually may be issued.

One of the features is that no solicitors may be employed, nor will there be any house-to-house collection of premiums. The two most expensive cost units of industrial life-insurance as it is now administered

will thus be eliminated. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts stands back of the scheme through the establishment of a General Insurance Guaranty Fund, in charge of a separate incorporated body of seven trustees. The first board has already been appointed by the Governor, with the advice of the Council, from a list of persons who are already trustees of savings-banks. Vacancies are to be filled by the board, subject to removal by the Governor, with the advice of the Council.

Trustees of the General Insurance Guaranty Fund are required, subject to the approval of the Governor and Council, to appoint an insurance actuary to be called the State Actuary. His salary will be paid by the commonwealth. He will perform for all banks with insurance departments all the duties pertaining specifically to insurance. To help him there will also be a State Medical Director, whose duty it will be to prescribe the rules relating to the health or acceptability of applicants for insurance. He will act as supervising and advising physician to the medical departments of all savings-banks which establish insurance departments. The General Insurance Guaranty Fund is to be maintained by a certain percentage of all premium and annuity receipts of "savings and insurance" banks.

The individual policyholder will be protected in various ways. After a limited number of months of premiums have been paid no life policy or endowment insurance may become forfeit or void for non-payment of premiums. If the holder ceases to come to the bank and pay his premium the policy becomes binding upon the bank either for its cash surrender value or for the amount of paid-up insurance which the contract will then be worth. The life-insurance business, as carried on by the savings-banks, will be under the supervision both of the Insurance Commissioner and the Bank Commissioner of the State, who will conduct examinations. In case the insurance department of any savings and insurance bank appears to be insolvent or in dangerous condition, an injunction may be taken out to restrain this bank from further proceeding with its business, while an application may be made for the appointment of one or more receivers.

It is not expected that at the outset all the one hundred and eighty-nine savings-banks

in Massachusetts will make a trial of the plan. The law is permissive, not compulsory. The savings-bank trustees of the Bay State are conservative men, many of whom will be inclined to see how the experiment works before they undertake it. A number of savings-banks, however, so it is understood, are already in a mood to take advantage of the privileges granted by the new law.

It is easy to foresee that if the experiment is successful the importance of the savings-bank in the average Massachusetts city and township will be increased. The habit of saving is nearly universal among the workers of the Bay State; that of insuring their lives has grown with considerable rapidity despite the inordinate wastefulness of the system. It has been shown by such studies as those made by Louis D. Brandeis, the well-known Boston lawyer, that the return upon the workingman's investments in industrial life-insurance is now very slight, because of the expensiveness of solicitation and collection and the very large percentage of lapses. If thrifty people show themselves ready to go to the savings-bank without being urged, and to make their insurance deposits just as they already pay into their ordinary savings-accounts, then popular respect and affection for the common people's bank will be greatly heightened.

The success achieved by the Massachusetts Savings Insurance League in getting its legislation through in a single year has been remarkable, even granting that the measure has extraordinary merits. Organized in November, 1906, the League, under the presidency of ex-Governor William L. Douglas, and the secretaryship of Representative Norman H. White, of Brookline, conducted a masterful and energetic campaign which successfully dispelled any and all opposition to having the movement tried. Governor Guild strongly favored the plan from the first. The measure was approved by the recess insurance committee, and by the regular insurance committee of the Legislature. It received the approval of the State Bank Commissioner, who made a single important addition to its provisions. It passed the Ways and Means Committee, and finally gained decisive majorities in both houses of the Legislature. Members of the Massachusetts Savings Insurance League are now considering an extension of their

work, with the idea of inaugurating a national campaign in behalf of savings-insurance.

Nationalities in Politics

ONE of the most common of all political phenomena in this country is the bidding for the votes of certain nationalities. The same principle obtains there as in the case of other clannish or sectional bases of political selection, such as church, lodge, neighborhood, or trade. But the nationality process is most familiar, most general, and on the whole most to be condemned. It is an encouraging sign, however, to note that this process is steadily losing its grip upon the voters and that it is becoming no longer possible to catalogue voters in this arbitrary way.

It would be most interesting to know how certain nationalities got started toward certain parties. Why is an Irishman pretty sure to be a Democrat; a Scandinavian, to be a Republican? Possibly we could answer the question thus stated pretty easily if not altogether conclusively. The reason for an Irishman's becoming a Democrat is probably not any thorough understanding of the principles of our two great parties. Probably it is due to the fact that the Irish people in the United States have settled chiefly in cities, and that all or nearly all our great cities are controlled by the Democratic party and have so been controlled ever since the first great Irish immigration wave came upon this country in the forties. The Irishman may be "agin the government" by nature, or at first thought, but he easily comes to like to be found with the majority of his neighbors. The Scandinavians, on the other hand, have largely settled in the country, and the rural regions, especially in the northwest, where the Swedes and Norwegians have chiefly located, are proverbially Republican. This influence of environment in fixing political choice is seen most clearly in the Germans. Broadly speaking, the city German is a Democrat; the rural German is a Republican. There are exceptions to this, as to all rules, but in the main it is fundamentally true. Religious strife in Wisconsin and prohibitory legislation in Iowa drove the Germans of those States in large numbers into the Democratic

party, but the allaying of those sources of discontent has resulted in the return of these Germans to their party. The rise of the People's Party, or Populists, in the West in the early nineties carried into it many Scandinavians, but the recession of that tide returned these "flaxens" to their old party. Our city contests are often exhibitions of revolts of Irishmen against Democratic leaders, but in the short run these recalcitrants remain very briefly in the Republican camp.

But the politician-observer cares very little for the Irish, Scandinavians, or Germans, so far as the future is concerned. There are now permanent and very nearly stationary elements in our body politic. Their immigration in large numbers has practically ceased, and we need have no apprehension of the future because of them. But what of our new foreigners? What shall we make of them? Laying aside for the moment the possible ethnic and social disturbance which the perfect hordes of immigrants from Southern Europe now pouring into America are likely to effect one will find vast opportunities for intelligent speculation into the political aftermath of this alien incursion. Suppose all of these Italians, Slavs, Jews, and Greeks should decide to join one party. The result would be a powerful influence upon our elections. How long would it take the 200,000 Italians which every year now are landing and staying in New York to defeat Tammany and make the great city Republican if all Italians decided to vote that ticket? How long would it take to build up a pretty dangerous Socialist party in America if all these Italians joined that party? Or, worse yet, suppose they embraced the Anarchist political faith? So far the Italians have shown very little political solidarity. Most of them, perhaps, have been Democrats, but not a large majority. A distinguished Republican United States Senator from a New England State, in a frank talk before a political club, said a few years ago that he believed his party was neglecting a grave duty by not getting hold of the Italian voters. He could not then know how much this class of immigrants would increase by this time. Statistics, it is true, will probably show that a rather large proportion of these Italians do not become citizens, and so do not vote. Our observation does indeed show us a goodly

number of Italians who return with plenty to Italy proper or Sicily or Sardinia within a comparatively few years after landing in America. But there is no consolation in this fact, for the presence of any considerable number of foreign-born people in this country who are not sufficiently at home here to care to become a part of us is not helpful and may become harmful. However, the more Italians there are here the more likely is the percentage of repatriated to diminish. We are likely to have a great number of Italian voters in the future, and their transformation politically is as interesting as their development physically and economically, great though that will surely be. One needs no reminding that these people are descendants of the great men of the past. Years, and indeed ages, of poverty and a species of servitude have humbled and lowered them. But there is in them much good stuff, and the infusion of these poetically-minded folks will do much to soften the over-practical American of to-day. No Bostonian has failed to observe the poor Italian woman peddler stopping in Copley Square to look long and admiringly upon the new porch of Trinity with its figures of the Saints. No American of this class would look at it more than a moment. Nor are Italians a quarrelsome people as a usual thing. Whoever has passed through the East Side of New York at night could not but be struck with the difference between the Italian quarter and the others. One will, merely by crossing one street, "the Bowery," pass from a region where night is day, shops are open, children are dancing, and lightness and license reign, to quiet, sober, and dark streets where apparently dwell a refined, silent, and domestic folk. The Italian has his defects. Mr. John Koren, a Boston statistician, in a recent address in Chicago shows that the Italian leads all nationalities in serious crimes, like killing inspired by love or jealousy, and we are not likely to change him soon by our cooler American ways. But just as surely as the Italian will spiritualize us, just so surely will we supply to him a balance-wheel, a steady hand, and a slower temper. We shall be helped by them and they by us.

But the Italians are not all. There are the Slavs and the Greeks, for example. What political ideas they hold is a mere matter of guess to us. The Greeks are not a

numerous people, nor are they yet settled down into citizenship and life in America, although the recent attack upon them in a popular magazine, including the absurd assertion that less than one hundred Greek women live in this country, was unfair and baseless. But we are getting thousands of them every year, and they are soon to be one of the features of our problem. With the Slavs we are pretty familiar, but of them we are not very certain. They come nearer the "undesirable" class than any we can think of, but certain brilliant men and women of that race in this country show clearly what it is capable of. In the Slavs are included the Russians, Poles, Bohemians, and all those peculiar and quarrelling races from the southeast corner of Europe. For some years they led all other classes in immigration, but within a year the Italians have come nearly to their figures and are probably now exceeding it. The future American is going to be more and more an Italian.

These facts bring clearly before us the situation in its bold and bare aspects. It is plain that of these new peoples coming here in numbers not paralleled by any movement in recorded history we know practically nothing politically. Nor are we especially trying to learn. Certainly it is high time we did learn and did bestir ourselves to see that they get an intelligent idea of our political institutions. Fortunately, we optimists believe, the time has gone by when political bosses can mould any set of foreigners into whatever party they choose. But we should not rest upon our cheerful faith, but see to it that genuine conceptions of politics and what our parties stand for should be got by our new aliens from men — and women too — who are capable of teaching and devoted to the work of honest instruction and the imparting of information. In spite of all the latter-day explosions in our high financial circles and the discoveries of wide-spread graft in city and state officialdom, we Americans still believe that we have the best government and the best people upon the earth, and it should be our deepest concern that no inflamed organs of sensational journalism or dyspeptic views should so influence our immigrants to distrust the essential cleanness and nobility of American life and the high rank and ethical superiority of American institutions.

Trusting Those Responsible

WE Americans are an easy-going but merciless people. We don't bother much our governing bodies on big things, but we hold them mightily responsible for results. In England parliamentary majorities shrink to minorities in a night, and a "government" that came into power only recently with a tremendous popular endorsement is flung out without the ceremony of a notice to quit—and all on a minor matter, perhaps. On the contrary, we let our powers and potentates do what they please, and we steadily refuse to get into mobs and demand the exile of the President, but after a fair deal and plenty of time, if our legislators and executors have not "made good" and our last estate is worse than our first, we repudiate them at the first reasonable opportunity afforded by the Constitution and laws. But we are in no rush about it. We as a people have pretty well learned that the nation is in no serious danger from its overlords. It is a truism that responsibility sobers the wildest agitator, and few there be even in this section of country who believe that such a radical as Mr. Bryan, if elected President, would do any considerable damage to the nation. It is a mooted point whether James Buchanan or Andrew Johnson really injured this country any more than a radical along opposite lines would have done. This is not to say, of course, that our leaders are infallible, nor is it exactly a fatalistic opinion that things will come out all right somehow just because they will, or that we shall "muddle through," as Salisbury said. But it is a confidence in the sanity and wholesome reasonableness of the American character which more nearly approaches wisdom than any other combination of traits.

Take, for example, the disposition of the Philippine islands in 1898. A noisy faction of our people was demanding that the President and Congress keep their hands off and let the people of the Philippines rule themselves. Another faction was howling for the opposite course. But the vast majority of the people were content to allow President McKinley and his advisers to settle the thing according as their best judgment dictated. And while most of us regard the islands as an intolerable nuisance, yet we are pretty well satisfied that, in the light of

the facts which we know now and did not know then, President McKinley did the only thing possible.

A similar situation presents itself to-day. President Roosevelt has ordered many of the warships now in the Atlantic waters to take a cruise to the Pacific. This is officially denominated merely "a practice cruise," but it is being generally interpreted throughout the world as a quiet word of suggestion to Japan. We are the traditional friends of the Japanese people, and from us they have learned many of the lessons of progress and civilization which are making their nation great. The thought of any war between these two powers and peoples is an abhorrent suggestion to all Americans. But the American people are not, by reason of such sentimental considerations, to lose sight of the probable wisdom of the order which directs what seems at first an unfriendly action toward Japan. Unfortunately for us mere onlookers, the facts and events which are the main sources of great national action are those that are known only in the secret councils of our leaders. They are through the vast system of consular reports and other avenues of official and unofficial information, in possession of facts known almost nowhere else as to the movements of the nations on the checker-board of international politics. The President knows best whether there are good reasons for the condition of preparation and prevision secured by the despatch of this fleet to the Pacific, and a few facts are leaking out now to show us that there may be more which will amply justify the action. No President of the United States is going to expose this country to war unnecessarily. No one wants war and it is folly to expect it. Yet there are times when prevision and preparation are the best preventives of war. This is the only good argument for a big navy, and historically it is justified. But this is rather beside the point we were making, which is that our people are not at all excited over the despatch of our warships to the Pacific. It looks like a very hostile and even near-belligerent act, but we are not disturbed—certainly because we believe our President knows what he is doing and we mean to hold him responsible. We freely damn our President for a bad postmaster, but when it comes to big problems we are usually prepared to accept the decision.

A YEAR OF COOPER'S YOUTH

By EDITH A. SAWYER

James Fenimore Cooper's Voyage as 'Foremast Hand in the Old Ship Stirling : Ned Myers as Shipmate and Ned's Subsequent Visit to Wiscasset, Maine.



MONG papers left by the late Alexander Johnston, of Wiscasset, Maine,—descendant of a long line of ship-builders, ship-owners and masters,—is the following graphic description of a year's voyage made by James Fenimore Cooper as 'foremast hand in the old ship *Stirling*, Captain John Johnston, Jr., master. It was on this voyage that Cooper, then a seventeen-year-old youth, was thrown into constant daily companionship with Ned Myers, the hero of Cooper's celebrated sea-tale, "Ned Myers; or, Life before the Mast." An autograph letter from Cooper—which with the effects of Capt. John Johnston, Jr., came into the possession of Alexander Johnston upon his uncle's death—gave rise to his writing this explanatory account of the incidents alluded to by Cooper, and of Ned Myer's visit to Wiscasset.

The letter to Captain Johnston runs as follows:

COOPERSTOWN, March 4, 1843
Otsego Hall

Dear Sir:

To my great surprise I got a letter a few days since from Ned Myers, acquainting me not only with his own, but your existence, and enquiring if I were his old shipmate in the *Stirling*. I answered him in the affirmative, giving him many little particulars of our voyage that he seemed to have forgotten. He mentioned in his letter that you would be glad to have a line from me.

I was surprised to hear of your being alive, though I know not why. I am fifty now, and remember I was eighteen the day we entered the Capes of the Delaware on our return passage. I thought you then about seven and twenty, which will make you only about sixty-four now.

I have seen a good deal since we parted in 1807; am married and have five children,—four daughters and a son. I am now writing to you in what was my paternal residence, and on a table that was used by my grandfather. Here I live surrounded by memorials of my family, and am happy in my children, and here I should be very happy to see you, and to talk over old times.

Ned tells me he is religious and in Sailor's Snug Harbor. For the first there was abundant room, and I hope he is fortunate in the last. When I next go to town I shall endeavor to see him. I do not know whether I shall now get into Maine. We now think of spending a few years in Germany to complete the education of my son, as soon as he quits college, which will be in eighteen months; our future is at the disposal of Providence.

I suppose you know I have written some books. I should like to send you a set of all my sea stories; and if, in your answer, you will mention to whom they can be sent in New York, I shall see that they are forwarded.

If you happen to know what became of any of our people, I should be glad to hear. I remember Spanish Joe, little Dan, and Peter Simpson well. The latter was shipped in London, but the first two sailed from and returned to America with us.

Mrs. Cooper desires to be mentioned to you kindly. She was a Miss de Lancy, a daughter of a Major de Lancy, formerly of the British army; a grand-daughter of a former English Governor of New York, and sister of the present Bishop of Western New York.

I remain, dear Sir, very faithfully your old shipmate.

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

To Capt. John Johnston.

Alexander Johnston's account—compiled in the leisure days of his old age—explains this letter as well as adds many a circumstance of interest. Says Mr. Johnston:

In 1843, Cooper wrote his fiftieth novel or tale, and it was entitled "Ned Myers; or, Life before the Mast." It was generally accounted a *novel*, but it was not so. Truth is often stranger than any fiction. Ned Myers was a runaway boy, from Halifax to New York, but eleven years old, hidden in a potato-locker on board an old schooner called the *Driver*; and he promptly ran away from this vessel as soon as she touched the wharf—without clothing other than he wore, without money, food, a voluntary, ragged vagabond, in New York! The book is the authentic life of a constant runaway, who served in seventy vessels in thirty-five

years. He was shipmate with Cooper in 1806-07. Cooper wrote this book as in the person of Ned, and in the old tar style, and the account there given of the *Stirling's* voyage is absolutely correct.

In order to make clear how I am in possession of this letter or any part of this story (these are Alexander Johnston's own words) I will say that John Johnston, the elder, at eighteen years of age emigrated to Boston from the shire of Stirling, Scotland, in 1770. He married Ann Payson, of Boston, in 1772, and settled first at Salem, then Haverhill, as a ship-master and ship-builder. His elder son, John, Jr., was born in Haverhill, March 9, 1779, and his younger son, Alexander, September 30, 1780 — the latter my father. They removed to Wiscasset, Maine, in 1803, and followed the same business under the firm name John Johnston and Sons. John, senior, built the shipping; John, junior, commanded, and directed all the foreign business; Alexander disbursed, and had charge of all home business, books, accounts, and papers pertaining to their affairs. They had all property in common and a common purse, and divided nothing until a few years prior to the death of John, junior, aged seventy-five, in 1854. All the books, papers, and correspondence of the three are in my hands, out of which I can readily trace every business movement of the shipping and their crews, and especially of Myers, who is frequently charged with clothing, boots, schoolbooks, pocket-change, etc., which will not interest the public at all, only as connected with Cooper, who came on board at the same time with Myers,—in New York, in the early autumn of 1806. Myers was then thirteen and Cooper seventeen years of age.

The ship *Stirling* was built on the Sheepscot River at a place called Sheepscot Farms, three miles above Wiscasset, during the season of 1805, and sailed January 1, 1806, for New York, thence to London, thence to St. Petersburg, and home again to New York, arriving in July, 1806, her first voyage ended. She was consigned to Jacob Barker, a prominent New York merchant, who owned one quarter of her. This Mr. Barker was a personal friend of Cooper's father, and through his influence young Cooper was shipped as a 'foremast hand on board. Ned Myers had preceded Cooper by a few days, having indented himself to

Captain Johnston as an apprentice. Ned had again run away, this time from his father's friend, a Dr. Heizer of New York, and had imposed himself upon Captain Johnston by a pitiful tale of his being left an orphan by the death of his father, who was a sergeant of marines killed in an action just happened between the *Leander*, British frigate, and the French frigate *Ville de Milan*—all of which was false, of course, except the battle, Ned's father having died years before in the British Land Service. Ned says himself that he had picked out the *Stirling* because he "liked the looks of Captain Johnston, who also had a good-looking mate—a Mr. Irish." Ned was a rare specimen of cool impudence, but very soon found that his good-looking captain and mate were abundantly able to take care of him as well as of all the rest of the motley crew—a sprinkling of six different nationalities, no one of whom, however, failed in his duty for the year that followed.

It was Captain Johnston's seventh year of experience as master,—he had commanded the brig *Levant* in 1799, at hardly twenty years of age,—and in these seven years of stirring incident, on almost every voyage, he had learned that which could not be acquired in a lifetime nowadays. England, France, and Spain kept the world in one vast uproar on the sea, and each succeeding year piled high the fuel of red-handed war; desertions, mutinies, impressments, letters of marque, were common occurrences; assailing thieves and Algerine pirates waited everywhere, watched for their prey on every sea; and on some pretense or other the merchant marine of our then young Republic could scarcely sail a day over the ordinary channels of trade without stirring event or outrage. The destruction of the corsair and free-booter was the only point upon which all civilized nations seemed to be agreed. Captain Johnston in the *Levant* had done his part of the last-named service off the coast of Algiers in 1801—and there were but few who sailed with him afterward who did not learn the story.

Mr. Barker, the New York merchant, knew his man when he advised his friend Cooper to whom he could entrust his son. And it was not long ere the son found out who was his commander. Captain Johnston's cheery "Come, my lad!"—in slight

Scottish accent — always brought ready obedience from all over whom he had control; and the master never lost the confidence of his crew, to the end of his seafaring days. No oath ever escaped his lips.

This was the voyage, these were the times, during which young Cooper opened his eyes to the realities of life, and was done with tutors and quiet schools of literature forever. The tar-bucket, marlinspike, and the thirty-two points of the compass with the necessary mathematics belonging thereto; the knot, graft, and splice, the beef, bread, and tea of the sailor, were a change indeed to the well-taught but fiery boy as well as to his coarser associate, the vagabond Ned, with a temper of equal fire, but a land-lubber also, although of small dimension.

The log-book of this voyage of the *Stirling* was surrendered to the Government Collector at Philadelphia at the close of the voyage in 1807, on account of the numerous searches, detentions, or impressments from her deck — the captain himself having been seized by the King's officers in London for the crime of talking pretty broad Scotch — although born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, as before stated. Deprived of this record, I cannot fix dates, but shall approximate very near thereto.

The *Stirling* left New York about September 1, 1806, bound to Falmouth, England, for orders, where she arrived after a long, stormy passage of forty-two days, going thence to London and arriving there about October 20. She remained there seven weeks discharging, and taking freight for Cartagena, with gold wherewith to purchase barilla* for return freight to London. During the seven weeks in London many incidents occurred which must be omitted from the present account. One man was gobbled up by the "press gang," and the ubiquitous Ned (born in Quebec), a mere child, was also seized, but was released on demand of the captain and the producing of his "indentures." Cooper, with the crew, had liberty often on shore; as Ned Myers says, "He [Cooper] had a rum time of it in his sailor's rig, and hoisted in a wonderful deal of gibberish, according to his own account of the cruise."

About November 12 the *Stirling* left

London for Cartagena, on the south coast of Spain. They were often chased by privateers, but the continual heavy weather and rain across the Bay of Biscay enabled them to get clear. One day, off Cape Finisterre, on the northwest coast of Spain, when they were running under easy sail, during passing squalls of rain from the west, they sighted an armed *felucca*† with two masts, carrying lateen-yards and spreading immense sails with sweeps also, in chase of the ship on the weather quarter — close by. The *felucca* rapidly gained on the ship and presently threw a ten-pound shot across her bow. The mate of the *Stirling*, aloft, reported, "An armed *felucca*, with bow and stern chasers, ten guns, and full of men, sir!"

No help for it! "Lay down from aloft and heave the ship to!" commanded the captain. "Aye, aye, sir!" and down came the mate — not so good-looking, about this juncture. "All red-shirt devils, sir; sixty of them — scum of creation — well armed, sir," he growled out as he came down on deck. The captain, reminded by another shot, ordered the main topsail a-back and helm a-lee. In a moment the *felucca* was alongside, to leeward, and one of her men, evidently the captain, called out, "Come on board, Capitaine — bring papers!"

It would take twenty minutes to clear away the boat at the stern, and while they were doing this Captain Johnston told Cooper to hide his best spy-glass — "below, my lad, in a good place;" and, handing the bags of gold to Ned and Dan McCoy, another boy, with "Bear a hand, lads; find a good place," he walked to the gangway ladder with his papers, to "go on board." As the ship and the *felucca* rose and fell with the sea, Ned says, "A more villainous set of beggars was never seen — each with red shirt and cutlass. One of them was now perched upon the slender top of the lateen-yard, looking down upon the ship and off into the squall-clouds." Cooper, Big Dan, Dan McCoy, and Spanish Joe got into the boat alongside, and Captain Johnston had his foot on the rail to follow, when a squall struck the ship with some fury. The hands were called back from the boat to reduce sail and take care of the ship, which consumed twenty minutes

* Commercial name for the impure carbonate and sulphate of soda imported from Spain.

† Small sailing-vessel used in the Mediterranean, designed for speed.

or more. Again they manned the boat; and Captain Johnston had mounted the rail to follow, when "Adios! Señor Capitaine!" came, with a courteous wave of the cap, from the commander of the felucca, up went her helm, and she was off like a bird, wing-and-wing, before the wind, toward the shore.

Captain Johnston waved back his cheerful adieu and most hearty thanks, and with his crew gathered about him at the gangway, stood intently gazing after this swift skimmer of the seas, when crash! bang! burst forth in a cloud of smoke — so loud and near as to startle the whole crew with amaze — and a whistling thirty-two-pound shot flew across the ship's stern, after the wing-and-wing felucca, now fast receding in a squall to leeward. Then, to their intense surprise, a stately English frigate — double decked, carrying stu'n sails fore and aft, and the water foaming to her hawse's pipes — rushed out of the storm-clouds and across the *Stirling's* wake not a stone's throw distant, on a bee-line for the shadowy bird yonder. For an instant the British ensign fluttered in the breeze and the officer of the deck waved a silent greeting and farewell. Crash! went another shot from his long fore-castle-gun, repeated many times before the *Stirling* drew ahead beyond hearing, and soon all was lost in the whistling wind and pouring rain which followed.

Cooper had hidden the best spy-glass deep in the shingle-ballast, down aft, but the gold could not be found for some days; finally, however, it came to light in the bottom of the great bread-locker. "The boys do well, Mr. Irish, seeing they never smelt powder before," commented the captain. "They're good lads, sir, all of them."

The ship went on, scarcely a day passing without their being interviewed by some of the numerous combatants on the seas; but nothing material happened, and at length they arrived at Cartagena. Discharging there, the *Stirling* dropped down toward Cape de Gata, taking in barilla at two small ports on the way. Slow work it was, but with plenty of liberty on shore for the crew, a privilege generally very sparingly accorded. Cooper and the other boys availed themselves fully of this; the leave to go on shore they never abused.

Sometime near the first of March they left for London; and they had a long, tedious

beat of it down to Gibraltar, the wind for many weeks being from the west. They were in at Almeria, Malaga, and Gibraltar some days. The boys saw all these places and visited each neighborhood pretty thoroughly, much to the gratification of Cooper, as well as to his friends at home, as afterward learned through Mr. Barker.

The great naval victory at Trafalgar had quieted this portion of the seas, but the British were busy at Aboukie forts, among the Frenchmen, and French letters of marque were seizing and destroying all cargoes bound to England. The *Stirling* passed the Bay of Biscay without molestation, luckily, and no incident occurred, except that off Ushant an English double-decked frigate, of forty-four guns, overhauled them rapidly and passed to port, only a cable's length distant, without hail or sign, and with the water streaming freely from her scuppers as she bowled swiftly on before the wind. The clang of her pumps told the story: she was going home "to take in oakum," as Mr. Irish quaintly observed to the captain. "Yes," said the latter; "we've seen her once before, off Finisterre, with the same tarred-rope stain in her starboard main to gallant-stu'n sail — do you see, Mr. Irish?" "Aye, sir, and I'd give a guinea to know if he caught that white gull with the saltpetre he threw in her wake."

The ship went into Falmouth again for orders about May 1. The press gang here took one man out of her as she was under way for London, firing a shot across her bow, which brought her to. The man was a native of Falmouth, — had a wife there, — and he had to go. In a day or two the *Stirling* arrived at London, where she remained several weeks, waiting cargo for home, with the crew often on liberty, as before.

In London Captain Johnston himself was seized by the press gang, and this Ned tells about, as follows: "One day Mr. Irish was in high glee, having received a message from Captain Johnston to inform him that the latter 'was pressed!' The captain used to dress in a blue long tog, drab breeches, and top boots, when he went ashore. 'He thought he could pass for a gentleman from the country,' said Mr. Irish, laughingly, 'but them press-gang chaps smelt the tar in his very boots!' Cooper was sent to the *rendezvous* with the captain's desk and pa-

pers, and the latter was liberated. We all liked the captain, who was kind and considerate to all hands, but it was fine fun for us to have the old fellow pressed"—old fellow of six or eight and twenty, as he was then!

Cooper had in all fourteen weeks' tarry in London, with as frequent liberty as he desired, rambling as he wished, in contact with people of all nations (except the French, who were kept busy at home), provided with all needful means, by order of Mr. Barker. Ned was his *vade mecum*, by the captain's ready assent. Cooper avoided not one jot of his duty as a common sailor, and was a steady favorite with all his messmates, of many nations; he was shrewd, prompt, reliable, yet naturally a high-strung boy.

At length, about July 25, the *Stirling* sailed for Philadelphia, where she arrived, in the Roads, after a very stormy passage, on September 15, Cooper's eighteenth birthday, and at town five days afterwards. They had lost overboard one man, a Swede, in a Gulf tempest, a week before they got in; the courses were blown from the bolt-ropes, and their boats and bulwarks stove fore and aft, with their galley swept away.

The crew was discharged and paid off; the voyage was ended,—an eventful year of experience to James Fenimore Cooper, who went immediately to his home. The two apprentice-boys, Ned Myers and Dan McCoy, cleared out, leaving the officers alone on board. In a few days, however, the boys came back, tried, hungry, penniless, and ever so humble.

At the time of the *Stirling's* arrival in Philadelphia the whole country was ablaze with indignation over the new outrage of the British navy, and open war was imminent. The English frigate *Leopard*, of fifty guns, had fired into the American frigate *Chesapeake*, of thirty-six guns, for "refusing the right of search for deserters," the latter having three men killed and eighteen wounded. The *Chesapeake*, totally unprepared for a fight with a friendly nation, struck her flag and surrendered. And the brave Englishman sent his lieutenant on board with a detachment of marines, to search. Four men were taken forcibly as deserters. Three of these men were afterward proved to be citizens of the United States; the fourth was a deserter, and they hung him. One of the three died in prison,

and the remaining two were returned to the deck of the *Chesapeake*. This outrage was kept in mind by the people of the States, and they fought with some relish five years afterward.

The Embargo Act of 1807 followed this attack of the British navy, and President Jefferson issued his Proclamation forbidding "all British armed vessels from entering any port of the United States." The Non-Intercourse Act followed, in March, 1809, and war in 1812. Of the three remedies, the last — war — was infinitely the best for all commercial interests, because it settled the uncertainty of the previous four years.

On account of the conditions existing at the close of the *Stirling's* voyage, the ship was laid up in port after discharging. Ned Myers and Dan McCoy were sent home to Wiscasset to attend school, and Captain Johnston soon followed, to rig and take command of the new ship *Cleopatra*, launched September 25, 1807, and one hundred tons larger than the *Stirling*. But the times looked threatening, and one-half of the *Cleopatra* was sold to Jacob Barker and others, and Captain Johnston — who had sold out all his interest in the *Cleopatra* — returned to the *Stirling* in January, 1808, taking Ned and Dan along with him. These two boys remained with Captain Johnston until April, 1810, coming twice to Wiscasset meanwhile, and each time were sent to school to "learn navigation." Business had come to such a pass by this time that it would not pay to run the risk, and a Captain Boynton was put in charge of the *Stirling*, at Charleston, South Carolina, to take freights as ordered by the owners at home. The ubiquitous Ned Myers — now acting as second mate — ran away from Captain Boynton and was never heard from afterwards up to the autumn of 1842, a period of thirty-two years, during which time he had served in sixty-nine vessels and gunboats.

Cooper entered the navy as midshipman, January 1, 1808; left May 9, 1810, on a year's furlough; married January 1, 1811; resigned his commission May 6, 1811, and never served one hour on the water afterward. His whole life of active service was the thirteen months with Captain Johnston and the twenty-eight months on duty as a midshipman in the navy. The point is — where did he get his knowledge of the sea

and foreign lands, and his peculiar facility of description of sea scenes and dangers? Whence came the power of "The Spy," "Pioneers," "The Pilot," "The Last of the Mohicans," "Red Rover," "Water Witch," and "Bravo"? Was it from an active life in a dead-and-alive navy, serving in navy-yards amid flat-bottomed, one-gun gunboats? Or was it from a personal knowledge of the great world and its people as shown to him at London and "up the Straits," afloat or ashore, alow or aloft, in daily contact with sights and sounds and scenes and costumes such as could nowhere be so readily observed as in London or on the broad ocean of traffic flowing hither and thither? Do we not know — at least all of us who have served on the sea — that the first voyage makes the heaviest mark on our memories, and that we never forget foreign shores, ships, peoples, or skies even, but that their images are firmly engraved upon our minds to our latest hours? Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, of Yale College, in his "New Life of Cooper," correctly tells the story of Cooper's first voyage. Professor Lounsbury says, "Both going and coming the [*Stirling's*] voyage was a stormy one, and during it several of the incidents occurred which Cooper worked up afterward into powerful passages in his sea novels." This is most true. It is true also that Cooper drew largely for powerful passages from the previous lives and adventures, by land and sea, of the two John Johnstons — notably, the horseback-ride, in the fall of 1771, of John the elder, through a howling wilderness from Albany to Montreal, with three companions, two Indian guides, and an immense nightly troop of hungry wolves close at their heels. John the younger — Cooper's captain — furnished him with many another adventure, — of adroit dealings with the pirates of Algiers and Tripoli, by ruse if possible, otherwise by their total destruction; of the mutineers of the *Tagus* and their hurried retreat before the hell-mouthed pistols in his grasp, single-handed and alone; besides a multitude of other incidents and accidents.

Cooper served a short time in the *Vesuvius*, U. S. N., in 1808, a vessel unknown to fame. He was ordered to the *Wasp*, November 13, 1809, and six months afterward, May 9, 1810, went on the year's furlough; but before this expired he left the navy for-

ever. He commanded nothing at any time, anywhere, but was left in charge of the redoubtable gunboats on Lake Champlain — through which our government hoped to hurt somebody, by and by. Promotion in the navy was too far off to be waited for, and soon after his father's death, in 1809, he sought the furlough, married, and resigned from the navy. After the death of his mother, in 1817, he settled down upon the paternal acres at Cooperstown; and here we leave him for twenty-five years, up to March 4, 1843.

Ned Myers, the strange and unaccountable Ned, after thirty-two years of absence — without leave — from his old master, Captain Johnston, suddenly "hove to" one cold day late in the fall of 1842, on the doorstep of his first commander, in Wiscasset. There he stood, in his tight-waisted blue trousers, short blue jacket, striped shirt, black silk flowing necktie; iron gray hair, visage ploughed with deep furrows, blue powder-stains plentifully thrown in; bruised and battered in hull and spars, stout cane in hand, on which he rested his starboard hip. And he trembled at the sound of the old brass knocker he remembered so well, and its hollow summons to the household within.

The door was opened by the captain himself; his hair, also, was iron gray, drawn up from the sides, and, neatly braided, resting on his crown; the same pleasant eye, the same determined lip.

The two eyed each other in silence a few seconds. "Whom have we here, my lad, and what can I do for you?" questioned the captain.

"I have come a hundred leagues to see your face and hear your voice once more, my Captain. I am Ned Myers — your runaway boy, gone into dock for repairs, and penitent at last."

"Come in, come in!" And Ned, grasping the proffered hand, hitched himself over the doorstep and limped forward to the parlor, close at hand.

"See here, sister, I've brought you one of my boys; do you know him, — Ned Myers?"

The knitting-work fell from the grasp of the matron. Up went both hands in amaze. "Ned Myers, John? Why, Ned was a red-cheeked boy! Heavens — what a change! Are you Ned Myers?"

"I am your old red-cheeked boy, madam, but my timbers are shivered now, and I ran away from red — thirty years ago!"

Ned was soon made comfortable and at home, under the hospitable roof he had so long deserted; and he remained for several weeks. Many a chat they had, around the blazing fire with its light dancing over the polished surface of the old brass fire-dogs, till far into the night, the cold blast outside whistling and surging through the dense spray of the stately elms. The stormy life of Ned was recounted, as well as many incidents in the lives of the other boys, most of whom had long since passed away. The "Cooper lad" they had both lost sight of for many years. The captain thought that he was still in the navy, a captain there. Ned said there were two Captains Cooper in the navy,— he had seen both of them,— but neither was the *Stirling* boy; he added that he believed there was "a Cooper up country somewhere, in New York State, *writing books for a living*, who had made some noise in the world;" and that he would hunt him up on his return to Sailor's Snug Harbor, whence he had come.

Time fails for recounting a tenth of the story this singular being brought to Wiscasset in 1842. If there is a man in the world I shall never forget, it will be Ned Myers. He had lived a lifetime in a cyclone — continual — all the way from that potato-locker in the old *Driver* till he went into dock at Sailor's Snug Harbor. He had been made librarian at this institution, and had overheard one day in the library some conversation of a visitor (Rev. E. G. Parsons) about Wiscasset. Ned had made bold to inquire further, and the reverend gentleman had given him all the information desired. Obtaining leave, Ned had promptly sailed by packet to Bath, Maine; thence ten miles on foot over a hard road for a cripple, arriving on the fourth day at Wiscasset.

After several weeks' sojourn, and hunting up many of the friends and schoolmates

of his early days still living in Wiscasset — a curiosity to all of them — Ned bade all a "last good-by," and was sent back over land and sea by Captain Johnston to Sailor's Snug Harbor — and as Ned termed it, in "ship-shape and Bristol fashion."

The morning he left, a motley assemblage gathered to see him off. Captain Johnston, with his daughter and aged sister stood on the broad stone step with Ned. Captain Johnston's serving-man, Samuel Young,— an old "sea-dog" twice captured by French privateers,— held the new travelling-bag, well filled for the voyage. John Kingsbury and his brother Rhodes, old boatswains of the *Stirling*, each well scarred with the cruel smallpox, were also there, with many others who had fought in the War of 1812 — all bearing the hard marks of hard usage during their eventful lives.

The stage drove to the door in charge of "Bover Joe,"—another well-known sample of the olden time,— and his determined "Whoa!" not to be questioned, brought the strong horses to a quiet standstill.

Ned, hat in hand, took each by the hand for the last time, and, with a good-sized piece of gold "honestly come by" in his fist, climbed, with the help of the two Kingsburys, to the foretop, alongside Bover Jim, the captain of the craft. The veteran Young passed the bag up on deck, with a bright dollar to the driver for passage-money.

"Good-by, Ned. Keep a good anchor-watch, my lad!" cried Captain Johnston.

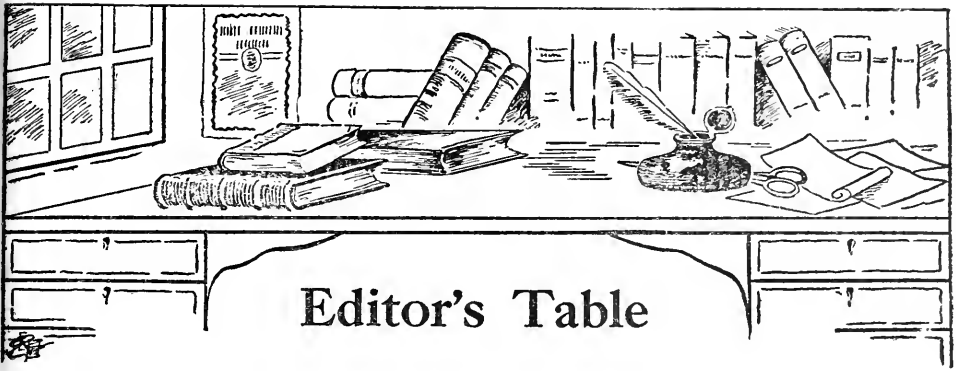
"Aye, aye, sir! Good-by — God bless you, sir, my first and best captains!"

"Let go the bow-line there!" Crack went Bover Jim's whip about the horses' ears, the wheels turned over, and Ned was gone.

"Poor fellow! What a lifetime of misery he has endured! No man knows it all, no man can know," said the captain aloud to himself, on reëntering the house. "He will never find Cooper, I am thinking."

But Ned did find Cooper; and the autograph letter from Cooper to Captain Johnston was the result.





Editor's Table

A Christmas Dinner at Sea

[The sea is the abode of mystery, and the old sailing-days were full of strange and unexplainable happenings which easily put the fiction-writer to the blush for lack of originality. The following plain, unvarnished tale, told by an old-time Boston sea-captain, for years a master of a full-rigger, now a fast vanishing type, contains neither death nor disaster. It's the simple story of two jolly captains and their Christmas dinner; yet it is also the story of an extraordinary coincidence, as hard to explain as the yarn of the Flying Dutchman.]

OUR ship sailed from Bombay with a cargo of cotton bound to Liverpool, had been four weeks at sea, and had reached the Mozambique Channel without seeing a sail. It was in the north-east monsoon; it had been light, the sea smooth, the weather hot, our progress slow, having made but little over a hundred miles a day, and very monotonous, only one incident having occurred to relieve its tediousness. That was the death and burial of one of our Lascar crew, who died of consumption.

The Lascars were Mohammedans, and in the burial of their shipmate the rites of that faith were observed. The serang acted as priest, and his shipmates performed the ceremony and were the mourners. The body was washed, clothed in white cotton, laid upon a plank with a weight to its feet to sink it, and the plank upon the fore-castle deck, with the feet projecting over the rail. The serang read passages from the Koran, recited prayers for the dead, the crew making responses. When all was ready the inner end of the plank was raised, and the body slid into the sea and sank to rest off the east coast of Africa, the home of his race, for he was a *Seedee*. In Hindustani, *Seedee* means a negro, or native of Africa.

On the afternoon of December 24 a sailor sang out from aloft, "Sail ho! on the starboard beam."

I looked the stranger carefully over through my spy-glass, turned, and said to my chief officer: "That is the *Sillistria*."

"It can't be," was his reply, "for you know, sir, that she sailed ahead of us with strong breezes blowing, and we have had only light winds and calms."

I looked her over a second time, and said, "Nevertheless, that is the *Sillistria*." That was the name of a British ship commanded by Captain Holm, which was in Bombay with ours, loaded for Liverpool, and sailed a few days in advance of the sailing of our ship.

Captain Holm and I employed the same *du-bash*, a broker, errand-runner, etc., often met at his office, and had previously met at the Chincha Islands. Several weeks before my ship was loaded I purchased two live turkeys and had them sent on board. Captain Holm witnessed the transaction, and when it had been completed I invited him to dine with me on Christmas Day and partake of one of the turkeys. We both were well aware that our ships would be at sea on that day, but it was a courtesy for which he thanked me, and said it would afford him much pleasure to do so.

The strange ship and ours were sailing on nearly parallel courses, but gradually approaching each other with a moderate breeze, and when sufficiently near our signals were hoisted asking, "What ship is that?" Up went her signals with the reply, "The *Sillistria*." Captain Holm was then signalled to "come on board." His reply was, "Too late for to-night; I will to-morrow, and take Christmas dinner with you!" We had a fine cook and steward, who were ordered to prepare and serve the best dinner for the morrow that the ship's larder and their skill afforded, including one of the Bombay turkeys. They understood the needs of the occasion, and entered into its spirit with a result which did the ship honor and reflected appreciative credit upon themselves.

The following morning we were astir early. The weather was clear, the sea smooth, a gentle

breeze gave the ships steerage way, and it was an ideal Christmas. The two ships were side by side, not more than a quarter of a mile apart, and every appearance favoring our contemplated dinner. After breakfast Captain Holm lowered a boat, pulled alongside, came on board, dropped his boat to tow astern, his four sailors were sent to mess with our quarter-masters, and he received the compliments of the day and a welcome greeting. We had refreshments and cigars, talked over our respected passages, and made merry until dinner was announced and we descended to the cabin and took seats at table to partake of it.

The table was finely decorated; the menu consisted of giblet soup flavored with grated cheese; roasted stuffed turkey, nice and brown, with brown gravy; sweet potatoes, yams, corn, green peas; plum-pudding, with wine sauce; bananas, pomelos, and dried fruits; crackers and cheese, with a glass of Bass ale; coffee, cigars, and a glass of Burgundy wine. It was a dinner of which we were proud, and did honor to our guest and to the occasion; and the service was as faultless as possible under the conditions.

Captain Holm was surprised and delighted, and volunteered the statement that it was the best dinner he had ever eaten. He praised the appearance of the table, complimented the steward, and commented on the strange circumstances connected with it: his invitation to be present, received six weeks previously, three thousand miles away; our chance meeting at sea, and his presence to partake of and to enjoy the dinner and the occasion. "It is," said he, "the most extraordinary event of my life, the like of which I have never heard or read, and one I can never forget."

He remained on board during the afternoon, sat under the awning and chatted about Bombay and Chinha Island friends and scenes and other topics, had a glass of beer, cigars, and we enjoyed a merry Christmas together. He took supper with us, repeated that the day and its occurrences had been the most remarkable and enjoyable of his life, and was profuse in thanks for the invitation he received, which was the means of making it so, and which would be a pleasure to him as long as memory survived. He invited me to dine with him on the next day, wind and weather permitting, and in the early twilight bade me good-night and pulled away to his own ship, hoisted up his boat, and thus ended our Christmas celebration at sea.

During the following night a fine fair wind sprang up, sending our ships over the smooth sea at the rate of five or six knots an hour, which was taken advantage of, and when morning dawned the two ships were two or three miles apart, with

all available sail set, and the dinner on board of the *Sillistria* did not take place.

The night after, out of a cloudless sky, a furious squall came, which came near dismasting our ships and did split some of our sails. In it the wind suddenly changed to the opposite direction, the heavens became covered with dense black clouds, from which the wind blew with terrible force, lightning flashed, thunder echoed, and rain fell in torrents. The sea rose rapidly, and it required quick work to save the spars and sails; and the work did not cease until the ship was reduced to close-reefed topsails and she by the wind lunging into the sea as she had not before done since leaving port. The gale continued, the lightning was vivid, the rain poured, and upon each mast-head and yard-arm perched the lurid lights of corporants, seemingly watching the fate of our ship as she pitched and staggered under the pressure of the gale. There they remained until daylight blotted them from our sight.

After the lapse of three days the gale died down, was calm for a few hours, and then a favorable breeze sprung up; but that was the last of the monsoon for us. We saw the *Sillistria* on two or three occasions while working round the Cape of Good Hope; again, at St. Helena, where we stopped for water, she passed, showing her signals. She and our ship arrived at Liverpool within a day or two of each other, and there I frequently met Captain Holm, who never seemed to tire of relating to his acquaintances and friends the story of his Christmas dinner at sea on board the Yankee ship *Jamestown* in the Mozambique Channel.

Capt. R. G. F. CANDAGE.

The Literature of Composure

AS a man thinketh in his heart, so is he — and so is he in conversation, and also on the printed page. And yet the printed page plays no small part in fashioning the thoughts of man. The reason is not hard to fathom, because the printed page becomes a vital factor in the man's mind long before he becomes a man. The printed page, then, has much to answer for; and oh, the huge responsibility lodged with the man who wields the pen back of the printed page! He of all others has it in his power "to minister to minds diseased" and to supply that valuable "ounce of prevention" which is worth many pounds of cure.

There are certain words which, like certain styles of dress and certain forms of recreation, are characteristic of an age and people; and equally characteristic of the trend of thought and feeling

is the absence of other words from general usage. The words "restless," "strenuous," and "nervous," at once suggest themselves as the peculiar property of this the opening of the twentieth century, and if we search for missing old-time favorites we are reminded that the words "tranquillity," "repose," "serenity," and even the word "reserve," are almost obsolete.

It has been stated that with the passing of a word from any language may be observed the disappearance of that quality which the word represents; as for example, the flight of the terms "gentleman" and "lady" seems to denote the gradual receding into the past of those once esteemed characteristics which were implied by these discarded terms. If we pick up the early English dramatists we are impressed with the large number of words, now obsolete, which were regarded with general favor by their Elizabethan readers — words which we gladly shut up in their olden-time environment with all their corresponding vices and vagaries; words we are glad to lose; words which we do not miss; words which by their absence contribute to the purity and elegance of speech. It is well to dispense with that kind of word whose room is better than its company, but let us hold tenaciously to certain precious words which, suffering from a wide-spread neglect, are swiftly sinking out of sight.

"Serenity," "tranquillity," "repose"—these are words which we cannot spare any more than we can dispense with the much-flouted term "reserve." It is time that the printed page came to the rescue of these and others of their kin; time that it left off emphasizing the "nervousness" and "strenuousness" and "restlessness" which are so prevalent in all modern conditions. A close observer of national traits and phases has recently announced that at the present time this nation is characterized by an almost incredible high pitch of nervous excitement. All classes are seemingly at concert pitch, and press and government seem to unite in bringing about an increase of this condition. The startling revelations regarding trusts and corporations, the thrilling "exposures" in connection with those in high offices and prominent positions, the labor agitations, and the disclosures regarding the private lives of those of wealth and of high standing,—all this has not failed to prove truly unsettling and to produce a general morbid craving for more. "More revelations," "more startling details," and "more vivid exposures" is the cry of that over-excited reading public; and it is for the printed page to supply this demand, or to provide some substitute in place of what is called for.

It may seem futile to suggest the use of soothing-syrup when one is clamoring for stimulants, but if the clamor has been already over-supplied with "fire-water" it may be necessary not to accede to his unreasoning demand. And in the present state of literary excitability and irritation a quality of soothing-syrup is a much-needed remedy.

The printed page has missionary work to do in the bringing about of a quieting reformation. The reading public must be tranquillized and reassured; in short, it must have a healthful and generous supply of the "literature of composure."

Almost a century has elapsed since an inimitable person named Smith, famed in connection with those enlightening "Rejected Addresses," cautioned the literary aspirant to "write with the fear of the deluge before his eyes." "Let him gaze at Noah and be brief," he cried. "Let the ark remind him of the little time left for reading; learn, as they did in the ark, to crowd a great deal of matter into a very little compass."

This advice, doubtless much needed in those days of the many-volume novel, and long and ponderous literary dissertation, hardly needs reiteration in this stenographic, telegraphic, and photographic day.

If the up-to-date writer has not a vision of Noah and the deluge before his eyes as he clicks away at his machine, a picture of scrap-baskets, blue pencils, and editorial shears serves the same purpose; and beyond this the producer of literary wares perceives a strenuous, hurried public with but a few spare moments to expend on the lively creations of his brain.

It needs not the "ark" to remind him that there is "small time left for reading;" the fact is ever before his waking consciousness. And as for "crowding a great deal of matter into a very little compass," has this not been his sole ambition since first he came to the conclusion that as a means of permanent support a pen was better than a sword?

Coupled with this effort to make his pen concise has been the aim to make it also sharp; because the pen, to be remunerative as was the old-time sword, must certainly resemble the discarded blade as much as possible. An active and successful pen must be, forsooth, a keen and glittering weapon — something to cut and slash; parry and thrust; a means of healing like the surgeon's knife.

One of the nation's most distinguished warriors may exclaim, "Let us have peace!" It remains for a leading man of letters to cry out, "If but a dagger will rid us of this incubus, welcome a dagger."

And so the dagger dipped in a thousand ink-wells dances defiantly over those passive sheets of

paper which henceforth flutter forth aggressively to stir up strife, to picture wrongs, to denounce social idols and social evils. The writer waves his warlike weapon and millionaires shake in their shoes, trusts tremble, and great political machines topple to earth.

Literature has a right to "life," and therefore claims the prerogative of picturing all that is most unpleasant. Yea, and to "liberty," which means the right to demolish. And so the pen, which is a sword, is brandished violently; high in the air it gleams, and then descends upon the head of some dodging aggressor. Swish, it comes down upon some cleverly concocted plan; a skilful thrust and it lays bare that most unsavory secret, so long concealed.

Presto, what revolutions, what reforms! The writer is a soldier and he is fighting for a cause, and also for his bread and butter.

Of late years we have been so sated with the literature of exposure, of doubt and discontent, of matrimonial miseries and morbid, introspective musings, that he who reads would fain run far away, or cry out, with the heart-broken youth in Margaret Deland's last novel, "If this be life, I will have none of it." Even the most rampant iconoclast grows weary of magazine articles which are but engines of destruction or dissertations on depravity, and greets with undisguised relief an editorial which does not attack anything, and hails with joy that *rara avis* the book heroine who is not some one to be avoided.

Let us have literary peace. Is it not time that some one called a halt upon this active sword-play? Where are the pleasant, gentle goose-quills which were in vogue once on a time?

No doubt the writer should be something of a warrior; but is he not primarily an artist? As such his mission is, above all else, constructive; and first of all he should possess the gift of suitable selection. The artist paints life for us, but he is too discriminating not to discern that some things are more fitting than others for reproduction; even the photographic enthusiast omits some objects as quite unsuited for the camera's purpose. And so within the field of literature the blessed quality of elimination is one which calls for most particular attention. The theory that "whatever is, is art" will not evoke wide-spread acceptance even in the most elastic world of letters.

Moreover, the literary exponent of "life" and "liberty" should not forget that the "pursuit of happiness" is also a goodly portion of his prescribed programme. To bring his readers glimpses of this their heart's desire should surely be his chief endeavor, yet 't is an aim sadly neglected by

the apostles of "exposure," "disclosure," and "discomposure."

The artist with the pen in hand may not be able to assert with Browning's little songster, "All's right with the world," but he can truthfully declaim that "All is right with certain sections of the world." And it is very pleasant and heartening to those with whom all is not right to listen to some cheering news. Details of wrongs, stories of scamps and scandals, and studies of degenerates may have their place, but the place is, or should be, a small one.

That the pursuit of literature should be for the weary and anxious, not the pursuit of happiness, but rather the tedious following of morbid introspection or vicious vivisection is no more worthy commendation than would be the provision of a haircloth shirt for one who was in need of a gay wedding-garment.

Who does not yearn to gather upon the shelves of his library a choice collection of pleasant, cheerful friends; friends that bring hope, and courage, and, above all, peace and tranquillity? To sit down in the atmosphere of such a circle must in itself bring happy inspiration and glad serenity. Shelves stocked with merry thoughts, delightful memories, gallant adventures, beautiful bits of nature,—how differently one must regard them from shelves laden with painful problems, psychological obsessions, studies in physical and moral deformity! Who could take satisfaction in gazing at a row of daintily tooled bindings enclosing a score of volumes filled with the literature of "exposure"?

First, then, we would amend the quality of theme; let it present "life,"—yes, and "liberty,"—but above all things let the "pursuit of happiness" predominate.

And then that wearisome demand for quantity of matter and that oppressive answering supply! If it is possible to have too much of a good thing, how likely are we to have far, far too much of things that are not good at all!

"To crowd a great deal of matter into a very little compass"—is that a praiseworthy ambition? No doubt it is, within the business world. It is the boast of the New Yorker that he can do more business in twenty minutes in the metropolis than can the residents of other cities in a week's time. To succeed in condensing the most into the smallest compass may be an admirable thing in business, but "art is long" and should speak at its ease. To say a very little and say it gracefully and entertainingly is surely better than to transcribe a mass of facts in telegraphic form. The present generation is plentifully supplied with cameras and telephones and daily newspapers and all that therein is, but

a wide field exists which is sadly in need of cultivation.

In this field of "composure" the writer is never in a hurry; here he has ample leisure to discourse delightfully on any pleasant theme which may present itself. Here may his cheerful pen transcribe whatever pictures his nimble fancy shall conjure up; and here his work exhibit that repose which marks the cast of *Vere de Vere*, for he has all the time there is before him. He is not aiming "to crowd the most into the smallest compass," nor is the "deluge" before his eyes. He writes because he sees, and feels, and knows, and joys, and must express it all. He talks, but not to order — 't is merely that he happens to be in conversational mood, and his production ever tends to build up, not stir up. His laughter is genuine and contagious, and when he sorrows it is not as one without hope. He pictures life, not everything that is alive; he loves liberty, not license; the world is happier and better because he takes his pen in hand; tired nerves are more tranquil because of his serenity, while weary eyes renew their sight in the strength of his vision; and over all, his faith in the Eternal Goodness is unshaken.

In this field of "composure" we may seek for

Sidney Lanier's ideal of the true democrat in the world of letters, regarding whom he cries: "In the name of all worthy, manful democracy, in the name of the true strength that only can make our republic reputable among the nations, let us repudiate the strength that is no stronger than a human biceps; let us repudiate the manfulness that averages no more than six feet high. My democrat, the democrat whom I contemplate with pleasure, the democrat who is to write, or to read the poetry of the future, may have a mere thread for his biceps, yet he shall be strong enough to handle hell; he shall play ball with the earth; and albeit his stature may be no more than a boy's, he shall be taller than the great redwoods of California; his height shall be the height of great resolution, and love and faith and beauty and knowledge and sublime meditation; his head shall be forever among the stars."

"Dreams, books, are each a world, and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."
— *The World of Books, Wordsworth.*

CAROLINE TICKNOR.

THE CLOSED DOOR

By PAULINE CARRINGTON BOUVÉ

Turn out the light,
Close thy heart's door!
Make the place dark, the bolts secure,
So that no staring eyes
May see the throb, the start,
When swollen pulses rise
Against some sudden wound's
Sharp, swift, surprise!

In the hushed dark
Count thy heart's store!
Then with firm hand and purpose sure,
Hide deep thy restless grief;
And from that grave shall spring —
Unfolding bud and sheaf —
The plant called "Selfless Thought,"
Whose blossom is relief!



AS I see them just now, the effect is overpowering, almost discouraging. The semi-annual output from our best publishers of books we all long to read is appalling to persons whose lives are so crowded with duties, responsibilities, anxieties, that time even to skim over the daily papers is often hard to find, unless by stealing a few minutes from the hurried breakfast-hour.

The New York Times Saturday Review bravely tackles the task of a complete list of all the really important books published in this country from July, 1907, to January 1, 1908, giving about 1,200 titles under their proper headings—as, first, biography and memoirs, seventy-five in all, ending with the Letters of Queen Victoria, a selection from her Majesty's correspondence between the years 1837 and 1860. Published by authority of his Majesty the King, and edited by Arthur Christopher Benson and Viscount Esher.

[Longmans, Green and Co. Three vols. \$15.]

This long-looked-for correspondence will have a wide and permanent sale, for Victoria as a loving, even doting, wife, judicious mother, and wise Queen is more and more a character to be appreciated and revered.

Next, history, American and foreign, thirty-two authors of important and valuable books; travel and description, divided into countries and cities, amounting to 72; essays and belles-lettres, 38.

Music and the fine arts, 31; poetry and drama, 28; science, 44; religion, 36; educational, 7; nature and sport, 29. Juvenile: divided into books for very young readers, 37; for girls, 44; mainly for boys, 37; boys' libraries, 5; reprints and holiday editions, 23. Fiction arranged under novels by men writers, 32; by women writers, 69; books by English novelists, 29; books by foreign authors, 14; volumes by other story-tellers, 58; selected, classical and otherwise, 18; year and picture books, 39.

Just realize the labor and concentration involved in this annotated list, classified and alphabetically arranged according to authors!

Think also of the many new books not considered sufficiently important to be included, yet among them — many a good "seller"!

And if one would now count the number sent out by each publishing-house! For instance, the Putnams offer forty-nine.

And for exquisite, dainty gift-books for any day and all days, look over a catalogue of the "Mosher Books"—nothing else like them; hardly anything else so good.

I had not supposed that the bravest and most robust reviewer would risk his sanity by attempting even to glance through the autumn's book display. But it seems that one man has done more, and yet survives.

A FULL MAN

By J. W. Foley

Dedicated to the Editors of the Autumn Book List

My brain is a chaos of junk;
My thoughts are in fragments and shreds;
I'm lost in a fog of blue funk;
My dreams come in tatters and threads;
I'm given to visions and frights;
My darkness is peopled with spooks;
I'm wakeful and nervous o' nights; —
I've read all the season's new books.

I have n't a single sane thought,
I'm all in a ferment and fret;
You may think I'm mad, but I'm not;
Perhaps 't will be soon, but not yet.
I've sobbed with ten sweethearts a day,
Sought treasures in long-hidden nooks,
Looked on many a gory affray —
I've read all the season's new books.

I've traveled from circle to pole;
I've ridden with ladies and knights;
I've witnessed the wreck of a soul —
And mixed in uncountable fights;
I've struggled with problems so vast
I'm dizzy with turns, twists, and crooks;
My reason is failing me fast —
I've read all the season's new books.

My mind is a victim forlorn
Of book indigestion acute;

With helmeted squires I have sworn
 And stormed feudal castles to boot.
 I've run the whole gamut and scale,
 Including Odsblond and Gadzooks;
 My reason's beginning to fail —
 I've read all the season's new books.

Blue, yellow, green, purple, and gold,
 I've turned back the covers and read;
 I've felt my heart grow icy cold,
 And fever grow hot in my head;
 Oh, grant me asylum, repose,
 Where are no editions de luxe.
 My cup of confusion o'erflows —
 I've read all the season's new books.

I have a suspicion that Mr. Foley took advantage of poetic license, accent on first syllable, or "played" he had perused all those hundreds of volumes just for a joke.

I have taken a shorter cut to the same goal, and have requested my friends among publishers and reviewers to give me the titles of the most desirable and attractive books in their fall lists, and the following is the result.

A. C. McClurg and Co. say, "We would call your attention to the three following books: 'Immensée,' net, \$1.75; 'Shakespeare's Christmas Gift to Queen Bess,' net, \$1.00; 'A Book of Joys,' net, \$1.75."

"A Book of Joys" is true to its title, and especially suited to a reader of New England birth, wherever his home may be. Mrs. Lucy Fitch Perkins, well known as an illustrator and writer of happy rhymes for children, has seized upon the inmost spirit of intimate New England life for this book. She is a Westerner who comes East with wide-open eyes, keen sense of humor, and a most tender sympathy with human nature, and I feel sure you will revel in her descriptions, and her thoughts both wise and witty. This is her first book of a serious nature, and the charming illustrations are her own.

If you are wanting books for the children, look at her "Moon Princess," "Prince Silverwings," "The Star Fairies," and "The Goose Girl." There is to be no quoting in this article; otherwise, I should be sorely tempted to copy the "Book of Joys" entire.

And I can enthusiastically praise "Our Country Home," by Frances Kingsley Hutchinson, which tells of the planning and building a lovely home in the midst of a virgin forest by the side of a Wisconsin lake. With nearly two hundred fascinating illustrations, from photos taken by the author.

Then a Chicago man and woman decidedly gifted in interesting children have done the words, music, and drawings for another portfolio of catchy melodies for the small people, "Improving Songs

for Anxious Children." Not so exaggerated and absurd as books of same type done by some others. The songs are for "the Careless," "the Overstout," "the Liar," "the Glutton," and so on — just what is wanted in a musical family. By John and Rue Carpenter.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., of Indianapolis, offer their usual amount of exciting fiction, as "Satan Sanderson," by Hallie Erminie Rives, which is said to be a "thriller." \$1.50.

"The Lion's Share," a romance of American life, by Octave Thanet; also "The Brass Bowl," "The Best Man," "The Apple of Discord," "The Broken Lance," "His Wife," "The Heart Line."

Better than these novels for me is the new volume by James Whitcomb Riley, called "Morning," made up of poems which have never been previously published in book form, enriched by a portrait of the beloved poet in photogravure. \$1.25.

The George W. Jacobs Co., of Philadelphia, reply to my inquiry, that they have published so many books of exceptional value this fall that it is rather hard to confine themselves to three books, but consider the following their best books in the various departments of literature as named.

Biography: "Jay Cooke, Financier of the Civil War," by Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer, who has written before of Robert Morris, and Abraham Lincoln. The author shows that it would have been impossible for the Federal Government to have carried on the Civil War without the aid of this great, loyal-hearted, truly patriotic citizen. Two vols. \$7.50.

Illustrated gift-book: "A Lady of King Arthur's Court," by Sara Hawks Sterling, a romance of the Holy Grail. \$2.50.

Fiction: "The Code of Victor Jallot," by Edward Childs Carpenter. We are assured that the dashing hero combines the fascinations of a Beau Brummel with the vigor of a man of action. \$1.50.

Juveniles: "Us Fellers," a humorous story comically illustrated by B. Cory Kilvert, and text by Izola L. Forrester. \$1.00.

Turning the leaves of the Jacob's Catalogue, I am interested in a book compiled by a California housekeeper: "365 Orange Recipes," a new one for every day in the year, embracing a wide variety of dishes ranging all the way from orange marmalade to roast duck with orange sauce.

All these novelties for 40 cents. And, after all, I believe that orange-juice iced in champagne glass for a preface to breakfast is as delicious as any of all these.

I was greatly pleased to see a series of Wit and Humor books, and among them "The Wit and Humor of Women." We are certainly getting on.

When I wrote my book "The Wit of Women" hardly a man in the country would acknowledge that woman ever had or could have a sense of humor — and as for wit? Well! How impossible!

Paul Elder and Co. name their Comic Catalogue "For the Gaiety of Nations," and well they may, there is so much sensible nonsense found therein.

"How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers," by Professor Wood, of Johns Hopkins University, who in another mood is the author of "Fluorescence and Magnetic Rotation Spectra of Sodium Vapor and Their Analysis," reminds me of Lewis Carroll, the profound mathematician and creator of the inimitable "Alice in Wonderland," and Edward Lear, the erudite Greek scholar who produced the immortal "Nonsense Verses."

His sketches of the birds and flowers are extremely clever. His crow and crocus look alike at first, but gradually you discover that the crocus you thought a crow is a crocus in full bloom, with a bud for head. Bound in cat-bird cambric for 75 cents.

"The Cynic's Calendar" for 1908 will be eagerly sought by those familiar with those of preceding years. Also 75 cents.

"Blottentots, and How to Make Them" is a jolly book for young folks. Make a blot on writing-paper and see what it suggests for a drawing. Same can be done with a careless dropping of sealing-wax. Same price. I am glad that the San Francisco publisher has a branch store in New York, 45 East Nineteenth St.

From Mr. Charles E. Savage of G. P. Putnam's Sons:

"I have been interested in reading your breezy pages on books, the only drawback being a feeling of deep sympathy with you in having to have recourse to the dictionary. One of these days, some of us will get together and abolish all the hard words, and thus save ourselves and future generations much labor. I send you three holiday books as requested:"

"Love Affairs of Literary Men," by Myrtle Reed, in four styles of binding, from \$1.50 net, to \$3.50, net.

"A Christmas Carroll," by George Wither, with thirty exquisite and characteristic illustrations by Frank T. Merrill. From \$3.00, net, to \$5.00, according to binding; also a limited edition of one hundred copies on Japan Vellum, \$6.00.

Wither 1588-1667 had an exciting and sad life, but was, in spite of his troubles, a voluminous author. Some of his lines are still quoted, perhaps without much knowledge of the author. Here is a favorite, "a flawless song."

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?"

His "Carroll" deserves to be known and admired in every home where Christmas is celebrated.

He is one of the best of the old English poets exhumed by modern literary antiquaries. He varied much in his poems, from absolute gems to the absolutely unreadable — dullness unredeemed by a single spark of brilliance. A fierce satirist, he wrote seditious libels, for which he was imprisoned. Like some modern politicians, he was once obliged "to disgorge his spoil." He was also a sacred poet and full of praise of pastoral delights. He quarrelled with Cromwell and was imprisoned for the second time. He pathetically wrote that "his path had gradually been growing rougher and more painful as he wound deeper into the vale of years."

Let me say that Putnam's Sons present with each copy of this "Christmas Carroll" a year's subscription to *Putnam's Monthly*, and the regular price of this magazine, which is ideally good, is \$3.00 a year.

From Mr. E. C. March, representing the Macmillan Co.: "As to Christmas books on our list I am inclined to suggest the following as fairly representative: 'Another Book of Verses for Children,' by Lucas, \$1.50; or 'The Gentlest Art,' also by Lucas; 'The Loves of Pelleas and Ettarre,' by Zona Gale, \$1.50; and 'An Artist's Reminiscences,' by Walter Crane."

I will explain that "The Gentlest Art" is a well-selected anthology of entertaining letters, many of which are new to me. E. V. Lucas is one of the few who are always making books but who never falls below the highest standard; so instead of feeling weary at his profuseness of achievement, one wants to own whatever he does.

The principal characters in Zona Gale's new story are a pair of romantic lovers who before the story is ended have celebrated their golden wedding.

Henry Holt Co. marks these three as their best Christmas books:

"Leading American Soldiers," by R. M. Johnston, author of "Napoleon." \$1.75.

"A Cheerful Year Book for 1908," full of sparkling jests and amusing cartoons, and with Prolog and Epilog by Caroline Wells. \$1.00.

"The Log of the Sun," by Stone and Beebe, a chronicle of Nature's Year, with 250 illustrations; full gilt, and boxed. \$6.00.

Of course these three books give no fair idea of the books recent or long ago of H. Holt Co., who

always rank among the very best for subject and material and style. These are intended, at least the last two, for holiday gifts, and are in a merry vein.

The Frederick Stokes Co. send the following, marked as especially good:

"Travers," a novel of the San Francisco fire, by Sara Dean. Illustrated in color. \$1.50. Miss Dean has taken as her theme the revelation of character, the stripping off of veneer, the uncovering of the hearts of men and women, accomplished by the levelling of all barriers of conduct. In this extreme test the hero becomes a thief and the thief becomes a hero. She was herself a sufferer and a witness of what she describes.

"The Garden of Allah," a gift edition and 32 full-page illustrations, reproductions of the desert and other scenes of this great novel, which has already run through fourteen large editions; "an intense glowing epic of the desert, sunlit, barbaric, with its marvellous atmosphere of vastness and loneliness." Whatever Robert Hichens may write in the future, this will always be his crowning work. \$2.68.

"Under the Southern Cross," by Elizabeth Robins. \$1.50. Those who read "The Magnetic North," by Miss Robins, will want to own this story of a sea-trip and adventures on land during a journey from San Francisco to New York by way of Panama.

"The Van Rensselaers of Old Manhattan," by Weymer Jay Mills. Boxed. \$1.50. One of the most beautiful gift-books of the year.

I venture to add for a book to bring smiles, "The Maxims of Methuselah." Advice given by the patriarch to his great-grandson Shem, in regard to women — as "Like the alarm-clock that goeth off at 7 A.M., so is she who saith: 'I told you so!'"

"But a woman who dallieth and is tardy, she is like an upper step which is not upon the stair, causing one to be vexed." Pictures to match by Louis Fancher. 75 cents.

And do not forget that this house publishes Mrs. Burnett's new novel, "The Shuttle," a story of an international marriage and an interpretation of the social relations of two great nations to each other. \$1.50.

Dodd, Mead and Co.: in fiction, "The Daughter of Anderson Crow," by George Barr McCutcheon, \$1.50; "The Stopping Lady," by Maurice Hewlett, \$1.50. No panegyrics or introduction needed for these authors.

In illustrated gift-books, the leading one of this firm is "My Lady Caprice," by Jeffery Farnol. \$1.50. It is one of the most beautiful books, at the price, that is offered by publishers this season, a delight to look at, while the story is clever and well

worth while. The "Imp," a very active and inquisitive small boy, is quite the hero of the tale. In the reign of James the First I believe that "imp" was a term of endearment for a lovable child; the king's children were spoken of as "imps." This particular imp is certainly a love and laughter compelling darling.

"The Intelligence of the Flowers," by Maurice Maeterlinck, is a favorite with me. \$1.20.

They have a "Nature Calendar" from the writings of Hamilton Wright Mabie, with illustrations from photographs. Boxed. \$2.00.

Doubleday, Page and Co.: They send names of three exceptional fiction books: "His Own People," by Booth Tarkington, 90 cents, net; "The Good Comrade," by Una L. Silberrad, illustrated, \$1.50 (perhaps the first English romance ever written of Holland); "In High Places," by Dolores Bacon, illustrated, 50 cents (an exhilarating story of a modern business woman).

As a lover of Nantucket I add "The First Nantucket Tea Party," by Walter Tittle. Illuminated and decorated. \$2.15.

Scribners: "The Fruit of the Tree," by Edith Wharton, \$1.50; "The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman," by F. Hopkinson Smith, \$1.50; "Under the Crust," by Thomas Nelson Page, \$1.50 (his latest and best stories); "Days Off," by Henry Van Dyke, \$1.50.

D. Appleton Co.: "The Parables," edited by Dr. Lyman S. Abbott, illustrated by Arthur Becher. \$2.50. Something new in gift-books. The sacred text is given intact, but the illustrations, instead of showing scenes in old Palestine, picture the Parables in modern scenes and costumes.

"David," edited by Rev. W. S. Richardson. \$2.50. Essentially a religious book, a consecutive biography of perhaps the greatest "self-made" man that ever lived.

"Lady Geraldine's Courtship," by Mrs. Brown-ing. 50 cents.

McClure Co.: "Helena's Path," by Anthony Hope, \$1.25; "Arizona Nights," by Stewart Edward White, illustrations in colors, \$1.50; "Wards of Liberty," by Myra Kelly, with illustrations, \$1.50; "Old Indian Days," by Charles A. Eastman, \$1.50; "The New Missioner," by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, \$1.50.

Harpers: "The Weavers," by Gilbert Parker, \$1.50 (a truly great story); "Barbary Sheep," by Robert Hichens, \$1.25; "Walled In," by Mrs. Phelps Ward, \$1.50.

E. P. Dutton and Co. tell me of such a wealth of good things that I do not know where to stop or which to select. The ever-popular "Ingoldsby Legends" have been illustrated by Arthur Rack-

ham. Mr. Rackham's illustrations are the great hit of the time in England. Mr. John Macrae thinks that as this book represents "the finest of English humor, and in fact the only great example," it should be one of the holiday books of the year.

Among the many specified are Clive Holland's "Old and New Egypt," Okey's "Venetian Palaces," an illustrated edition of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," Schumann's Letters, some charming little books by John Howard Jewett, "The Bear Books," a delightful book by a New Englander, "Little Redskins," two books by a cousin of the poet laureate of England; also three beautifully illustrated books: "Evangeline," "Lays of Ancient Rome," and "Omar Khayyam." No space here to enumerate the calendars and children's books from this house.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Co. announce a collection of more than fifty of "Children's Favorite Classics," also a long list of other books. Christina Gowans Whyte tells of "The Adventures of Merrywink," \$2.00; N. McGee Waters, of "Heroes and Heroism in Common Life," \$1.25; Ralph Waldo Trine, of "This Mystical Life of Ours," \$1.00 (all of this author's books sell splendidly; one has already gone beyond the hundred thousand mark).

The Baker and Taylor Co. keep up well to the front in this literary competitive exhibit, but if they had only given us the "Story of My Childhood," by Clara Barton, which ought to be carefully read by every mother in the land, they would have done their share. Every girl is fond of the modest recital, and it cannot fail to inspire many to a nobler and fuller life-work.

As the autumn lists of New York would make a volume of themselves, I turn now to Boston, and find the same amount of tempting books.

Small, Maynard and Co. send "Intimations of Immortality," compiled by Helen F. Patten, \$1.50, contents divided into sections, as "The Testimony of the Ancients," "From the Bibles of Humanity," "The Speculations of Philosophy," "The Voice of the Church," "The Vision of the Poet," "Latter-day Love Sonnets;" edited by Laurens Maynard. \$2.00.

"The Book of St. Valentine." Verses all dealing with the theme that makes St. Valentine so popular a saint. 75 cents.

"Queens of the Renaissance," by M. Beresford Ryley. \$2.00. These brilliant and fascinating women range from the Laura of Petrarch to Olympia Morata.

"A Book of Noble Women," by E. M. Wilmot Buxton, with sixteen full-page portraits by E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. \$1.50. This subject has been

often worked over, ranging from Jeanne d'Arc to Mrs. Browning, but it is well done again.

"The New England Primer," refashioned in the spirit of New England to-day, by Edwin M. Bacon. \$1.00, net.

Another anthology of English verse, called "The Parnassus of English Verse," "uniquely gathered out of the finest existing anthologies by admitting no poem which has not secured four votes of eleven." Edited by W. Garrett Horder. \$1.00.

Little, Brown and Co. mention as fitted for holiday gifts:

"Italy, the Magic Land," by Lillian Whiting, the author of fourteen other desirable books. Her new books aim to present a living panorama of the comparatively modern past of Rome, opening with the period of Canova and Thorwaldsen, proceeding to the contemporary Rome, social and artistic, portraying the long procession of distinguished visitors from the time of Goethe and Mme. de Stael to that of Henry James. There are authors who shell out a new book with such chronic regularity as to suggest pecuniary dependence on this means of support; but with Miss Whiting, each book is written with heartfelt enthusiasm, and not only with careful study of her theme, but with actual love for it. The price of "Italy" is \$2.50, with gilt top, in box.

"Aunt Jane of Kentucky" is still a much admired story-teller. "Sally Ann's Experience" is perhaps the best chapter, but it is all most agreeable. It ought to be read aloud, along with Rose Terry Cooke's "The Deacon's Week," in every home in this country. It is highly praised and recommended by President Roosevelt, who, with fine literary taste, keen appreciation, and quick discernment of a rare book, has of late been very kind in his letters to several women authors, as was Gladstone in his later days.

"Susan Clegg" is again on deck with her endless monologue, which is often keen and clever. This time she takes in a man to lodge and board. Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens, who always may be relied on for excellent interpretations. \$1.50. I do get a wee bit weary of Susan's clack, but had rather read her outpourings than listen to live females with the same tendency to monologue and detail.

Miss Waller has given us a delightful book of travel, "Through the Gates of the Netherlands," making every one want to see as she sees and go where she went. She wrote, you know, "The Wood-Carver of 'Lympos,'" so much admired. There are twenty-four illustrations in photogravure. In box. \$3.00, net.

Ex-Governor Rollins of New Hampshire and

Boston kindly sends me his most practical common-sense book on "What Can a Young Man Do?" He takes up in succession the great variety of professions and occupations, frankly stating both sides of each, and gives reliable information about the new openings for work. The chapters on the Consular Service, chances to rise and make good money in all kinds of engineering, forestry, library work, railroading, and nautical training-school are up to date; also opportunities in the Philippines. Specialists in each department have given all needed information, so this straightforward, earnest advice may well be heeded, and the wide experience of Mr. Rollins will make his new book on an old theme the standard; for there can be no better. \$1.50.

Mrs. Mary P. Wells Smith is quietly doing a most important work in interesting young folks in real stories connected with the Colonial history of New England in general, and western Massachusetts in particular. This book is about the French and Indian war as it affected the Northwest border towns of Massachusetts. It is lively reading and skilfully woven together, and the parents will be likely to read every word as well as those for whom it was specially prepared. \$1.25.

The many friends who are sorrowing over the death of Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake will gladly welcome a collection of her poems, representing her most matured work. Her individual self permeates every verse, whether she writes for young or old, or pours forth her own heart like a song-bird at twilight. The title is "In the Harbour of Hope." \$1.25.

Houghton and Mifflin give as three of their best books the following: "The Hanging of the Crane,"

exquisitely illustrated; and all through, the Craigie House is a part of the picture, the happy home where Longfellow hung his own crane in 1843. Boxed. \$2.00.

"The Old Peabody Pew," by Kate Douglas Wiggin (\$1.50), illustrated in tint by Alice Barber Stephens, is another book which will be chosen by many for a Christmas remembrance, for Mrs. Wiggin is so widely known and so truly beloved that whatever she writes, whatever she says, wherever she goes with her genial gracious ways and playful humor, she is always just right, always the popular author, always the sought-for and the social queen. In England, Ireland, Scotland, at Quillcote or in her beautiful home in New York, she is so flattered, so surrounded, so besieged with admirers, that I wonder how she finds time to appease her large clientele and her publishers. And yet, such is her unspoilable nature that she remains as natural, as free from conceit, as when she came to us from her kindergarten work in California.

The third book from this firm is "The Spirit of Old West Point," 1858-1862, by Morris Schaff. Illustrated. \$3.00, net.

General Schaff was at West Point just at the outbreak of the Civil War, and his book is perhaps the most vivid embodiment of the spirit of patriotism that fired young American manhood in the days of our great national struggle. \$3.00, net.

And now I must stop. Several papers have come in while I was working over this, with a long array of books I had never heard of! It is much like baling out the ocean with a teaspoon. But as Dr. Arnold's dull pupil said to him, "I have done the best I could." And Happy Holidays to you all!

THE DYING YEAR

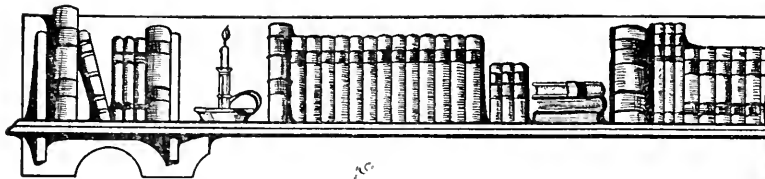
By EUGENE C. DOLSON

On the old year Death sets a seal to-night —

Swift to an end his passing moments fleet;

While noiselessly the snowfall, dense and white,

Enwraps him in a weird, cold, winding-sheet.



Book Notes

THE INVADER. By Margaret L. Woods.

The story of a girl who has two personalities — each one perfectly independent of the other.

"Milly" is virtuous, but a trifle dull; "Mildred," as her second personality is called, has more than a spice of piquant *diablerie*. To complicate matters more, if possible, than they are already complicated by the constant warring of the two women in one body, "Milly" marries the man whom she loves, while "Mildred" is indifferent to him. As for the husband — but you must read the book. The struggle between good and evil goes on till the final decisive battle gives a strong and unexpected climax to the book. (Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.50.)

A LITTLE PROSPECTOR. By Edith M. H. Baylor.

An unusually good story for boys and girls is this tale of a real boy who went from Boston to Arizona and Nevada with his parents. The adventures and incidents are true experiences, and mingled with the plot is a fine account of a most interesting and not very well known region. The twenty-four full-page photographs are well chosen and add much to the value of the book. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. Price, \$1.00.)

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, Selected Poems. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by George Herbert Clarke, M.A.

An edition primarily suitable for school use, yet based on other than formally pedagogic principles. The first sixty pages or so are devoted to a study of Shelley's life; and a most fascinating story it is, with much of literary merit in its telling.

The next three pages note the various Shelley Bibliographies, Lives and Records, Critical Essays, Editions, and Poems concerning Shelley; and the last forty or fifty pages contain copious explanatory notes.

It is a very desirable edition for general use. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price, paper, 45 cents; cloth, 50 cents, net.)

TED IN MYTHLAND. By Hermine Schwed; illustrated by M. H. Squire.

"Sing I a 'tory" is almost the first demand from baby lips, and long after Baby has learned to smile at such phrasing does he still demand his story. So incessant and insatiable is this demand,

indeed, that mothers and fathers and nurses, grandparents and uncles and aunts, crave story-books and story-books and yet more story-books.

Now among all the tales in Story Land there are none more fascinating than the old Greek Myths, and a good thing it is for children to become so familiar with these in their nursery days that they will recognize them as old friends in the days of their classical course.

Hermine Schwed, realizing all this, has gathered between the prettiest of covers the main stories of Greek mythology, simply and unpretentiously told in rhyme, weaving them together with enough of a wonder-tale to sustain interest.

Just as Alice of old went to Wonderland, so Ted, in this new volume, is borne away to Mythland. In Ted's case Mercury is responsible, — Mercury, Messenger of the Gods, whom he spied upon the mantel running as fast as he could, just as he, Ted, was cozily tucked up on the big couch under the brown steamer-rug, wishing some one would tell him a story. The gods and goddesses whom he meets and who sing him wonderful tales of their doings seem more like Ted's friends than like stiff divinities, and yet they retain much of the Greek spirit.

Before children are ready for the Hawthorne tales they will appreciate these, and the fact of their being in rhyme will carry with the little folks. (Moffat, Yard & Co., 31 East 17th St., New York. Price, \$1.00, net.)

GAYLE LANGFORD. By Harold Morton Kramer.

The author of "Hearts and the Cross," which was popularly received last year, now puts forth a romance of a tory belle and a patriot captain.

Gayle Langford, the heroine, is as imperious and unfathomable as she is beautiful, and her patriot lover, Ian Lester, is possessed of audacity beyond the common lot of man. The time is that of the Declaration of Independence, with most of the events in Philadelphia and Trenton. It is a stirring story throughout. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. Price, \$1.50.)



SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPERS. By Christine Terhune Herrick, author of "Liberal Living on Narrow Means," "Cradle and Nursery," "The Little Dinner," etc.

This is a valuable work on a fresh subject by a well-known writer of books on domestic science. The title explains its character and occasion. To quote from the author, "In most homes the Sunday night supper is an unsatisfactory compromise. The housekeeper, however successful in her method for other times, leaves this meal to Providence, with the usual result that awaits upon blind trust in Providence unbacked by human endeavor." That there are great possibilities in the Sunday night supper is shown most convincingly in this desirable work. It is a book all must have. (Dana Estes & Co., Boston. Price, cloth, tall 12mo, \$1.00.)

THE RIVALS. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan. With introduction by Brander Matthews and eighteen illustrations in photogravure by M. Power O'Malley.

A de-luxe edition, such as this, of Sheridan's immortal play is at once a "thing of beauty" and a "joy forever." All those who have ever seen a revival of "The Rivals" on the stage have felt like exclaiming, "Why don't we write as good dramas nowadays?" And even when read in cold type its irresistible humor appeals to every reader — a test which few of our later plays could possibly stand. But it is true that "The Rivals" is as new, as modern, and as funny as when it was first dashed off, in 1775, by Sheridan's brilliant pen.

Another fact which the present publishers have grasped is that the characters lend themselves particularly well to illustration. In Mr. O'Malley they have found an artist who unites great ability with close study of his types. The result is a series of fine drawings, reproduced in full-page photogravures, which are in delightful harmony with the text. Other special features are type designs by Merrymount Press and an illuminative introduction by Brander Matthews. Altogether the edition occupies a place by itself — and deserves it. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 172 pages. 8vo. Price, cloth, \$2.50; full leather, \$3.50.)

LOVE IS THE SUM OF IT ALL, a Plantation Romance. By George Cary Eggleston. Illustrated by Hermann Heyer.

In this "plantation romance" Mr. Eggleston has resumed the manner and method that made his "Dorothy South" one of the most famous books of its time.

The new story, "Love Is the Sum of It All," is first and last and all the time a romance of love and high purpose. There are two — even three — tender love-stories embodied in it. There are two unusually interesting heroines, utterly unlike each other, but each possessed of a peculiar fascination which wins and holds the reader's sympathy.

The scene of the story is in Virginia, and its time is the period that has followed the era of reconstruction. Incidentally, the subjects of negro education and the outlook for the advancement of the negro race are interestingly considered — without undue optimism on the one hand or unjust

pessimism on the other, but with an earnest, solicitous kindness, which seeks to point out the "rocks ahead" with altogether helpful intent.

A pleasing vein of gentle humor runs through the work, but the "sum of it all" is the intensely sympathetic love-story. (12mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.50.)

THE SHORT STORY, ITS PRINCIPLES AND STRUCTURE. By Evelyn May Albright, M.A.

This book will be found very helpful to literary beginners by reason of its clear, concise setting-forth of what is considered best in short-story fiction, and on account of the general rules to be followed in the construction of a short story given within its pages. The titles of some of the chapters which it contains are: "Gathering Material," "The Motive as the Source of the Plot," "The Title," "Dialogue," "The Setting," "The Realistic Movement," "The Element of Fantasy," "The Emotional Element," etc. The text cites many masterpieces in this line of fiction; also less world-famous stories from the files of the well-known magazines. (The Macmillan Co., New York. Price, 90 cents, net.)

THE SERVANT OF JEHOVAH. By George Coulson Workman, Professor of Old Testament Exegesis and Literature in the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

This is a complete and comprehensive monograph dealing with the Problem of the Servant in the book of Isaiah.

Mr. Workman's aim has been to exhibit the technical meaning of the term throughout the second half of the book, to demonstrate its collective sense in every place where it occurs, to elucidate the disputed points in connection with each passage, and to show the way in which the New Testament writers have applied the language of that portion of the Scripture which, though Messianic in its application, is not, strictly speaking, Messianic prophecy.

The book is specially designed to meet the wants of theological students. (Longmans & Co., New York.)

THE PURE GOLD OF NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE. By William Lyon Phelps, Professor of English in Yale University.

Professor Phelps, of Yale University, here presents a valuable little summary of the vital forces in nineteenth-century literature — the authors who seem destined to live. He has confined his attention entirely to British production, thus avoiding any possible jealousies, and devotes only a page or two to each author whom he deems representative. At the outset he says:

"There is only one period of English literature that can compare in creative activity with the nineteenth century, and that is the Elizabethan. But that age found its chief expression in the drama; while the age of Victoria bewilders the critic fully as much by the splendid variety of its literary production as by its extraordinary excellence. Poetry, fiction, and criticism — in these three great departments the last century reveals masters."

Among those enumerated we find Keats, Wordsworth, Browning, Byron, Shelley, and Tennyson.

The important prose-writers include Stevenson, Dickens, Thackeray, Austen, Eliot, and others. The volume is rich in suggestion. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 40 pages, 12mo. Price, 75 cents, net; limp leather, \$1.50, net. Postage, 8 cents extra.)

THE IDYLLS AND THE AGES. By John F. Genung
Professor of Rhetoric in Amherst College.

The primary aim of this volume is neither eulogy nor criticism, but what Walter Pater has taught us to call appreciation. That is, it is a disinterested endeavor to answer the question as to the value of a great poem which has been seasoned and mellowed by time. Tennyson's stately epic, "The Idylls of the King," did not first appear before the world in a way at all favorable to the poem's true valuation. Published at uncertain intervals and in haphazard order from 1858 to 1885, the various sections purported to be nothing more than modernized tales of chivalry and romance, set to smooth-flowing metres. In this light they were accepted and read, and it was not until the last of them appeared that the general public became aware of a larger and weightier intention on the part of the poet,—that the whole series should be read as a single poem.

In their completed epic form the "Idylls" have now been before the world for twenty-one years, and this "majority date" is deemed a fitting occasion for Professor Genung to inquire into the poem's permanent value. The study is thorough and illuminative, perhaps beyond anything before attempted on the subject, and will set readers afresh to studying the fine original. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 88 pages, 12mo. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net. Postage, 8 cents additional.)

FOUR BOYS IN THE LAND OF COTTON; Where They Went, What They Saw, and What They Did. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Second volume of "Our Own Land Series." Illustrated by H. C. Edwards.

Last year Dr. Tomlinson scored one of the greatest of his many successes in writing high-grade books for the young, by starting the "Our Own Land Series." In this, four representative American students began to employ their summer vacations in becoming familiar with the natural features, history, commercial greatness, and other elements of interest of the United States, upon the theory that a knowledge of and a love for "our own land" should underlie a liberal education. The first volume, entitled "Four Boys in the Yellowstone," took them through New York and the region of the Great Lakes to the Yellowstone National Park, which they saw intelligently.

The same boys who made the trip described in the popular first book spend their next long vacation in a Southern tour, which begins in Virginia, thence through Tennessee to the Mississippi River, and on through Arkansas to Indian Territory. They come to appreciate their own country by seeing it, and learn history by visiting historic places. Above all, they have a good time, and so will every one who reads this book. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. 12mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.50.)

THE SHAMELESS DIARY OF AN EXPLORER. By Robert Dunn.

This is an uncommon book of unusual interest. While mainly it is an account of a recent attempt to reach the top of Mount McKinley, its chief interest lies, perhaps, in its being an absolutely frank record of the daily happenings during the journey. Most of the books of exploration are written in a comfortable study, and conform to fashion. This is different, and is written in a very spirited language and spirit of "the trail." (The Outing Publishing Co. Price, \$1.50, net.)

SELECT POEMS AND TALES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. By J. Montgomery Gambrill, Head of the Department of History and Civics, Baltimore Polytechnic Institute; formerly Assistant State Superintendent of Public Education in Maryland.

In this collection of Poe's works the editor presents in one convenient volume the poetry of the author's mature years, together with a few examples of his juvenile work and a half-dozen characteristic tales representative of his most successful short-story work. The introduction includes a biographical sketch, a bibliography, and a discussion of Poe's character and literary art. The peculiar position which Poe holds in American literature, and the controversies concerning his life, personality, and writings are here treated in a manner more detailed and thorough than in any similar book. The attitude is fair, frank, but sympathetic. The interrelations of Poe's life, character, and art are subjects of special study; and the mutual influence of his critical theories and his artistic craftsmanship is emphasized. The bibliography covers all the critical editions, the best single-volume collections, and the standard biographies.

The editor has kept in mind the unusual difficulties presented by Poe in theme, treatment, and allusion, and accordingly has made the notes numerous and especially complete; but while they are full enough for even the small high school with scant library facilities, the pupil's work is by no means all done for him, and many questions and suggestive directions appear.

While the book would be of interest to any reader or student of Poe, it is specifically intended for high-school pupils, and meets the new College Entrance Requirements. (Ginn & Co., Boston. Price, 30 cents.)

RUTH ERSKINE'S SON. By Pansy (Mrs. G. R. Alden). Illustrated by Louise Clark.

Few authors can count so surely on a large circle of admirers as can "Pansy," whose later books seem to have gained in plot and general interest, while losing nothing from their spiritual force. Her new one, "Ruth Erskine's Son," is so keen and true a picture of life that each reader will feel that he or she has known some of those people. Ruth Erskine was one of the famous "Four Girls at Chautauqua," and also the heroine of "Ruth Erskine's Crosses," another of this gifted author's most popular books. This book finds her the widow of Judge Burnham, with one fine son, Erskine, to the making of whose life she devotes her own in fullest measure. With her son's manhood and marriage come experiences that would

overwhelm a weaker and a less sensible woman. Her rare tact and abiding faith prove equal to all. No one understands the serious things of life better than Mrs. Alden, and her keen presentation of its problems compels the reader's closest interest. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. 12mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.50.)

A NIGHT IN AVIGNON. By Cale Young Rice.

This play, together with another and longer one by the same author, will be produced next season at the new endowed Players' Theatre, which will be opened in Chicago. Mr. Rice's "Charles Tocca," "David," and "Plays and Lyrics" have been much and well noticed, and this new one is being well received. (McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. Price, 50 cents.)

SONGS OF THE AVERAGE MAN. By Sam Walter Foss. Illustrated by Merle Johnson.

Sam Walter Foss is, more than any other of his time, the true poet of the people, and his personally chosen title for his new volume fitly characterizes a book of verse that will be instantly appreciated by the sound and wholesome people who actually do the world's work; who love poetry of music, feeling, and sense, but have neither time nor inclination for society verse or sensational rhapsodies, and no patience with poems that require a university lecturer to interpret them. Mr. Foss has a clear, ringing message that charms and amuses while making a point that is worth while. And let no one think his latest and favorite title means that his is merely *average* verse. Most of the reading public know already that Mr. Foss is a true poet and often a great one, and he is all the greater in that the general public can feel that he is writing for them. He has a keen way of showing up the foibles of humanity, but his humor is so genuine and so plentiful that one can laugh while acknowledging a "hit." The optimistic, cheering quality of his verses reflects the man, a royal good fellow and delightful friend. Merle Johnson's clever pictures give a laughably correct interpretation of some of the brightest poems, and the very attractive binding fits it for a gift-book. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. Gilt top. Boxed. Price, net, \$1.20. Postpaid, \$1.30.)

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON. By Samuel M. Tucker.

To give the young reader some insight into Byron's genius by presenting for study and for reading those of his poems which shall make the most immediate appeal has been the purpose of this compilation. For such a purpose much of Byron's poetry is admirably fitted, since, as a whole, it is not abstruse, is lucid in its expression, and, above all, is spirited and energetic.

In the choice of selections, "The Prisoner of Chillon" and "Mazeppa" were naturally the first consideration, on account of their position among the College Entrance Requirements. Other poems which may be found useful in college classes—among them "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan"—have also been included in whole or in part.

The introduction treats with particular emphasis Byron's importance as an historic figure and the intimate relations subsisting between his life and works. The criticism claims to be neither techni-

cal nor subtle, but attempts rather to deal in broad generalizations which may appeal to the young reader and yet not mislead him. It is believed that the notes will be found sufficiently elaborate to pave the way to a full appreciation of the poems, without hampering the instructor or interfering with the student's self-activity. (Ginn & Co., Boston. Price, 25 cents.)

THE BOYS OF PIGEON CAMP, THEIR LUCK AND FUN. By Martha James. Second volume of "Pigeon Camp Series." Illustrated by J. W. Kennedy.

Last year the author of the well-known book "My Friend Jim" began the "Pigeon Camp Series," for boys of ten and twelve, with "Jimmie Suter." Jimmie was a born mechanic and a bright, manly little fellow besides. His dearest friend was Rand Cotter, the son of a much richer man than Jimmie's father, but not the least bit of a snob, and they originated the "S. F. B." (Society for Feeding Birds). This becomes a wide-spread organization, and leads to intimacy with a third fine lad, Philip Moon, who has great ability in caring for pets and gardening. In the second volume the three friends camp for the summer in a fine tent on the shore of a lake and are care-takers for a vacant home. They add to their number a talented boy-stranger, "Lucci," whom they befriend—with the approval of their parents. Jimmie's ingenuity appears in a machine for taking water from the lake, which enables Philip's garden to flourish, and a home-made house-boat, in which the boys spend many happy hours. Prizes are offered by the editor of a boy's paper for certain work, and these comrades secure four of these and joyfully allude to their "luck." The book closes after a summer brim full of the healthy action boys love. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. 12mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.25.)

LONG KNIVES, a Story of George Rogers Clark's Expedition. By George Cary Eggleston. Illustrated.

"Long Knives" is a graphic narrative of adventure, embodying the romantic wonder-story of George Rogers Clark's truly Napoleonic conquest of all the region north of the Ohio for the struggling American republic, during the Revolutionary War. The bald history of that wonderful campaign is in itself a dramatic romance, and by a minute attention to details of condition and custom, together with the construction of a personal story of intense human interest as a thread upon which to hang the historical facts, Mr. Eggleston has given a new and fascinating glamour to the tale of the historians.

It is said that certain of the author's ancestors were soldiers under George Rogers Clark, and that in the present story legends handed down in Mr. Eggleston's own family and learned by heart in his childhood—legends which are in fact history—constitute practically all there is of fiction in the book.

Certainly no better, more dramatic, or more vividly picturesque account of the conquest of the great Northwest has ever been written, and its historical accuracy is absolute. Boys will eagerly

follow the fortunes of the young hero, and their elders will dwell again upon one of the most important achievements in the making of our country. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. 12mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.50.)

GOOD STORIES FROM THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

One of the commonest experiences in the mental life of the average man is irritation at his inability to remember what so tremendously amused him yesterday. He knows it was funny. He even grins at the recollection of the grin that is gone. And yet he can't for the life of him recall the cause of it all. Just recall how often you have said: "Heinie Thompson told a perfectly killing story at luncheon yesterday; I can't just think of it now, but it was a screamer." It looks almost idiotic in cold type,—a statement like that,—and yet it is a commonplace for most of us. The reason one leaves for the psychologist to fathom; the irritation remains and should make popular such a book as "Good Stories from the Ladies' Home Journal," which, to no uncertain point, is pretty sure to contain the anecdote that you have forgotten.

The Ladies' Home Journal is one of the most popular magazines in the country, and one of the most popular departments which it has ever run was that devoted to the good stories, the bright jokes, and the sparkling anecdotes which its readers in every nook and cranny of the United States—in busy and up-to-date New York as well as in keen Kansas—have heard and sent in to the editors. Thus the magazine has procured the cream of the living humor of the American people. By a special arrangement with the publishers, the present attractive little volume includes the very cream of that cream. We heartily prescribe it for the blues. (Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. Price, illuminated boards, 50 cents; ooze calf, \$1.00.)

DEFENDING HIS FLAG; OR, A BOY IN BLUE AND A BOY IN GRAY. By Edward Stratemeyer. Illustrated by Grizwold Tyng.

This is one of the best stories penned by this well-known writer for young people, and because of its peculiar plot is bound to obtain a wide popularity in all parts of our country. There are two heroes, one in the army of the North and the other in the cavalry of the South, friends personally, yet bitter foes when on the great battle-fields. Both enlist at the opening of the Civil War, and the action of the tale takes in the first battle of Bull Run and the whole of the campaign before Richmond. In one chapter we see the Northern boys in blue fighting valiantly, and in the next we throw our fortunes in with those of the South and, who stood up so bravely for what they thought was true and right. There are many side-lights of the great military leaders on both sides, and vivid pen-pictures of forced marches, skirmishes, life in camp and in prison; of the doings of the guerrillas; and of what was said and done by those who lived upon the soil where these contests were fought. Mr. Stratemeyer has given to the historical portions the keenest possible study, consulting many

works alike from the Southern as well as the Northern point of view, and taking in the narratives of those who fought for either the Stars and Stripes or the Stars and Bars. This is a volume every man and boy, North and South, ought to read and profit by, and one which must prove a real power in cementing the friendship now springing up between those who once opposed each other on the field of daring and duty. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.)

THE BACHELOR'S GUIDE TO MATRIMONY.

Do "Life's Little Ironies generally wear petticoats?"

Is "the light that lies in woman's eyes no George Washington?"

"Why is it that the friends of the bride always sob and the friends of the groom always snicker?"

These are some of the pertinent riddles considered in "The Bachelor's Guide to Matrimony." This is a handsome book, illustrated by Harrison Fisher, Gordon Grant, and Will Grefé; dedicated to Eva Tanguay, the comedienne; and written by Reginald Wright Kauffman, who, though for sometime we'll known as one of our most brilliant young novelists and poets, now, at a bound, has taken his place among the foremost American humorists. His is, in fact, the cleverest book of its kind that has appeared in many a long season.

Mr. Kauffman declares that "the Woman Question is, after all, nothing but Man;" yet there is no phase of the problem that he does not illuminate with the startling searchlight of his wit.

Is the Woman Question flirtation?—"Never put off till to-morrow the love you may make to-night."

Are your intentions serious?—"While you are looking for a wife, keep your eyes open; afterwards you will have plenty of cause to shut them."

And Marriage.—"It is the alarm-clock to Love's Young Dream."

As for the end of marriage.—"People who have sweethearts get married; people who have affinities get divorced."

These are only the general topics. Mr. Kauffman goes further into details, and gives a full measure of sound advice. "To the woman who rouges," he says, "love is blind;" whereas, "The girl who is no spring chicken will usually lay for you." The men come in also for their share of censure: "Fast husbands don't make slow wives." He tells us, "Any fool can win love, but only a hero can keep it," and "It is a lucky thing for most husbands that there is plenty of formaldehyde in the milk of human kindness." There is, however, more than cynicism in Mr. Kauffman's outlook. "Two cannot live on what one can," he declares; "but the living is better worth while." . . . "On the grave of first love there grows but one flower, and that's the forget-me-not." . . . "Love," he finally concludes, "is like wine: age only sweetens it, and its worth is measured by the cobwebs of the years." Just as it will be hard to find more cleverness in recent literature than the wit of this book, so it will be difficult to discover more of truth and tenderness. (Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. Price, illuminated cloth, 50 cents; ooze calf, \$1.00.)



Austin B. Fletcher, President of the New England Society in the City of New York

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THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK

By WINTHROP PACKARD



NOTHING is more noteworthy than the carrying-power of the spirit. We see this in those early beginnings which made New England possible.

We see it in the later strivings and achievements which made the six States known, applauded, and looked up to as exemplars in all the deeper meanings of civilization. It has since planted the New England idea in far distant lands and even greater fields of usefulness. New England has always been too big for the narrow confines of its six States. As you study its history it is seen to overflow its borders in all ways — backward into the days that were before New England was known as a name, and forward into our own time, where we find the New England cutflow, physical and spiritual, permeating the greater institutions of our whole country and having its influence on the thought and hopeful aspiration of the great world. For New England in its truest sense is more than a geographical entity. It is the constant flame of a spirit, the fulfilment of a great principle, the worshipful deification of a divine right.

In fact, New England, in the deeper significance of the words, is not a place at all; it is a state of mind!

Therefore the New Englander at his best, and in this article we need consider no other, has certain characteristics which mark him for a man of eminence among his

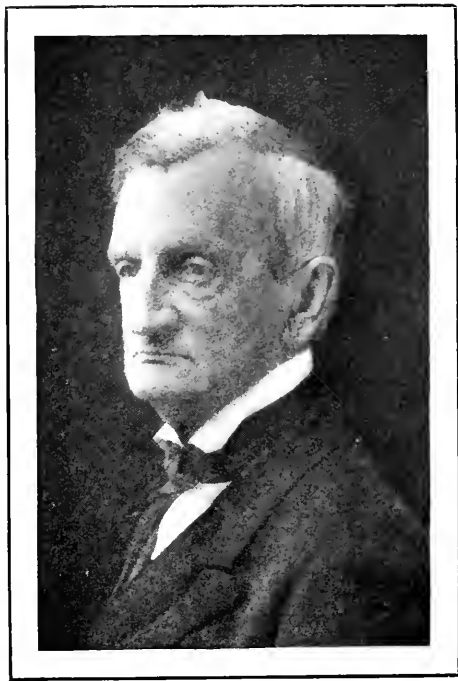
fellows, a result of quiet strength of character and definite force of achievement. You may not hear his name loudest in the market-places, but you will find his record of good and great achievements longest in the books of the recording angel, who sees the verities of life.

You may trace the New Englander, therefore, in either direction — out of present-day New England into the newer States of the Union, most of which he had a hand in founding and which to-day his clear head dominates through energy, uprightness, and constancy of purpose, or backward, through the old colony, across the sea, far beyond the beginnings at Plymouth Rock in 1620. You may see his sturdy independence, his kindly spirit, his fearless intellectuality, in Brewster, Bradford, and Robinson, and their followers at Scrooby Manor in old England, and you may find the same spirit of honest defiance in those Separatists of an earlier day who suffered martyrdom at the hands of their less tolerant neighbors. Of such were the plain-dealing Latimer, Fox, author of the "Book of Martyrs," the sturdy and scrupulous Hooper, and that intractable Scotch firebrand, old John Knox.

Puritanism — and in Puritanism was born the rugged thought, the fiery impulse, which were later to be refined and broadened into the New England character — had its birth in John de Wicliffe, who lived, preached, fought, and died — most truly a martyr, though not at the stake — nearly three hundred years before the landing at



Edwin D. Morgan, President 1865-1867



William M. Evarts, President 1858-1862

Plymouth. In brave old John de Wicliffe was first crystallized that state of mind which is the birthright of your true New Englander. In summing up his character you sum up the basic principles which in many ways account for the society of which I write.

Wicliffe was a reformer, the greatest of the "reformers before the Reformation," for he lived a hundred and fifty years before Luther. He was English born and college bred, a student, a thinker, and withal a man of action. He received a degree from Oxford and lectured on divinity there, was Master of Baliol College, and later entered the ministry, where he was an able and powerful preacher. He had the brains to see the oppression and iniquity practised by the Church of his day and the courage to speak his mind freely thereon. He had, moreover, the eloquence as a preacher which commands attention. When this had brought upon him the enmity of the great powers of the Church and he was brought to trial in a way that might well mean a trip to Tyburn Hill and the gallows he defended himself so cleverly and bravely that he escaped death, though not punishment. He

translated the Bible and disseminated it among the poor. He was a scholar, a philanthropist, a reformer, a man of affairs, and in all of it a gentleman.

You can find nothing more nearly approximating the best of the New England type of man to-day.

Wicliffe died, stricken in the pulpit where he still boldly preached freedom of thought and the rights of the individual, but his cause lived after him in the hearts of thousands for whose aspirations and beliefs he had found a voice. It was his spirit, the New England spirit, that sent Fox and Latimer and their kin to the stake, that took Bradford and Brewster, thoughtful and scholarly, and the Rev. John Robinson, the gentle, noble, and persuasive, out of the Church, then over the water for the eleven-year exile in Holland, and finally sent the devoted band of Pilgrims across wintry seas in the *Mayflower* to land on Plymouth Rock and fight their way to homes in the Massachusetts wilderness. It was that same spirit that subdued this wilderness, planting schoolhouses and churches as it went, wresting prosperity from a stubborn soil, and raising up great men and noble



Hon. Joseph H. Choate, President 1867-1871



Daniel F. Appleton, President 1877-1879

women to go forth and spread the gospel of New England far over its borders.

There were many great treks of New Englanders in the early days — first from the seacoast settlements into the interior, settling and peopling the six States, then beyond their borders into the wilderness far to the west. Perhaps the most notable of these emigrations was that led by General Putnam and other revolutionary heroes, which resulted in the settlement of Marietta, Ohio, laying the corner-stone of civilization in the great Northwest Territory.

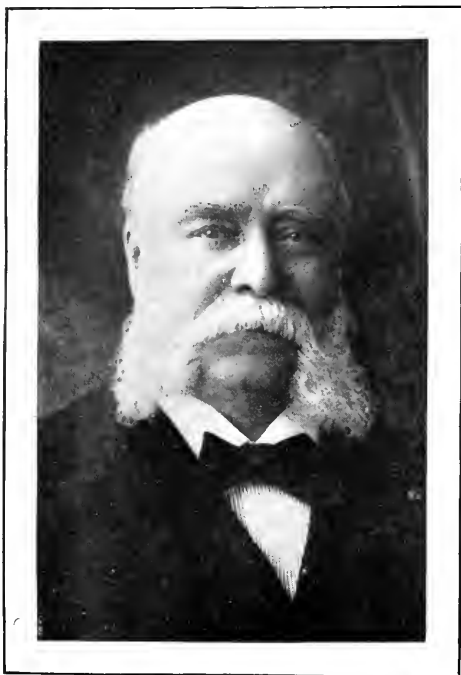
The coming of the New Englander to New York City was none of these. The team-work, the community spirit, which military training through the great Revolution may have taught and fostered, which New Englanders have brought to perfection in so many Western communities, does not show, did not show, in the settlement of New York City by New Englanders. They came as individuals; as such were absorbed into the bustling, vigorous life of the already established community. As individuals they dwelt there and did their work, and in a large measure do to this day. Perhaps one reason is that the New Englander has there

come to be a man of such stature, intellectually and financially, that he finds his own resources all-powerful.

This is certainly true of many if not most individual members of the New England Society in the City of New York, which was after all the first evidence of the spirit of team-work among the New Englanders resident in the great metropolis.

It is a quaint story, that of the beginnings of the society — a society that is to-day, without question, because of the character, deeds, and social and business standing of its members, the most distinguished in the country. It happened in 1805, barely a hundred years ago, and the tale gives you a pretty good idea of what lower New York, to-day the abode of the most extraordinary sky-scraping buildings in the world, was then, and how marvellously it has grown since. I can do no better than to tell it in the words of an old-time member, Woolsey Rogers Hopkins, as they are recorded in *The Magazine of American History*, and preserved in the archives of the society.

As New England Societies are now a power in the land, it may entertain the readers of *The Magazine of American History* to learn something of



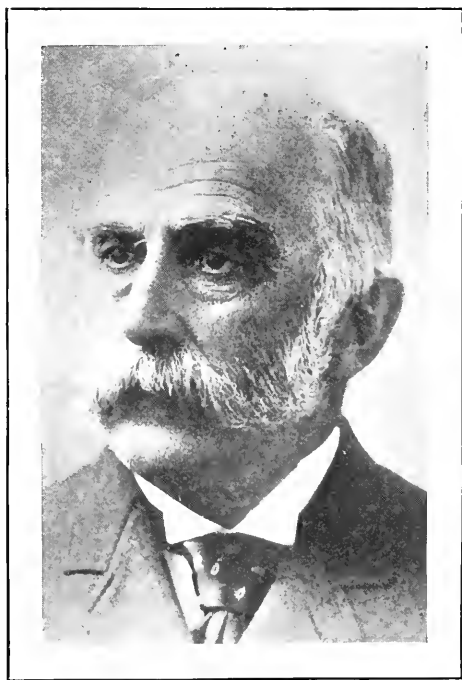
Stewart L. Woodford, President 1883-1885

about establishing a New England Society, and had finally agreed to meet informally on a certain evening and give the project shape and permanent direction. On the morning of the day appointed, the occupants of the State Street houses, looking under the tall trees, saw a schooner luff up and flap her sails while a boat was lowered. A tall, fine-looking clerical gentleman stepped in, and a moment later the yawl grated on the beach, and the passenger, bag in one hand and a very baggy umbrella in the other, landed on the hard sand. Majestically he moved up the slight ascent, taking off his capacious cocked hat under the shade of perhaps the same oak that stretched its arms over the heads of Henry Hudson and his crew nearly two hundred years before, and after standing a moment to enjoy the view, turned and crossed the velvety green square, directing his steps to the home of Moses Rogers. He was greeted by the lady of the mansion with "Welcome, Dr. Dwight; you are better than you promised!" He replied, "Yes, I had a quick passage, favored by wind and tide, and thus made the trip from New Haven in two days." His hostess inquired for "her sister and the children," and congratulated him on being in time to attend the expected gathering in the evening, which had for its object, she explained, the formation of a new society, to be called "The New England Society."

President Dwight was much pleased, and advanced many useful suggestions concerning the proposed organization. The subject came up again and again during the day, as friends and relatives came in to greet the distinguished visitor. The meeting, when evening came, was held in

the original organization of the first one of its kind in America — the New England Society of New York.

In 1805, when the metropolis was a much smaller and a very different city from the New York of to-day, James Watson, the first president of the New England Society, then a gentleman of leisure, culture, and hospitality, resided in a handsome old-time mansion in the shady and gently curved street bordering the Battery Park. He was much respected in his little world, was the intimate friend of General Samuel B. Webb, and of Trumbull, the famous artist, and many other persons of eminence. He died, however, in early middle life, and might have passed from the memory of man — as he left no kin — but for a beautiful portrait painted by his friend Trumbull, which hangs before me as I write these lines. We find him represented in the picture as a man of some forty well-rounded years, with a florid complexion, high forehead fringed by soft hair gathered back in a queue, beautiful eyes, a pleasing expression of countenance, and stylishly dressed in the coat of the period, with large old-fashioned ruffles escaping from the vest. At No. 7 State Street, in the mansion adjoining that of James Watson, resided Moses Rogers, of Connecticut birth and parentage, a merchant of the great firm of Woolsey & Rogers. His wife was Sarah Woolsey, sister of the wife of President Dwight of Yale College. At 68 Stone Street resided William Walton Woolsey, (a brother of Mrs. Rogers), whose wife was a sister of President Dwight, and granddaughter of President Edwards. These gentlemen, together with Samuel M. Hopkins and several others, had been talking



James C. Carter, President 1879-1880

James Watson's parlor, No. 6 State Street; a dozen or more earnest, thoughtful men gathered about the bright, sparkling wood fire. Samuel M. Hopkins, the first secretary of the society, came from the upper part of Pearl Street, bringing a tin lantern in his hand. If we had seen him on his way we should have noted that he moved irresolutely, questioning whether he should pass the lower point of the Swamp, and up Fulton Street, so as to avoid high tide and wet feet at Cedar and Pine Streets, or go through Chatham Street by the Tea Water Pump. He chose the latter route, and had a hard time struggling through the mire of the unpaved road, but reached Broadway finally, and, calling Col. Trumbull, arrived in State Street at the hour named. Among others present were General Ebenezer Stevens, Samuel A. Lawrence, President Dwight, Moses Rogers, William Walton Woolsey, Oliver Wolcott, Francis Bayard Winthrop, then residing in Wall Street, and D. G. Hubbard. After some preliminary conversation, Nathaniel Prime was called to the chair, and William Leffingwell appointed secretary. But little was accomplished on the occasion, except the formation of a committee to draft the constitution, a general discussion as to the principles which the document should embody, and an arrangement for a public meeting at the City Hotel on May 6, to consummate the contemplated organization. In turning over the time-browned leaves of the precious original records carefully preserved during the three fourths of a century since they were written (in a clear, beautiful hand), we read as follows:

"We whose names are herewith subscribed, convinced that it is the duty of all men to promote the happiness and welfare of each other, witnessing the advantages which have arisen from the volun-



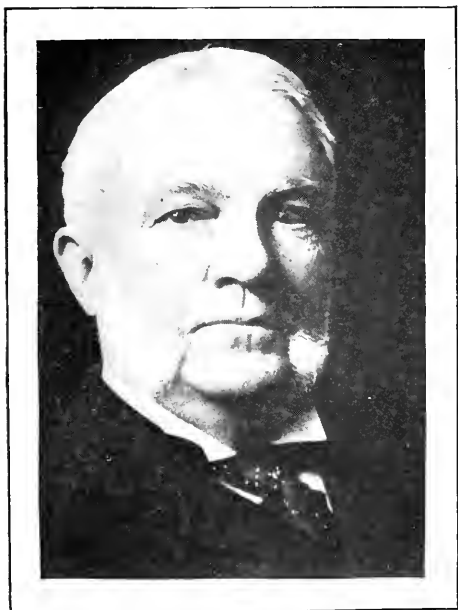
Horace Russell, President 1885-1887

tary associations of individuals, allied to each other by a similarity of habits and education, and being desirous of diffusing and extending the like benefits, do hereby associate ourselves under the name of the 'New England Society of the City and State of New York.'

"The objects of this Society are friendship, charity, and mutual assistance; and to promote these purposes we have formed and do assent to the following articles," and then follows: *Article 1st*, defining the titles and duties of the officers; *Article 2d*, stating that as soon as seventy persons, natives of New England and residing in the city of New York, shall have subscribed, they shall meet and elect officers; *Article 9th*, affirming that each member shall be a New England man by birth, or the son of a member; *Article 10th*, defining that by a vote of two thirds, persons not having these qualifications may be admitted; *Article 11th*, explaining that by a two-thirds vote, given *viva voce* and entered on the records, a member may be suspended. No fear of responsibility, it seems. The present masked method of admitting and suspending by black balls was not known to these honorable gentlemen. *Article 12th* states that this Society shall have no power to impose secrecy.

A brief extract from the minutes will inform the reader concerning the first public meeting:

"At a general meeting of the New England Society, held at the City Hotel on the 6th of May, 1895, Wm. Henderson was named chairman and Benj. M. Mumford secretary. The articles of association being read by the secretary, and it appearing to this meeting that the same had been



Cornelius N. Bliss, President 1887-1889



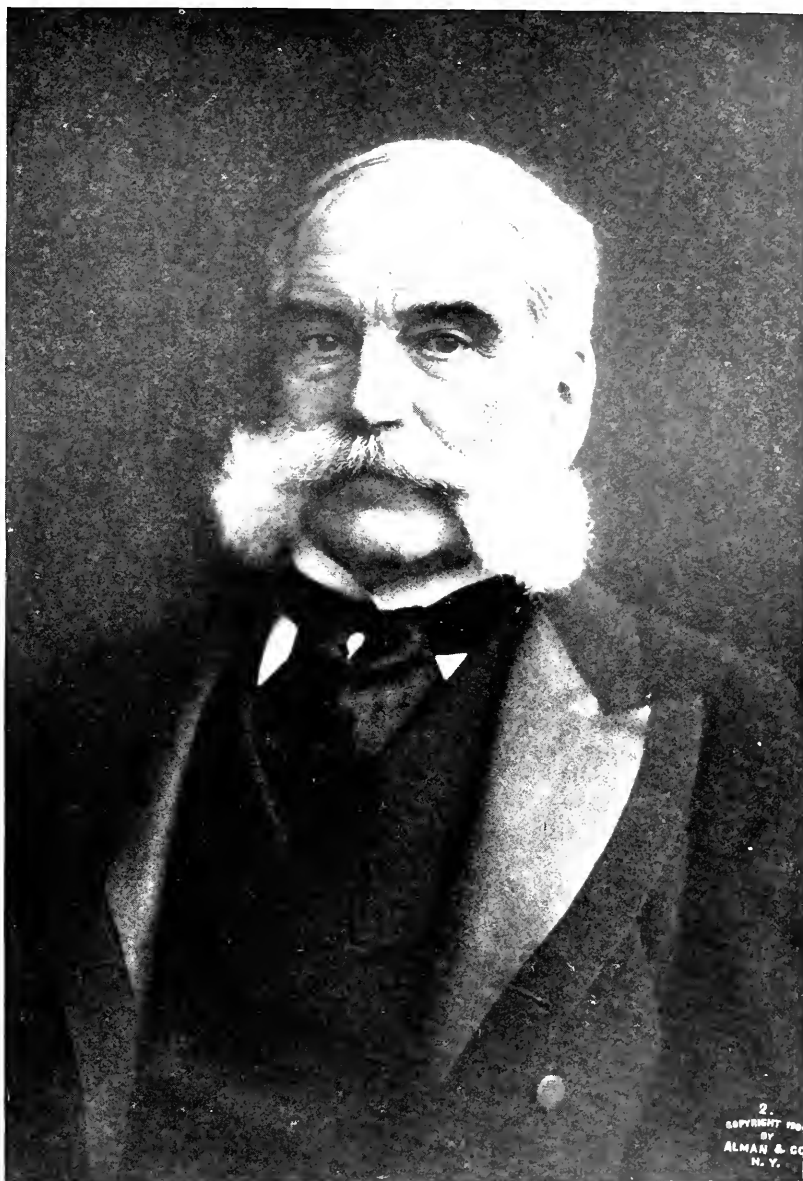
James Watson, First President of the Society, 1805-1807

subscribed by more than seventy persons, natives of the New England States, it was

Resolved, To proceed to the election of officers according to the said articles; viz., president, two vice-presidents, four counsellors, and eight assistants; all upon one ticket; and on counting the

ballots the following gentlemen appeared to have been elected:

“President — James Watson; Vice-Presidents — Ebenezer Stevens and Francis Bayard Winthrop; Board of Counsellors, Rufus King, Samuel Osgood, Abijah Hammond, Oliver Wolcott.



Morris K. Jesup, First Vice-President

"Assistants — Moses Rogers, Wm. Lovett, Wm. Henderson, Wm. Leffingwell, Samuel Mansfield, Elisha Coit, John P. Mumford, and Gurdon S. Mumford." On the same day the board of officers met at the house of Gen. Ebenezer Stevens, and chose Jonathan Burrall treasurer, and Samuel M. Hopkins and Benj. M. Mumford

secretaries. Henceforward the meetings were held at different places."

On May 17th, at Ross's Hotel, Broad Street, and on Dec. 6th, following, it was resolved "that Col. Trumbull be requested to form a certificate to be furnished to the members in testimony of their belonging to the Society." The first dinner



(Copyright, 1900, by Geo. G. Bain)

Elihu Root, President 1893-1895

was given Dec. 21, 1805, and the toasts were, "The City of Leyden," "John Carver," "John Winthrop," and "The Memory of Washington." The first volunteer toast was by General Stevens, "Our President, James Watson, a man who is the delight of his friends and an honor to the Society over which he presides." A song was composed for this occasion by Thomas Green Fessenden. At this and succeeding anniversary dinners, when the "Clergy of New England" was given as a toast, the music was invariably "Old Hundred." Other songs on various occasions were "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," "Roslyn Castle," and "Anacreon in Heaven." For some years the meetings were held at the Tontine Coffee House, at Barden's Long Room, Broad Street, and at Benjamin Butler's in Wall Street, but about 1812 the Society settled at Niblo's Bank Coffee House.

The charming old house where the first meeting was held is still standing. But the architectural reformers entered it not very long since and now little remains of its original antiquarian elegance.

So runs the story of quaint beginnings in a quaint old city which was the New York of more than a century ago. That the members of the society were then New Yorkers as well as New Englanders of the old school one may learn from a further study of the history of the society and the minutes of its first meetings. For instance, we learn with interest, not unmixed with dismay, that at the first annual dinner, held at the City Hotel in Broadway, on the 21st of December (the 22d, Forefathers' Day, being Sunday), seventeen formal toasts were drunk, as follows:

First. The anniversary we celebrate, the birthday of a nation.

Second. New England, the land of our fathers, and the soil of liberty — may it ever be happy and true.

Third. The City of Leyden — may it receive the gratitude of the sons of New England for the protection and hospitality afforded to their ancestors.

Fourth. The memory of the pious men who for conscience' sake first became exiles and then the founders of New England.

Fifth. John Carver, first Governor of the first Colony of New England.

Sixth. John Winthrop, the venerable founder and first Governor of Massachusetts.

Seventh. John Smith, who gave to New England its name and to its inhabitants a bright example of naval skill and courage.

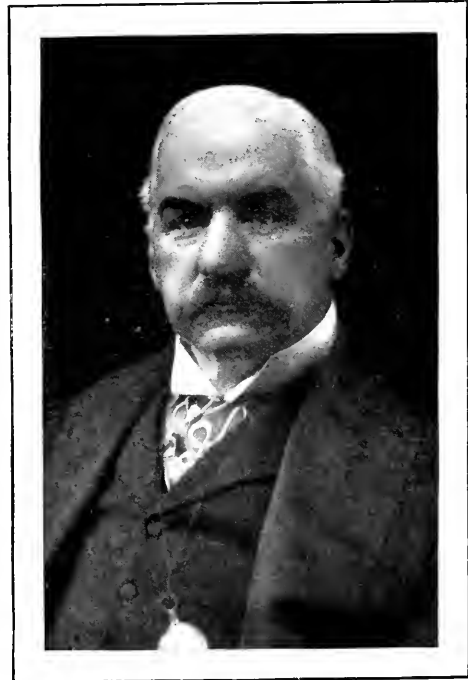
Eighth. The descendants of the first settlers of New York — we respect them as our older brethren, and may they regard us as members of their family.

Ninth. The descendants of New England — may their voice ever be heard on the side of order and just government.

Tenth. The State of New York — may its fruitful fields and extended commerce continue to encourage and reward the enterprise of its citizens.

Eleventh. The memory of Washington. In every virtuous act and glorious strife, he shone the first and best.

Twelfth. The President of the United States.



(Copyright by Pach Bros., 1902)

J. Pierpont Morgan, President 1889-1891

Thirteenth. Education, the moral bulwark of civil and religious freedom.

Fourteenth. National rights, well understood and firmly asserted.

Fifteenth. The sacred love of country. With this the smallest nations are invincible; without it, none can be great.

Sixteenth. National honor, the impenetrable shield of safety.

Seventeenth. Peace, but an age of war rather than a moment of dishonor.

VOLUNTEERS

To our President, James Watson, conferring respect to a man who is a delightful friend and an honor to the Society over which he presides.

After which the society sang the tune "Anacreon in Heaven," three verses having been composed for this old-time favorite by Mrs. Thomas Green Fessenden.

As many as seventeen or eighteen formal toasts seem to have been the custom at these early dinners, but there were others added oftentimes, proposed by members from the floor or by interested spectators in the galleries. These toasts were drunk standing, and it is affirmed of the hard-headed New Englanders that they stood to the last one of a score or more as well as to the first.



Charles C. Beaman, President 1895-1897



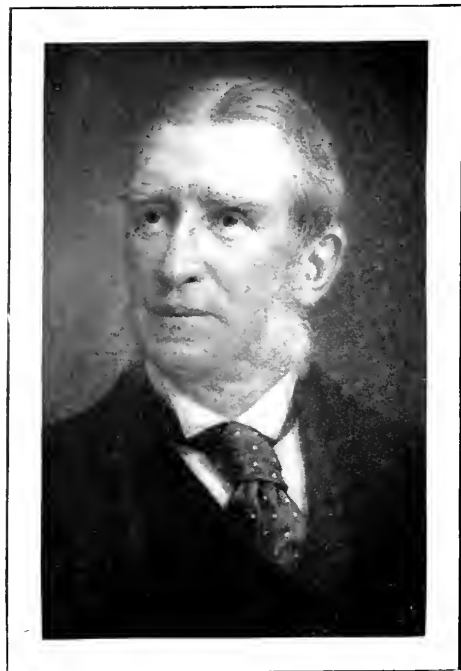
Henry E. Howland, President 1897-1899

Indeed, the records show that at the dinner of Dec. 22, 1812, after the eighteen regular toasts had been drunk and before any volunteer toasts were given, Commander Decatur and Captain Hull retired. After that, twenty-three volunteer toasts were drunk! With the changing years and the new ideals of conviviality these customs of a century ago have not survived at the society's dinners.

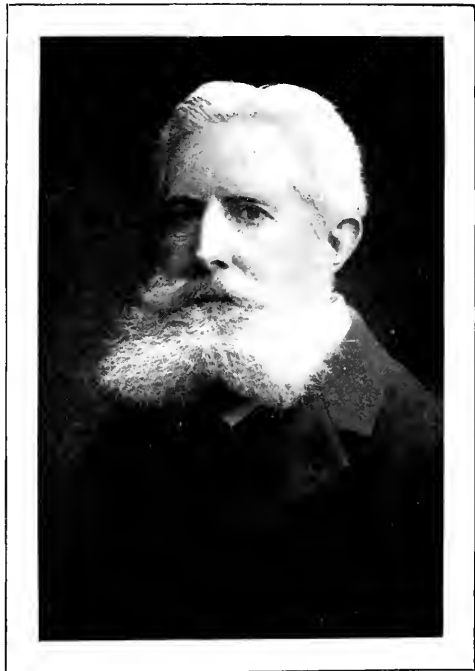
New England thrift crops out in those earlier records too here and there, as witness the following:

The Committee appointed by the Board of Officers of the New England Society of the State and City of New York examined the accounts of Mr. Noble for the use of his room and refreshments, report that they have performed that duty and find such bill to be correct excepting that there is a charge for room on the 20th of February, 1816, of \$3.00, and for room and cigars on the 15th of July, 1817, of \$3.50, on which days there were no meetings of the Board of Officers. On the 10th of June, 1817, the Board adjourned to meet again on the 13th of October, and further excepting a charge of \$1.88 for supper on the 18th of December, 1817.

At a meeting of the committee of arrangements, which three items, in the opinion of your committee, ought not to be allowed; and they further report that on the 11th of March, 1817, the Board of Officers met at Mr. Noble's, for which he has not



William E. Dodge, President 1899-1901



Edmund Clarence Stedman, President 1901-1903

charged. Your committee on this occasion beg leave respectfully to recommend to the Board of Officers that Mr. Noble be requested to present his bill for room, etc. at each meeting of the Board before the adjournment, and that the bills be kept by the secretary until the close of the year, which will prevent any mistakes or impositions, all of which is respectfully submitted.

(Signed) N. TAYLOR,
D. E. BLISS.

But all this time the main business of the society is seen to be going on. New Englanders were brought together in frequent meetings, were encouraged to know one another better, to exchange views on public questions of politics and finance, with no doubt resulting great benefit to the New Englanders themselves, to the society, and to the city of New York. Social courtesies were continually extended to visitors to the metropolis from the New England States, financial encouragement was given to worthy, struggling New Englanders, and much downright charity was quietly, but freely, dispensed, as witness:

Voted, That Mr. Wolcott, Mr. Lovett, and Mr. Leffingwell be a committee to receive and decide on all applications for charity between this time and the next meeting of the Board, and to draw

on the treasury for such money as they shall deem expedient for that purpose.

At a meeting of the Board of Officers of the New England Society, held at Ross's Hotel, in Broad Street, on Friday evening, the 14th of November, 1806, a letter from Philip M. Tottham representing his imprisonment and necessities was read and referred to a committee heretofore appointed for charitable purposes.

Resolved, That there be loaned to Mr David Tomlinson the sum of \$200.00 to enable him to complete the fire engine or hydraulic engine constructed by him, to be advanced upon good security in such form and of such nature as shall be approved by William Leffingwell and Samuel M. Hopkins, for the repayment thereof in two years with interest at 7 per cent. and that they be authorized to draw upon the treasurer for that sum accordingly.

It was further ordered that the committee of charity be requested to purchase fifty loads of oak wood at the lowest prices at which they can be obtained to be distributed at such times and in such quantities as the committee shall see proper to the suffering poor from New England.

And thus the story of the work goes on down the long century and more. Quietly, unostentatiously, the society works for its own good, for the good of the individual members, for the good of New Englanders in New York and elsewhere. In glancing through the list of members from year to



Hon. Seth Low, Second Vice-President

year one is astonished at the number of names of great men which he finds there — men of the earlier years whose reputations have stood the test of time; men of to-day whose long list of good and great deeds and achievements are known only in small part

to the great world, but that small part has made them famous. Indeed, take the members of the New England Society in the City of New York as it has existed for the last hundred years from the active life of the city during that period and the New York



Gen. Daniel G. Rollins, President 1891-1893



Gen. Thomas H. Hubbard, President 1903-1905

of to-day would have been a pretty poor thing. I am even ready to take issue with Mr. Hopkins in his record of the beginnings of the society where he says of James Watson, the first president: "He might have passed from the memory of man but for the painting by his friend Trumbull."

It is a regrettable fact that Mr. Watson died in early middle life, but he left a record which was surpassed by that of but few New Yorkers of his time.

James Watson, senator, was born in New York City, April 6, 1750; son of John and Bethia (Tyler) Watson; grandson of John and Sarah (Steele) Watson and a descendant of John Watson, who emigrated from England, and settled in Hartford, Conn., in 1644. He was graduated from Yale, A.B., 1776, A.M. 1779; became a wealthy merchant of New York City; was a member of the State assembly, 1791 and 1794-96, and elected in the latter year by the Democratic party as U. S. senator to complete the unexpired term of John Sloss Hobart, resigned, serving from Dec. 11, 1798 to March 19, 1801, when he became U. S. Navy agent for New York City, by appointment from President Jefferson. He was a member of the Society of Cincinnati. He died in New York City, May 15, 1806.

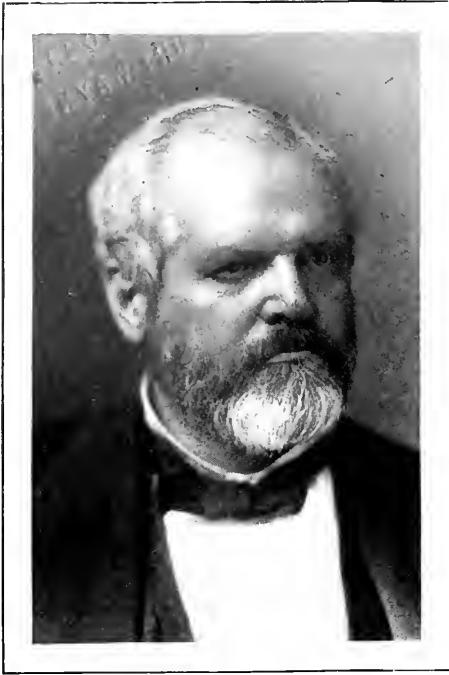
And as the society started with a distinguished man at its head and other members equally men of mark, so it has con-

tinued. It is no idle boast to say that passing down the list of thirty-four presidents, from the days of James Watson in 1805 to Austin B. Fletcher, 1907, you may pick names at random, anywhere, and not fail to find them names of men who are eminent in their profession, distinguished in their attainments, and looked up to with admiration and respect throughout the great world. Such are the names of Moses H. Grinnell, merchant prince; William M. Evarts, former Secretary of State and leader of the American bar; Elihu Root, present Secretary of State; Joseph H. Choate, Ambassador to England. Glance again and you shall see Edwin D. Morgan, Governor of New York; Cornelius N. Bliss, member President McKinley's cabinet; Stewart L. Woodford, Minister to Spain; again, and you find William E. Dodge, philanthropist; J. Pierpont Morgan, philanthropist, financial leader; Edmund Clarence Stedman, dean of American letters; and Thomas H. Hubbard, soldier, lawyer, philanthropist.

Once more, looking at the list of officers of the society for this present year of 1907, you find Austin B. Fletcher, president; Morris K. Jesup, first vice-president; Seth Low,



The Pilgrim, heroic statue in bronze, erected in Central Park by the New England Society in the City of New York, at a cost of \$20,000, subscribed by the society. It was unveiled with imposing ceremonies by the sculptor, John Quincy Adams Ward, before a large audience June 6, 1885. It faces the west, is nine feet high, and stands on a pedestal of Quincy granite three feet high designed by Richard M. Hunt, the architect



William Dowd, Treasurer 1884-1899

former Mayor of New York, president Columbia University, delegate to The Hague, second vice-president; Charles C. Burke, treasurer; and George Wilson, secretary.

But enough has been said to prove that point. These names picked somewhat at random from a list that might have been touched at almost any point with equal results are the names of typical New Yorkers, and yet — and therein the New Englander takes much pride — they are the names also of typical New Englanders.

Some reason for this pride may be found in a brief sketch of the individual records of some of these men.

It is characteristic of these men — leaders in their work — that when approached for information concerning themselves, the writer was invariably told that they had accomplished nothing worthy of mention, and was driven to public records or to their friends to learn of their achievements and their benefactions, the half of which will never be told.

President Fletcher disclaimed having accomplished anything worthy of note, yet his life of great activity thus far has been summed up by a writer, who says:

Descended from ancestors who came from England in 1630, he is a New Englander of New Englanders. Deep rooted in educational training, he had added three postgraduate courses to his regular college course, and had resigned his position as lecturer, simultaneously held in two New England universities, before he was thirty years of age.

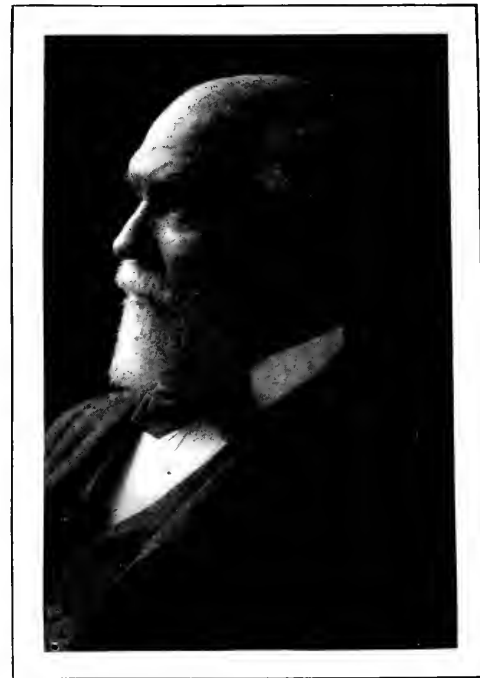
In the practice of law he has met with very unusual success, in conducting matters of vast responsibility, and as the executor of great trusts. He has been president and director in several important corporations.

The college and university from which he graduated have conferred their highest honors upon him. Succeeding former Governor William E. Russell, of Massachusetts, in 1896, he is one of the Trustees of Boston University, to whom the Governing Board looks for wise counsel and direction.

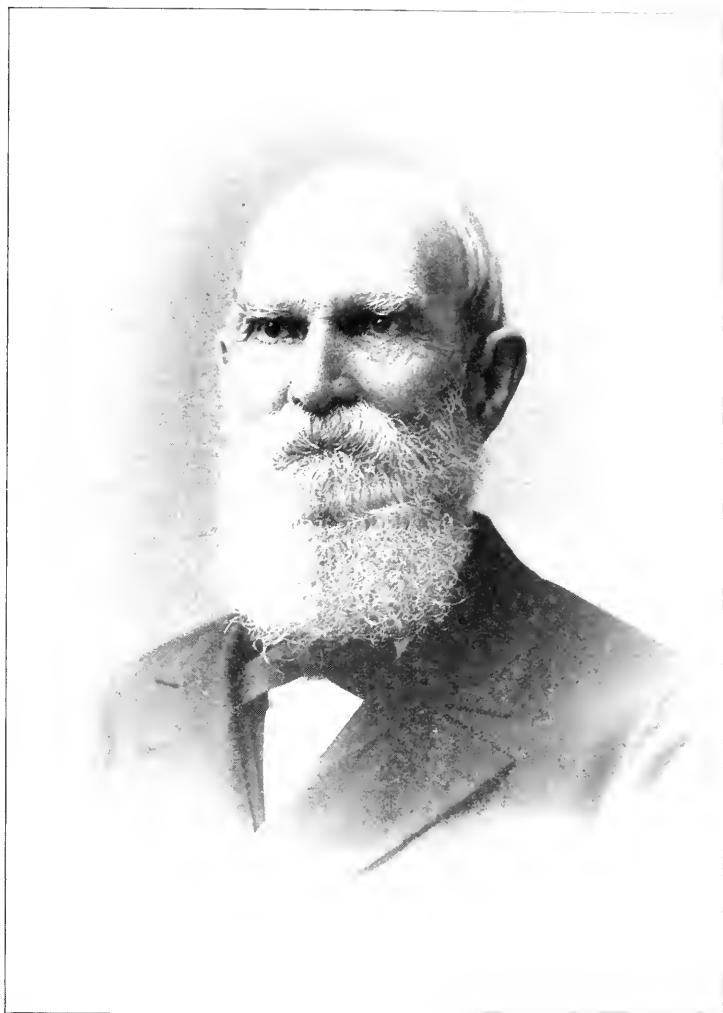
He has declined the deanship of one of the largest and most important law schools in the country, and has refused to allow his name to be used for the presidency of one of our leading educational institutions.

For twenty years he has been the president of the Fletcher Family Union, a family that has furnished more than a dozen Governors of States, many judges and members of both Houses of Congress. His charities are unostentatious, wide, and constant.

This is the outline in brief of the life-story of a modest, fearless, forceful man, an individualist of the highest type, whose pur-



Elizur B. Hinsdale, Director



Luther Prescott Hubbard

Secretary 1854-1894

He believed this society to be a grand instrumentality for cherishing and preserving their history and their traditions, and for perpetuating their great qualities. To be the secretary of that society, its permanent official representative, the keeper of its records, the custodian of its archives, its medium of communication with the world,—all this was in his eyes a grand office, which filled the utmost scope of his ambition. And yet I am inclined to think that the peculiar regard in which he was held among us did not spring wholly or principally from his many virtues, or from his devotion to the society. He was the most unique and striking figure in our whole membership, present or past. He had breathed so long and so constantly the atmosphere of Puritan life and tradition that he seemed to be an original Puritan himself; and we might almost as well imagine him to have come over in the *Mayflower* as to have been a product of our own times. He was almost an anachronism; he was the living type and survival of the forefathers. If we had a house for our permanent abode his picture would be the first to adorn its walls; if we had grounds around it his statue would be the first to rise there; and if we had a Puritan religion and a church we would canonize him. — *From a memorial address by James C. Carter.*

pose as president of this, the leading society of America, has been to hold it to its highest ideals and extend its usefulness.

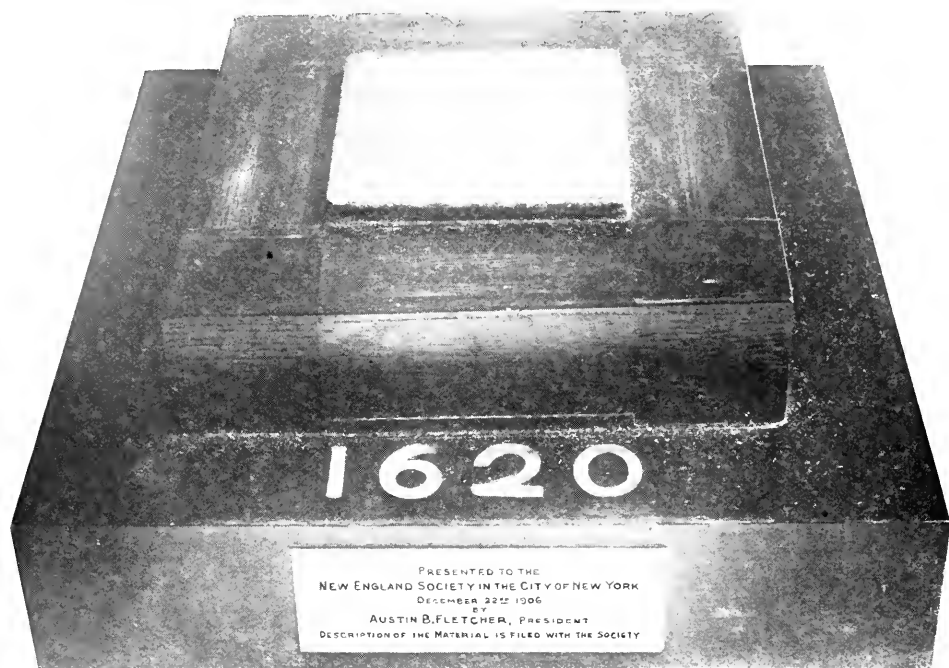
Here is another.

You may, in travelling in the South, have seen in the remoter sections where churches and preachers are hardly known, a railway-car, comfortably equipped as a chapel, stopping in the remotest corners which railways penetrate, spreading the comforts of the gospel among a people who have absolutely no means of otherwise obtaining it. You may have thought what a fine charity this is, but you would never know unless you made careful and persistent in-

quiry who is responsible for it, so quietly does the man do his work. It is Morris K. Jesup, first vice-president of the New England Society in the City of New York.

Two years ago Peary made his latest dash for the pole in the finest and best-equipped ship that has yet been sent on such an expedition, the ship furnished and the expedition financed to the amount of \$250,000 by the Peary Arctic Club, which is practically another name for one of the many philanthropic activities of Morris K. Jesup and General Thomas H. Hubbard.

Perhaps at Fayun, Egypt, you have seen an expedition searching for the buried bones



The famous Plymouth Rock block for the president's gavel

To the society has been presented this block for the president's gavel, which consists of a piece of Plymouth Rock three and one-sixteenth inches square by one and one-half inches thick.

This fragment of Plymouth Rock was broken off when the foundation was laid for the Canopy, which was erected over the Rock in 1859. This is solidly imbedded in Portland cement. The dark wood surrounding it was taken from the Harlow house, built in Plymouth, Mass., in 1661. The light wood is from the old town tree, planted in Plymouth by Thomas Davis in 1784. The lower piece is made from the timber of the *Sparrow Hawk*, wrecked at Orleans on Cape Cod in the winter of 1626-27, and described by Governor Bradford in his "History of Plimouth Plantation." Inserted in this is a diamond-shaped piece of wood taken from the mulberry-tree planted by Cardinal Wolsey in the grounds of the Scrooby manor-house, at Scrooby, England, in the year 1530; and upon the opposite side is a piece of oak taken from a moulding from the ceiling of the manor-house at Scrooby.

The rock was polished by Bowker & Torrey, of Boston, and the woodwork was made by Miles Standish Weston, of Plymouth, Mass., who is now eighty-seven years of age. The work was completed December 5, 1906.



Warren Mansfield Healey, Director



Charles F. Brooker, Director

of extinct monsters, ancestors of the elephant of to-day, relics which are of great value in the study of natural history. If so, you saw the Fayun expedition conducted by Professor Osborn, and prosecuted with funds supplied by the gift of Morris K. Jesup.

You will find Mr. Jesup president of the magnificent Museum of Natural History in the city of New York, its greatest benefactor in gifts of money, a greater benefactor still in gifts of personal service as well as collections obtained by expeditions which cost in some instances hundreds of thousands of dollars, which were planned and financed by Mr. Jesup, and which are invaluable to the scientific world of to-day. Indeed, the museum as it exists to-day in its great usefulness could never have been without the generosity, the wisdom, the keen insight, and the philanthropic spirit of self-sacrifice of Morris K. Jesup.

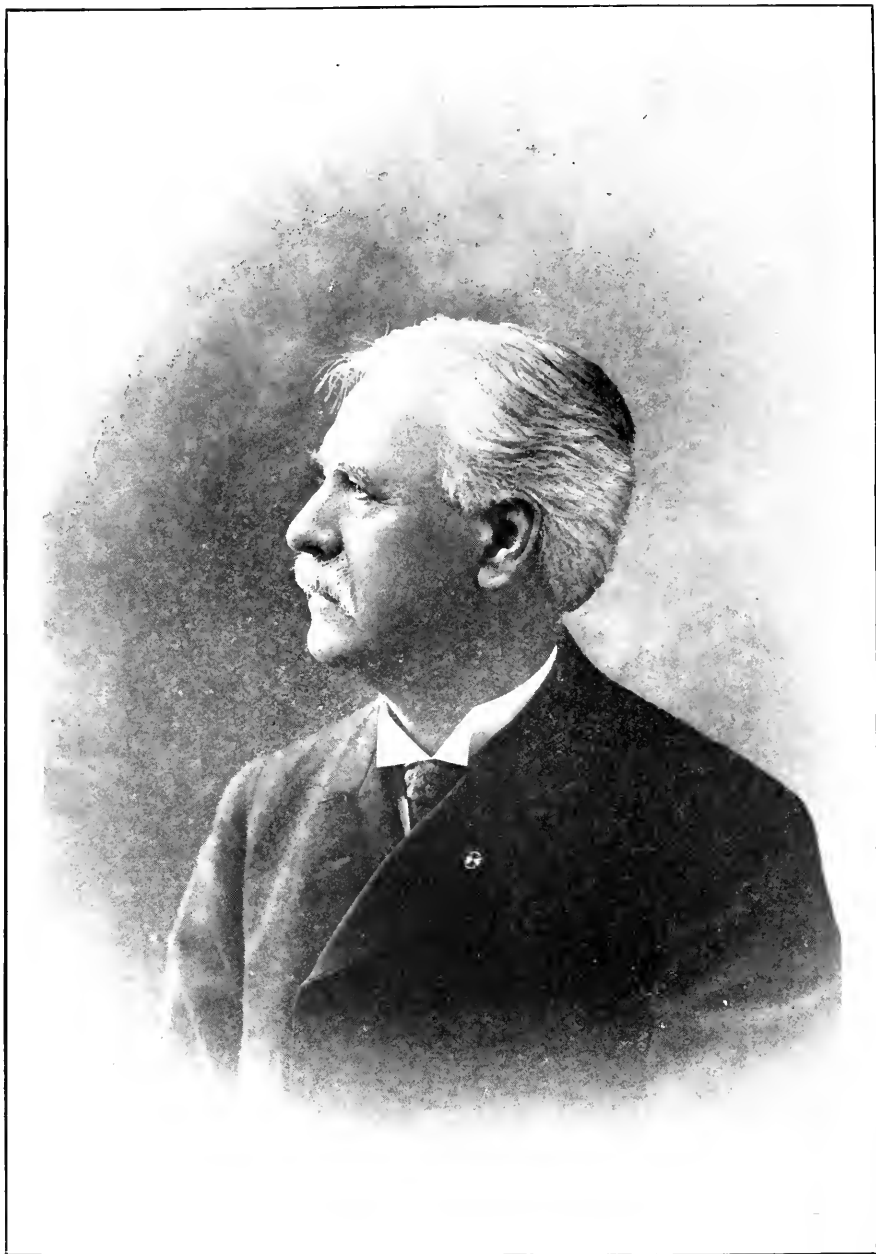
These are a few of the almost innumerable activities and benefactions which made more than one wise man of present-day Gotham say to me in fervency of spirit: "Morris K. Jesup is without question the first citizen of New York."

High praise? Yes, but deserved; and

why not give it candidly while the man is alive, instead of waiting for the warmed-over comfort of an obituary?

Since 1881 Mr. Jesup has been president of the New York City Mission and Tract Society, for which he built the DeWitt Memorial Chapel in Rivington Street in honor of his father-in-law, the Rev. Dr. DeWitt; president of the Five Points House of Industry since 1872; is one of the founders of the Y. M. C. A. of New York; president of the Chamber of Commerce; Trustee of Union Theological Seminary, to which he presented Jesup Hall; trustee of the Metropolitan Trust Company; trustee of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum and the Half Orphan Asylum; and is first vice-president of the New England Society in the City of New York, from whom he will doubtless at their next election receive his most distinguished honor yet, that of president of the society, from which President Fletcher retires by limitation of service.

And so you might go on down the list of the society, taking name after name which is distinguished in philanthropy, in finance, in jurisprudence, in statesmanship. I might mention J. Pierpont Morgan, whose record



George Wilson, Secretary

as a beneficiary to the Natural History Society is second only to that of Mr. Jesup; who is president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which he has endowed with millions in money and priceless treasures of art which can only be reckoned in sums

of other millions; who, when the recent financial crisis threatened to ruin the business of the country, came to the support of the banking institutions of the country with a score of millions. During the whole of the episode he was in charge of the bank-



Charles N. Vilas, Director



Rev. William R. Richards, D.D., Director

ing forces, his personal prestige and powerful influence over other bankers going far toward insuring united action.

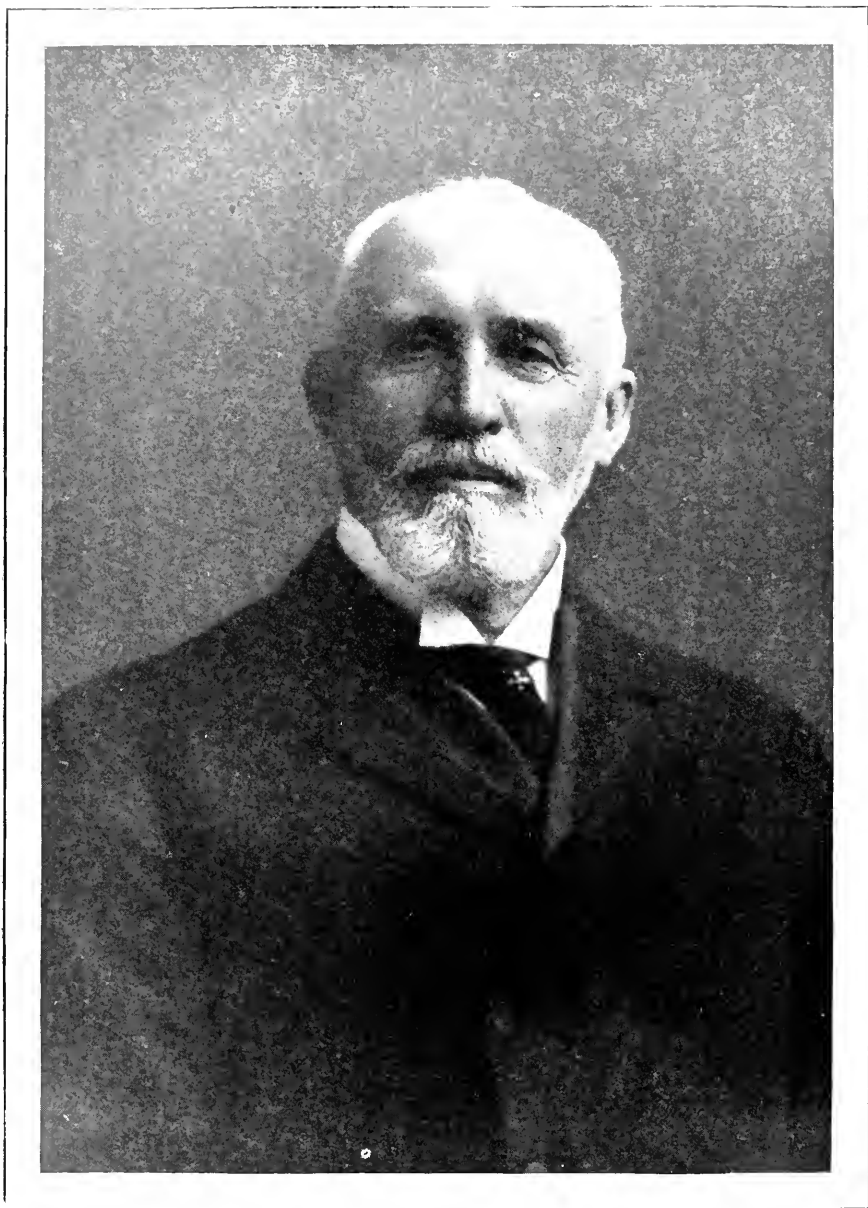
Morgan, like Jesup, is a New Englander born and bred. So is Joseph H. Choate, who was born in Salem, Mass., and whose distinguished career at the bar and as Ambassador to England has made his reputation world-wide, and who even now, although theoretically retired from active public life, is just back from distinguished public service in the interests of world peace at the Hague Conference.

All these and many more who might equally well be named seem to me fitting examples of modern variants of the splendid type of New Englander of whom I spoke in the beginning. It is a far cry indeed from John de Wicliffe to the New Englanders of the present day. Times change and men change with them, but the power of the spirit survives; and just as you see it in the work of his day which Wicliffe did, so you see it in the work of our day which the men of the New England Society in the City of New York are doing. His was a great work for his time, and he did it with the full power of the spirit that was within

him. The work of our day is equally gigantic and vastly more complex, and the men of our day who are doing it need the full power of that spirit. It is fortunate for the world that such is the breed of New England.

I have said that a characteristic of the New Englander in New York is a lack of that spirit which we speak of in college athletics as "team-work." This is particularly noticeable in the brief study which I have made of the New England Society. I have recorded many splendid individual plays of a few members. Hundreds more could be mentioned. The record of the society, as a society, though worthy, falls very far below that of almost any of its individual members. In proof of this I can do no better than quote from the eloquent speech of its president, Austin B. Fletcher, at the annual banquet last year, printed in the Year-book. He said:

During the year that has passed the society has kept the even tenor of its way. Its membership is at its height. It has always been easy to increase the number, and although some have thought it impossible to improve the quality, much greater care in this direction is now being exercised by the Committee on Admissions, and the honor of membership is thereby increased.



Charles C. Burke, Treasurer

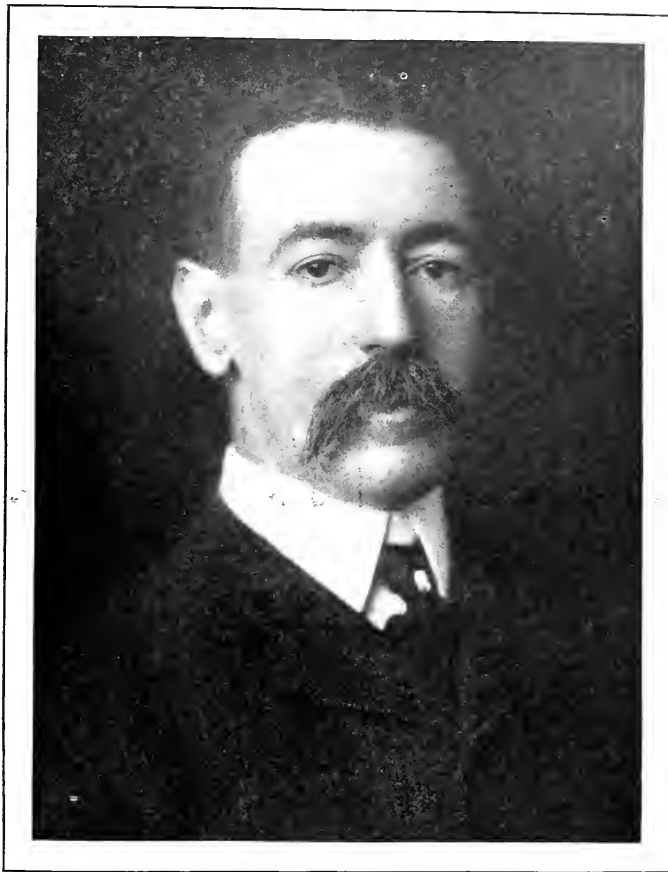
There appears to be no satisfactory way of stopping the growth of the treasury, which now contains more than \$150,000.

Under the intelligent and fostering care of the Treasurer and Finance Committee, it continues to expand, regardless of the efforts of the Charity Committee to find New Englanders in such circumstances that they are willing to come forward and help themselves.

Notwithstanding this full and increasing

treasury, I regret to say, gentlemen, that this society is entirely without a home, and is dependent upon the courtesy and friendliness of another organization for even a place to receive its mail.

I believe I speak temperately when I say that there is no other society in America capable of exerting an equal influence for good. I feel that I am justified in asserting that it represents the best blood and heart and brain of which history furnishes any record; and I am sure it will never ful-



Gilbert H. Johnson, Director

fil the purposes for which it was founded, or the usefulness that is reasonably expected of it, until it has a suitable home it may call its own.

I am of the opinion that at least \$500,000 can readily be raised, by voluntary subscriptions among our members, to be used for this purpose. I know of one subscription of \$10,000 that is ready, and I believe there are many others of much larger and of smaller amounts that will be forthcoming the moment a satisfactory plan is presented. All that is needed is serious and concerted effort.

I am repeating what you very well know when I say that a large percentage of the movements for good in this city, through the Church, through education, through charity, and for better citizenship, are being led by the members of this society. I need not ask who have been most sensitive to the cry of the unfortunate and distressed, and responded most liberally to alleviate the sufferings of our own countrymen, or have sent those argosies of relief and good-will to starving Ireland and to destitute Russia; nor need I tell you that members of this society — many of them sitting at this board to-night — have endowed universities with the wealth of a principality, are leading the move-

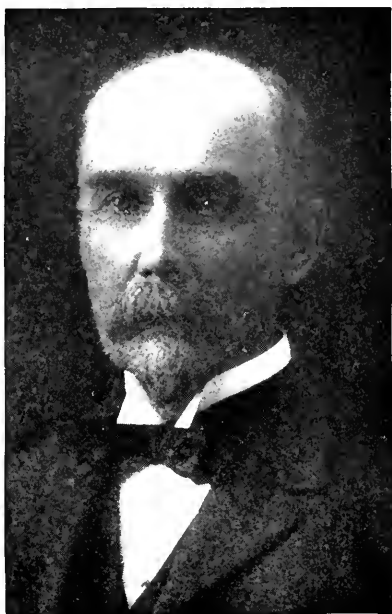
ment for the better education and the moral and industrial uplift of the colored millions of the South, have established numerous public libraries and hospitals, have brought to our shores the most exquisite and inspiring art treasures of Europe, have explored the world in the interest of science and placed our flag in the "farthest North."

Your charities, your researches, and your benefactions have been as wide as the world and as broad as humanity, and have brought you eternal honor. Others of smaller means have served their generation none the less faithfully; but have we not in the very breadth of our well-doing overlooked some of the duties that are nearer home? Is it not time, gentlemen, after the lapse of a hundred years, that we provide the means for carrying out the purposes for which this society was organized?

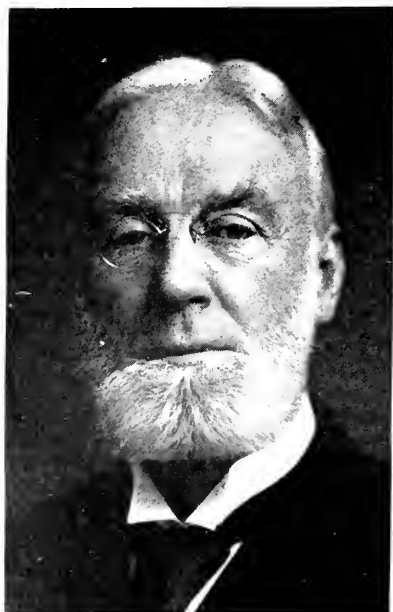
Where is the library that this society was founded to establish and maintain — the collection of rare volumes, precious manuscripts, prints, mementos, and relics we should have gathered and preserved with watchful care, but which are now lost or may be obtained with increasing difficulty? What power for good might we have ex-



George A. Plimpton, Director



A. Barton Hepburn, Director



Robert C. Ogden, Director



S. D. Brewster, Director

erted, might we now be exerting, had we a place where we could meet together and formulate our plans? Where can we welcome the young men of New England who are coming to this city in ever-increasing numbers, with high resolve and noble purpose to begin their life-work, and who instinctively and of right turn to us for counsel and guidance; young men who are to take your places and to fill them with equal honor, carrying forward the work which you must, of necessity, lay down? Where can we show to them that we approve of their New England training and spirit and recognize their claims of kinship and common ancestry?

To one thing, at least, we have been faithful: here in the fret and fever of an intense metropolitan life we have annually met on Forefathers' Day to take a grateful, reverent look backward, to keep alive our altar-fires, and to recall the virtues of those from whom we are descended.

These occasions have been recognized as of such importance that those of a different ancestry and of other climes have gladly joined us in commemorative admiration and respect.



L. Horatio Bigelow, Director

The Huguenot and the Cavalier, in gentle and courteous manner and speech, have paid their tribute to the enduring qualities of the Pilgrim. From the founding of this society to the present hour, New England's most illustrious sons — Webster, Choate, Emerson, Holmes, Bryant, Winthrop, Storrs, Evarts, Hoar — foremost men of their age, have deemed it a distinguished honor to be invited to speak in this presence, and here they have given most graceful utterance to their maturest thought.

It was here that the big-hearted Grady came up from the New South, bringing its splendid message of reconciliation, of patriotism, and of peace; and here in the inspiring companionship of great and lofty souls we have dwelt upon the mountaintops, and, by their aid, for the hour at least, have enjoyed the distant and larger view.

If these celebrations have accomplished so much, what might we not have done had we possessed a home where our efforts and energies could have centered, from which our influences would have gone forth?

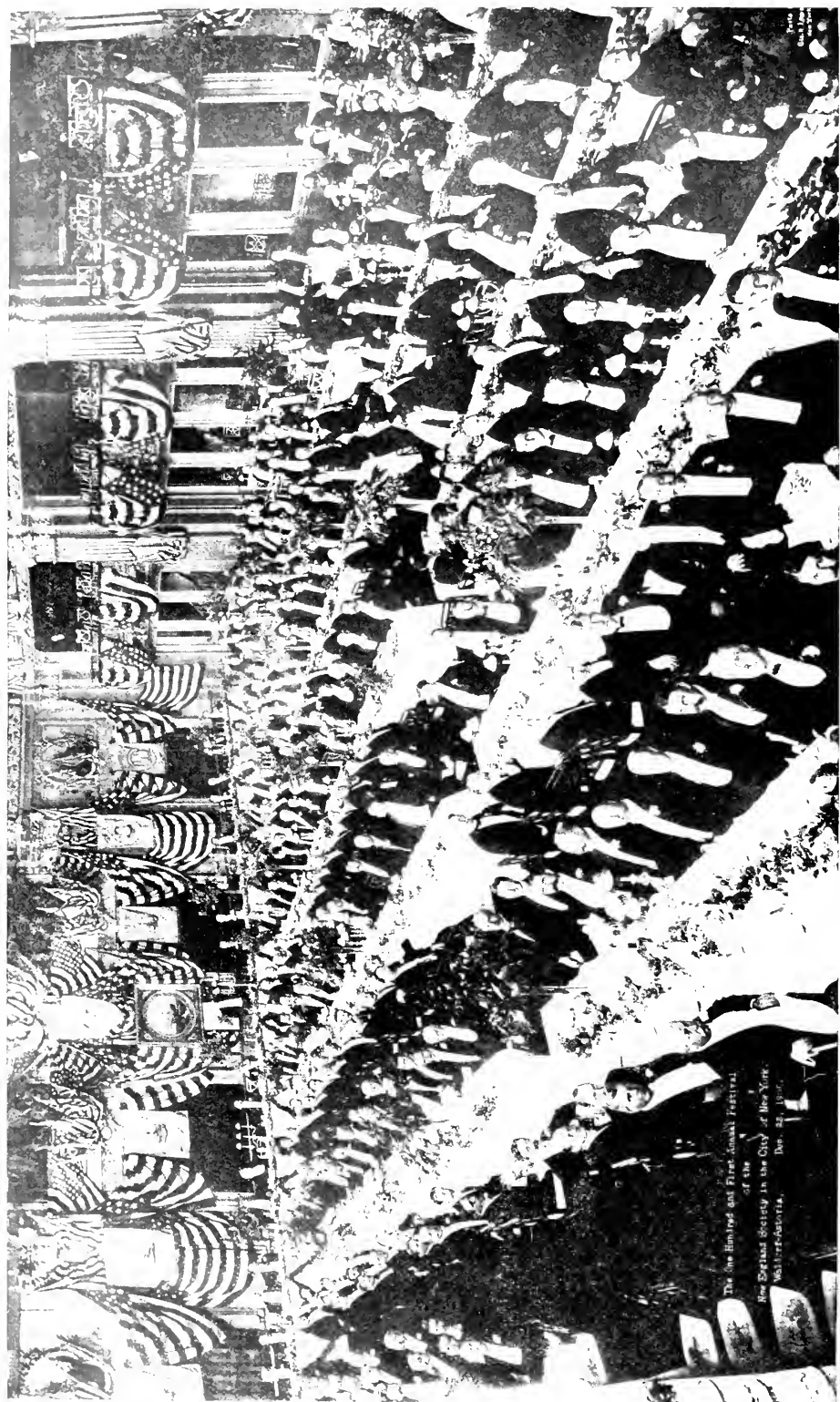
Gentlemen of the New England Society, our inheritance has been great and has imposed com-



James D. Perkins, Director



Sigourney W. Fay, Director

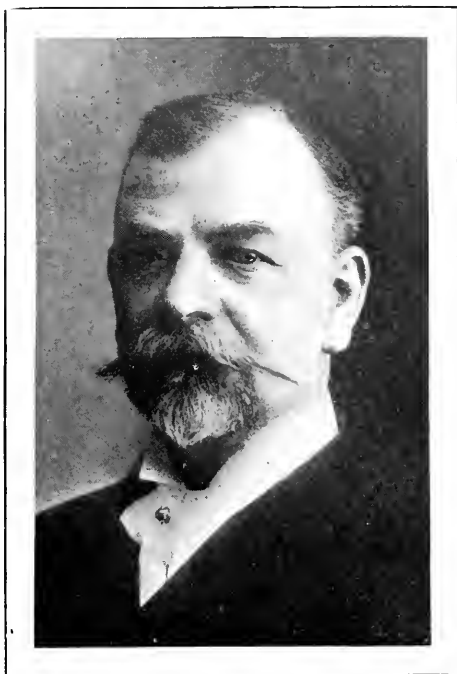


The one hundred and first annual festival of the New England Society in the City of New York at the Waldorf Astoria, Dec. 22, 1906.

The one hundred and first annual festival of the New England Society in the City of New York at the Waldorf Astoria, Dec. 22, 1906

mensurate obligations and duties. There are principles that New Englanders cherish and recognize as furnishing the very foundation of all desirable private and public life. Can this society best aid in preserving and diffusing these principles by giving merely an annual dinner, or by making it an incident in the larger work of an established home, where the principles of our fathers may be its daily guide?

The spirit of team-work pulses through all this, and one can but feel that now that the brilliant individuality of Mr. Fletcher is turned toward making it a possibility for the society, the vigorous individualities of scores of other members will be enlisted and the New England Society in the City of New York, which is to-day the most distinguished society in the country because of



Frederick G. Bourne, Director

the quality and attainments of its members, will in the not far distant future become equally distinguished for its great work as an organization.

The effect of this address and his earnest desire that the society should live nearer to its purposes and possibilities resulted at the last annual meeting in the election of Austin B. Fletcher, Morris K. Jesup, J. Pierpont Morgan, Thomas H. Hubbard, and Charles C. Burke as a committee to consider plans and raise funds by voluntary subscriptions for building a home suitable to the society's needs. The make-up of this committee is proof that the work done will be worthy of the dignity of the society and the constituency it represents.

ALONG EARTH'S PATHWAY

By CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON

Along earth's level pathway, daily trod,
I touch my Love, and see the face of God!
If thus I see Him not, what hope for me
To see God's face through all eternity?

THE NEW MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

By FREDERICK W. COBURN



E of New England owe a debt of gratitude to those whose labor and pains have made possible the new Museum of Fine Arts, now erecting in the Fenway district of the city of Boston. It would, indeed, be difficult to name the individuals to whom the man in the street will be indebted some months hence for opportunities, heretofore non-existent, to enjoy very important collections of art in a setting designed to reveal their finest qualities. The list of our benefactors began, of course, to be formed more than thirty years ago, when well-to-do citizens through loans or bequests first put their treasures at the disposal of the institution in Copley Square, then newly incorporated to "make, maintain, and exhibit collections of works of art and to afford instruction in the Fine Arts." Since then it has grown year by year.

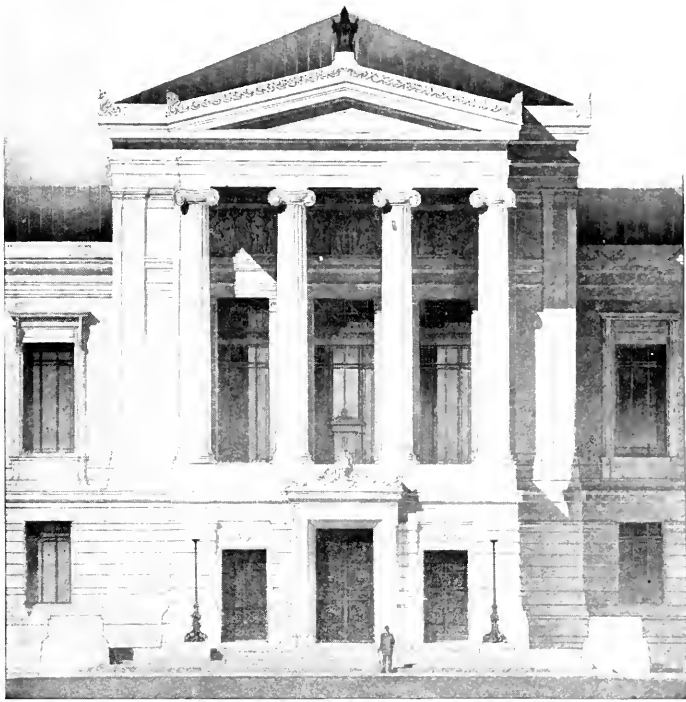
Because, in fact, of the munificence of a constantly enlarging group of public-spirited men and women, the collections of the Museum have multiplied until the building they now occupy will contain them no longer, and the time has arrived for removal to a more commodious shelter in a neighborhood where further expansion is feasible.

That necessity of relocation has created a remarkable opportunity for coöperation of trustees, architects, executive officers, and curators of the Museum of Fine Arts in developing plans which for the first time anywhere practically exemplify on a large scale certain ideas regarding the housing of collections of the fine arts that have become the common property of professional museologists. The project, furthermore, has popular as well as scholarly interest, for all these ideas have the primary purpose of rendering the departments of the art museum more attractive to the general public and more useful to students. Repositories of beautiful objects obviously should not themselves be ugly and ill-arranged. It is not their function to detract from that æsthetic enjoyment which is the chief justifi-

cation of the production and preservation of works of art. Hardly any other weariness is so heavy as "museum fatigue," which in a museum of fine art — if nowhere else — should be reduced to the minimum.

And now, through the wisdom of its guardians, a popularized, fatigueless museum is in immediate prospect. The comfort and quickening of the many-nationed crowd which on each free day fills the galleries has been given first consideration. Not that this policy is new at the Museum. What can be done to promote the educational and inspirational usefulness of the collections in the present building has been done. With its illustrated handbooks, its trained docent whose time is at the disposal of visitors, its Saturday classes for school-teachers, and its many other educational activities, the Museum of Fine Arts is already one of the best administered trusts in its community. The invitation, however, that is extended to everybody to enter and enjoy will be more gracious than ever before, after the dedication, two years hence, of the first installation of the galleries on Huntington Avenue.

The prominent architectural characteristics of the group which will compose the Museum of Fine Arts are three. First, there is the unity of the entire plan, so that the separate parts, including the outlying structures, are functionally related to each other and to a central architectural point, — the rotunda on the main or upper floor at the head of the staircase leading from the main entrance. Second, each department is a museum complete within itself. Its exhibits may be seen without the necessity of entering or passing through any other department. Third, the collections of each department are divided into "exhibition series" and "study series," the former consisting of objects shown under conditions as favorable as possible to their display in the galleries of the main floor, the latter of objects maintained primarily for the benefit of students and investigators on the floor



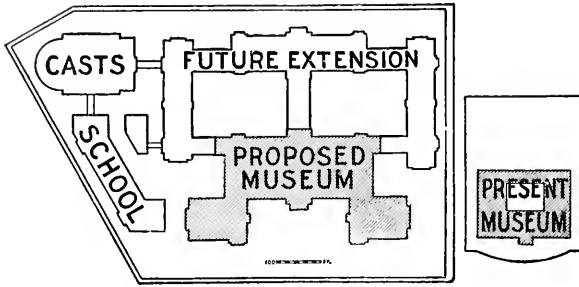
The main entrance leading to the grand staircase

beneath, under conditions analogous to those of the maintenance of books in a library.

The dominance of these principles of construction appears in the accompanying designs for the group that is eventually to occupy the site of nearly twelve acres between Huntington Avenue and the Fenway near the Isabella Stuart Gardner Museum and the Normal School group. The adjacent art school and the basilica for casts will be connected with each other and with the museum proper by covered passageways. The main building, except for a little storage-space above the pavilions and for pipe-basements below, is one of two stories—a height that is practically prescribed for an art museum. The scheme throughout is to have the exhibition galleries on the main floor with the corresponding collections of the study series directly beneath. The separate departments in the first installation, occupying considerably more floor-space than that occupied by the present building, will be as follows: classical art, Egyptian art, European paint-

ings and engravings, Western art, including objects of Europe and the near East not otherwise provided for, Chinese and Japanese art, plaster casts, and the Museum library.

For the comfort of those who wish to enjoy the treasures of these departments, galleries that are not mere passageways have been provided. The doors have been so disposed that congestion at any point is practically impossible. There are seats for the weary and contemplative. Restfulness will everywhere be sought in the arrangement of exhibits. Changes will naturally be frequent in the collections shown in the exhibition-rooms, for objects will be transferred from one series to the other. The monotony of always finding the same things in the same place will thus be avoided. Incentive will be supplied for frequent visits. The plan will be triumphant only in case the galleries, thus set forth, become a well-loved gathering-place of people of every kind.



Comparison of floor area of present museum building with the projected building

For the foresight that has given New England this sanctuary of the arts of the ages, to be held perpetually in trust for the benefit of the democracy, thanks rest primarily with the trustees of the Museum. The part in the achievement borne by Mr. Samuel D. Warren, president of the Museum and chairman of the Building Committee from the inception of the undertaking until the adoption of the final plans, and the decision to proceed to the erection of the building, was clearly set forth by resolution of the board upon Mr. Warren's retirement from the presidency, January, 1907, in the words:

" . . . He has initiated and carried out the most thorough study of the difficult problems of museum arrangement and administration of which we have knowledge.

"As a result of these efforts, we believe that an important advance has been made in the science of fine arts exhibition which will be of lasting benefit to ourselves and to other museums both in this country and elsewhere."

Under this sagacious leadership, the trustees, already in the closing years of the nineteenth century, when the rapid growth of the collections and the erection of high buildings in the neighborhood of Copley Square had begun to presage a removal to a site offering room for expansion, secured a thoroughly suitable site in the new educational centre of the New England capital. The price paid, \$763,000, was certainly reasonable. The home of the Museum now constructing has been so designed that it should be ample for many years to come; but if, at any time in the distant future, another removal should be necessary the

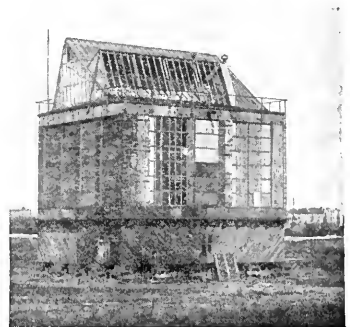
land owned at present is reasonably sure to have appreciated greatly in value.

Ideas before bricks was the word when questions of the kind of building to be erected came uppermost. The trustees were unwilling to follow a prevailing custom in turning over an appropriation to a firm of architects and allowing them to do the rest. Several notoriously bad museum buildings have resulted from this procedure. Few architects have special knowl-

edge of museological principles. It was purposed, since Boston was to have a new treasure-house of art, to build one embodying the best ideas of museum construction; and in directions where good ideas are still wanting, to seek to develop them independently, through research and experimentation.

After the project had been outlined the trustees called for suggestions from the officers of the Museum. This was a wise proceeding, naturally, for by reason of an enlightened policy, adopted some years before, of placing the collections in charge of scholars, the present system of departmental curatorships has brought to Boston a number of men well entitled to be regarded as museum experts. Their opinions have practical value, for the routine of their daily work gives familiarity with the needs both of the departments and of the visiting public.

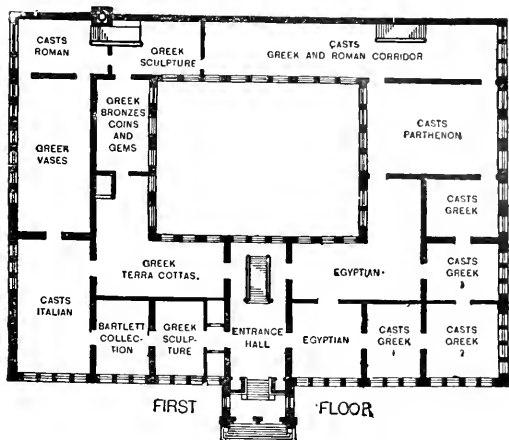
The Museum officials accomplished their task with scholarly seriousness. The two printed volumes of their expositions and



The experimental building in which the lighting experiments were carried on

recommendations, supported by citation of authorities in various languages, gave the trustees in compact form a conspectus of the ideals and practices of museums throughout the world, and particularly of the tendencies of expert opinion. Henceforth, the trustees had at ready hand such knowledge enabling them, if any proposal did not seem to accord with the best thought of specialists, to subject it to the burden of proof.

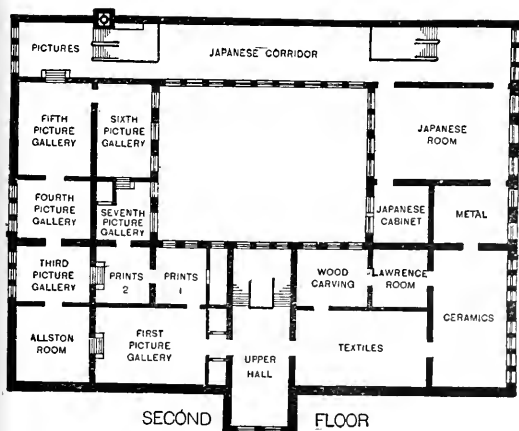
Personal observation supplemented the information compiled by the officers of the Museum. A committee composed of Messrs. Samuel D. Warren, president, Edward Robinson, then director, and R. Clipston Sturgis and Edmund M. Wheelwright, architects engaged by the trustees as their professional aids in the study of the whole problem, made a three months' tour of the art centres of Europe to secure helpful suggestions as to construction, lighting, and interior arrangements and, at the same time, to discover what to avoid. This, it hardly need be said, was a highly critical committee — Mr. Warren, clear-sighted and logical, possessed of remarkable alertness in discovering either excellences or defects of design; Mr. Robinson, trained archæologist, with the scholar's conservatism and discrimination; Mr. Sturgis, enthusiastic for architectural sincerity, intolerant of sham and pretense; Mr. Wheelwright, creative, forceful, quick to assimilate the old and to readapt it to new circumstances. The com-



First floor of present museum building

mittee included in its itinerary the principal museums of art of the Continent and Great Britain. Everywhere they measured and estimated and collected photographs. They talked with museum officials and employees. They observed the conduct of visitors in the galleries. After they had gathered surprising wealth of information concerning matters which do not interest the ordinary tourist they returned to Boston, to embody their facts and generalizations in the third of four volumes of "Communications to the Trustees." This work gave a synopsis of the museum situation in Europe.

The material for a fourth volume of "communications," entitled "The Experimental Gallery," was derived from experiments conducted in an odd-looking temporary structure, superficially an affair of skylights and windows, which for some months occupied a corner of the lot on which the Museum is to stand. Within this building various objects from the Museum, singly and in groups, were subjected to different kinds and intensities of illumination, natural and artificial. Professor Charles L. Norton, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was originally in charge of this work, but on account of pressure of other duties he turned it over to Mr. W. R. McCornack, of the same institution, and to several assistants. These investigations were particularly important in determining the character of the architectural units of the project, the dis-



Second floor of the historic structure in Copley Square

tribution of the departments, and many details of the arrangements. Laws governing the display of various classes of objects under conditions of top-lighting or side-lighting, the relationships of window-opening to wall-space, the effects of colored backgrounds,—these and other principles have been definitely stated and applied to the particular project. The experience of other institutions as regards lighting proved for the most part either inapplicable or negative in result. The subject had to be investigated absolutely at first hand.

When, finally, after three years of labor, the trustees, possessing data more ample

subsequently formed and as at present constituted, its members are Samuel D. Warren, J. Randolph Coolidge, Jr., Henry S. Hunnewell, Morris Gray, and Gardiner M. Lane.

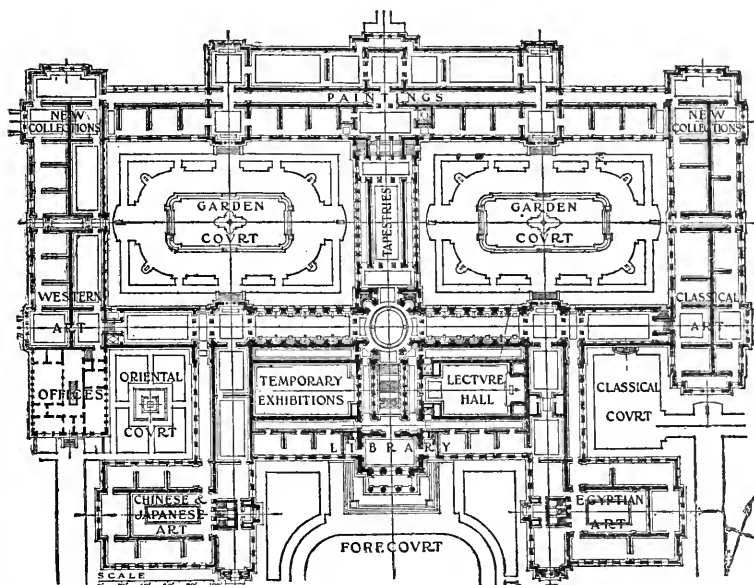
The choice of architect has proved fortunate. Mr. Lowell, a comparatively young man, a graduate of Harvard, trained in architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and l'École des Beaux-Arts, has already done notable work in several large commissions; none of his achievements up to this time, in all probability, outranks that undertaken at the behest of the trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts.



Complete plan of the museum group, of which the part connected with the three projecting portions will be erected first

than ever before collated in an undertaking of this kind, had decided precisely what kind of museum they wanted to build, and had formulated their decision in a sketch plan, elevations, and a perspective prepared with the aid of the architects previously engaged, and of Professor D. Despradelle, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, they then commissioned Mr. Guy Lowell, architect, in consultation with Messrs. Wheelwright, Sturgis, and Despradelle, to carry out the scheme. The original building committee consisted of Samuel D. Warren, J. R. Coolidge, Jr., Morris Gray, F. L. Higginson, Henry S. Hunnewell, Thornton K. Lothrop, and Denman W. Ross. As

A thoroughly workmanlike set of plans, at all events, has been produced by Mr. Lowell and his assistants working industriously at his rooms in the Tremont Building. The assignment was one to evoke enthusiasm. A familiar architectural axiom has it that a good plan always makes possible a slightly elevation. The general character of the ground-plans for the Museum buildings was determined, of course, by the convictions and desires of the trustees. It remained for the architect, by proper technical means, to express those convictions artistically and effectively. Good proportions and accentuation were undoubtedly his especial aim. For such a group, partic-



Plan of the ground floor, which will be devoted to the "Study Series" and to executive offices

ularly in consideration of the character of other buildings of the neighborhood, a symmetrical and somewhat formal style was obviously best to adopt. We have departed, happily, it may be believed, from the spirit of romanticism in which most of the landmarks around Copley Square were created — including the many colored façade of the building now occupied by the Museum of Fine Arts, to which has been applied the witticism: "If architecture is frozen music, then this is frozen pudding." The front of the new Museum on Huntington Avenue has in the focal places, as at the main entrance and on the ends of the projecting pavilions, Ionic columns which harmonize in general taste with the architecture of the district; for the rest, it exemplifies a style without mannerisms, in which the architect by simple and efficacious devices has caused the exterior to tell very clearly the story of the interior dispositions.

Constructional facts and figures may be given in a brief summary. The building proposed is describable as a central block, 320 by 120 feet, pierced by two glazed courts, 48 by 88 feet, and provided with advancing wings enclosing a forecourt 110 by 232 feet. The Huntington Avenue frontage

is 501 feet; that on Huntington Entrance, 240 feet. The material is to be Maine granite of a warm gray tone.

That a museum building should be a shelter rather than a monument is a cardinal principle of the new museology. The designs for the Museum now erecting appear thoroughly to accord with this principle. Yet, in the broadest sense, the Museum buildings to which one of the most valuable collections of art in the Western world will be transferred in 1909 — barring unforeseen contingencies — will stand as a monument to the progressiveness of a management which would not be satisfied with mediocre or conventional achievements. If, as may be expected, the Museum of Fine Arts creates in Boston a centre of popular as well as professional interest in the fine arts such as exists in no other great city of the world, then the plans through which such a result has been accomplished will be a perpetual memorial to men who, often at great sacrifice to their own interests and with no possibility of personal aggrandizement or glorification, have applied their time and thought and material resources to enhancing existing opportunities for enjoyment of art under democratic conditions.

OLD KING SPRUCE

By HOLMAN F. DAY

XII. BY HAND OF "TOMMY THUNDER"



WHEN April came and with caressing fingers began to stroke the softening snow from the mountain flanks, she found full half a million of the Enchanted cut still on the yards.

"If it's to be a gamble, let's make it a good one," Rodburd Ide had counselled his partner. "Pile on every stick that winter's back will carry. Pile till it breaks!"

Dwight Wade had a trustworthy "kitchen cabinet" of advisers in old Christopher Straight, Tommy Eye, and the chopping-boss; and with them as counsellors he ventured farther than his own narrow experience would have prompted.

O' nights when April slept and the trickling slopes were stiffened by the cold, the crew of the Enchanted stole a march on Spring. They awoke at sundown along with the owls. They ate breakfast in the gloom of early evening. And, with the moon holding her lantern for them in the serene skies, they rushed their logs into the waiting arms of Blunder Valley. That those arms would surrender the timber when the time was ripe seemed more certain as the days went by. The word of their zealous young man of law was encouraging. There had been pleas, representations, digging-over of old charters, hunt through dusty records, citation of precedents, and some very direct talk regarding a thorough legislative investigation of conditions in the north country to regulate the rights of independent operators.

It was admittedly too big a question to be hurried. Litigation fattens by what it feeds on. Grown ponderous, it marches slowly and dignifiedly in short stages between terms, and sits and rests and puffs at every cross-road of argument, exception, appeal, and writ of error. Even that exigency of five millions of timber, waiting in Blunder Valley, could not hasten the settlement of

the young reformer's main contention or the big question. But there are in this life some deeper sentiments than enthusiasm in reform. The old college friendship between Dwight Wade, famous centre of Burton's eleven, and the little quarter-back whom he had shielded was one of those deeper sentiments. And now the lawyer, for the sake of that friendship, was willing to buy Dwight Wade's success in Blunder Valley by honorable compromise on certain points where compromise was honorable. With a man open to sane reason and cogent arguments from a plane of moral decency, compromise might have been effected. But after Pulaski D. Britt had craftily drawn out proffer of a truce and a trade in one phase of the great question of water-rights, he burst into a bellow of "blackmail" that echoed from end to end of the State; the word bristled in the newspapers controlled by the land-barons and tasted good on the tongues of gossip. And as humanity in general, selfish in its easy-going way and jealous of resolute activity, likes to believe ill of reformers, it mocked at this act of honest friendship. Mocking by the mob constitutes what some people like to call "public opinion." And sometimes when public opinion is loudly gabbling and can be politely referred to in case of doubt, there can be found judges who will listen with one ear to the voices of the street and with the other to the specious representations of the man in power.

So it came about that the judge presiding at the nisi prius term in the great county dominated by Pulaski D. Britt hearkened in chambers to some very distressing details set before him by that gentleman and certain other "employers of labor" and "developers of the great timber interests." The judge pursed his lips and with his tongue clucked horrified astonishment at stories of brutal assaults made "on members of Pu-

laski Britt's crew" — this being persecuted Dwight Wade's desperate defence of himself, as pictured by Britt; of lunatics provoked to deeds of violence toward aforesaid "developers;" of incendiaries spirited away from officers; of men stolen out of Britt's crew — poor Tommy Eye's rescue from torture, as revamped for evidence by the Honorable Pulaski; and lastly, of that desperate and malignant attempt on the life of Honorable Pulaski D. Britt when a load of timber was sluiced at him from the shoulder of Enchanted Mountain.

Dwight Wade had not put in the hands of his lawyer the details of those pitiful secrets of the woods; for not only his honor as a man set a seal on his lips and pen, but the sacredness of his love imposed higher obligation still. So his lawyer listened, amazed, incredulous, but incapable of refuting in that categorical way that the law demands.

So much, then, for what "the gang" had done to Pulaski D. Britt and his!

As to what they intended to do, the Honorable Pulaski declaimed, with quivering finger rapping tattoo on the map of the Blunder Valley, his voice hoarse with emotion and the perspiration of apprehensiveness streaking his puffy cheeks.

And with past enormities standing undefended, what might not a judge believe of predicted future atrocities when the Honorable Pulaski D. Britt had made the prediction? — his chief exhibit of intended outlawry being five millions of timber stranded in Blunder Valley; his last argument, an uncontradicted allegation of attempted compromise; his last word, "Blackmail!" shot at the face of the opposing lawyer while his stubby finger vibrated under the lawyer's nose.

Therefore, at the end of it all the clerk wrote, the judge signed, and five minutes after the ink was dry High Sheriff Bennett Rodliff buttoned his coat over the folded paper and set his face toward Enchanted.

Forty-eight hours later, having travelled by train, by stage, by sledge, and by foot, he stood before Dwight Wade in the midst of his crew at the landings in Blunder Valley, gave the paper to him, and watched his face while he read it. Being a man who enjoyed his own authority and exulted in the power of the law when it dealt crushing blows, the high sheriff noted with satisfac-

tion that the young man's face grew pale under its tan.

"Get the sense, do you?" inquired the sheriff, finding himself the relaxation of a chew of tobacco after his headlong rush into the north; "it's an injunction. You can't meddle with Blunder Lake dam; can't h'ist gates; can't take water!" He gazed about him at the heaped logs piled in the bed of the stream. "Kind o' seems to me," he observed, with smug rebuke, "that I'd have been slow in landin' logs down here till I knowed what the law court was goin' to do about these water-rights. Law steps slow and careful, and this whole thing has got to wait till it gets way up to the full bench. Lettin' you have water here might be an admission by the big crowd that they was all wrong on the chief proposition. The big crowd ain't that kind!"

Wade had read it through to its bitter end. Every stilted phrase, every estopping, restraining word of its redundancy, was like a bar lifted between him and his hopes. It was a temporary injunction. But the date set for a hearing on the question of permanency was a date that made those log-piles in Blunder Valley loom in his dizzy gaze like monuments to buried expectations.

"Where was our lawyer when this damnable document was issued?" he cried, shaking the paper under the sheriff's nose. His heart was aflame against the thing called Law. The sheriff stood there as representative of it, expressing in his blank face such unfeeling acceptance of the situation as hopeless that Wade wanted to jam the paper between those jaws wagging blandly on their tobacco.

"Oh, he was there!" remarked Rodliff, drily. "Perhaps if he had n't been there your case would have come off better. Judges ain't got much use for lawyers when the shyster kind get shown up in a graft game. The fellow who named this Blunder Valley years ago," he observed, running his eyes over the log-piles once more, "must have had a gift of second sight. Rod Ide's always been cal'lated to be level-headed. It's a wonder to me he let you fool him into this. I've heard considerable about it outside. But it's worse than I'd reckoned on."

For a sickening instant the thing showed to Wade in its blackest light. To be sure, Rodburd Ide had concurred in the project, but he had based concurrence on Wade's

promise to perform. It was Rodburd Ide who had staked all so far — had fulfilled his part of the agreement between them. And now, on the threshold of his own performance, he, Dwight Wade, stood helpless, defeated, ashamed, marked for the tongues of men as a failure. To be sure, it was the Law that struck down his hands. But it was plain that the Law was, after all, only a part of the game — and his enemies had invoked it and had won.

"Look here, men!" shouted the high sheriff, turning from his survey of this defeated wretchedness, "I want you to take note of what I've done here. I've served an injunction on your boss. It means that he's got to leave Blunder Lake dam alone. Him and all his crew! Understand?"

The men had been slowly gathering near on the log-piles in order to get drift of what this visit meant. Some of them had private reasons for wondering what business a high sheriff was on; all of them were curious. And the sheriff saw Tommy Eye in the forefront.

"By the way, Eye," he called, "the wardens want you. You'd better come along out with me and save trouble."

"I'm an outlaw," cried Tommy, defiantly, "and I won't come with nobody!"

The sheriff blinked at the man who had been his uncomplaining prisoner for so many summers, and seemed to be trying to digest this defiance.

"I'm an outlaw!" repeated the man. "I ain't to work for nobody. I've jacked my job here. I want you to remember that, sheriff. I've jacked my job. I'm just plain outlaw. I ain't responsible to nobody. Nobody ain't responsible for me. You tell that to ev'rybody concerned. I'm an outlaw!"

Rodliff, still with wondering eyes on Tommy, slowly worked a revolver out of his hip pocket.

"Come down off'n that pile!" he shouted. "I want you!"

But once the revolver was out the target was not visible. Three leaps, his calk boots biting the logs, put Tommy out of sight behind the pile. Two minutes later they heard him among the trees far up the slope of Blunder Valley. He was still shouting his declaration of outlawry, and the diminuendo of tone indicated that he was running like a deer.

The high sheriff shoved back his revolver,

scowling up at the grinning faces on the log-piles. But he found no hint of amiability in Wade's expression when he turned to face the young man; and after surveying him up and down with much disfavor, he shook his fist in a gesture that embraced them all, and started away, flinging over his shoulder the contemptuous remark that he seemed to have "lighted in a pretty tough gang." The significance of that expressed conviction was not lost on the young man. It revealed what machination was doing.

An hour later Dwight Wade was urging his horse toward Castonia. If Rodburd Ide or a message from Rodburd Ide were on the way north he would meet the situation so much the sooner. The sting of his bitter thoughts and the goad of his impatience would not allow him to stay at Enchanted. He wanted to know the exact situation "outside."

A half-mile down the tote-road Tommy Eye dashed at him from the covert of the spruces.

"I reckoned you'd be goin', Mr. Wade!" he panted. "I ain't intendin' to bother you — but what did Ben Rodliff say that was — that paper that he clubbed you with?"

The pitiful intensity of his loyal anxiety struck Wade to the heart. "It was an injunction, Tommy," he explained, patiently. "It's an order from the court. Oh, it's hellishly unjust! It may be law, but it is n't justice; for justice would take into account a man's common rights, and would n't tie them up by pettifogging delays." He was talking as much to himself as to the poor fellow who clung to the thill. The words surged into his mouth out of his full soul. "I have been square with men, Tommy, square and decent. I believe in law and I want to respect it. But when law obeys Pulaski Britt's bidding and takes you by the throat and kneels upon you and chokes you, and lets such a man as Britt walk past on his own business, free and clear, it's law that's devil-made and not God-inspired."

But the incantation of that law was having its effect on a nature that was more docile than it realized. In his hot anger he had said he would fight Britt with the tyrant's own lawless choice of weapons. He looked back and remembered that he had intended to do so. A sheriff with a gold badge and

a bit of paper had prevailed over his bitter resolution when Pulaski Britt and his army at his back would have failed to cow him.

The dull roll of a distant detonation came to them in the little silence that followed on Wade's outburst. It came from the west, where men of the Enchanted crew were at work widening the granite jaws of Blunder Gorge to give clear egress to the Enchanted drive. In that moment of his utter despair the roar of the rend-rock was a mocking voice.

"And that's all there is to an injunction?" demanded Tommy. "Ben Rodliff hands you a paper and spits tobacker-juice on the snow and calls you a fool and goes down past here, like he did a little while ago, swingin' his reins and singin' a penny'yal hymn? Only has to do that to tie up the whole Enchanted drive that we hundred men have sweat and froze and worked to get onto the landings?"

"Only that, Tommy," replied Wade, bitterly. "The law is sitting there on Blunder dam. You can't see it, but it's there and it says 'Hands off!'"

"There's something you *can* see, though," Tommy declared. "You can see two men in a shack that's been built over the gates of Blunder Lake dam. One sleeps day-times, the other sleeps nights, and they've both got Winchesters. I've been there private and personal and looked 'em over."

"I don't want any of my men lurking about that dam," commanded Wade.

Tommy Eye cinched his worn belt one notch tighter over his thin haunches and buttoned his checkered wool jacket. "I ain't one of your men," he growled, with such sudden and sullen change in demeanor that Wade stared at him in amazement. "I've gone into the outlaw business, and I've told you so and I've told Ben Rodliff so."

They heard the thudding boom of dynamite once more, and the absolutely fiendish look that came into Tommy's face as he turned his gaze toward Blunder Valley enlightened his employer.

"That sounds good to me!" shrieked the teamster. It was as though one of his docile Dobbins of the hovel had suddenly perked ears and tail and begun to play the part of a beast of prey.

When he ran back into the spruces Wade shouted after him, insistently and angrily.

But Tommy did not reply, and after a time he drove on, cursing soulfully the whole innate devilishness of the woods. That another weak nature had run amuck after the fashion to which he had become accustomed in his woods experience seemed probable; but he had neither time nor inclination to chase Tommy Eye. As to Blunder Lake dam, he reflected that the eternal vigilance of the Winchesters guaranteed Pulaski Britt's interests in that direction and, soul-sick of the whole wicked situation, he was glad that the Winchesters were there. He had failed. He could at least own that much man fashion to Rodburd Ide.

It was a messenger that he met — not the partner himself. And as he had anticipated, the messenger summoned him to Castonia. The last few miles of his journey took him along the bank of the Umcolcus. The big river had already thrown off its winter sheathing and was running full and free. It was waiting for the northern lakes, still ice-bound, to surrender their waters and sweep the logs down to it.

Rodburd Ide's stout soul uttered no complaints when the two had locked themselves in the little back office of the store. But his mute distress and bewilderment in the face of this calamity that was sanctioned by the law touched the young man more than complaints would have done.

"I did n't reckon it could go against us that bad, not after what the lawyer said. He seemed to know his business, Wade. But maybe he was too honest to fight a crowd like that. It's a crusher to come after hopes was up like mine was. I even went to work the minute the ice slid down-river and set our sheer-booms above the logan and got the sortin'-gap ready. I was that sure our logs were comin' down. But it ain't your fault, Wade, and it ain't mine. It's just as I told you once before. It's what we're up against!"

And then, striving for pretext to end the doleful session, he invited Wade to walk up the river-bank. He wanted to show him the site for the new great mills. "They can't steal that much away from me, my boy," he said, trying to be cheerful. "The mills will have to buy out of the corporation drive this year, seeing that we're coopered on our contract. That means so much more good profit for Britt and his crowd. They've got their smell of what's comin', too, and

that's probably why they fought so hard to get the injunction. They're in for a big make and their own prices this year. But the more I know about that charter of the Great Independent, the more trouble I can see for the old crowd when the next Legislature gets to tearin' this thing to pieces. The G. I.'s know what they're doin'. They'll have their rights. And when the big wagon starts, little fellers like you and I can climb aboard and ride, too. But the big wagon won't start till next year," he added, sadly.

Out-of-doors they did not talk. The roar of the Hulling Machine dominated everything, and the spume-clouds, swaying above it, spat in their faces. On the platform of Ide's store the pathetic brotherhood of the "It'll-Git-Ye" club sat in silent conclave, stunned into a queer stupor by the bellow of the Hulling Machine, even as habitual opium-eaters succumb to the blissful influence of the drug.

Above the falls an island divided the river. On the channel side the waters raced turbulently. The island sentinelled the mouth of the logan that deeply indented the shore on the quiet side of the river. Ide had installed a system of sheer-booms. They spanned the current diagonally, and were to be the silent herders that would edge the log-flocks away from the banks, crowd them to centre at the sorting-gap, and keep them running free. Below the sorting-gap there were two sheer-booms — divergent. One ushered the down-river logs back into the current that dashed toward the Hulling Machine. The other would swing the logs of the Enchanted drive into the quiet holding-ground of the logan.

The thought of the heaped logs in Blunder Valley, the memory of the dynamite bellowing its farewell to him over the tree-tops, and now the spectacle of these empty booms had the eloquence of despair and the pathos of failure for Dwight Wade. And as the two of them — he and his partner — stood there and gazed silently, they were forced to face bitter accentuation of their stricken fortunes: Pulaski D. Britt, master of the Umcolcus drive, came on his way north at the head of his men. It was an army marching with all its impedimenta. There were many huge bateaux swung upon trucks that had hauled them around the white-water. Men lifted them into the still waters above

the Hulling Machine and began to load them with tents, cordage, and the wangan stores.

Rodburd Ide and his young partner stood at one side and surveyed this scene of activity without speaking. And Britt marched up to them, raucous and domineering with the masterfulness of the river-tyrant. It had long been the saying along the Umcolcus that Pulaski Britt got mad a week before the driving-season opened and stayed mad a week after it ended.

"Ide," he cried, "you and I seem to be always in trouble with each other lately. But it's of your own makin', not mine! These sheer-booms that you've stuck in here obstruct navigation. I want to get my boats up. You've got to cut these booms loose."

"Mr. Britt," returned Ide, his tones quivering with passion, "two men in each bateau crew can shove those booms down with pick-poles and let a bateau over without wasting a minute's time. You've brought those bateaux over all your own sheer-booms below here — you've got your own booms above. You've been riding over 'em for thirty years. Now be reasonable."

"You run back down there to your store and get onto your job of sellin' kerosene and crackers," advised the Honorable Pulaski, sarcastically. "Don't you undertake to tell me my business. As river-master I say those logs obstruct navigation, and what I say on this river goes!"

"You talk, Britt, as though a title that you've grabbed onto, the same as you have everything else along this river, amounted to anything in law," objected the magnate of Castonia. "I own the land that those booms are hitched to, and you're not goin' to bluff me by any of your obstruction-to-navigation talk. You've managed to get most things along this river this spring your own way, but I reckon I know when you've gone about far enough. Don't try to rub it in!"

Mr. Britt, serene in his autocracy as drive-master, was in no mood to bandy arguments nor waste time on such as Rodburd Ide.

He whirled away, lifted a wooden box from one of the wagons, and set it down gingerly.

"MacLeod!" he called. The boss came away from the river-bank, where he was superintending stowing of supplies.

"Unpack this dynamite and blow damnation out of those booms. The sortin'-gap first!"

The man twisted his face in a queer grimace.

"I don't think I'll do it, Mr. Britt," he said, curtly.

He looked away from Britt when the tyrant began to storm at him, and fixed his eyes on Wade's face with an expression there was no reading.

"No, I ain't no coward, either," he said, at last, interrupting his employer's flow of invective. "But dynamitin' other folks' booms with the folks lookin' at you ain't laid down in a river-driver's job; and I ain't got any relish for nailin' boot-heels all next summer in a jail workshop."

"I'll take the responsibility of this," shouted Britt.

"Then you'd better do the job, sir," suggested MacLeod, firmly. "Law has queer quirks, and I don't propose to get mixed into it."

There was no gainsaying the logic of the boss's position. The Honorable Pulaski noted that the men had overheard. He noted also that there were no signs of any volunteers coming from the ranks. And so with the impetuosity of his temper, when the eyes of men were upon him, he set his own hand to the job. With a cant-dog peak he began to pry at the box-cover.

And Colin MacLeod, hesitating a moment, walked straight up to Dwight Wade—to that young man's discomposure, it must be confessed. Wade set his muscles to meet attack. But MacLeod halted off against him, folded his arms, and gazed at him with something of appeal in his frank gray eyes. There was candor in his look. In their other meetings Wade had only seen blind hate and unreasoning passion there.

"Maybe you've got an idea that I'm a pretty cheap skate, Mr. Wade," he blurted. "Maybe I am, but it ain't been so between me and men unless there was women mixed in. My head ain't strong where women is mixed in. You hold on and let me talk!" he cried, putting up his big hand. "I've got eleven hundred dollars in the bank that I've saved, my two hands, and a reputation of bein' square between men. That's all I have got, and I want to keep all three.

I had you sized up wrong at the start. I mixed women in without any right to. I misjudged the cards as they laid. I used you dirty, and I got what was comin' to me. Now I've found out. I know how things stand with you all along the line, from there—" he pointed south toward the outside world that held Lyde Barrett—"to there on Enchanted. And I'm sorry. I'm sorry I ever got mistaken and made things harder for a square man. You heard what I just said to Mr. Britt. I wanted you to hear it. All is, I'd like to shake hands with you and start fresh. It may have to be man to man between us yet on this river, but, by God, for myself I want it man fashion."

He cast a glance behind him. Britt had the box open and had dug out of the sawdust some cylinders in brown paper wrappings. When MacLeod whirled to face Wade, the latter put out his hand without reservation in face or gesture. Months before, such amazing repentance and conversion might have astonished him. But he understood the real ingenuousness of the woods better now. Pulaski Britt, hardened by avarice and outside associations, was not of the true life of the woods. This impulsive boy, with his mighty muscles and his tender heart, was of the woods and only the woods.

MacLeod came one step nearer to Rod-burd Ide and pulled off his hat.

"If it ain't too much trouble, Mr. Ide, I wish you'd tell Miss Nina that I've done it square and righted it fair. And don't scowl at me that way, Mr. Ide! It was a dream—and I've woke up! It was a pretty wild dream—and a man does queer things in his sleep. Your girl ain't for me or my kind, and I know it now that I've woke up. I'd like to tell her so, and explain, but I don't know how to do it, Mr. Ide. You do it for me. I ask you man fashion!"

He started away from them hastily, strode back to the bateaux, and began to swear at the men who had stopped work to gaze on the Honorable Pulaski. The latter had already embarked in a bateau, carrying several of those ominous sticks wrapped in their brown paper cases.

"Britt," shrilled Ide, "we've been to law with you to find out rights. Ain't you willin' to take your own medicine?"

"Hell on your law!" blazed the driver-master, contemptuously.

"Give us time to get an injunction before

you destroy our good property," demanded the little man, choking with his ire.

For answer Britt shook one of the dynamite sticks above his head without even turning to look back. His men crowded the boat over the boom at the sorting-gap and Britt lighted the fuse and tossed the explosive upon the anchored log platform.

"My God, if our men were only here instead of at Enchanted," mourned Ide.

"They're just where we ought to have them, Mr. Ide," the young man gritted.

Britt was safely away up-river when the dynamite did its work; his men had rowed like fiends. It was a beautiful job, viewed from the standpoint of destruction. The downward thrust of the mighty force splintered the platform into toothpicks and let the booms adrift.

The partners of Enchanted did not exchange comments. They gazed after the destroyer. Taking his time, as though to prolong their distress, he dynamited the booms above and then stood up and jerked his arm as a signal for his crew to follow. They went splashing up the river, six oars to a bateau, and disappeared one after the other, bound for the mouth of Jerusalem stream. Already the jaws of the Hulling Machine were gulping down the gobbets of splintered logs.

"How soon can you replace those booms, Mr. Ide?" The young man edged the words through his teeth, as a man stricken with lockjaw might have spoken. And without waiting for reply he hurried on. "Put 'em in, Mr. Ide, because you're going to need 'em. And put along this shore all the men in Castonia who can handle guns. Winchesters and dynamite, and 'Hell on law,' for a battle-cry! That's what he's given us. It's good enough for me. Will you put those booms in, Mr. Ide?"

"I'll put 'em in, and I'll protect 'em after they're put in," declared the little man, stoutly.

They looked at each other a moment and turned and hurried back toward the settlement. Neither man seemed to feel that words could help that situation nor emphasize determination.

Prophet Eli was in front of Ide's store with his little white stallion when the two arrived there. The old man surveyed Wade shrewdly when he hastened to Nina Ide, who was

standing at one side. She appeared to be waiting word with him.

"Boy! Boy!" whispered the girl, clasping his tanned hand in both of hers, "I don't like to see your eyes shine so! They're hard. But I know how to soften them. I have a letter for you from the one of all the world. Come with me and I'll give it to you."

"Keep it for me," he muttered. "Keep it until I come for it. I'm not fit to touch it now. It might make a decent man of me and — and — I don't want to be, not just yet, Miss Nina." He whirled away, climbed upon his jumper, and lashed his horse back the trail toward Enchanted. And the words of that half-jeering ditty of Prophet Eli's followed him, as they had on that memorable first day at Castonia:

"Oh, the little brown bull came down from the mountains,

Shang, ro-ango,

Whango-whey!

And as he was feelin' salutacious

Chased old Pratt a mile, by gracious.

Licked old Shep and two dog Towsters,

Then marched back home with old Pratt's trousers.

Whango-whey!"

His poor beast was staggering when at last he topped the horseback overlooking Enchanted Valley. He himself plodded behind the jumper, clinging to it, walking to keep awake. He had started in the dusk, he had been nearly twenty-four hours on the road from Castonia, and it was growing dusk again. He was too utterly weary to be surprised when Tommy Eye came hurrying down from a knoll that commanded a long view of the tote-road. The light of a little camp-fire glowed on the knoll and he saw that a horse was tethered there.

"I'm gettin' to be a worse outlaw than ever, Mr. Wade," declared the teamster. "I've stole one of your hosses, and grub and hay from the store camp, and I'm livin' here in the woods. I've been waitin' for you," he added, wistfully. "I might have slept a little last night when I did n't know, but I reckon I did n't. I figured you'd come. I've been waitin' for you. They can't say I'm one of your men, Mr. Wade. I'm livin' here in the woods."

"Look here, Eye!" blurted his employer, roughly. "I have n't any time nor taste for fool talk just now. You take that horse back to camp and get onto your job." He started on.

"You don't sound as though you'd got what you went after," cried Tommy, unabashed. He came trotting behind. "You did n't get satisfaction, then, Mr. Wade! Injunction still there, hey? You did n't get —"

"What did you suppose I'd get from Pulaski Britt, you infernal fool?" His own brutality toward the faithful servitor made him ashamed. But the spirit of evil that had taken possession of him was speaking through lips that he surrendered in weariness of body and bitterness of soul. And when shade of repentance smote him at sight of Tommy trotting sorrowfully at his side, he gasped out of his woe, "He has dynamited our booms, Tommy. Did it with his own hands. And now —" he threw up his arms toward Blunder Lake — "wait till to-morrow!"

Tommy Eye stopped without a word and let Wade go on.

"Wait till to-morrow!" he mumbled, as he scrambled back up the knoll. "Wait till to-morrow, when I've got a two-hoss load of canned thunder planted under Blunder dam, and the devil helpin' me by puttin' them two to sleep, snorin' like quillpigs!" He waited until Wade had stumbled out of sight, then cinched upon his horse the blankets that had served for couch during his vigil, mounted, and urged the animal through the woods, kicking heels into its flanks.

There were men of the crew who heard an unwonted sound in the midnight hush of the Enchanted camp. It was a dull, heavy, earth-thudding noise that swept down the north over the tree-tops and travelled on through the forest. Men awoke and asked themselves what had awakened them, and went to sleep again, and knew not what it meant.

Wade did not hear the sound. Exhaustion had fettered his senses when he crawled into his bunk in the office camp. What he did hear as he roused himself in the gray of early dawn to set his hand to the desperate task he was resolved upon was the splat-tering rush of a horse's feet in the spring ooze of the tote-road and a human voice that squalled hysterically, "Man the river, damn ye! Man the river!"

It was Tommy Eye. He was crouched on the back of his horse when the men came tumbling out. His little eyes were like fire-

points. The wattles of his neck were blood-gorged. He spat froth as he raved at them.

"Man the river, I tell ye! She's b'ilin' full from bank to bank. Ben Rodliff's injunction busted to blazes and the Enchanted drive started slam-whoopin', and it's me that's done it!"

"You hellion, have you blowed Blunder dam?" shouted the chopping-boss, while Dwight Wade was still gasping for words.

"Blowed Blunder dam?" shrieked Tommy. "Why, I've blowed Blunder dam so high that Ben Rodliff's injunction can't get to it in a balloon. I've blowed a gouge ten feet deep in the bed-rock. I've let the innards out of Blunder Lake. She's runnin' valley-full, ice-cakes dancin' jigs on the black water! And when they ask who done it, tell 'em it was me! Tommy Eye, the outlaw! Tommy Eye, with a two-hoss load of canned thunder!" He tried to shake his fists above his head, but groaned, and one arm dropped as though it were helpless. Blood was caked on his hand and wrist. He did not wait for Wade to ask the question.

"It's the pay I got for wakin' 'em up in time to run, Mr. Wade. I give 'em a chance. They give me a thirty-thirty! They'd have give me more if they could have shot straighter. I'm an outlaw, but there ain't no blood on my head, Mr. Wade."

He slid off the horse and staggered toward the cook camp.

"Gimme mine in my hand, cook," he called. "I'll eat it whilst I'm runnin'. For it's man the river, boys!"

And the rest of them ate running, too. Wade led them, determined that no one should head him in the race. He heard the husky breathing of the hundred runners at his back when he swept around the granite dome of Enchanted and came in view of the valley. They stopped, panting, and surveyed the scene for a moment. They saw the tumbling waters, yeasty and brown. They heard the groan and grunt of dissolving log-piles. And each man took a new grip on his cant-dog handle and loped on.

It was plain that Tommy Eye had spoken the truth. That flood was not the mere out-rush through shattered dam-gates. Blunder Lake was emptying itself through a rent deeper than Nature had set in its side. In a stream-bed of intervalles and broad levels

the Enchanted drive would have been scattered to its own disaster. But Blunder Valley was slashed deep between the hills. The turbid flood that raced there was penned. The log-herds could only butt the granite cliffs and surge on.

They "manned the river," scattering along, one man posted at a curve in sight of another. A hat waved meant that a jam was forming and called for help. And when timber jack-strawed too wildly to be readily loosened by cant-dog and pick-pole they dynamited. There was no time for "knitting-work" on that drive.

Tommy Eye, with meal-sack slung over his shoulder, made himself custodian of the "canned thunder." It was Larry Gorman, woodsman poet, who first called him "Tommy Thunder." If you go into the north country you can probably find some one to sing you the song that Larry Gorman composed, the first verse running:

"Come, listen, good white-water chaps! Who was that man, I wonder,
Who turned himself to an outlaw bold and put
the bang-juice under?
Who was it cracked the neck of her, 'way up at
old Lake Blunder,
When hell broke loose and sluiced our spruce?
'T were done by Tommy Thunder!"

His was the recklessness of mania. Men who saw him coming along the shore with his horrid burden dodged into the woods. Where and when he slept no one knew. Day-time and night-time he was racing to where logs had cob-piled. Roars that boomed among the hills told that he had arrived. In the first gray of morning men saw him warming his dynamite over a camp-fire, and shuddered and hurried away. To find the king log of a jam and drop his cartridge where it would have instant effect, he took chances that made men turn their backs. It is n't pleasant to see a man macerated by grinding logs or scattered across the sky.

No word passed between Tommy Eye and Dwight Wade. Those days and nights when the Enchanted drive was on its roaring way to the Umcolcus were not the sort of days that invited conversation. On the ordinary stream-drives to the main river, in the desperate hurry of the driving-pitch, men work during as many hours as they can stand up. With the drive under control, they can at least stop sluicing in the dead hours of the

night. But the Enchanted drive that spring was a wild beast that never closed its eyes. As it raged along they did not dare to leave it alone for an hour. Men raced beside it, clutched at it, clung on as long as they were able, and dropped off, stunned by the stupor of exhaustion.

After a few hours some one's prodding foot stirred them back to wakefulness, and they stumbled up and began the fight once more. Outside of a charge in battle there is no place where individual rivalry is so keen and eager as in a driving-crew on hard waters. Men do not require to be urged to do their utmost. "Coward" and "shirk" are sneers that cut deeply down-river.

Wade, rushing from point to point, cant-dog in hand, his shoes pulpy with wet, his clothes in tatters, saw men asleep with their faces in the tin plates that the cookee had heaped with food. They had gone to sleep with the first mouthful, hungry as demons, but overcome the moment their feet stopped moving.

Some he found asleep where they were posted to "card" certain ledges. He beat them about the head with the flat of his hand, and they awoke and thanked him with wistful smiles that touched his heart. But brutal force had started the Enchanted drive, brutal force marked its rush, and brutal force must keep it going. Brutal force took toll in the logs that were splintered by dynamite, but it was a toll that circumstances demanded. A man unwilling to take the chances that Tommy Eye took would have wasted thousands of feet instead of hundreds, and Wade knew it, and gulped words of gratitude when they met, hurrying on the shore.

Halfway to the Umcolcus, Lazy Tom stream enters Blunder, and here Wade found Barnum Withee rushing in his logs and eager to accept an invitation to join drives. Withee was asking no questions. He did not need to. He understood. What had been done up-stream was none of his business, he reflected. He could declare that much when he got his drive down, and could defend himself from being an accomplice. In the meantime he would take advantage of the situation.

There were now one hundred and sixty herders of the wild flock, and Barnum Withee, one of the best men on the river, to take command of the rear.

So Wade went to the front — to Castonia, sweeping down the swollen Umcolcus in one of Withee's bateaux with four men at the oars. He had played violence against violence in the big game. It was natural to suppose that Pulaski Britt by this time had his fists clinched ready to retaliate.

On either side of his bateau as he hurried to Castonia the logs ran free. But they were all his own logs, this advance guard, marked with the double diamond and cross.

Had Rodburd Ide done his part, and were they being held at Castonia?

He found the booms set again, Rodburd Ide in command at the sorting-gap, and various members of the "It'll Git-Ye" club sitting along the shore with guns across their knees. Every able-bodied man in Castonia was on the booms with pick-pole, and already the double-diamond logs were swirling and herding in the logan.

"It's done and they'll have us into court, but by the gods we'll have some ready money to fight 'em with!" yelled the little man, grasping Wade's hand as the bateau swung broadside to the sorting-gap platform. And when he had heard the story of "Tommy Thunder, outlaw," that his partner hurriedly related, he grinned with his mouth, even though his forehead puckered with apprehension.

"But will it let us out, Wade?" he asked. "The man took it on himself out of his grudge against Britt. But will it let us out?"

"It's your money that is in this thing, and not mine," returned the young man; "and I suppose it's natural for you to think of your property first. But as for me, Mr. Ide, I'll take what profits are coming to me from this operation, and I'll stand in with poor old Tommy Eye, jointly indicted, jointly in the dock, jointly in jail, till the last dollar is spent."

For just an instant Ide's eyes flickered. Then they became shiny.

"My boy," he said, "the Enchanted Township Lumber Company is incorporated and you and I own the stock. With your consent I'm goin' to make over ten shares of that stock to Thomas Eye before I sleep to-night. I reckon this company stands ready to fight its battles and protect its members."

"Mr. Ide," gulped Wade, contritely,

"forgive me for that hasty speech. But God help me, partner, I've been in hell since I saw you last, and I'm full of the fires of it. I think you can understand."

He crouched there in the bateau, clutching the gunwale with hands that trembled until they shook his body to and'fro. His face was streaked with the grime of days and nights of toil. His eyes were haggard with sleeplessness. Fasting had hollowed his cheeks. Such lines as only the bitter things of life can set in the human countenance were traced deep upon the brown skin. In his rags and his weariness he was as one who had been conquered, instead of one who had fulfilled. The little man of Castonia reached down and patted his shoulder with hand that had a father's sympathy in its touch.

"Bub," he murmured, "I'm goin' to take some other time to tell you what I think of you. Just now I want you to go down to the house. My girl Nina will know what to say to you and what to do for you. She has some letters for you to read before you go to sleep, and I reckon they'll give you pleasant dreams."

The girl Kate Arden opened the door and welcomed him with a smile, the first he had ever seen on her face. His heart came into his mouth at sight of her. Never had she seemed so like Lyde Barrett. But before he had word with her Nina Ide came running, floury hands outspread, her face alight above her housewife's tire. She stood on tiptoe, put her arms about his neck, and kissed him.

"Brother Dwight! Brother Dwight!" she half sobbed. "O Brother Dwight, I did n't know — I did n't realize — I did n't understand, or I would have held you back until you had torn these two arms from my shoulders. I have prayed for you and watched for you. They buy their logs with blood up here. But it shall not be with your blood, Dwight. I have hated father all these days. He knew what you were going back to, and did n't stop you!"

"It was all my own affair, little girl." Wade returned, gently; "my duty to which I was bound by fair man-promise. And I've got our logs into the river — but it has been the kind of work that blisters souls, Sister Nina!" His voice had a pathetic quaver of weariness.

"I was at the sorting-gap when the first

one came, and I knelt and kissed it," she said, smiling at him from misty eyes. "And then I wrote to the one of all the world and told her about a hero."

An hour later he lay asleep in a darkened room, the tense lines gone from his face, his lax hand spread over a letter, finding the sweetest solace in slumber he had known for many a day.

At the first peep of light next morning he was at the sorting-gap in full command, removing a burden of responsibility from Rodburd Ide that had made that little man a quaking wreck of his ordinarily self-reliant self; for in every log that had come spinning around the upper bend of the Umcolcus his fears had seen the peak of Pulaski Britt's rushing bateau.

That the river-tyrant would come, furious beyond the power of tongue to express, was a fact accepted by Dwight Wade, and a prospect he had nerved himself to meet. But every hour that passed without bringing the drive-master meant so much more toward the success of the Enchanted drive.

The logs came in stampeding droves. Withee's were mixed among the double diamonds, but there were no delays at the sorting-gap. Two crews fed them through, one for day and one for night, with a dozen lanterns lighting their work. Wade was resolved that Britt should lack one argument in the bitter contention. The sorting should be done faithfully and promptly, and the down-river drive should be hurried on its way. But at the end of four days not one of the logs nicked with the "double hat," Britt's registered mark, had shown up. Nor did Britt himself appear.

A sullen, suffering man of Britt's crew, who came walking into Castonia with hand held above his head to ease the awful, throbbing agony of a felon, brought the first news.

Blunder Lake dam had been blown, and such a chasm had been opened in the bed-rock that the lake had vomited its waters to the west until the bed of Britt's shallow canal to the east was above the water-line. Britt had only his splash dams along Jerusalem for a driving-head. In past years the pour of the canal had given him a current in Jerusalem dead-water. Now he was trying to warp his logs across there with head-works and anchor. But the south wind was howling against him, and no human muscle could turn the windlass, even when the oaths

of the Honorable Pulaski D. Britt dinned the ears of his toilers. All this the new-comer related.

"And it's something awful to hear!" said the man. "He walks the platform of that head-works, back and forth and back and forth. He cusses God and the angels, the wind and all it blows acrost. And then when he is well worked up to cussin', he 'tends to the case of the devils that blowed up Blunder Lake dam. And his face is as red as my shirt, and the veins stick out on his forehead as big as a baby's finger. They say that you can't cuss only about so much without somethin' happenin' to you. I've read about the cap'n of a ship that done it too much once, and his ghost is still a-sailin'. All I've got to say is that if Pulaski Britt don't stop he'll get his."

The "It'll-Git-Ye" club had listened to this recital intently. It agreed forebodingly. In fact, in special session the club passed vote of dismal prophecy for the whole Jerusalem operation.

Two days later the "It'll-Git-ye's," as sombre prophets, were distinctly cheered by sight of Boss Colin MacLeod borne past Rodburd Ide's store on a litter. They were hurrying him to a hospital down-river, and he had his teeth set into his lip to keep the groans back.

"No, sir! No fifty more miles of that for you, my boy," declared Ide, when he was told that MacLeod's arm and leg were broken. "Into my house you go, and the doctor comes here." And MacLeod was put to bed in the spare room, weeping quietly.

"It was the head-works warp done it, Mr. Wade," he moaned, turning hollow eyes upon his sympathizer. "Broke and snapped back. I told him man's strength could n't warp them logs across against that wind, but he was bound to make us do it. He said I was a coward, Mr. Wade. But I took the place at the guide-block to show I was n't. And then he cursed me for gettin' hurt!"

When Wade left the room he found Kate Arden waiting outside. During the days he had been at Castonia the girl had appeared to avoid him. She had paled when he spoke to her, replied curtly, and hurried away as though she feared he was about to broach some topic that would distress her. Yet it was not toward him, merely, that she had displayed that apprehensive reserve. Not

even to Nina Ide did she open her heart, and Nina had told Wade of this with wonderment and grief. She had been docile, even to the subterfuge of sitting silent by John Barrett's bedside when Lyde Barrett had resigned her trust to seek Dwight Wade in the wilderness. She had made no comment, asked no questions. She had shown dumb gratitude and eagerly sought such household tasks as could be entrusted to her untrained hands. But wistful shrinking, the air of a wild thing confined but not tamed, was with her ever.

But when she faced Wade outside the door, her eyes shone like stars, her cheeks flamed, and the old fearlessness and determination were in her features.

"I shall take care of him," she said. "I shall nurse him, and no one but me! I shall know how, Mr. Wade. He'll need me now. You go and tell them all that I shall nurse him. No one else shall do it."

It was the woods mate claiming her own. It was more than love as convention has classed it. It was that fire, lighted by the primordial torch of passion, that burns and does not reason; not to be smothered by rebuff or abuse; its pride not the calculating pride of a resentment that can avail to divorce it from its object, but the pride of blind, utter loyalty through all.

Dwight Wade had gone near enough to the heart of things to understand this love.

He looked at her a little while, sympathy lighting his eyes and vibrating in his voice as he answered her:

"You shall have him, poor little girl, because he needs you."

He opened the door for her, closed it behind her, and left them alone together.

Two days later the "It'll-Git-Ye" club realized the full climax of ominous prophecy and was correspondingly content. The Honorable Pulaski D. Britt was brought out from Jerusalem dead-water and taken down-river, a helpless hulk of a man grunting stertorous breaths, his right hand that had gestured so despotically all the years along Umcolcus now hanging helpless at his side, his right leg dangling uselessly as they lifted him along to a wagon.

Astonishment was the mildest of the emotions of Dwight Wade on beholding him. It was the fate that the choleric tyrant had invited. That last and mightiest rage of his life, when with swollen veins and purple

face he had stamped about the head-works platform, had done for Pulaski Britt and his weakened blood-vessels what those who knew him well had predicted. Wade was not surprised, for the suppression of Britt by this means and at this shrieking climax in Britt's affairs was too entirely logical. It came to him suddenly that he felt a sense of relief, and then he wondered with shame whether he had hoped for this event, logical though it was. Then he dismissed the speculation as unprofitable and not agreeable. The tyrant was in chains of his own forging. His logs came limping along in scattered squads and were sent through the sorting-gap and down-river. The new master of the corporation drive was not cordial. But he was not hostile, either. He surlily demanded expedition at the Castonia sorting-gap, and went on up-river.

There are some combatants who, seeing a crisis approaching, feel that it is their best policy to sit down and wait until the crisis comes to them. This implies the calculation that perhaps the crisis may go around the other way, and it is not the policy for the intrepid. In his present mood Dwight Wade decided to go to meet the crisis, with chin up and his shoulders well back.

He addressed the president of the Umcolcus Lumbering and Log-driving Association requesting a conference with him and the directors of the body. If the letter thinly screened a demand for that conference it was the fault of Dwight Wade's resolute determination to face the music. The letter remained long unanswered. Its receipt was not even acknowledged. The delay seemed to be contemptuous turning-down of a possible overture of amicable settlement. Rodburd Ide sadly persuaded himself into that conviction, and daily gazed toward the south in search of the sheriff, bringing writs of attachment, with as much trepidation as he had gazed north in the black days when he expected Pulaski Britt.

Dwight Wade was hardly more sanguine. And yet he was heartened by letters from his lawyer, who was up and at the foe once more. The lawyer intimated that there was earnest conference going on among the big fellows of the timber interests. In the past, prior to sittings of the Legislature, they had heard the ominous stampings of the farmers' cowhide boots and the mutterings about unrighteous privileges, filched State timber-

lands, and unequal taxation. In the secret sessions of those directors the stand-pat roarings of the Honorable Pulaski D. Britt had drowned the voices of the people. But in these days the Honorable Pulaski Britt sat at home, unable to open that vociferous mouth, unable to lift that ponderous hand that had pounded emphasis.

In the end, Wade decided that the big fellows were waiting to make sure in their own minds what they were to say to him, before they summoned him to conference. That he was correct was proven by the letter that came at last. It was a courteous letter; it appointed a time of meeting, and named as the place John Barrett's office.

On the evening before Wade left Castonia Colin MacLeod summoned him, a cheerful convalescent who looked out daily into the new flush of June and restlessly moved his stiffened limbs in his chair and counted the days between himself and the free life out-of-doors.

"Mr. Ide was tellin' me why you were goin' and where you were goin'," said MacLeod, with simple earnestness. Kate Arden was sitting with her face on his knee, and he held his hand on her head, smoothing her hair gently. "I wanted the little girl to stay here whilst I talked this to you. I told you about my dream once, man fashion. I've told her about it. I ain't excusin' or screenin' myself. I did n't know, that's all. I never tried to fool this little girl, Mr. Wade. They lied who said I did. I pitied her, Mr. Wade. But it's a hard place to start in lovin' a girl where I saw her first — and I'd seen some one else before I saw her. But I know now, sir. I've told her so all these days that she's been with me, so true and tender. I reckon I never was in love before. I would n't have acted that way with you, sir, if I was really in love, and trusted. But there ain't no mistake this time, Mr. Wade," he gulped, sob in his throat and a smile in his eyes. "I'm her man forever and ever. She knows it, and she's glad. And I know she's all mine, and I'm the happiest man in the whole north country."

He broke in upon Wade's eager words of congratulation.

"There's just one more word I wanted to say — sort of in the way of business, Mr. Wade. Maybe —" there was a strange look on his face — "maybe when you're outside, some one — some one may drop a word, or

inquire about her business — you know — something about her." His look of strange significance became deeper, and Wade understood. "All is, you might say that she and Colin MacLeod is goin' to get married, and Colin MacLeod ain't askin' anybody for her — only herself and God. God ain't denyin' His Fatherhood to a girl as good as she is. Colin MacLeod ain't askin' anything else — ain't allowin' anything else. Say that to 'em! He's got his own two hands and eleven hundred dollars saved, and the big woods for her and for him. She and I would n't be happy outside of the big woods, Mr. Wade. Say it all to 'em, sir, if any one drops a word to you — and they probably will, because you've had words with them. You'll know how to say it. But make it plain that it will be dangerous business for any man to reach out his hand to her or to me with anything in it — and tell 'em it's Colin MacLeod says that," he added, bitterly.

"The only things you need in a hand outstretched to you, Colin," cried Wade, advancing towards him, "are good will and honest love, and both are in this hand I reach to you."

At the door he turned.

"Will you wait until I come back, Colin?" he asked. "I would like to stand up with you when you are married — myself and Nina Ide."

"I'll wait, Mr. Wade," returned the other, tears of gratitude springing to his eyes. "And may luck go with you in the business you are starting on."

That fervent wish, put again into words, followed him next morning, when he departed from Castonia. This time it was Tommy Eye who said it — Tommy Eye, fresh down with the rear of the drive, and a very timorous and apprehensive figure of an outlaw. But he seemed to be a little disappointed after Wade had assured him that the matter of Blunder Lake dam would be assumed by the Enchanted company and that Tommy himself had nothing to fear.

"I reckon you can do it, Mr. Wade. You can do most anything you set out to," sighed Tommy. "I kind of figgered on that outlaw business to keep me away from down-river. The city ain't good for the likes of me. They begin to rattle the keys of the calaboose the minute I get off'n the train."

"Tommy," commanded Wade, severely,

"don't you go down-river this season. You stay here and attend to the work we've got laid out for you."

"That's just as good as the outlaw proposition," declared Tommy, his face clearing. "Orders from you settles things, Mr. Wade. Here I stay."

It was two days later in the office of the Honorable John Barrett. It was a very polite and amiable body of gentlemen with whom Wade had been discussing some details of the lumbering business in the north country. John Barrett, presiding, had been most courteous of all.

And yet the talk had been too polite. The gentlemen had warily edged around the big question. At last Wade arose and leaned toward them over the big table of the directors' room.

"Gentlemen," he said, determinedly, "it is time to come to the point and disclose what is in our minds. You know as well as I the conditions that exist in this State. I'm going to tell you very frankly that I propose to fight those conditions. I propose to organize the small operators. I have been fighting; but it has been infernally nasty fighting. I assume the responsibility for the Blunder Lake affair, and I'm distinctly ashamed of being obliged to fight that way for common rights that have been usurped. I don't want to fight that way any longer."

"Nor we don't," broke in one of the directors, with fervor. "There's no money in it."

"I am a new-comer in the north country," the young man went on—but John Barrett arose and broke in, after most conciliatory apology.

"Now just a word here to avoid discussion that cannot be agreeable or profitable to any of us," he said. "You are a new-comer, Mr. Wade, to be sure; but you have shown qualities that command the respect of all of us." There was more significance in the searching glance he bestowed on Wade than in his words. The young man realized in a flash that it was undoubtedly John Barrett who had dominated the preliminary conferences, as he was dominating this one. "Mr. Britt — and I want to speak no ill of our unfortunate associate — has been the executive in the north country, and we have deplored some of his measures as unwise, without having been able to modify his im-

petuosity of character. The situation will undoubtedly take on a new light from now on. We'd like your permission, Mr. Wade, to leave the past just as it is. There have been mistakes on both sides, and we can cancel those scores with honor to both. It is no secret that I shall undoubtedly be the next Governor of this State. The convention has already nominated me, as you know, Mr. Wade."

He spoke now with greater earnestness.

"I declare here before my associates, Mr. Wade, as I shall pledge later to the people of the State, that if I am elected I shall be a Governor of the whole people, and not of any faction. Personally I shall be glad, Mr. Wade, to have you and all others interested come before the next Legislature, present complaints and arguments, and let this whole matter be settled justly. You will find that you and your supporters have interests to protect against unwarrantable assaults by the demagogues. In the new conditions that are coming to prevail in these days in public matters, those who preserve to themselves the full measure of their rights are exceedingly fortunate. And against those new conditions it is folly to fight. But in correcting abuses the pendulum sometimes swings too far. I think we can fairly ask you, Mr. Wade, and those operators who may follow your leadership, to join us in protecting what rightfully belongs to us — to all of us. You will understand that I am offering no hint of bulldozing nor collusion. It has come to a time when we cannot afford to jeopardize our party or our property, and the safety of both is concerned in a full and frank settlement of this question of the timber-lands."

He gazed inquiringly on this young man who had come up to the fortress to fight and now found fortress and foe dissolving like a mirage.

"Mr. Barrett," declared Wade, earnestly, "on that basis you have my honest co-operation." He took his hat. There was no excuse for remaining longer in a directors' meeting of Umcolcus Lumbering Association. His head whirled with the stunning suddenness of it all.

"Er — Mr. Wade!" called Barrett, advancing to him. "I would like to speak to you on a small matter of business — a little personal matter, gentlemen," he explained, with a glance at them over his shoulder.

When they were well apart John Barrett placed his hand on Wade's arm.

"Er — Mr. Wade," he said, still with a queer little hesitation in his tones, but with the utmost cordiality in his face, "I was speaking to my daughter, Lyde, to-day — telling her that you were to be at the directors' meeting at three, and — I believe it was by my suggestion — she is coming with her phaeton to take you for a bit of a turn about town. And it would give us great delight if you would dine with us. I thought that — er — after such a strenuous winter in the woods a bit of social relaxation would not be amiss." He patted the young man's arm.

Wade could not see the Honorable John Barrett's face just then, for the mists had come into his eyes. But he stammered something while he groped for the outstretched hand.

"You will find her waiting at the curb, I think," cried Mr. Barrett after him, and turned back into his office with a smile that was a smile of singular sweetness for the Honorable John Barrett.

Wade ran down the broad stairway, with his hat in his hand, and came upon the sidewalk into the glare of the June sunshine. She was there! The silk of the phaeton

parasol strained a soft and tender light upon her face, and her glorious eyes took him in as he came toward her, as though into an embrace. He swayed a little as he crossed the sidewalk, and his eyes blinked dizzily. And before he reached her, he turned suddenly and cast one look back at the great building behind him. He seemed to want to reassure himself about something — to behold solid bricks and stone — to convince himself that it was not an Aladdin's palace in which he had so amazingly and suddenly found the full fruition of all his hopes.

"What have they been doing to you up there in the ogres' den, Dwight, boy?" she asked, a ripple of laughter in her voice.

"I — I don't know!" he stammered. "It all happened so suddenly. Take me away, sweetheart, where I can see a tree. I want to find my bearings once more!"

And they rode away together down the street toward the glorious open country of the June, careless of all eyes, the pony trotting so demurely that the girl was able to surrender a hand to him that he held hidden and tight-clutched between them.

And you and I, my reader, may stand in the sunshine and watch them out of sight, and sigh for the joy of it!

THE END.



Old-Time American Scenery

AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE

*ENGRAVERS OF THE FIRST HALF
OF THE LAST CENTURY*

From Drawings by
W. H. BARTLETT

With Descriptions by
N. P. WILLIS

*Reproduced from AMERICAN SCENERY, Published in
London by George Virtue, 26 Ivy Lane, 1840*

VIEW OF NEW YORK FROM WEEHAWKEN

“WEEHAWKEN is slighted by the traveller ascending to the bolder and brighter glories of the Highlands above; and few visit except —

‘The prisoner to the city’s pent-up air,’

who, making a blest holiday of a summer’s afternoon, crosses thither to set his foot on the green grass, and mount the rocks for a view of our new-sprung Babylon and its waters. There is no part of ‘the country’ which ‘God made’ so blest in its offices of freshening the spirit, and giving health to the blood, as the rural suburb of a metropolis. The free breath drawn there, the green herb looked on before it is trodden down, the tree beautiful simply for the freedom of its leaves from the dust of the street, the humblest bird, or the meanest butterfly are dispensers of happiness in another measure than falls elsewhere to their lot.

“Weehawken is the ‘Chalk Farm’ of New York, and a small spot enclosed by rocks, and open to observation only from the river, is celebrated as having been the ground on which Hamilton fought his fatal duel with Aaron Burr. A small obelisk was erected on the spot, by the St. Andrews Society, to the memory of Hamilton, but it has been removed. His body was interred in the churchyard of Trinity, in Broadway, where his monument now stands.

“It is to be regretted that the fashion of visiting Haboken and Weehawken has yielded to an impression among the ‘fashionable’ that it is a vulgar resort. This willingness to relinquish an agreeable promenade because it is enjoyed as well by the poorer classes of society, is one of the superfine ideas which we imitate from our English ancestors, and in which the more philosophic continentals are so superior to us. What enlivens the Tuileries and St. Cloud at Paris, the Monte-Pincio at Rome, the Volksgarten at Vienna, and the Corso and Villa Reale at Naples, but the presence of innumerable ‘vulgarians’? They are considered there like the chorus in a pantomime, as producing all the back-ground effect as necessary to the *ensemble*. The place would be nothing — would be desolate without them ; yet in England and America it is sufficient to vulgarize any — the most agreeable resort, to find it frequented by the ‘people!’”



New York from Weehawken

THE NARROWS FROM FORT HAMILTON

“NOT quite one hundred years after Verrazzano’s discovery of the Bay of New York, during all which period we have no account of its being visited by an European vessel, Hudson made the Capes of Virginia on his third cruise in search of the north-west passage. Standing still on a northward course, he arrived in sight of the Narrows, distinguishing from a great distance the Highlands of Never Sink, which his mate, Robert Juet, describes in the Journal he kept as a ‘very good land to fall in with, and a pleasant land to see.’

“The most interesting peculiarity of our country to a European observer, is the freshness of its early history, and the strong contrast it presents of most of the features of a highly civilized land, with the youth and recent adventure of a newly discovered one. The details of these first discoveries are becoming every day more interesting: and to accompany a drawing of the Narrows, or entrance to the Bay of New York, the most fit illustration is that part of the journal of the great navigator which relates to his first view of them. The following extract describes the Narrows as they were two hundred years ago: the drawing presents them as they are.

“‘At three of the clock in the afternoone, we came to three great rivers. So we stood along to the northernmost, thinking to have gone into it, but we found it to have a very shoald barre before it, for we had but ten foot water. Then we cast about to the southward, and found two fathoms, three fathoms, and three and a quarter, till we came to the souther side of them, then we had five or six fathoms, and anchored. So we sent in our boat to sound, and they found no less water than foure, five, six, and seven fathoms, and returned in an hour and a halfe. So we weighed and went in, and rode in five fathoms, ose groun and saw many salmons, and mullets, and rayes very great.’”



The Narrows at Fort Hamilton

THE NARROWS AT STATEN ISLAND

“ALMOST any land looks beautiful after a long voyage; and it would not be surprising if the Narrows, oftenest seen and described by those who have just come off the passage of the Atlantic, should have this reputation. It does not require an eye long deprived of verdure, however, to relish the bold shores, the bright green banks, the clustering woods, and tasteful villas, which make up the charms of this lovely strait.

“Busier waters than the Narrows could scarcely be found; and it is difficult to imagine, amid so much bustle and civilization, the scene that presented itself to Hendrick Hudson, when the little *Halve-Mane* stole in on her voyage of discovery two hundred years ago. *Hoojden*, or the Highlands, as he then named the hills in this neighborhood, ‘were covered with grass and wild flowers, and the air was filled with fragrance.’ Groups of friendly natives, clothed in elk skins, stood on the beach, singing, and offering him welcome, and, anchoring his little bark, he explored with his boats the channel and inlets, and penetrated to the mouth of the river which was to bear his name. It appears, however, that the Indians on the Long Island side were less friendly; and in one of the excursions into the Bay of Manhattan, his boat was attacked by a party of twenty-nine savages of a ferocious tribe, and an English sailor, named Colman, was killed by an arrow-shot in the shoulder. Other unfriendly demonstrations from the same tribe, induced Hudson to leave his anchorage at Sandy Hook, and he drew into the Bay of New York, which he found most safe and commodious, and where he still continued his intercourse with the Indians of Staten Island, receiving them on board his vessel, dressing them, to their extravagant delight, in red coats, and purchasing from them fish and fruits in abundance.

“At this day there stands a villa on every picturesque point; a thriving town lies on the left shore; hospitals and private sanitary establishments extend their white edifices in the neighborhood of the quarantine-ground; and between the little fleets of merchantmen, lying with the yellow flag at their peak, fly rapidly and skilfully a constant succession of steam-boats, gaily painted and beautifully modelled, bearing on their airy decks the population of one of the first cities of the world. Yet of Manhattan Island, on which New York is built, Hudson writes, only two hundred years ago, that ‘it was wild and rough; a thick forest covered the parts where anything would grow; its beach was broken and sandy, and full of inlets; its interior presented hills of stony and sandy alluvion, masses of rock, ponds, swamps, and marshes.’”



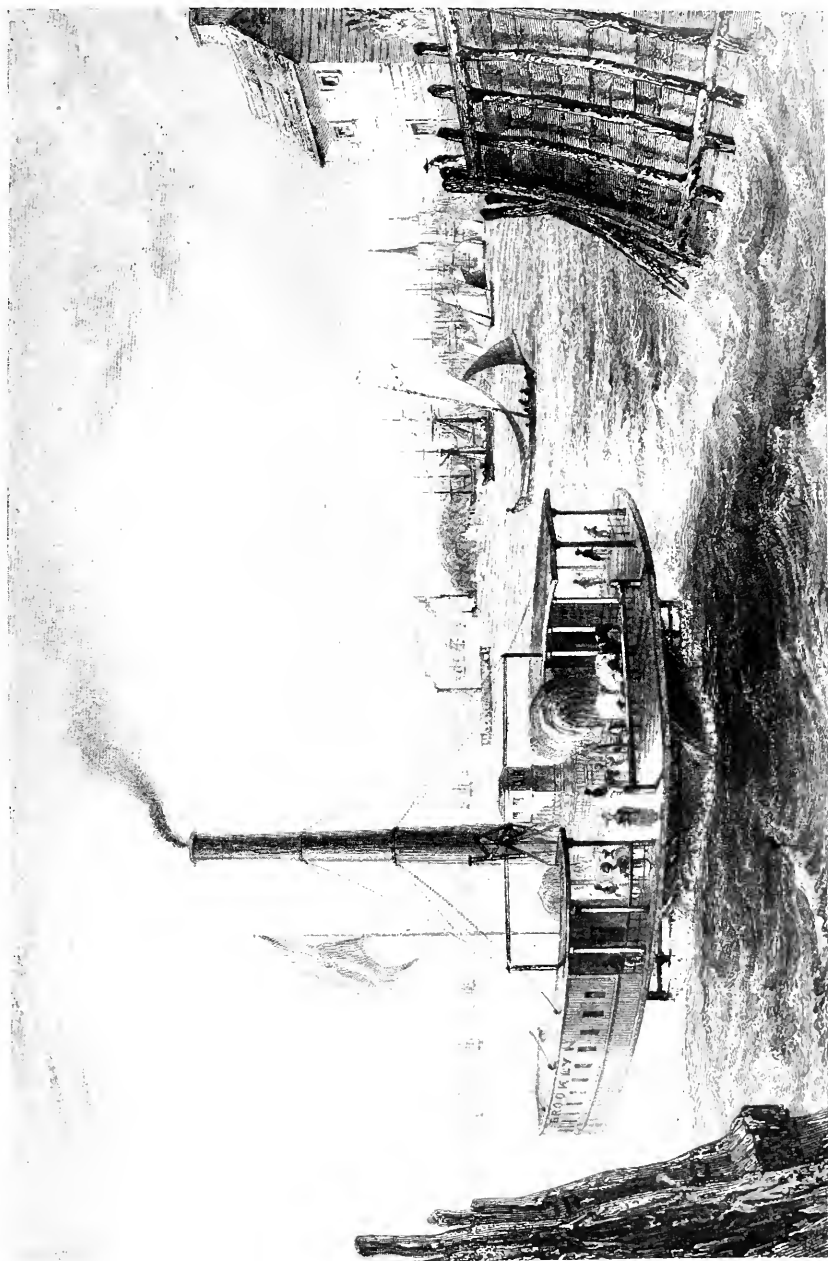
The Narrows from Staten Island, New York

VIEW OF THE FERRY AT BROOKLYN, N. Y.

“**B**ROOKLYN is as much a part of New York, for purposes of residence and communication, as ‘the Borough’ is of London. The steam ferry-boats cross the half-mile between it and the city every five minutes; and in less time than it usually takes to thread the press of vehicles on London Bridge, the elegant equipages of the wealthy cross to Long Island for the afternoon drive; morning visits are interchanged between the residents in both places—and, indeed, the East River is hardly more of a separation than the same distance in a street.

“Brooklyn is the shire-town of King’s County, and by this time, probably, is second in population only to New York. Land there, has risen in value to an enormous extent within the last few years; and it has become the fashion for business-men of New York to build and live on the healthy heights above the river, where they are nearer their business, and much better situated than in the outskirts of the city itself. The town of Brooklyn is built on the summit and sides of an elevation springing directly from the bank of the river, and commanding some of the finest views in America. The prospect embraces a large part of East River, crowded with shipping, and tracked by an endless variety of steamers, flying through the channel in quick succession; of the city of New York, extending, as far as eye can see, in closely piled masses of architecture; of the Hudson, and the shore of Jersey, beyond; of the bay and its bright islands, and of a considerable part of Long and Staten Islands, and the Highlands of Neversink. A more comprehensive, lively and interesting view is nowhere to be found.

“Historically, Brooklyn will long be remembered for the battle fought in its neighborhood between the British and Hessians under the command of General Howe, and the Americans under the immediate command of Generals Putnam and Sullivan. It was a contest of a body of ill-disciplined militia against twice their number of regular troops, and ended in defeat; but the retreat conducted by General Washington saved the army, and relieved a little the dark fortunes of the day.”



The Ferry at Brooklyn, New York

VIEW FROM THE TELEGRAPH SIGNAL, NEW YORK BAY

“THE first visitor to the Bay of New York, and the writer of the first description on record, was John de Verrazzano, a Florentine, in the service of Francis the First. This bold navigator had been for some time in command of four ships, cruising against the Spaniards. But his little fleet being separated in a storm, Verrazzano determined, with one of them, the Dauphin, to take a voyage in search of new countries. He arrived on the American coast, somewhere near North Carolina, and first proceeded south as far as ‘the region of palm-trees,’ probably Florida. He then turned and proceeded north till he entered a harbor, which he describes thus, in a passage of a letter addressed to his Royal master:

“‘This land is situated in the paralele of Rome, in forty-one degrees and two terces; but somewhat more cold by accidentall causes. The mouth of the haven lieth open to the south, half a league broad; and being entred within it, between the east and the north, it stretcheth twelve leagues, where it wareth broader and broader, and maketh a gulfe about twenty leagues in compass, wherein are five small islands, very fruitfull and pleasant, full of hie and broad trees, among the which islands, any great navie may ride safe without any fear of tempest or other danger.’

“In this harbor Verrazzano appears to have remained about fifteen days. He and his men frequently went on shore to obtain supplies and see the country. He says in another part of his letter — ‘Sometimes our men stayed two or three dies on a little island near the ship for divers necessities. We were oftentimes within the land five or six leagues, which we found as pleasant as is possible to declare, very apt for any kind of husbandry, of corne, wine, and ayle. We entered afterwards into the woods, which we found so thicke that an army, were it never so great, might have hid itself therein; the trees whereof are okes, cypresse-trees, and other sortes unknown in Europe.’”



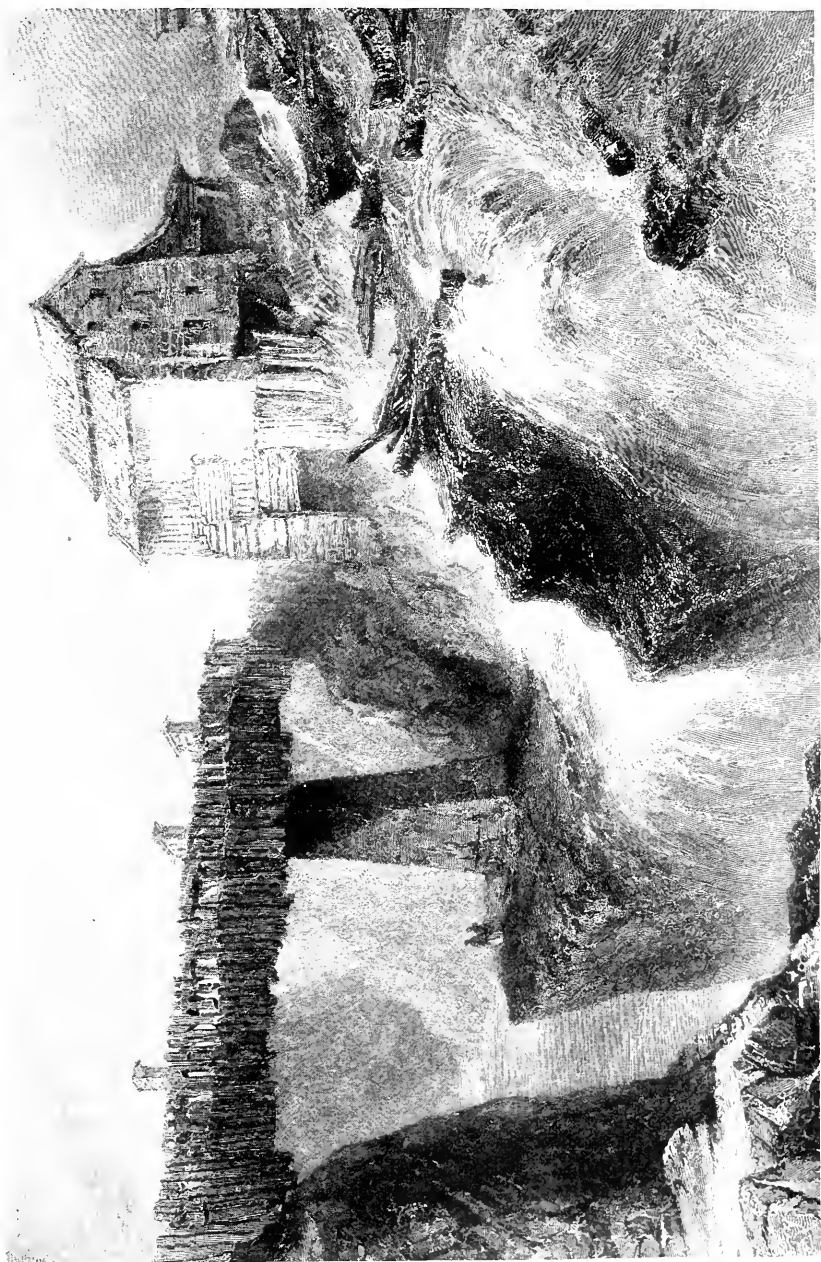
New York Bay from the 'Telegraph Station

BRIDGE AT GLEN'S FALLS, ON THE HUDSON

“FEW of our readers who will not consider this subject as one of the most picturesque in our collection, and yet many of them, we fear, have passed over the bridge in our View unconscious of the proximity of so extraordinary a scene as the Falls of the Hudson at this spot.

“This was, at least, our own case when first visiting Lake George, from Saratoga; and we would counsel everyone to steal a few minutes, even if travelling by the stage, to descend from the covered bridge to the rocky bed of the river. Miss Martineau observes — ‘We were all astonished at the splendour of Glen’s Falls. The full, though narrow Hudson, rushes along amidst enormous masses of rock, and leaps sixty feet down the chasms and precipices which occur in the passage, sweeping between dark banks of shelving rocks below, its current speckled with foam. The noise is so tremendous, that I cannot conceive how people can fix their dwellings in the immediate neighborhood. There is a long bridge over the roaring floods, which vibrates incessantly; and clusters of saw-mills deform the scene. There is stone-cutting as well as planking done at these mills. The fine black marble of the place is cut into slabs, and sent down to New York to be polished. It was the busiest scene that I saw near any water-power in America.’

“Her description is excellent, but as regards the mills, we cannot agree with her; they certainly add much to the picturesque effect of the scene.”



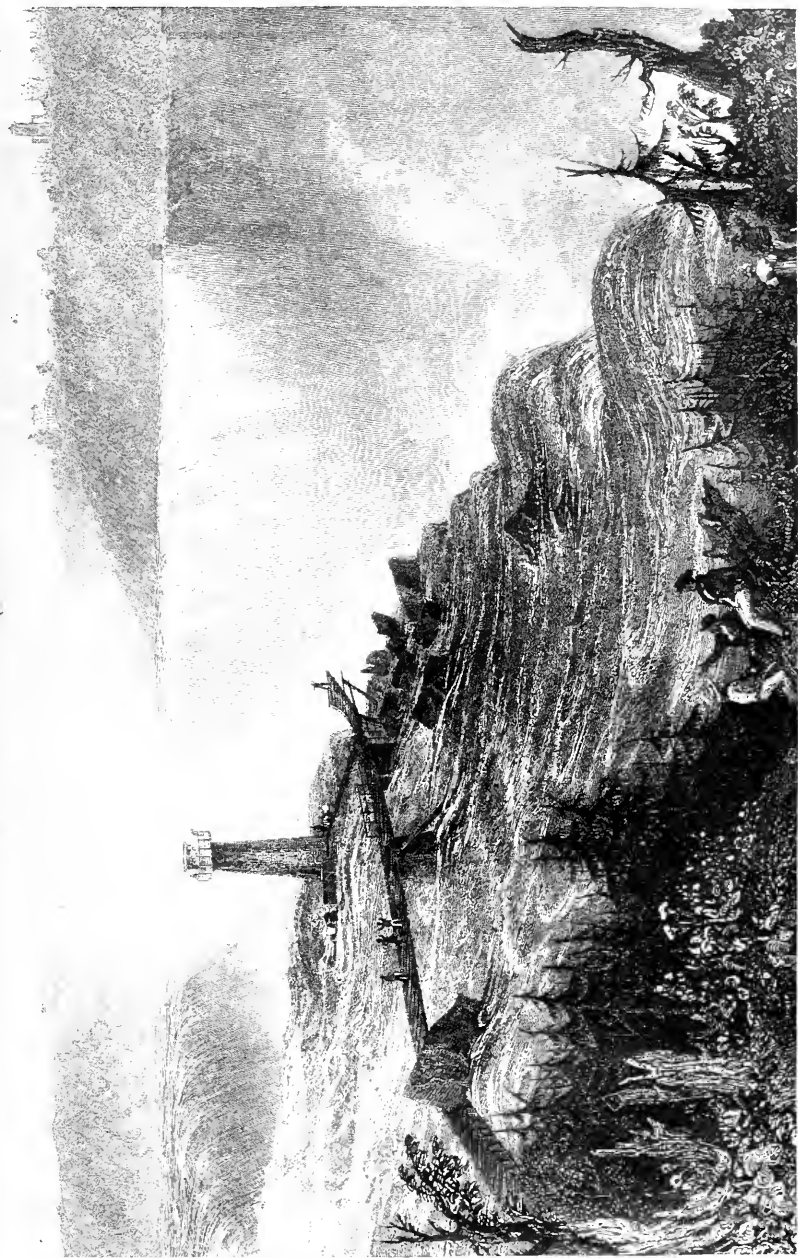
Bridge at Glen's Falls, on the Hudson

HORSESHOE FALLS AT NIAGARA

(Seen from Goat Island)

“NIAGARA is the outlet of several bodies of water, covering, it is estimated, 150,000 square miles! Dr. Dwight considers the Falls as part of the St. Lawrence, following that river back to the sources near the Mississippi; and, doing away with the intermediate names of St. Marie, Detroit, St. Clair, Iroquois, and Cataraqui, he traces its course through the lakes Superior, Huron, Erie, and Ontario, as the Rhone is followed through the Lake of Geneva, and the Rhine through Lake Constance. In this view the St. Lawrence is doubtless the first river in the world. It meets the tide of the sea four hundred miles from its mouth, which is ninety-five miles broad; and to this height fleets of men of war may ascend and find ample room for an engagement. Merchantmen of all sizes go up to Montreal, which is six hundred miles from the sea; and its navigation for three thousand miles is only interrupted in three places — Niagara Falls, the rapids of the Iroquois, and the part called the river St. Marie. The St. Marie is navigable for boats, though not for larger vessels; a portage of ten miles (soon to be superseded by ship canal) conveys merchandise around the Falls of Niagara, and the rapids of the Iroquois present so slight a hinderance, that goods are brought from Montreal to Queenston for nearly the same price as they would pay by unobstructed navigation.

“It is necessary to remember the extent of the waters which feed Niagara, to conceive, when standing for an hour only on the projecting rocks, how this almighty wonder can go on so long. Even then,— that these inland seas lie above, tranquil and unexhausted, scarce varying their high-water mark perceptibly, from year to year, yet supplying, for *every* hour, the ‘ninety millions of tons,’ which, it is estimated, plunge over the cataract,— it affords you a standard for the extent of those lakes, to which the utmost stretch of mind seems scarcely competent.”



Horseshoe Falls at Niagara

NIAGARA FALLS

(From the top of the ladder on the American side)

THIS is often the first near and general view of the falls, and it is well calculated to produce the most astonishing impression on any one suddenly introduced to it. Supposing him to have arrived from Lockport, by a tedious progress through the forests, the visitor is conducted through a beautiful wood, presenting scenery of the softest character. But, with the roar of the cataract in his ear, he hurries rapidly through, till he stands on the very verge of the Fall, at the point where its mighty waters descend in one solemn unbroken mass into a gulf of spray, rising in clouds from the tortured waves beneath, and driven about by the gusts, till sometimes the whole river beneath, and the opposite shores, are momentarily concealed. As this misty curtain is withdrawn, the whole scene is disclosed. Beyond the American fall, which is immediately before him, and the wooded steeps of Goat Island, he sees the sublime curve of the Horse-shoe Fall, from below the centre of which, where the greatest mass of water descends, arises a tall and beautiful column of silvery vapour far into the sky.

“At this spot is the entrance of the long covered ladder by which the descent to the ferry is accomplished. At an opening in it, half way down the precipice, people usually stop (in spite of their hurry, and that absorbing matter, the care of their baggage) to enjoy the only view, perhaps, which brings them near to the falling column in the midst of its descent. It is, indeed, ‘horribly beautiful.’ No one has better described the effect sometimes produced on the mind at Niagara, than Basil Hall.

“On Sunday night, the eighth of July, we returned to the Falls, and walked down to the Table Rock, to view them by moonlight. Our expectations, as may be supposed, were high, but the sight was more impressive than we had expected. It possessed, it is true, what may be called a more sober kind of interest than that belonging to the wild scene behind the sheet of water above described. I may mention one curious effect:—it seemed to the imagination not impossible that the Fall might swell up, and grasp us in its vortex.”



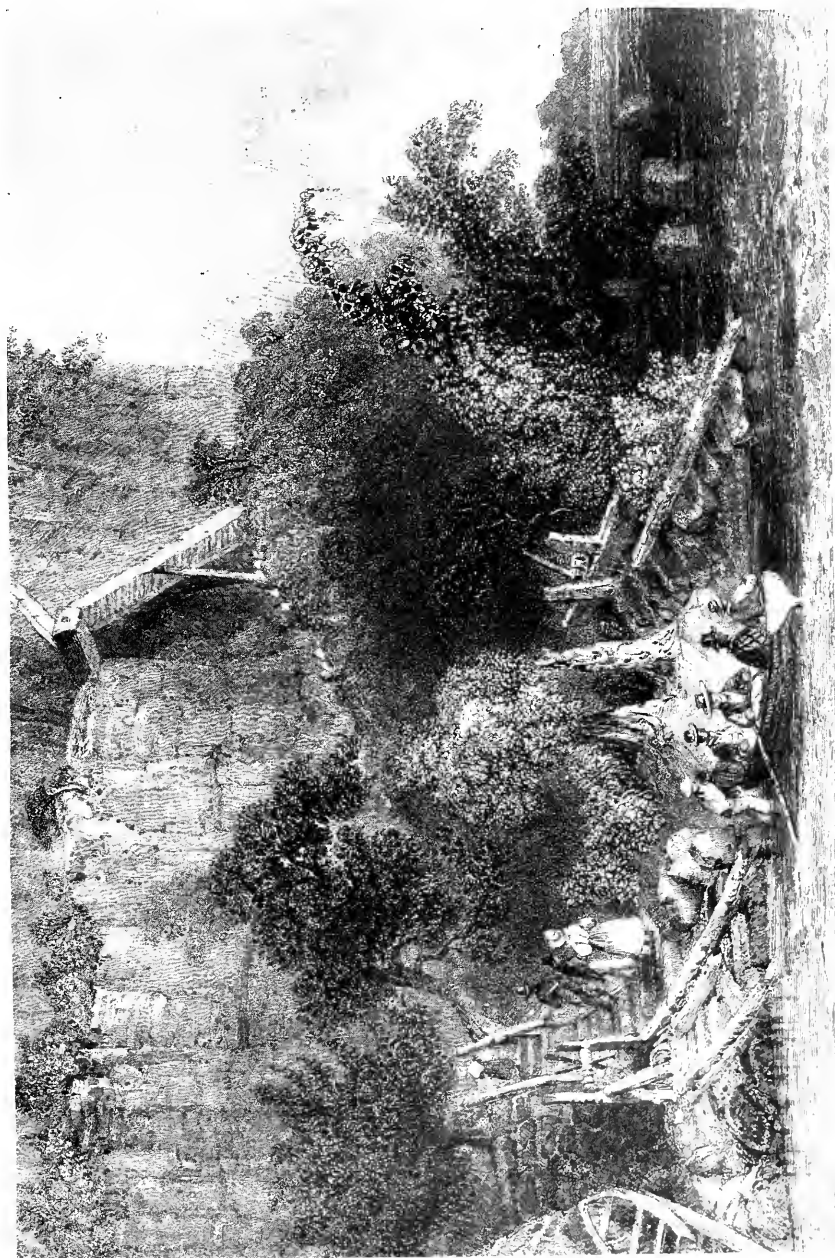
Niagara Falls (from the top of the ladder on the American side)

THE LANDING ON THE AMERICAN SIDE

(Falls of Niagara)

"IT was formerly thought impossible for anybody living to come at the island that is in the middle of the Fall; but an accident that happened twelve years ago made it appear otherwise. The history is this: Two Indians of the Six Nations went out from Niagara Fort to hunt upon an island that is in the middle of the river, or strait, some miles above the great Fall, on which there used to be abundance of deer. They took some French brandy with them from the fort, which they tasted several times as they were carrying their canoe around the Fall; and when they were in the canoe, they now and then took a dram, and so went along up the strait toward the island where they proposed to hunt; but growing sleepy, they laid themselves down in the canoe, which, getting loose, drove back with the stream further and further down, till it came nigh that island that is in the middle of the Fall. Here, one of them, awakened by the noise, cries out to the other that they were gone! — yet they tried if possible to save life. This island between the Falls was nighest, and with much working they got there. At first, they were glad; but when they had considered everything, they thought themselves hardly in a better state than if they had gone down the Fall, since they had now no other choice than either to throw themselves down the same, or to perish with hunger: but hard necessity put them on invention. At the lower end of the island the rock is perpendicular, and there is a break in the Fall. The island having plenty of wood, they went to work directly and made a ladder, or shrouds, of the bark of linden-tree, which is very tough and strong, so long, that it would reach to the edge of the water below. One end of this bark ladder they tied fast to a great tree that grew at the side of a rock above the Fall, and let the other end down to the water.

"So they went down their newly invented stairs; and when they came to the bottom in the middle of the Fall they rested a little; and as the water next below the Fall is not rapid, they threw themselves into it, thinking to swim on shore. Hardly had the Indians began to swim, before the waves of the eddy threw them with violence against the rock from whence they started. They tried it several times, but at last were weary, and being often thrown against the rock they were much bruised, and the skin of their bodies torn in many places. So they were obliged to climb up their stairs again to the island, not knowing what to do. After some time they perceived Indians on the opposite shore, to whom they cried out. These two pitied them, but gave them little hopes of help; yet they made haste down to the fort, and told the French commander where two of their brethren were. He persuaded them to try all possible means of relieving the two Indians; and it was done in this manner. The water that runs on the east side of the island is shallow, and breaks with rapids over the rocks. The commandant caused poles to be made and pointed with iron: two Indians determined to walk to this island by the help of these poles, to save the others, or perish. They took leave of their friends as if they were going to death. Each had two such poles in his hands to set against the bottom of the stream to keep them steady: so they went and got to the island, and having given poles to the poor Indians there, they all returned safely to the main. The unfortunate creatures had been nine days on the island and were almost starved to death."



The landing on the American side, Niagara Falls

VIEW FROM TABLE ROCK

“THE interest of the view under this impending cliff is somewhat heightened by the probability that it will fall into the abyss sometime within the next six months. Since the fall of the most projecting part of it, two or three winters since, a large and very deep crack has widened around the remaining area of the platform above, and it is thought that it will scarce survive the next frost. At present, spite of the threat, troops of ladies and gentlemen crowd its broad summit at all hours, walking, drawing, gazing, and philandering, in the fullest confidence that rocks have bases. And so it will go on, probably, till the ‘one (thunder) too many’ hammers through its crack of doom.

“The path leading behind the sheet of Horse-shoe Fall, runs close under the cliff of Table Rock; and between the spray and the small rivulets that trickle over the sharp edge, or find their way out of the numerous crevices, on the face of the precipices, it is as wet as the lawn blessed with ‘perpetual rain’ by the Witch of Atlas. We were of a considerable part that visited this Naiad’s palace in the close of the last summer. A small shanty stands at the head of the staircase, kept by a very civil Englishman, who, with the assistance of his daughter and two sons, keeps a reading-room and registry, vends curious walking-sticks cut at Niagara, minerals, spars and stuffed scorpions, besides officiating as guide under the Falls, and selling brandy and water to those who survive the expedition.

“The guide went before and we followed close under the cliff. A cold clammy wind blew strong in our faces from the moment we left the shelter of the staircase; and a few steps brought us into a pelting, fine rain, that penetrated every opening of our dresses, and made our foothold very slippery and difficult. We were not yet near the sheet of water we were to walk through; but one or two of the party gave out and returned, declaring it was impossible to breathe; and the rest, imitating the guide, bent nearly double to keep the beating spray from their nostrils, and pushed on, with enough to do to keep sight of his heels.

“It is difficult enough to breathe within; but with a little self-control and management, the nostrils may be guarded from the watery particle in the atmosphere, and then an impression is made upon the mind by the extraordinary pavilion above and around, which never loses its vividness. The natural bend of the falling cataract, and the backward shelf of the precipice, form an immense area like the interior of a tent, but so pervaded by discharges of mist and spray, that it is impossible to see far inward. Outward the light struggles brokenly through the crystal wall of the cataract; and when the sun shines directly on its face, it is a scene of unimaginable glory. The footing is rather unsteady, a small shelf composed of loose and slippery stones; and the abyss below boils like — it is difficult to find a comparison. On the whole, it is an undertaking rather pleasanter to remember than to achieve.”



View below Table Rock, Niagara Falls

MEN AND AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

By DAVID S. BARRY

Senatorial Homes in Washington : The Rebuke to William Windom : Senators Whose Homes Are in Washington and New York Rather than in Their Districts : The Hotel Habit : Tom Reed's Way : How Some of the Elder Statesmen Did It : "Private" John Allen's Joke : How New England Senators Live in Washington.



TWENTY-FIVE years ago or so William Windom, of Minnesota, afterwards Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinet of President Harrison, who was dramatically stricken by death while addressing the New York Chamber of Commerce at its annual dinner January 29, 1891, was reported to have been defeated for reelection to the United States Senate because he had built in Washington a modest residence for the occupancy of himself and his family.

In those days public opinion had not been educated up to the point of admitting with complacency that a Senator of the United States could be rich enough to own a house in Washington, if, indeed, he could so hypnotize his constituents as to induce them to forgive him for living any greater length of time during each year in Washington than was absolutely necessary for the faithful performance of his public duties. In other words, the public in the old days believed that a Senator of the United States should live just about as the average of his constituents lived. It was demanded of him that he should live in a boarding-house or second-rate hotel,—because there were none other in Washington until recent years and a Senator's salary would not have permitted him to live in it if there had been,—and to go back to the city, village, or rural community whence he came as soon as the sessions of Congress were over.

Of course there were exceptions to this rule laid down for senatorial living, just as there are exceptions to all other rules, but the number of Senators, however rich they might be, who had their own houses in Washington, whether by purchase or rental,

could be counted on the fingers of one hand. There have always been, of course, men in all walks of public life of sufficient independence of character and of means to do as they saw fit without regard to the peculiar notions of right living held by their constituents. But since the days when Mr. Windom was rebuked by the aid of photographs, sent broadcast over the State of Minnesota, of a very moderate dwelling-house on Vermont Avenue which he had erected for the occupancy of his family, times have changed, and now a public man, whether a Senator, a Representative, or occupying any other elective or appointive office, feels justified in living in any style of which his conscience approves and which his pocket-book will stand without laying himself open to the charge of being either an aristocrat or a grafter.

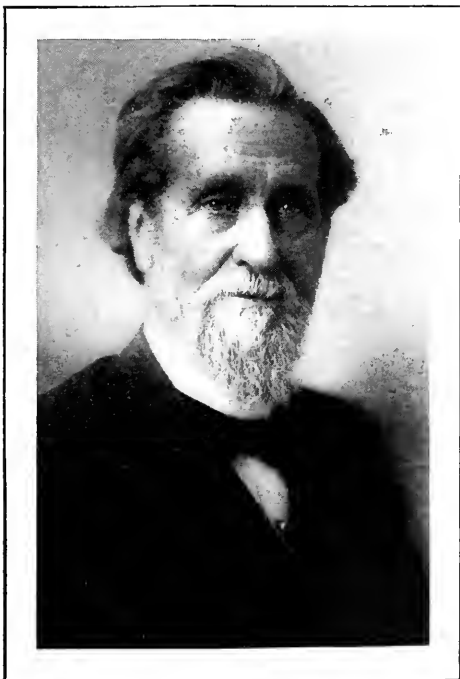
After the Minnesota Senator had been disciplined he lived in Washington in more than one house more pretentious than the one that brought about the enforced hiatus in his public career, although he was never a man of large means, and nobody in Minnesota or elsewhere seemed disposed to find fault with him on that account. It is probable that what his constituents resented at that time more particularly was that which in some States is yet held to be a flaw in the make-up of a public man; namely, the practice of representing a State in Congress while residing the greater part of the year either in Washington or at some place remote from and, presumably, more attractive than that place whence come the votes.

Some public men can afford to brave their constituents, while others would fail if they attempted it. The late Senator

Calvin S. Brice, of Ohio, for instance, lived in New York when elected to the Senate and never after had his home elsewhere. His visits to Lima, from which he had emigrated many years before going to the Senate, were few and far between, and of very brief duration. Senator Newlands, of Nevada, too, for many years, has not been in the habit of visiting that State — although it is possible it has attractions for him now that it is again becoming prolific of gold; and ex-Senator Wetmore, of Rhode Island, who will probably be elected again in January, although in the *Congressional Record* he gives Newport as his residence, lives there but a few months during the summer social season. At other times his family reside either in New York, where they have long had their settled permanent residence, or in Washington during a portion of the time that Congress is in session. Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, also, whose home is supposed to be in Pittsburg, rarely lives there. He has a beautiful house in Washington, which he purchased when he was Attorney-General, and a year or two ago



Representative Peter Porter, of New York, who defeated "Jimmie" Wadsworth in the campaign growing out of the beef trust investigation



Senator Stephenson, of Wisconsin, the millionaire successor to John C. Spooner

he bought the charming and celebrated Valley Forge Farm near Philadelphia, historically famous as the headquarters of Washington. His married daughter lives there in a house furnished in the style of the period when Valley Forge was in the minds of everybody, and so the Smoky City sees very little of its Senator.

Senator Eugene Hale, of Maine, too, lives nearly all of the time, when not in Europe or at Bar Harbor in the summer, in his pretentious Washington house, within half a block of that of Senator Knox, built by his wife, the daughter of the late Senator Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan.

Twenty years ago a study of the Congressional directory, then not so bulky a volume as now, would show that nearly all of the Senators and Representatives and high officials of the Government, no matter how big their salaries or how fat their pocket-books, lived in hotels and boarding-houses. To-day the number is comparatively small. Times have indeed changed since Washington was a mud-hole and its



Senator Robert G. Owens, of the new State of Oklahoma

statesmen nearly all lived in Georgetown, — many of them at the City Hotel, still in existence,— whence, there being no such things as trolley-cars, and the mud at certain seasons of the year being hub high on vehicles, they travelled to the Capitol, four miles or so distant, on horseback.

Representatives in Congress, even when they are wealthy men, are not so apt to have fine residences at the capital as Senators are, because the term of a Representative lasts but two years and he does not in that time, or even if he is reëlected to such a frequently changing body, become a part of the city of Washington. The Senate, being under the Constitution a continuous body, goes on for ever, and many of the members go along with it. Senator Allison, "the Father of the Senate," has lived nearly half a century of public life in Washington, either in a boarding-house or in a modest brick structure on Thomas Circle, which was the property of his first wife. This house now has a "For Sale" sign in the front yard, indicating that the Senator, who is a widower for the second time, with no members of his family or immediate rela-

tives to look after him, will for the remainder of his career in Congress patronize a hotel.

A few of the wealthiest and most influential men in Congress never have got over the hotel habit, because, having fine houses at their own homes, they spend no more time in Washington than they are absolutely compelled to and are never here unless Congress is in session. Conspicuous among this class is Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, popularly reputed to be a very wealthy man. Mr. Aldrich has at times rented a house in Washington, but for nearly all of his Congressional career, which has continued for nearly thirty years, he has lived at the Arlington Hotel. The Senator has a house in Providence, and a fine estate at Warwick Neck, twelve miles below, on Narragansett Bay, equally distant from Newport. He has an extensive water-front and can on clear days get a view of the dancing blue waters of the bay as far down as the ocean. Mr. Aldrich has on his beautiful place a stone tower, near the top of which is located his private study, reached only by a ladder which the Senator, when he desires to be uninterrupted, pulls up



Senator Thomas Gore, of the new State of Oklahoma

after him. The view from the windows of this tower on a clear day is superb, commanding as they do practically all of Narragansett Bay, and practically the whole State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, as well as a corner of Massachusetts.

The late Thomas B. Reed always believed that it was not at all necessary for a man, however prominent in public life, to set up a private establishment at the capital. As for himself, he never owned or rented a house in Washington. He lived for many years until he became Speaker in a second-class hotel where his fellow boarders were for the most part recruited from among his obscure colleagues in the House of Representatives. Afterwards Mr. Reed went to a more pretentious hotel, where he occupied a modest suite of four rooms and never did any entertaining. Being something of a *bon vivant* and always "a jolly good fellow," he occasionally gave stag dinners at a down-town restaurant famous for its sea food and wild game, but did not entertain generally. His wife and daughter cared nothing for the ordinary general society of Washington and took little or no part in it. Mr. Reed himself was always a central figure at all sorts of gatherings—a social as well as a political lion.

Speaker Cannon has a house on Vermont Avenue, but he lived for a great many years at an unfashionable down-town hotel and only came up-town when absolutely compelled by circumstances to do so. As Speaker he has been liberal and indiscriminate in his entertainments.

Mr. Cannon's predecessor, "Dave" Henderson, lived in a hotel also, and had nothing but his salary to spend. This he did with a lavish hand, but the public knew little of what he was doing in a social way.

As for the Democratic Speakers of the House, Mr. Crisp, of Georgia, who succeeded Mr. Reed, and was in turn succeeded by him, lived obscurely in the down-town hotel which is the recognized headquarters of the Southern contingent in Congress. Samuel J. Randall owned a little house on a side street on Capitol Hill, and his family were not known in the social world. John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, when Speaker, lived in a hotel, but afterwards, when Secretary of the Treasury and Senator, purchased



Jeff Davis, the new Senator from Arkansas

a modest house on K Street, which he had not succeeded in paying for at the time when he left Washington and hung out his shingle as a lawyer in New York. Now Mr. Carlisle is able to buy half a dozen houses if he wanted them, but as there are no members of his immediate family left he is not worried about such things. It has been rumored in Washington of late that Mr. Carlisle was about to be married again, and this time to a widow, a member of the Tucker family of Virginia, but the report has not been verified.

In "the old days," that is at a time before the present generation of statesmen came on deck, a Speaker of the House of Representatives was expected to do more entertaining than is demanded of him to-day. James G. Blaine recognized the obligation, and much of his remarkable popularity was due undoubtedly to his habit of living in a fine house and leaving the latch-string on the outside. When Speaker, Mr. Blaine lived in a house on Fifteenth Street, where the late Fernando Wood was his neighbor on one side, and on the other, General Sherman. Across the street was the home of Hamilton Fish, Secretary of



Senator Jonathan Bourne, of Oregon, second-term boomer

State in Grant's Cabinet, which has since been occupied by various men prominent in public life. This famous house has but recently been converted by its present owner, John R. McLean, proprietor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* and the *Washington Post*, president of the Washington Gas Company, and influential in many other corporations of the District of Columbia, into a replica of an Italian villa which he once visited. Whatever else may be said of the McLean house, it is unique, and the popular verdict is that it is either strikingly handsome or wonderfully ugly.

Blaine afterwards built a great pile of red brick out on Dupont Circle, but sold it when the death of President Garfield caused him to become again a private citizen. The house is now owned by George Westinghouse, of Pittsburg, who has occasionally occupied it during the winter social season, but for the past year or more it has been vacant. Upon entering Harrison's Cabinet Mr. Blaine bought the old house on Lafayette Square, opposite the White House, which was the home of William H. Seward, and where an attempt was made to kill him

on the night that Lincoln was assassinated. Blaine died in this house. It was afterwards torn down to make room for a theatre, on the walls of which there is to-day a bronze tablet giving the history of the site.

Vice-President Fairbanks has about given up his long-cherished hope of walking off with the Presidential nomination next year, but has renewed the lease on his handsome house and will probably live there until the expiration of his term, March 4, 1909.

Mr. Fairbanks does not seem to be afraid of the effect of making a social splurge in Washington, notwithstanding the laudable but ineffective efforts of those in charge of his literary bureau to have the country believe that their candidate was born in the regular candidate fashion — in a log hut — instead of in the very comfortable house in which his parents resided after they were married. Wholesale entertaining has been one of the weapons used by the Vice-President to kill off his rivals, and the difference between the temperance views of the people of Washington and those of Indiana is shown by the fact that Fairbanks cocktails as well as Fairbanks other things in the liquor line are habitually served in the K Street house without offending the sensibilities of anybody.

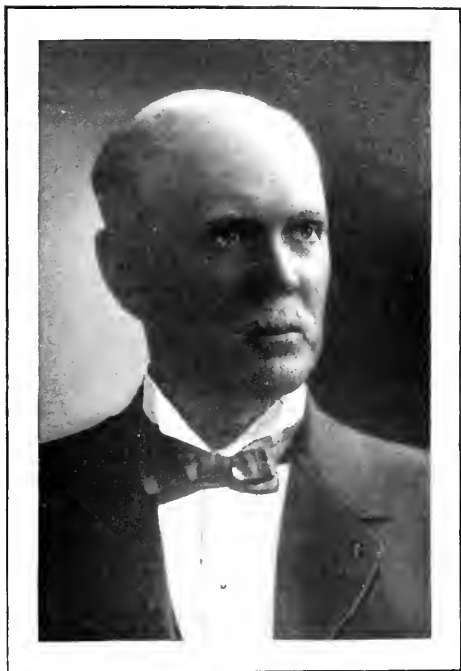
It is a little singular that although the Presidential tickets will be put in the field in about six months, little or nothing is being said in the public press about the nominee for Vice-President. Of course, that will depend largely upon who is selected for the head of the ticket; and the ordinary rule, doubtless, will be followed — of having the East and West represented. If Roosevelt, Hughes, or Cortelyou is nominated it would leave Mr. Fairbanks eligible for the second place, so that really the only man he has to fear of the candidates now supposed to be the lead is Taft. So far as can be learned here, nobody has heard the Vice-President say that he would like to be re-nominated for his present office; but on the other hand, nobody has heard him say to the contrary.

The late Garret A. Hobart, who served during President McKinley's first term, was the only Vice-President in recent years who had a house in Washington. The others as far back as the present generation can remember lived in boarding-houses and hotels. The list includes Schuyler Colfax, Henry

Wilson, William A. Wheeler, Thomas A. Hendricks, Adlai E. Stevenson, and perhaps others, it being difficult for the public to carry very distinct impressions of the long list of Vice-Presidents who have come and gone.

Mr. Hobart broke the precedent. He was a rich man and could afford to do it, and so when he took a lease of the historic Ogle Tayloe house on Lafayette Square — or Madison Place, as it is technically known — he became more prominent in the official and social life of Washington than any of his immediate predecessors. He was even more of a factor because President McKinley made a confidant and friend of him, consulting him on political and legislative matters and not allowing him or the country to feel too strongly that he was playing second fiddle. Mr. Hobart's residence soon came to be known as the "Cream White House" because of the color and the political status of its occupant. The house was afterwards leased by Senator Hanna, who lived in it several years; and although it was built a hundred years or so ago, it maintains its prestige and is in great demand as a place of residence by wealthy and socially ambitious Congressmen. The house is owned by former Senator Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania, who made extensive improvements in and about it before leasing it to Vice-President Hobart, but had the good sense and good taste not to destroy its old-fashioned appearance, which is its chief charm. The house stands between a club and a theatre, and yet maintains its air of attractive exclusiveness.

Washington is being so rapidly transformed into a modern and pretentious city that the houses of Senators and other public men which were regarded as marvels attract no attention now. An illustration of this class of buildings is that which former Senator Thomas W. Palmer, of Michigan, built during his second term in the Senate, which expired in 1889. It is what is known as a "New York house" built of brown stone, beautifully carved, five stories high, with a kitchen under the roof, a passenger-elevator, and all the modern conveniences. The woodwork was specially selected and prepared by Mr. Palmer in Michigan, where he was and still is a wealthy lumber-dealer, and it was said at the time that it was the best built house in Washington. To-day it



Representative J. R. Sherwood, of Ohio

is one of three dwelling-houses occupied by the Department of Justice, which owns no building of its own. The Lowery house, one of the best private residences in the city, which has been occupied at various times by very wealthy and prominent people, including the Cornelius Vanderbilts, who lived in it one season, is the second of the Department of Justice houses; and the Payson house, also well known, the third. The Palmer house is in the centre, but the beauty of its construction, finishing, and decoration, and its costliness, are lost sight of in its use as a public office.

It was in this house that "Private" John Allen, of Mississippi, who for several years held the record as the most popular wit of the House of Representatives, made the famous remark that is still quoted and laughed at in Washington clubs and drawing-rooms. Mr. Palmer, a cultivated, well-read, widely travelled man, a genial soul, who was wont to draw about him in his palatial dining-room those whom he admired and cared for, regardless of their political status or worldly surroundings, gave a dinner of unusual elegance one night, at which Mr. Allen was one of the guests. The solemn



Senator Simon Guggenheim, of Colorado, head of the smelter trust

visaged Mississippian with a Washington belle on his arm reached the door of the dining-room, when he stopped suddenly, as though overcome, and wiped an imaginary tear from his eye.

"Why, Mr. Allen," anxiously asked his fair companion, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, Madam, no," replied Mr. Allen, in a choking voice, "I'm better now. But the lights, the flowers, the music, the glass, the silver, the whole room — oh, it reminds me so of my own dear little home in Tupelo!"

Many public men in Washington, although well able to maintain pretentious establishments, prefer to live quietly and modestly in a hotel or in one of the many fine apartment-houses erected in Washington in the past ten years, in order to be rid of the bothers of housekeeping and the worry of looking after servants. Indeed, if their wives or daughters are not socially ambitious, or if they have none, they are, as a rule, inclined to take things easy and not "put on style," as living in one's own house was once regarded in Washington. Sen-

ator "Tom" Platt, of New York, for instance, has always lived in a hotel, although his colleague, Mr. Depew, has had a big house and given big entertainments ever since he has been in the Senate. Mr. Depew now occupies the spacious house that Secretary Root formerly lived in; and as he appears to be completely restored to health, he and his young wife may be expected to entertain again on the scale which they set up in the early days of his term in the Senate, when he brought her, a bride, from Paris.

Former Senator Dryden, of New Jersey, who is a very wealthy man, being the head of one of the largest insurance companies in the United States which did not get badly squeezed in the recent collision between the companies and the public, had a big house while he was in the Senate, and so had his colleague, John Kean, whose family is in some way related to that of President Roosevelt. Mr. Kean is a bachelor, but his sisters keep house for him and are important factors in the social life of Washington.

The public, which is always ready to believe that Senators are the richest people on earth, expect them to spend the money if they have it. When a man known to be unusually wealthy comes to Washington the first thing the public does is to select a house for him. Sometimes, however, they make a mistake. This was done in the case of Mr. Simon Guggenheim, head of the smelting trust, who has as much money, perhaps, as any man in the Senate, and who will be sworn in next December for the term beginning on the fourth of March last. So it was announced that Mr. Guggenheim, who publicly admitted that he spent a good deal of his money but not all of it in getting elected to the Senate, would lease the house of "the Colorado mining-king," Thomas F. Walsh, of Colorado and Washington, which is about the most costly and showy private residence in Washington. About the time that it was all settled Mr. Guggenheim should live there and entertain Washington like a prince, Mr. Walsh announced that he would occupy the house himself, and entertain or not as he saw fit. Judging from the disastrous result that followed his attempt last winter to give Washington society a good time without any limit, it is thought Mr. Walsh will be a little more careful this season. Mr. Guggenheim

may be a little careful, too, as he is said to possess all the shrewdness and foresight of his family and race.

The New England Senators live well in Washington, but not ostentatiously. The Lodge house is one of the best known in the city, and one of the most comfortable and attractive. Mr. Crane, when he was a widower, "boarded round," but this season he is occupying, with his young wife and new baby, the pleasant but unpretentious house in which William A. Clark, of Montana, "the copper king," whose term ended last March, lived. It is at the corner of Massachusetts Avenue and Twentieth Street, the most desirable and fashionable section of the city.

There are some very rich men in the House of Representatives, and a few of them maintain big establishments in Washington, but somehow the public seems interested chiefly in the doings of Senators and

the high officials of the Administration. Some of the members of President Roosevelt's Cabinet are very rich men, notably Secretary Root and Postmaster-General Meyer. The latter has moved into a very handsome and spacious house at the intersection of Connecticut Avenue and Twenty-first Street, and it is thought that he and his family will be the most extensive entertainers of the Cabinet circle. Mrs. Root does not care for general society, and the daughter of the house, recently married to Lieut. Ulysses S. Grant, III., U. S. A., will not hereafter reside in Washington. The family of Assistant Secretary of State "Bob" Bacon, who was the business partner of J. Pierpont Morgan, are expected to be liberal hosts also, as they have taken a fine new colonial house on K Street, which has just been completed. It is a type of the luxurious homes for which Washington is fast becoming noted.

MISS SUSAN ROBBINS

By EDITH MINITER

Year November came in August,
 Winter, it began in fall,
 Year we saw but little sunshine,
 Indian summer not at all;
 Year the cider had no flavor,
 Year each balmy wind was cool —
 That's the year Miss Susan Robbins
 Went to take another school.

Wa' n't no profit goin' to meetin',
 Choir a-singin' out of tune,
 Parson preachin' hell-damnation
 Way up into afternoon;
 No more sweet 'n' cheerin' sermons
 Such as once had been the rule
 Sundays, ere Miss Susan Robbins
 Went to take another school.

Wa' n't no fun at quiltin'-parties,
 Games were never started right,
 And we'd no one to oblige with
 "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Fellow tried to sing "Juanita,"
 All the rest would ridicule —
 Just because Miss Susan Robbins
 Went to take another school.

Wa' n't no sale in our village
 For red neckties or such things,
 And the sheriff closed out Siegel,
 Dealer in Gents' Furnishings.
 To the dogs went Henry Boland,
 Took to drink an' played the fool;
 Started downhill soon as Susan
 Went to take another school.

But hurrah! A new year 's comin',
 An' our folks will smile again;
 Delegation for Miss Robbins
 Went to Chatham on the train,
 Begged her to come back 'n' snatch us
 From our limbo of misrule —
 Chatham's turn to mourn, 'cause Susy's
 Went an' took another school.

PETER FADA'S DAUGHTER

AN AMUSING IRISH STORY

By CAHIR HEALY



PETER FADA was one of them strange kind of craythurs that think that nobody knows anything only themselves. I'm thinking you met people like him before, and not about the corners of Derryconny, either. Peter was a gentleman — in a kind of way; he paid his just debts and minded his own business, and was a friend in need to all the poor of the parish. Only for his strange way of getting on he would have been a model for all the men in the country. They all knew that Peter was an oddity and a curiosity. Howsoever that may be, he had a long head on him, for all his eccentric ways, and it was seldom that he did not come out on the right side; but then, maybe that was because the rest of them were usually on the wrong. He had a way of his own for doing all things, if it was only polishing his boots or cleaning the chimney once a year with a thorn-bush. Peter Fada never did things the same way as others, yet he prospered. Seeing this, some of them would begin to imitate his methods on the sly, and then Peter would change again. Briney Friel, the school-master, used to say that if Peter Fada had been a crow he would be sure to whitewash himself.

Peter had nobody but himself and his daughter Maura. A fine good-looking *cailin* she was. Even if she had n't a piece or penny to bless herself with she would have no want of admirers. But with her father's wealth to back up her natural charms, she had all the boys of the parish at her feet.

Now, to tell the truth, Peter was no miser. He had his own fads and fancies (he's a curiosity, the man that has no faults), but meanness was certainly not one of his faults. Above and beyond everything else he had a mighty *grau* (regard) for cleverness. Money did not count with Peter.

And so when it came to a question of ar-

ranging for Maura's future it was n't for a monied man he looked out, but for a sensible one — one that, as he put it himself, "would have his head square on his shoulders." A level head and a long head and a clever head was what he wanted.

You see, he prided himself greatly upon having made all his own money by cuteness and quickness. He wanted to make sartin that when he was laid to his rest his savings and his lands would be safe in other hands. That was why he gave it out that only the boy who could satisfy him of his cleverness would ever get Maura. There were no other restrictions; the poorest would have an equal chance with the richest. That was Peter Fada's way.

When the word went out that the one who could satisfy Peter Fada could have his daughter in welcome, with the farm and the stock and the money thrown in, all the boys who could count a shilling of coppers (without making threepence of a mistake) set their caps jauntily on the back of their heads. Now was their chance.

To the first that came to try his luck, Peter Fada said he would have to boil an egg for him.

"There's not much in that," said the boy.

"Maybe there's more than you think. *I like it soft and I like it hard, and I don't like it either soft or hard.*"

The lad set-to at once. He was n't told how long the egg was to be boiled, or how. That was his own lookout. So, by way of experiment, he boiled the first one soft.

"No good," said Peter, when he opened it; "it's too soft."

So far so good. The boy took care that the next one was harder. He said to himself that he would please the old man even if it took him for a year and a day. A good-looking girl and a big fortune are n't things one would care to throw over one's shoulder.

He kept the other egg boiling longer.

"This one is far worse," said Peter; "it's too hard."

"I'll be comin' near to it the next time," he replied.

He was saying to himself that between the hard and the soft he would soon find a mean to suit Peter Fada.

The next egg was a little less done.

"Too soft — too soft," said Peter.

And the next was boiled the eighth of a minute longer.

"Too hard — too hard," said the old man.

And although the poor fella stayed for many a long day and many a short one, too, it was always the selfsame cry — too soft or too hard. Nobody could please him. You might boil two eggs for the exact same length, and when Peter Fada looked at them he would tell you that one was overdone and the other underdone.

It looked as if he had laid down a condition that nobody could fulfill.

Many a one tried his skill with Peter. And just as many failed. It became a by-word the length and breadth of Ireland. "You are as hard to please as Peter Fada;" and, "It's with Peter Fada you ought to be," were what you could hear from one end of the year to the other.

It seemed as if Peter Fada's daughter would be a good round age before she got married.

And maybe it's the same thought was beginning to take shape in Peter's own mind. Yet he was not willing to vary the terms. A clever son-in-law was what he wanted.

One day, when everybody had grown tired of hearing about the matter, who came stepping up to the door of Peter Fada only a fine, strapping young fella — a good-looking boy with merry, twinkling blue eyes, and him as lithe as a willow.

"Who are you?" said the man of the house, "or what's your errand?"

"I'm Shaun MacShane, from Lisnaskea," said the lad back again, "and I come to try for the hand of your daughter."

The colleen herself was within the porch, and when she overheard that her cheeks went crimson.

"I wish you good-luck, Shaun MacShane, from Lisnaskea," said she to herself. It was the first time she had said the like to any of the suitors.

"Well, the terms are that you are to boil

an egg to my satisfaction," said Peter Fada. "*I like it soft, and I like it hard, and I don't like it either soft or hard.*"

"That won't give me much trouble," he replied.

The other smiled. "Wait till it's done."

My fine lad got an egg and put it in the red-hot ashes.

One end of the egg only he put down in the ashes to roast. The other end was above the ashes. So that when one end was roasted hard the other half was raw.

He put the egg before Peter Fada.

"If that does n't please you, I would like to see what will. Hard or soft, it all depends on the side of the egg you open," he said. "The white side is nearly raw; the other is toasted hard."

"You're the cleverest boy of the lot," Peter replied.

"I'm glad you think so," Shaun replied.

"Only you must stay with me here until such times as you get the better of me in something else. When that comes you can marry my daughter any time you please."

"Well and good," said Shaun. "I'm quite satisfied with that."

Next morning, when he got out of bed, he was told all he had to do for the day. †A day's work it was in earnest — more like a week's work.

At breakfast-time he was called in, but what they set before him would not take the edge off his hunger.

Shaun said in his own mind that Peter Fada was going to have the better of him, after all. He was going to starve him.

He put his head in his hands for a while, and began to think it over. He knew he would have to adopt some plan or other, little use in wailing over it.

"How do you like the place?" Peter Fada asked, sarcastically, coming in.

"Purty well," said Shaun, not making any remark about the breakfast.

"I'm glad you like it," he answered, with his tongue in his cheek.

"Only," said Shaun again, "if it would be all the same to you, and in order to save time, I would like to take my dinner now."

"Oh, sartinly," he replied. "It'll suit us every bit as well."

Throth, he was laughing in his sleeve at the discomfiture of his poor Shaun, eating two meals at the same time.

So they fetched him in his dinner.

Shaun laid-to, and it was not long till the dinner had gone the same way as the breakfast. It was an easy matter getting rid of the same feed. A man could eat five of them.

"Well, are you satisfied now?"

"Quite satisfied," Shaun replied. "Nobody could be otherwise. Only," said he again, "if it would not be a great inconvenience to you, I might as well take my supper now, too."

"No inconvenience at all," and the other smiled at the fun he hoped to have with Shaun by-and-by, when he began to feel hungry and had nothing to eat.

"Well," said Peter Fada, when he saw the end of the supper, "I hope you're well satisfied now?"

"I could n't be better," said Shaun. "Throth, one might travel far till they would meet with such a good house for food."

"I'm delighted to hear it." He well knew that Shaun meant the very opposite.

"And now as to the day's work — what's to be done here after supper?"

"After supper," said Peter, going over the items of the day's work, "we go to bed."

"Nothing else to be done."

"Nothing."

"Then," said the boy from Lisnaskea, cutely, "as I have just eaten my supper, I think I'll follow the usual course, and go off to bed, too."

"What!" said Peter, opening his eyes very wide. "Would you go to bed at this hour in the morning?"

"I would n't, for a fortune, break the rules of the house," said the lad, laughing.

Peter Fada saw through the other's scheme in an instant. First it displeased him; then it gave him pleasure. For this was just the very boy he was wanting for a son-in-law — a clever, long-headed fella.

"You're the smartest chap I ever came across," he said, "and you can marry my daughter any time you choose."

"Thank you kindly," said Shaun; "and I hope we'll get on well together."

So the colleen got her wish, and Peter Fada got his, and Shaun, the boy from Lisnaskea, won the prettiest wife in all the parish.

And if they were n't as happy as the day is long for the rest of their lives — well, if they were n't, you are welcome to put the blame on me.

ENERGETIC AUNT SALLY

By GRACE STONE FIELD

Aunt Sally was a tidy soul

As ever wielded broom.

Most ev'ry day she swept and scrubbed

In pantry, hall, and room.

And then she brushed and beat and shook

And aired the household goods;


And after she had scoured the floor

She went and scoured the woods!

THE UPCOMING OF DANIEL DEEGAN

By FREEMAN HARDING

CHAPTER I

PRING was in John Clumber's heart as he stepped off the train from New York and beamed affectionately on the suburban village of Beechhurst. Its neat frame dwellings were visible through the roadside maples just bursting into leaf. From the raked lawns and last year's gardens arose the pungent smell of burning rubbish. Robins were calling among the trees, and there was a shrill squabbling of sparrows in the roadway.

Clumber drew in a big breath. He was more than glad to make his annual exit from the noise and confusion of the big city. Not far away "Broadacres" awaited his coming; its woods and fields stretching invitingly along a mile of rocky, tide-lapped shore.

Looking down the length of the train, he saw his dozen trunks come tumbling out of the baggage-car. In swift succession they dropped into the hands of an overalled baggage-handler, under whose deft manipulation they fell on the truck without shock or jar; after which he trundled the tower of luggage alongside of a waiting wagon and helped the driver stack it up, firing off, as he did so, a string of jokes that made the man haw-haw.

Meantime Parks, the station-agent, came forward to welcome his old friend Clumber, who, as they shook hands, remarked, "I see, Frank, that you've picked up a new baggage-man."

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "It's Pat Deegan's big boy Dan. I guess you remember the old man. He was section boss for twenty years, and passed in his checks last winter the way they all do—an express got 'im. Dan stood at the top of his class in Beechhurst school and was calculating to graduate this year. But he had to git busy earnin' a livin' for his folks. Best man I ever had around the depot."

With outstretched arm, the young fellow was flagging a train. Clumber noted the

fine poise of that six feet of lithe humanity; he glanced at the freckled face, made humorous by a tilted nose. It was lit up by blue eyes with a smile in them; there were droll quirks around the corners of the big mouth; the reddish hair was curly.

"I like the looks of that fellow," said the merchant, heartily. "He's got good stuff in him." For Clumber took a friendly interest in the village near which he was accustomed each year to pass many pleasant months. Everybody in the place knew him, swapped greetings with him, and sold him no end of tickets for fairs and festivals.

John Clumber went into the city each morning on the express, and returned by the four o'clock train. In his goings and comings he incidentally saw a good deal of Dan, who led the busy life of a station-man-of-all-work,—checking baggage, wrestling with trunks, flagging trains, spelling the agent at mealtimes, and keeping the hackmen in order,—all of which he did as if he liked his job.

One morning John Clumber was waiting for his regular train when he remembered that he had left his umbrella in the station. He hurried across the tracks to get it, passing in front of a held-up freight, whose locomotive was panting, wheezing, and belching volumes of black smoke. Out of those bituminous clouds bore down upon him the rushing "Limited." Leaping back, he stumbled and fell. There was a warning shout. A human projectile hurtled toward him. Clumber felt the grip of steely arms; much jarred and very pale, he found himself sitting upon the platform as the train tore shrieking by.

"Close shave!" said Dan, and hurried away to check a trunk. With uncertain footsteps, the rescued man followed him.

"Dan, you saved my life," he said, in a broken voice.

"You'd have got out of the way without help," laughed the young fellow. "You're plenty spry enough."

Making his way to the ticket-office, Clumber spoke to the agent.

"Frank," he said, huskily, still very white about the lips, "Dan has just saved me from being ground to pieces under the 'Limited.' I want to do something for him."

"You do look considerable shook up," said Parks, commiseratingly, coming out of his pen with a whisk-broom and brushing the dirt off of the agitated man. "If you want to help Dan, give him a show in your store. I'd hate to lose him, but he's too good for this."

"He shall have a place," said Clumber.

CHAPTER II

"J. Clumber" was the firm name under which the sole owner carried on his prosperous business. It was housed in a big building of which the ground floor served as a packing and shipping room. All day long, wagons, backed up to the curb in front of the open portals, were receiving and delivering goods. Porters trundled and rolled a continuous succession of boxes, bales, and barrels over skids bridging the space between truck and door; and over those same skids, like contestants in an obstacle race, clambered the passers-by.

On the floor above were the offices. There, from behind a long table on a raised platform, John Clumber overlooked ranges of desks, where, under the master's eye, worked half a hundred clerks. Through the aisles between bustling messengers and office-boys. The scuffle of their hurrying feet, the staccato clicking of typewriters, the buzz of electric calls, and the raised voices at the desk telephones all blended into a continuous hum.

Not far away from his chief, behind a glazed partition, sat Timothy Timmins, long the supervising buyer of the house,—a thin, nervous man, with earnest eyes and rasping voice. Near him were grouped his satellites, among whom was to be seen Daniel Deegan, sometime baggage-man at Beechhurst station. During two active years he had made himself an important wheel in the Clumber machine, which ground out such satisfactory profits.

Timmins was his immediate chief, who, after vain searchings, had found in Dan an assistant with an infallible memory for peo-

ple and prices. He used him as a human pigeonhole, from which he extracted any desired information. Naturally, when the head buyer went on his vacation he urged that Deegan be put in temporary charge of the buying.

"It's only for a month, Mr. Clumber," said Timothy; "he'll keep things running in good shape until I get back."

One morning, a few days after Timmins's departure, while Dan was deep in a negotiation with a caller, Eben Hilgus, selling-agent for the "Adamant" Tool Company, walked into the buying-office. He was an obese man, smooth shaven, red-faced, and bald-headed. His thick lips shut firmly together, and there was an obstinate look in his cold, gray eye. He was by no means a favorite with Deegan, who had noticed with wonder the hypnotic fascination he exercised over the supervising buyer. With his customary arrogance, the selling-agent dropped his bulky body into a chair. "Howdy, Dan," said he.

"You did n't happen to notice that I'm busy talking to this gentleman or you'd have waited outside until you were asked in," said Deegan. There was decisiveness in his voice. The astounded Hilgus glared angrily at the young fellow; but, meeting the insistent gaze of his steel-blue eyes, he got up abruptly and, with a rumbling curse, took his place among the other salesmen, on the long bench provided for them. Broodingly he waited until he heard Dan's voice calling, "Come in, Hilgus." The offended man, with lowering brow, stood stiffly by the young fellow's desk.

"I met Campa last night," he said, sullenly. "Told me he'd give you an order for tools. I've come for it."

"And so you've come for that order," said Dan, meditatively. "Well, another man called for it last night; and got it, too."

Fierce-eyed, lower lip protruding, Hilgus glared at him. Then he shouted hoarsely, "Deegan, you're discriminatin' against our goods. I've always got on fine with Tim Timmins. I guess he won't like the way you throw down his friends soon's his back's turned. He'll settle that with you when he gits back. But I wanter know right now why you went by me in placin' that order."

"That's my business," was the curt reply. "But some time you'll find out, all right."

Hilgus gasped. His mouth opened to

pour forth denunciations. Then, controlling himself, he shut the office door and dropped into a chair. Elbows on Dan's desk, he leaned forward till their faces were close together, and spoke in a wheezy whisper.

"I kin make it worth your while not to go by me agin. Folks wot looks out for 'Adamant' Hilgus gits taken care of. Timmins ain't no poorer for favorin' the best tools on God Almighty's earth. See? Come out to lunch with me. We'll have a talk on the q. t. and fix things up."

"You'd be wasting your money," answered Dan. "There's nothing to fix up. If I get orders for 'Adamant' tools I shall buy 'Adamant' tools; if for other people's, I shall buy theirs. If no brand is specified I shall buy the best value irrespective of make. I don't play favorites."

The lower jaw of Hilgus dropped upon a cushion of double chin. Bloodshot eyes and glittering, porcelain teeth flashed threatenings at Deegan, who, concluding with a curt "Good-day," turned to his work.

With an apoplectic grunt the outraged man struggled out of his chair and jerked open the office door. Putting his feet down heavily, as if trampling somebody, he marched to the platform where Clumber sat.

"Glad to see you, Hilgus," said he. "You look worried. What's the matter?"

"Matter!" was the stertorous reply. "That feller Deegan what you've put on Timmins's job is discriminatin' aginst our goods. He's substitutin' other folks's. 'Tain't right. For years we've give you a price lower'n anybody else gits so's to make it pay you to push the 'Adamant' brand. Yistidy that red-headed Irishman bought a big lot from somebody else. Campa, who's allus had our goods, give him an order and I did n't git a smell at it. I've had fellers in other concerns act that way when they was wantin' to be took care of," he added, significantly.

As he noted the fiery visage of the incensed man Clumber's face took on a troubled look.

"We've done business together for a good many years," said he. "You may be sure that you will suffer no injustice at my hands. Come in again in the morning. Meantime I shall investigate."

"That's all any feller could ask," said the gratified Hilgus. "I'll be here."

Passing the open door of Dan's office on his way out, he shot through it a vindictive look. "I'll find a way to cook that feller's goose," he muttered.

As was his habit when disturbed, Clumber paced to and fro.

"Too bad!" said he to himself, "Dan's slopping over this way. I suppose it was a blunder to saddle him with so much responsibility; but I did n't think he'd do anything foolish. This has got to be straightened out at once. Sorry to interrupt Timmins's vacation, but it'll have to be done. I'll wire for him to be here in the morning."

CHAPTER III

It was a muggy morning in mid-August, and John Clumber, who had reluctantly foregone a yachting-trip, arrived at the office much wilted as to collar and uncertain as to temper.

"If Dan had n't lost his head I need n't have come to the city this beast of a day," he grumbled. "Joe," he said to an office-boy, "when Mr. Timmins gets here send him to my room, and bring in Mr. Hilgus when he comes." Gathering up the morning mail he shut himself into his private office.

"Glad to see you looking rested, Timmins," he said, as that individual put in his appearance. "I hated to break in on your vacation. But there's been friction between Deegan and Hilgus, who will be here soon. He's complaining bitterly of the way Dan is treating him. We must talk it over together and make up our minds what's best to do."

"I was hoping things would go smooth while I was away," said Timmins, with a martyred air. "We'd fixed up for a picnic to-day. But when your wire came I gave it up. Mrs. Timmins came along with me. We'll stay at the flat to-night, but I'm mighty anxious to get back to a clambake to-morrow. I'm surprised about Dan. When Hilgus complains he's got a reason. What's the trouble?"

With a preliminary rap the selling-agent opened the door and walked in.

"Good-morning," said Clumber. "After our talk yesterday I wired for Timmins. I want you to tell him about your difficulty with Deegan."

"You won't mind my takin' off my coat. It's awful hot." Then, seating himself, Hilgus mopped his crimson countenance and began. "You see, Tim," he explained, "it came about this way. I happened to run up against that Mexican merchant Campa at his hotel. Told him I hoped he'd brung along a big order for tools. Said he had; that he'd give it to Deegan. So, yistidy, I come in for it. Soon's I got in his office, Dan, mighty grand, ordered me to set down outside and wait."

"He knows I always see you as soon as you come in," interrupted Timmins, querulously. "I can't think what made him act so."

"He kept me waitin' most an hour," Hilgus went on. "When he let me in I asked 'im fer Campa's order. He said, careless-like, that he'd give it to somebody else. I was clean stumped, and wanted to know why he'd treated me so. He allowed it was n't none of my business. I told 'im that you, Timmins, would n't like the way he threw your friends down soon's your back was turned. He jawed back. Said that as long's he was buyer he'd buy where he pleased; that he did n't play favorites, like you did."

White with anger, Timmins jumped to his feet. "I'll show that ungrateful —"

"Wait!" commanded Clumber, laying a restraining hand on the head buyer's arm. "We have heard Hilgus. Now we will listen to Deegan. Dan," he called through the telephone at his elbow, "I want you in the private office."

"Yes, sir, I'll be right there," was the reply.

When he opened the door and saw Timmins, loyalty and devotion shone in his eyes. "I was n't expecting you back so soon," said he. "You're looking better."

"'T aint your fault I ain't lookin' worse," shrilled Timmins. "I've had to break into my vacation because you've been makin' a fool of yourself."

Deegan, startled, gazed in astonishment at his accuser. Then he saw Hilgus, and understood. Around his closed lips hovered his fighting smile. Standing very straight, he fixed his fearless eyes on Clumber.

"You asked me to come in, sir?"

"Yes, Dan," said his employer — there was kindness in his tone — "Mr. Hilgus complains that you have given an order

for 'Adamant' tools to another manufacturer."

"That is what happened," answered the young fellow, cheerfully.

"Don't you know that we have an arrangement to push 'Adamant' tools in preference to others?"

"Mr. Timmins told me that Mr. Hilgus was to have every blessed order we could turn his way," was the reply.

"Have you any explanation of your extraordinary violation of instructions?" asked Clumber, gravely.

"I'd like to tell a story that will answer that question."

"Tell it!" was the laconic order.

"Well, sir, when Mr. Campa came in day before yesterday, instead of turning him over to a salesman I looked after him myself. I'd noticed that it was a good while since he had given us any orders for edge tools; I tried hard to sell him some, but it was no go. Finally, I got out of him that he was dealing direct with the 'Adamant' company. I explained that we bought such big lots that we could furnish the goods at manufacturers' prices. To prove it I offered him twenty per cent discount. He shook his head; said he could do five per cent better. That meant that the 'Adamant' company was giving to him the special price they claimed to allow only to us."

"You let that cunning Mexican fool you," snapped Timmins. Meantime, Hilgus was nervously swabbing his face and furtively studying the impassive countenance of the merchant.

"At first," continued Dan, "I thought he was bluffing, just as Mr. Timmins says; but he convinced me that he was n't. Then I did my best to induce him to substitute 'Cutter' tools for 'Adamant.' It was a hard job, but I got him to do it. Later I called up Cutter & Company and arranged for a discount that makes it good business. You were away that afternoon, Mr. Clumber; Campa was leaving by the evening train, and I had to use my own judgment. I knew that if I did right you would back me up."

"You had no business to meddle with and upset confidential arrangements," snarled Timmins. "I've been pushing you ahead; but, from now on, I won't have you around. Mr. Clumber," he added, with hectic irritation, "I want that smart Aleck fired."

"Don't interrupt!" said the merchant, sternly. "Go on, Dan!"

Deegan, deeply wounded by Timmins's attack, turned pale; then, bracing himself, he proceeded:

"I told Mr. Hilgus that I'd placed Campa's order with somebody else, and he tried to browbeat me. When he found that did n't work, he started on another tack; asked me to go to lunch with him. Said he'd fix things so that it would be worth my while not to go by him another time."

"That's a damned lie!" roared the purple-faced Hilgus. "I never said no such thing. Young feller, you'll —"

"Keep quiet!" was Clumber's brusque command. "Go on, Dan!"

"I refused to lunch with him, and told him there was nothing to fix. I did n't mind his abusing me; but when he said that Mr. Timmins was n't any poorer for favoring 'Adamant' goods, I wanted to hammer him for slandering an honest man behind his back." Dan's eyes flashed defiance at the selling-agent, who, breathing hard, glared back at him ferociously.

"Hilgus!" demanded Clumber, "have you been dishonorable enough to sell goods direct to our customer Campa at your lowest prices to us?"

With weighty fist the selling-agent struck the table a resounding blow.

"No!" he vociferated, "Campa's mighty sly. He see that Deegan was green, and so he lied to git better prices."

"Dan, what proof have you that Campa was telling the truth?" asked the merchant. "With me the word of Mr. Hilgus goes a long way."

"He showed me this," said Dan, simply, handing a paper to his chief. As he studied it, his face grew black.

"I hold in my hand," he said, "an invoice from the 'Adamant' Tool Company to Campa and Company. The discount is twenty and an extra five per cent, the 'exclusive' price allowed us. Hilgus, you have lied to me." Both indignation and contempt were manifest in his voice and glance.

"Lemme see that!" demanded the worried-looking man. Clumber gave it to him. He examined it minutely, and then broke out:

"This is a blunder of that fool invoice-clerk of mine while I was on vacation. I'll

bounce the feller p. d. q. It sha'n't never happen agin."

With a quizzical smile, Dan put into his employer's hand a letterhead on which was typed an offer to Campa to supply "Adamant" tools direct at twenty and five per cent discount. It bore the sprawling signature of "Eben Hilgus, Selling Agent."

"I suppose some clerk forged this," was Clumber's sarcastic comment, as he handed it to Hilgus. "Dan, you have proved your case. Timmins," he added, fixing a suspicious glance on the head buyer, "what have you got to say to the insinuation of your intimate friend that you are in his pay?"

The face of the head buyer became ghastly. There was a white streak around his drawn mouth; he was breathing irregularly.

"It's all a lie! a horrible lie!" he screamed. "I never took a dollar from him — nor from no one else. Sometimes he's been to our flat to dinner — Mrs. Timmins likes to have him come — he may have made her a few presents — little things." Then he turned on Hilgus, face livid, eyes blazing. "So you lied to Deegan about me," he shrieked, hysterically. "You're trying to ruin me. I'll show you!" and, springing on his friend, he clawed viciously at his face. Dan pulled him off and held him while Hilgus struggled out of his chair. Blood was dribbling from his lacerated features. He dabbed at these with his handkerchief. There was an evil light in his eyes.

"You nasty little cuss!" he hissed, articulating with difficulty. "I've handed your wife hundreds of dollars in greenbacks. Had to, to keep your trade. Lots of folks know you're for sale. Only you don't take your graft like a man. We have to give it to your wife, so's you can say you hain't had nothin'. Mr. Clumber," appealing to the merchant, who was eying him grimly, "for three years I've had to divide my sellin'-commission with that cat there. I could n't afford it. And that's why I done business direct with Campa — to save payin' Timmins."

Horried at this atrocious charge, Dan turned on the slandered man a look of deepest sympathy, which changed to dismay as, with a whimper, the head buyer collapsed. He laid him gently on a sofa. Clumber produced some whiskey from a cupboard and forced it down the throat of the unconscious man. Gradually he revived and, as his eyes

opened, he fixed them first furtively, then beseechingly, on his employer. In a piteous voice he began to make explanation.

"Mr. Clumber, you've never been married. You don't know what it is to have an extravagant wife always begging for money, more money. But I'll put my foot down. She's got to live economically. I'll never take another cent from any man again, so help me God! Give me just one more chance."

"Dan," said Clumber, disgustedly, "order a cab and take that creature home to the wife he tries to lay the blame on. When you get back, clear all his private papers out of the desk he has been using and send them to him. His job and his pay are yours."

CHAPTER IV

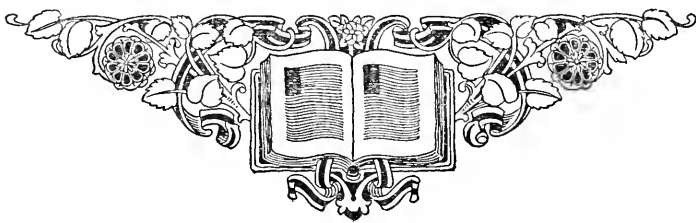
John Clumber was lounging on the piazza of the mansion at "Broadacres." He was snuggled down into a wicker chair. By his side stood a table, its top littered with bottles and syphons, companioned by an open box of long, smooth cigars. The table separated him from another chair in which sat a tall, ruddy man, with reddish, curly hair. He

was dressed in a white yachting-suit and poising something iced, while his eye dwelt lovingly on the lines of a racing-yacht lying near the landing.

Clumber's contented gaze traversed a stretch of close-cut lawn sloping to wide waters ruffled into wavelets by a gentle southerly breeze. The distant hills of the farther shore loomed a misty blue. In front of the house of the Deep Cove Yacht Club dozens of yachts lay at their moorings. The harbor was seamed with the wakes of hurrying motor-boats. At last his wandering glance rested with satisfaction on a cottage, half hidden in trees, and crowning a rocky point.

"Dan," said Clumber, "I'm glad your house is finished at last. I want Mary and that kid you've handicapped with my name close by. It was a lucky day for me when I stubbed my toe in front of that train. You're a horse for work, you are. And I'm glad that you're willing to take race week off. I hope the 'Spindrif' 'll pinch no end of mugs. She looks fit to do the trick.

"Say, Dan, I don't want you to accept that nomination for Congress. Why, I'd have to take hold and work. Since you've been my partner I've forgotten how."



LETTERS OF A WELLESLEY GIRL

By H. B. ADAMS

IX.

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

"Roman toga, hair all loose,
"T is our charming, sweet Orpheus.
(Note that this pronunciation
Guiltless is of all pronation)."
— *Hospital Hymns.*



E have just had the grandest, most gorgeous and glorious time! It was at the Zeta Alpha play.

Before I tell you about it, I suppose I had better enlighten your density a little *in re* Societies, Clubs, and the like. You asked me, in your last letter, several questions that reveal a distressing ignorance in one who is the father of so sophisticated a damsel as the undersigned.

You inquire, for instance, to how many of these Greek-letter societies I belong! I fear you are hopeless. Why, a new-born babe ought to know that you can't belong to more than one.

And then your other questions reveal such a wide and comprehensive ignorance! You know a great deal, perhaps, about literature and law and business, but I fear you have acquired very little really useful information, you darling old humbug!

Now I'll hand you a few *Kaltere Aufschnitte* of wisdom. Please read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, so that I shall be no more humiliated by paternal verdancy.

Firstly: there are six Societies; to wit, namely, ss., the Zeta Alpha and the Phi Sigma (which two are the oldest and were founded by Mr. Durant, the founder and cause of all this disease known as Wellesleyitis), the Shakespeare Society (dramatic), the Agora (debating and political), the Tau Zeta Epsilon (art), and the Alpha Kappa Chi (classic).

Each one is the only one and the very best, of course, and all the others are viewed with scorn.

Each has a house; said houses ranging in

size from a little tool-house, as the A. K. X. to a pretentious dwelling, as the Shakespeare, which is built in imitation of the man who wrote Bacon. These houses are scattered through the woods. The girls visit them when they please, and once a month have a "program meeting," at which they are presumed to do something useful.

The T. Z. E. give "living pictures" once a year, in which the girls appear in a series of tableaux. Awfully good!

The Shakespeares give a play each spring out in the open, in a sort of natural amphitheatre, where the spectators sit on a gently rising slope, and the stage is formed by an opposing slope, the actors making their exits and their entrances over the brow of the hill. This is always a great occasion — when it does n't rain.

Besides these Societies, there are a number of Clubs, which are more social in their nature and are not supposed to be "earnest." For instance, there are the Consumers and the Pie-Eaters, "and I will not deny what that same might imply."

Again, there are Bunches, Cliques, Sets, Crowds, etc., as it is natural for human atoms to group themselves into various molecules according to physical affinity. And so on, the feminine integers group themselves, down to the dual composition known as Chums.

There! you have the diagram of the Wellesley principles of coagulation. Please keep this letter for reference, and don't ask any more fool questions.

Now for the play.

Down in front of the row of Chapter-houses, and between them and the lake, is a sloping greensward facing a group of trees and shrubbery. (This is not where the Shakespeares give their exhibitions; they spiel over in another part of the grounds.) Here the audience sat on the grass, or rather on pillows and cushions and things strewn over the grass. Two great trees, a convenient distance apart, formed the setting of the stage, on either side of which brush-

wood was placed to form dressing-rooms. The background of the stage was made by the dearest little clump of white birches. Behind the audience was set a calcium light which illuminated the stage.

All the girls of our crowd were to be in the play, except me, who am enjoying a sprained ankle. Naturally, I was very much interested. I have heard nothing but dramatic spouting for a week. Any girl I might want to see I would find in her room waving her arms and Venus de Miloing her attitudes before the mirror, or before a clump of admiring onlookers.

Well, we were all at the appointed time and place. The night was divine, made to order. The music started up. It was beautiful, composed by Conried of Boston especially for this affair, all drawn from old Italian chants and things.

First there was a dance of wood-nymphs, who swayed and posed around awhile, until they were interrupted by the advent of a Shepherd (Madge Bates — too cute for anything), who announced in tuneful measures the death of Eurydice. Great consternation among the nymphs, who seemed to have set considerable store by the defunct.

Now we hear Br'er Orpheus outside twanging his lute and vocalizing. Pretty soon he comes in (Belle — perfectly lovely). The wood-nymphs tell him of the decease of his June-spice, whereat he throws a Del-sarte fit or so, and says — not for them to go, but — that he'll go to — Hades, there to get said damosel, upon which he is assumed to be assotted.

The lights are turned off for a space. When they shine again we see what is supposed to be the realm of the dead. Two thrones. Enter Pluto and Proserpine (Sybil Perkins and Blanche Ward — don't look diabolical a bit), attended by their retinue, who all gyrate for a while — *comme il faut*.

By and by they hear music without. It is Orpheus, who enters, kneels, and asks permission to withdraw his beloved from their esteemed society. Refused. Agony and gestures. Then — happy thought. He seizes his lute and lum-te-tums for them a few selections of that music of his which

warmed in his satanic inwards, and for once relents. He grants Orpheus his request, stipulating, however, that he is not once to look at his lady love until he is out of the confines of the nether regions.

Eurydice is led in (Lida Trevelyan — and she surely looked like a real "angel ever bright and fair"). Her "gentleman friend" leads her out, keeping his head averted.

Lights off again, for an interval, during which the thrones are dragged out, and the lovers are supposed to have travelled many weary parasangs.

Lights on again. Enter the two fond ones. She is evidently fatigued. He supports her with an arm about her waist. As they reach the centre of the stage she faints, and flops all togetherish-like. In his confusion and alarm he forgets his warning and turns to look at her, whereupon she is drawn away from him by magic, and he rooted to the spot by the same uncanny power. She disappears, alleging in tuneful lay that, thanks to his carelessness, she now must go back to Hades, while he goes forward "back to Manistee," or wherever he is supposed to live.

When she is gone, and when Orpheus comes to, he proceeds to tear his hair and objugate in a genteel way. From that he goes on to say that he is disgusted with life, love, music, and everything of the sort, and that he will do all manner of naughty and untoward things.

Exit Orpheus saying things he should n't. Enter chorus of nymphs. They have overheard Orpheus and ask one another what they shall do to punish him for his evil words and to prevent him doing all the harm he said he would do. They decide to destroy him. They rush out and are presumed to have torn him limb from limb, or slapped his wrist, or something terrible.

It was awfully well done. The girls acted and sang splendidly. And the night was so delicious, and the music was so delightful, and the spectators so enthusiastic! I simply adore that old Italian music; it is so tuneful and romantic.

I got the box of goodies you sent me. After the show was over the whole bunch of girls came into my room and, my! did n't we eat! And I slept like a marmot after it, too. That's more than you could do. You know Holmes says that the young male animal is distinguished from the old by the fact that

"Made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow their heads and then lay by."

This does the business. Pluto is strangely

the former wants to and can eat at any time of the day or night.

Good-by, old stubby-whiskers. I love you to death.

Your

EDNA.

X.

A TRAGEDY

"The trees are all a-weeping,
And the clouds are hanging low;
The ghosts abroad are creeping,
And it is the time for woe."

— *The Fall of Ali Ebn Bekar.*

O Babbo, I have the most terrible thing to tell you about! It's just too awful! I don't know how to begin. I'm dreadfully homesick to-night. The rain has been falling all day, one of those persistent, drippy, drizzly rains that never get worse nor better, but just oozes out of the clouds continuously, and drips from the roof, tap, tap, tap, on my window-ledge, until I feel as if I were in a mill or a factory and machines were going on everlastingly around me.

I'm lonesome, and scared, and spooky, and I want my dear daddy. But as I can't have him, I'll tell him all about it.

Life here is usually very bright and lively. We have our friends and our interests, and the days are crowded with business of one sort or another. But there are eleven hundred or so girls, and just piles and piles of them that one does not and cannot know. It is n't like a little boarding-school where you know everybody. I have been exceedingly fortunate myself in making friends, and know just loads of nice girls, and have many very dear friends. And I did n't realize that one could be lonesome here — at least not till now. Now I understand how the very bigness of the place could be oppressive, and how, if one were morbid or peculiar, and could n't make friends, all the gay life around could simply crucify one.

There was a girl here from Arkansas, named Southworth, Anna Southworth. She roomed right across the hall from me, a little way down. No one seemed to know her, and she seemed to know no one. I tried several times to talk with her, but each time she cut me off short and acted as though she did n't like me; and so I was a little piqued and said to myself that if she did n't like me she did n't have to, as there

were others who did. The other girls had the same experience. We often spoke of her and wondered about her, but finally set her down as a freak and did n't pay any attention to her. She was a tall girl, with dark eyes and glossy black hair; rather pretty in an uncanny sort of way.

Of course stories got to floating around concerning her. She did queer things. She would take long walks, always alone, through the woods. Frequently she did not come to meals. She was never at any of our social gatherings but once, and then she sat the whole evening in one chair, answered all questions in monosyllables, and rather put a damper upon the party.

She did indifferently well in her lessons, except in English, and then she was a wiz. (That means wizard, and is the usual term applied to any student who gets her lessons and more also.) She would hand in some of the finest themes you ever saw. The professor read one of them to the class, and said it was positively a work of genius. We tried to congratulate her upon it, but she acted as though she resented our advances, and so we did n't try any more.

Well, Tuesday she did not appear at any of her classes. When the maid went to attend to her room she would not admit her, but said she would look after the room herself. Wednesday she still did not appear. Wednesday morning I met the maid in the hall, and she said, "I have knocked at Miss Southworth's room, and she does n't answer me. I'm afraid something is wrong."

I went with the maid and we both knocked and called, but got no response. I tried the door. It was locked. Then I told the maid she had better call the matron, and she ran to do so. By this time several of the other girls came up, and we were standing there talking when the matron came.

She undid the door and threw it wide open. Anna Southworth was in bed, lying on her back, with her hands folded outside the cover across her breast. The matron went up to her and spoke. Then she put her hand on the white face. And then she turned to us girls, huddled in the door, and said:

"You'd better go to your rooms, girls. I'm afraid something has happened. Please say nothing about this to any one." And we all went away with a great fear upon us.

Something *had* happened. She was dead.

A bottle containing laudanum was found on her table. She had been dead some hours before we reached her.

You can imagine what a horrible gloom was cast over the whole community. Her mother was sent for, and came on in a few days. She was a beautiful old woman, but looked as if she had seen a great deal of sorrow, for the lines were deep in her face.

After the funeral the mother was in her daughter's room, looking after her effects. I was passing the door and caught a glimpse of her. Acting upon an impulse I went in and said to her:

"Mrs. Southworth, I feel somehow as if I had been a little guilty in this. I tried several times to get acquainted with Anna, but it was hard, and I gave it up. Perhaps if I had persevered, as I ought, she might have been gotten out of herself a little."

She smiled kindly at me and took my hand. "Sit down here by me," she said. "Do not afflict yourself by such thoughts. You could have done nothing, I fear. This had to be. I will tell you about Anna, if you would like to know."

"Yes, Mrs. Southworth. And oh, I'm so, so sorry!" And then I had to cry, and she put her arms around me and smoothed my hair, and talked to me awfully sweet and soothingly.

When my spell was over she said:

"Anna was always a very strange child, very different from other children. As she grew up I thought she would outlive this, but she did not. The more we tried to get her out of herself, and induce her to associate with young people of her own age, and be happy, the more she withdrew into herself. At length I sent her here, thinking the different atmosphere might help her.

"I will read you a part of the letter she left me. This will give you an idea of her nature better than anything else."

She drew a letter from her pocket and read: "Try not and think too severely of me, Mother. But I simply find life too great a burden. Whatever that other life may be, it cannot be worse than this. I am so lonely! It is no one's fault, I know, save mine. They try to reach out their hands to me, these girls. But their arms are too short. They cannot extend across the chasm which separates my soul from my fellows. I see them moving around like distant stars. I see

them pass me, a derelict, like far-off ships. They make signals to me. I cannot answer them.

"I am alone and I suffer. Even you, Mother, I have never known, and you have never known me. Do not accuse yourself. You are not to blame. I was born too far off. I think God must have made a mistake and had me born in the wrong planet. It does not seem that I belong upon Tellus.

"And yet I love, like others; that is, fountains of love are within me. I crave fellowship. But I cannot find it. When they offer it me it is as if I was seized with an unconquerable repugnance, as if an irresistible electrical force in me repelled me from any one who advanced to me.

"To-day I read in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, 'This world is so waste and empty when we figure but towns and hills and rivers in it; but to know that some one is living on with us, even in silence, this makes our earthly ball a peopled garden.'

"Such a one I shall never find. I have looked everywhere for him or for her. I have scrutinized my companions' faces, I have searched in the woods and streams, thinking maybe I might find a dog or cat or fish or insect whom I could love and who could love me. But no!

"Lonely! I am lonely! Swarms of fellow-humans. Rooms full of girls. Ways crowded with people — people wise and simple, good and bad. But none for me. I am a desert island in the sea of humanity. My soul is charged with negative electricity. I never felt so much alone as now, when I have left our isolated home, and have come here among these swirls and shoals of folk. Now I am persuaded of eternal solitude.

"Good-by, Mother. It was a mistake when you brought me into the world. But I forgive you. You have always given me the best of your life and thought. I can think of no one thing you've ever said or done to me that was not kindness itself, and love. My one regret at going is the pain I shall cause you. Yet it is better to give you one grand pain and quit than to live and pain you daily.

"I have a favor to ask. Do not bury me in our family lot. Bury me here away from home, and please put no mark or stone on my grave.

"If I were to have an epitaph — and I do not want one — it would be this:

"O Jesu, Jesu, make my bed,
And tenderly tuck the sod;
Draw the green coverlet over my head,
And forget to tell my God."

There, Babbo, enough of this! Clarice has just come in to sleep with me, for I would n't sleep alone to-night for worlds. We are going to leave the light burning, too.

Oh, I wish you were here, with your good gray whiskers and your cool blue eyes. For you're so sane, Daddy, and see through everything so clearly, and know so much, and are so dear, and could tell me all about this, and just what was the matter with the

poor girl, and give her trouble some long Latin name which I would n't understand, but which would sound so satisfying, for it does help things so much when you can stick a Latin label on them. But it's a strange world, none the less, and has more things in it than are dreamed of, Horatio, does n't it?

Good-night. Clarice is scolding me for not coming to bed. The little brass clock is clearing its throat to say eleven. A plague on the rain! I wish it would stop. It must be awfully dark and cold out in the woods.

Your

EDNA.

THE HEART OF MARY

By MAUDE BROWNE

Hush thee! Sleep!
In thine eyes I see
Wondrous things,
And strange they seem to me.

Hush thee! Sleep!
But yesternight —
Or so it seems —
We saw the Heavens alight,
We saw the angels bright,
Thou and I!

But then, ah then,
Mine eyes were blinded quite,
And thou alone didst look
Into that glorious sight.

The meaning thou sawest, I know,
Of this thy life and mine.
Lay thy head on my bosom, so;
Then tell me, soft and low,
That none but I may hear,
(That none but I may hear,)
What meant the songs so sweet?
Why knelt they at thy feet?
Tell — I am thy mother, dear.

THE LAZY WOMAN

By ELIZABETH PATON MCGILVARY



NATHAN BABCOCK would have done better with his dish-washing if he had not felt constrained to keep one eye on the Widow Slocum's back yard.

What he saw was a very small woman with a very large spade trying to make an impression on the hard-baked soil of her garden. Whenever she raised her head from her work Nathan dodged suddenly behind the half-closed window-blind, and in one of these disappearances the plate round which his hand had made an indefinite number of revolutions was dashed against the wall and broke in pieces.

Nathan picked up the bits abstractedly, and was about to cross the kitchen for another when suddenly he changed his mind, and, flinging his towel into the corner, rushed out of the back door and stepped across the low white fence which separated his yard from that of his neighbor.

The little widow looked up and nodded brightly. She had a tidy little figure and a youthful, rosy face, sleek, dark hair drawn smoothly back into a shining knot at the nape of her neck, and a pair of snapping black eyes. Her dress was of the simplest sort; but as Nathan looked at it, and noted the trimly-shod, pretty foot she rested on her spade, he grew uncomfortably conscious of his collarless condition, and realized the fact that he had been neglecting his appearance lately. He would have been glad to retreat if he could have done so with dignity.

"Mornin', Mis' Slocum," he said, briefly. "Better give me that there spade. Diggin' don't seem to be a woman's work, somehow."

He took the spade from her without waiting for an answer, and fell to digging furiously to hide his embarrassment.

"You're real good, Mister Babcock," said the little widow, gratefully; "now I can go and set down."

Nathan had hoped that she would stand and talk to him while he worked, and his face fell; but she did not seem to notice it,

and tripped indoors. Presently, however, she returned with a huge basinful of green apples, and, dropping into a low, rush-seated rocker, she attacked the apples with astonishing energy, peeling and slicing as if her life depended upon getting them done immediately.

"It seems mighty queer settin' here and restin' while other folks does my work," she remarked.

Nathan winked as he watched the flashing knife. "Do you call that restin'?" he inquired. "What a sight of apples! Should n't think that you could eat 'em all."

"Do I look like I could eat a bushel of apples?" she laughed. "I am going to make a mess of apple-sass for Mis' Perkins's children. There's ten of 'em, and she don't have much to give 'em."

"That's real good of you," said Nathan, admiringly.

"Just selfishness," she assured him. "I was too lazy to dry 'em like I ought, and thought it would save a lot of trouble to get 'em eat up quick."

Nathan had finished the spading now, and stood beside her leaning against the post of the porch, apparently fascinated by her flying fingers.

"Set down," said the widow. "I'm that lazy it makes me tired to see folks stand when they don't have to, and diggin' is hard work."

"That was n't nothin'," responded Nat, politely, sitting down on the step at her feet. "I'll spade the hull of it up for you come spring."

She looked up quickly. "Ain't you goin' back to the city then?" she asked.

"Nope," responded the young man, briefly.

"But don't you find it lonesome, now that your ma is gone?" said she.

"Well, it did seem some lonesome at first; but, talk of lonesomeness, the city's a heap lonelier than the country if you don't know folks. My goin' there was all ma's notion. Centerville's good enough for me."

I ain't got much ambition. Reckon I'm lazy, perhaps."

The Widow Slocum nodded. "Most folks is," she said. "I know I am."

The young fellow laughed. "You!" he said. "You ain't got a lazy hair in your head."

"How do you know?" said the widow, shrewdly, eying him with bright eyes and head on one side like a bird. "You ain't seen much of me since we was children."

Nat colored. He felt that she knew that he had been watching her, but he answered, hastily, "I can't help seein' how you work. Guess you wash your winders every week, don't you?"

"Of course," she said, promptly. "I'm too lazy to get up and rub my nose against the pane every time I want to see what's passin'."

"Well, you wash the curtains pretty frequently," said he.

"There ain't anything like dirty curtains for makin' work," she retorted. "Hold the dirt and shake it out over the furniture every time the wind blows."

"You paint your porch oftener than most folks," he persisted.

"Saves scrubbin'," said she, and laughed musically.

"Well," said Nathan, in a final tone, "if you're lazy, I don't know anybody that likes work."

"Land!" said she, "then you don't know much. Talk of folks that likes work! You just ought to have known poor Lige. How he did like work, dearie, dear!"

At this surprising statement Nathan almost fell over the steps in astonishment. He recalled the slouching figure of Lige Slocum, and looked at the little widow in some indignation, for it seemed as if she must be mocking the departed; but her face, though cheerful, was perfectly serious.

"Lige Slocum! Liked work! Why, I always thought he was the laziest, shiftledest, good-for-nothingest cuss in the village." He stopped short in some confusion, as he realized that he was speaking of the little widow's late husband, but she did not seem offended.

"Yes, yes," she said, quickly; "folks said so, but, land! they did n't know him. Why, the way that man loved to work was simply wonderful. He fairly made work, he loved it so. Why, will you believe it, he did n't

mind puttin' the loose rocker on this very chair every time he used it, when I got so tired just doin' it once that I had to get the glue-pot and fix it right off. Then look how he would mend the harness with a bit of string every time he hitched, and me—I'd have had that harness at the harness-maker's in no time, I'm that lazy."

Nat laughed, though he still stared at her curiously. "Oh!" he said, and could seem to find no further remark.

"Land! Yes," she went on, "and he'd make ten trips to the well to fill the trough when two would have been enough if he'd a-mended the bucket, and he'd as lief shoo the cow out of the garden forty times as put up the fence-rail once. Yes, yes; I guess there ain't many folks as willin' to work as poor Lige was," and she sighed gently.

Centerville gossip had always found it a matter for wonderment that Melissa Davis, the prettiest, smartest girl in the place, had thrown herself away on the village ne'er-do-weel. Some were of the opinion that she had married him in pity, or to reform him; others declared that "M'liss" was such a hustler that in order to find sufficient vent for her energies she must needs pick out the man of all men who would leave her the most to do. But Melissa herself, when approached on the subject, always maintained with whimsical perversity the view of Lige's character which she had just given to Nathan Babcock, and no one could say to a certainty that it was not her honest opinion.

The explanation of her late husband's peculiarities which she had just given him appeared to Nat so novel that he could only ponder it in silence some time, but he did not look pleased.

"Guess I'd better be goin'," he remarked, sulkily.

"Don't hurry," said the widow, watching him slyly. "How are you gettin' along with your housekeepin'?"

"All right," he answered. "'T ain't half the work that women-folks likes to make out."

"If it ain't," she retorted, "it must be because you keep a mighty dirty place over there. I never see you sweep it a mite. Your ma would turn in her grave if she knew it. Ain't you all cluttered up?"

"I—I don't know," stammered Nathan, surprised. "I ain't thought about it. I've been out a good deal lately, bein' kinder

lonesome, and I fair forgot to sweep. I'll do it the minute I git home."

"I would if I was you," said the widow, "or you'll have to dig it out with a spade pretty soon."

She was regarding him with dancing eyes, and caught her breath as she spoke with something very like a chuckle, and Nathan saw with satisfaction that even two years of life with Lige Slocum had not obliterated a certain dimple he had known of old. But even as he watched it he saw it fade, and her mobile mouth took on a mournful droop at the corners.

"I useter go over to your house every day when your ma was alive," she said, solemnly, "but I could n't bear to go in now and see everythin' turned 'round."

"How's that?" asked Nathan, surprised. "I ain't changed anythin'."

"No?" said Mrs. Slocum, in apparent astonishment. "Ain't you moved your kitchen table over by the winder?"

Nathan blushed crimson. So she had seen him after all.

"N—no," he stammered, "I ain't touched it," and retired hastily, followed by the widow's mocking laugh.

True to his promise, however, as soon as he got inside the house he looked about for a broom. For a room so long neglected, the kitchen was wonderfully clean, but this did not strike him at once, for it was of Melissa Slocum's dimple he was thinking. As he began to warm to his work, however, he noticed this, and a certain suspicion made him glance about critically. The stove was as bright as if it had just been polished, and yet he was sure that it had been in a terrible mess only yesterday when he had finished frying his bacon. And the kitchen table — was he mistaken in thinking that it had been scrubbed with sand? How else could the ring left by the coffee-pot have disappeared so completely? Suddenly it flashed over him that Melissa's dimples held a clue to the mystery; and with the growing conviction that the little rogue knew more of the interior of his kitchen than she ever did before, his face grew radiant. She must care for him to have done this. He resolved to tax her with her kindly deceit at once, but a glance at his clothes made him decide to wait until he could present himself before her in a more becoming garb.

After he had hastily cleared away his

lunch he started for the village shop; but as he was about to pass her gate, the sight of Mrs. Slocum in a fresh blue gown, with a clean white apron pinned up over her round bosom, made him halt involuntarily.

"Come in," she called, cheerily, looking up from her sewing.

"Can't stop but a minute," he said, entering the gate; "but you do look mighty nice and comfortable."

"Guess you think I'm mighty queer to be settin' down and dressed at two o'clock, but I told you I was lazy. I never work afternoons."

"Don't you call sewin' work, neither?" he asked, smiling. "I think it is the darndest hard work I know about," and he eyed his queerly patched elbows.

"Some sewin' is," she answered, "but this ain't. It's jest doll-rags."

"Doll-rags?" he asked, wonderingly. "What for?"

"For a live doll," she laughed; "for Mis' Perkins's baby. Ain't it cute?" and she displayed a Lilliputian garment of pink calico.

He admitted that it was "awful cute;" then added, awkwardly, "Seems to me for a lazy woman you do a heap for other folks. Guess you've been doin' me a lot of good turns unbeknownst, ain't you?"

"What makes you think so?" said the little widow, innocently.

"Why, ain't you been cleanin' up for me some lately?" queried Nat, growing hot all over as she eyed him coolly.

"Of course not," said the widow, with brazen composure. "What call has a lazy woman like me to be doin' other folks' housework?" she added, with scorn.

Nathan was utterly crushed. "Well," he stammered, miserably, "I did n't know but you might have. 'T would be just like you, seein' how you are always doin' for Mis' Perkins and sech."

"Oh," she replied, quickly, "if I had n't a-cut down this old dress for the baby I'd a-had to wash it and make new sleeves for it, and so I just did this to save bother. It's all my laziness."

Nathan made no reply, and presently she added softly, almost as if she were thinking aloud, while a faint shadow stole over her bright face, "I never had children of my own to do for."

"Children is a heap of bother sometimes,"

said Nathan, feeling called upon to make some remark.

"Land, yes," she agreed; "I suppose lazy folks ought to be glad not to have any, but then I don't know but children pay. They're real useful someways. Everythin' gets eat up at meal-times; besides, they finish the crusts — crusts make a heap of work when it comes to dryin' and rollin' and siftin' them."

Nat was so silent that the widow supposed he had found food for meditation in her view of the usefulness of children, hence his next remark was all the more startling in its unexpectedness. "Ever think of marryin' again?" said he.

Melissa's thread snapped short with a sudden jerk, and her rosy face grew rosier as she gave the speaker a sharp glance. He was gazing abstractedly into the far distance, and his face was absolutely expressionless.

"No," she said shortly, "I ain't had any call to think of it."

"Well," said Nathan, calmly, "I would if I was you," and he walked away, leaving the little widow filled with mixed emotions.

When, dressed in his new clothes, Nat entered his kitchen upon his return from the shop, his nostrils were assailed by a delicious odor of warm apples and cinnamon, and there in the centre of the table stood a golden-brown, flaky pie of most enticing appearance. Here was proof enough of a woman's regard, and after one glance, and one ecstatic sniff at the spicy love-token, Nat made a bee-line for his neighbor's. She was still sewing, and he did not wait for an invitation this time, but went straight to her side. Her quick eye took instant notice of the new suit, but Nat had forgotten everything except his errand.

He looked at her with shining eyes. "Was the kitchen much changed?" said he.

The little widow only laughed, and hid her eyes from his bold glance.

"It was real good of you to make that pie," said he, pressing closer.

"'T was n't anythin'," she answered, with

sudden shyness. "I made too much applesass, and thought I might as well bake you a pie to get rid of it."

He laid his hand on her arm. "Say," he said, "you ain't told me what you think of my idea."

"What idea?" said she; but she colored brightly.

"Why, marryin' me," said Nat, calmly.

"I ain't thought a thing about it," she returned, her black eyes fixed on the pink calico frock.

"'T ain't a bad idea," said Nat, impersonally. "'S'pose you think of it now."

She pretended still to sew, but he saw with satisfaction that her fingers were trembling. When she finally spoke, the lazy woman's reply was characteristic. "'T would save you a heap of trouble to have only one garden to dig up, come spring," said she, thoughtfully.

"'T ain't that," cried Nathan, eagerly. "I'd scratch the hull earth up with my fingers if so 't would please you; but, come, say yes."

"Well," she said, slowly, "seein' that it might save us both some work, I don't know but I will."

The happy Nat instantly put an arm about her, but she drew back stiffly. "Land!" she cried, in apparent indignation, but casting a sidelong glance at him from her pretty eyes. "You act as if you thought I was takin' you because I cared for you, instead of just to save my sweepin' two houses, and me only livin' in one."

Nathan only squeezed her closer. "If you did n't care for me, what did you do it for, you little fibber?"

"I was n't goin' to have all your dust and dirt blowin' in and makin' me double work," she retorted, defiantly.

But when, in spite of this discouragement, Nathan actually dared to put his laughing lips to hers, she certainly made very little resistance. "If you don't like me, why don't you push me away?" he whispered, his eyes dancing.

"Oh!" said the lazy woman, snuggling closer, "'t would be too much like work!"



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New World Cathedrals

EACH year sees a new output of books, describing in detail the great cathedrals of the Old World and ranging in character from some unknown's "Impressions of My Summer Abroad" to profound technical treatises by distinguished scholars, but of the cathedrals of America we hear little. It is an interesting subject, however, for around the structures of "Old New Spain" still lingers an atmosphere as romantic as that of the Old World itself, and the Protestant Cathedral of St. John the Divine, now rising above Morningside Heights, is worthy of the grandest traditions of ecclesiastical architecture. Between this huge pile, the arches and columns of which already tower high above New York, and the little building thatched with straw and costing at the most twenty dollars, in which the Mexican Bishop of Guadalajara found his first home, there is a wide gap, but a gap filled with structures of every degree of size and interest.

In the Spanish adventurers, who followed hard on the heels of Columbus, devotion to their Church mingled strangely with a fierce lust for gold. The unfortunate natives, who were slaughtered without mercy in massacre after massacre or devoted to a more gradual annihilation under the brutal system of "repartimientos," were at the same time converted to Christianity by the zeal and heroism of missionaries to whom no sacrifice was

too great and no suffering too severe. Within twenty years of the day when Columbus first caught sight of the New World work was begun on a cathedral in Santo Domingo, the capital of Hispaniola,—"Little Spain,"—as the first colony of the infant empire was called. The adventurers had but just begun to push on to the mainland, and, little dreaming to what extent their conquests would be carried, they intended the new cathedral to become the religious capital of their empire. Before the building was finished, in 1540, the bones of Diego Colon, the son of the great discoverer and Lord High Admiral of the Indies, were laid in it, to be followed in a short time by those of his father. When Spain was no longer strong enough to hold the lands he gave her and Santo Domingo was ceded to France, in 1795, the body of Christopher Columbus was removed to the Cathedral of Havana, to remain there until Spain lost the last of its American empire in the war of 1898. When the Spanish flag was hauled down in Cuba the coffin of Columbus was carried with the evacuating army back to Europe.

A few years after the Cathedral of Santo Domingo was begun Hernando Cortes upset the plans of the rulers of the New World by his conquest of Mexico. Before the real and imagined wealth of the empire of the Aztecs the island of Hispaniola dwindled into insignificance and Mexico became the chief seat of the Spanish power. As ever, churches sprang up in the footsteps of the conquerors. To force an entrance, in 1521, into Montezuma's capital Cortes was compelled to tear it down house by house, and before the Aztecs, roused at last by despair to face their strange foes, gave up the struggle there was little left but ruins of the once populous city. Cortes at once proceeded to rebuild the city, a small church being one of the first structures erected. In 1524 the great temple of Huitzilochtle, the stronghold of the Aztec priesthood and the favorite site for their human sacrifices, from the broad summit of which the Spaniards, after a fierce hand-to-hand conflict with the picked troops of the Aztec army, had hurled the dreaded image of the Mexican God of War, was torn down to make room for another church. It is on the site of this church that the Cathedral of Mexico now stands, with its resplendent columns gilded from base to capital.

The see of Mexico was created in 1527, and in 1545 Juan de Zumaraga, its first bishop, was raised to the dignity of Archbishop; but it was not until 1573 that the first stone of the cathedral was laid. The work, however, progressed no more rapidly than the majority of similar undertakings, and in 1629 it was stopped altogether by a great inundation which threatened the very existence of the city. It is hard for the modern traveller to realize that the city of Mexico, now as high and dry as any city can ask to be, was once a lake citadel reached only by causeways and built largely on piles. It was the water which offered the most serious obstacles to the Spanish conquerors in 1521, and it was the water which stopped the building of their great cathedral from 1629 to 1635. In the latter year work was resumed, but it was not until 1667 that the main part of the structure was finished, and the two towers, each 203 feet high, were not completed until more than a hundred years later. The entire building represents an expenditure of about \$2,000,000 — something less than has already been spent on the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, but an amount which in those days was regarded as enormous. Built of gray stone set off with white marble, the cathedral is 387 feet long and 177 feet wide. Only a small part of the structure is Gothic in style, and in accordance with the Spanish custom the choir is placed in the middle of the nave — a striking arrangement to one accustomed to the cathedrals of northern Europe. Probably the most striking feature, however, of the Mexican cathedral is the interior, divided into five aisles by gilded columns and indicating in its gorgeousness the aim of the missionaries to dazzle their Indian converts.

Three or four miles from the city of Mexico is the favorite shrine of the Indian population, the Collegiate Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Though not the seat of a bishop, the dignity which this church draws from the tradition of its origin resulted in 1749 in its being declared collegiate — in other words, given the same organization as that of a cathedral chapter of priests. According to the legend, the church, finished in 1719 at a cost of \$1,181,000, stands on the spot where the Virgin Mary appeared to a poor Indian named Juan Diego, and gave to him roses picked from an absolutely barren hillside. In 1531, the legend says,

Diego on his return from mass was crossing the Hill of Tepeyacoc, where there then stood an Aztec temple to Tonantzin, the "Mother of Gods." Suddenly he saw in front of him the Virgin, who commanded him to tell the bishop to erect a chapel on the hill in her honor. The incredulous bishop turned a deaf ear to the Indian, and Diego returned disconsolate to the Virgin. She told him to come to the same place two days later. She then gave him the roses, which sprang miraculously from the ground, and with these under his cloak the Indian hastened to the Episcopal palace. When he drew the roses from under his cloak the portrait of the Virgin was found imprinted on it. It is this picture which forms the greatest treasure of the church of Guadalupe. It has been examined closely by artists, but no one has yet been able to discover the secret of its composition. The church itself, built entirely by small gifts from the people, has been enriched with decorations, hangings, and precious stones, the total value of which is close to a million dollars. Our Lady of Guadalupe was chosen by the Indians as their patron saint, and it was around her banner that the Revolutionists rallied in the stormy period between 1810 and 1821. With the independence of Mexico, December 12, the date of the Virgin's appearance to Juan Diego, became a national holiday.

In their historic interest the churches of New Spain, of which those of Mexico City and Guadalupe are typical, are unrivalled in America. The settlements of New France along the St. Lawrence had stormier histories than the colonies of Spain, and the Iroquois and the English were more formidable foes than the peaceful Indians of the South. The French colonists lived with their muskets by their sides, and in their old capital of Quebec the citadel crowning the cliffs above the river is a more conspicuous object than the cathedral. But the church was as active if not as unopposed in Canada as in Mexico or the West Indies. On the site of the Chapelle de la Recouvrance, which Champlain, the great explorer of New France, built in 1633, the foundations of the Cathedral of Quebec were laid in 1666, though the building as a whole dates only from the second half of the eighteenth century. Somewhat later an attempt was made to reproduce on a smaller scale in this country St. Peter's in Rome, the largest

church in the world, the entire cost of which has been estimated at \$70,000,000. The builders of Montreal, however, had no such resources at their command as the forty-three popes who lived and died while St. Peter's was building, and the American structure is hardly half the size of its Italian model. The distance, for example, from the pavement to the top of the cross on the dome of St. Peter's is 488 feet; and to the top of the cross on the Cathedral of Montreal, 250 feet. About the middle of the last century an Anglican cathedral, somewhat smaller than the older Catholic structure, was also erected in Montreal.

In actual size, indeed, none of the existing cathedrals of America can compare with the huge structures of the Old World, and they will all be dwarfed by St. John the Divine in New York. The thirteen years that have elapsed since the beginning of work, in 1892, have been devoted to laying the deep foundations; to building one of the four great arches which are to support the central lantern 445 feet high, and are to be the structural core of the whole edifice; to the piers of the three other arches; and to work on the walls and columns of the choir — the part of the cathedral which is to be finished at once. When the choir and the "crossing," as the junction of the nave and transepts is technically known, are roofed in they alone will constitute a church capable of holding five thousand persons. Four or five years more, it is thought, will be sufficient for this work. Much, in fact, has already been done. The limits of the crossing are defined by the huge piers of the central tower, the walls of the choir have been carried up a considerable distance, the eight great monoliths which are to be such a distinctive part of the interior have been erected, and the floor of the ambulatory which separates the choir from the surrounding semicircle of chapels has been laid.

Of these seven chapels, — the Chapels of the Tongues, they have been named, from the fact that in them services for the benefit of New York's foreign population will be held in English, German, Swedish, French, Spanish, and Italian, — the one at the eastern extremity of the cathedral is now almost completed. It is a complete church in itself,

a structure which compensates for its lack of size by the beauty of its proportions and the richness of its decorations. The gift of August Belmont, and a memorial to his mother, its final cost has been estimated at close to \$200,000, although it is only about 30 x 50 feet in size. The vaulted and tiled roof, forty feet above the floor, is supported by columns whose capitals have been elaborately carved, niches in the walls are filled with statues of saints and angels, and a great stained-glass window is destined to take up practically all of the eastern end. Officially, this remarkable bit of ecclesiastical architecture is known as the Chapel of the Oriental Rite, but in common use it is called St. Saviour's. The six other chapels, the foundations of one of which, St. Columba's, are already well under way, have been dedicated in the name of the saint most closely associated with the history of the people whose language will be used in the services.

Interesting from an architectural point of view as these chapels are, they are equally significant of the wide scope of the activities of which the cathedral is to be the centre. These activities, indeed, have already begun, though it will still be many years before the great building itself, with its area of 99,500 square feet, is completed. Services have been held for some time in the crypt under the choir, and this summer open-air services were held in the adjoining park for the benefit of the women and children whom the cathedral authorities brought each Sunday from the roasting, overcrowded region around Stanton Street to the fresh air of Morningside Heights. The choir school, where the cathedral choristers are trained to use their minds as well as their voices, has also been installed in the old orphan asylum on the grounds, and some day the Deaconesses' Institution, which trains women for a varied life of usefulness in many fields of charitable and church work, will also have its home on Morningside Heights. Before so many years have gone by one of the largest buildings in the world will crown Morningside Heights, the central point of an organization whose influence will be felt in every remote corner of the city stretched out beneath the lofty spire.

DEFYING NAPOLEON

By EDWARD CLARENCE PLUMMER



HAT a Yankee sailor, but little more than twenty-one years of age, should rescue an entrapped blockader from under the very eyes of Napoleon Bonaparte and, running the gauntlet of one hundred French cannon, live to be appointed to office by Abraham Lincoln, is an odd bit of history; yet the man in whose life of adventure the feat here referred to, which called from the great Corsican the admiring exclamation: "If I had fifty captains like him I'd sweep the English from the sea," was but an incident, was living less than a generation ago — and official records tell his story, both as a bold privateersman and a successful captain of merchantmen.

This man was William Cammett, of Portland, Me.

The voyage which brought him into conflict with the French forces in European waters was begun for an entirely different purpose — as if Chance had taken the helm in charge and resolved on a trip of its own. It happened thus.

The conflicting maritime decrees of England and Napoleon, followed by the Embargo Act of the United States, had literally paralyzed the merchant fleets of America. To go upon the sea for a foreign voyage meant defiance of home authorities and the practical certainty of becoming a prize to the British or French war-ships — conditions which caused "the grass to grow in the streets of northern ports."

But with this same grass there sprang up a spirit that would not submit to such deprecatory conditions — men appeared prepared to maintain their rights on the sea regardless of all authority. While they recognized their inability to match those European war-vessels with little merchant craft, so far as cannon was concerned, they were more than willing to try them in a contest of speed and seamanship. Thus swift blockade-runners began to appear, one of the finest being the brig *Rapid*, of Portland.

This vessel was built by the Jewetts, well-

known shipping-men, in 1808, their order calling for the fastest craft their builder could construct. American vessels had already acquired world-wide fame as speedy craft, and apparently the *Rapid* was the best that the New England yards of those days produced. As soon as she had been "tried out" and proved herself what was wanted she was fitted out to run the blockade which the English were then maintaining around the island of Guadalupe. Her commander was a nifty old sea-dog, Captain Curtis, the second in command being William Cammett.

Born on the Maine coast, young Cammett, at a time when the boys of to-day are at school, began the life of a sailor. His marked ability, resourcefulness, and intrepidity soon fixed the eyes of his captains upon him, and he came to be known as a picked man even among the men who then were making the seaports of Portland and Bath famous. Therefore when the *Rapid* set out, in 1809, to run the guns of the English fleet this young man of twenty-four sailed as her first mate.

But before the *Rapid* reached Guadalupe that island had surrendered, thus spoiling the voyage as it had been originally planned. Unwilling to return home empty-handed, one of her owners, who had shown his confidence in the craft and her crew by accompanying the brig on this risky trip, proposed that they proceed to Charleston, S. C., and take a cargo of cotton to England, trusting to existing war conditions for a good price if they could escape the French cruisers. To this the ship's crew readily agreed — it meant a bounty to each man on board.

The brig reached Falmouth, England, without even sighting a hostile sail. There it was learned that cotton was then worth one dollar a pound in Memel, Prussia, Napoleon's forces having cut off supplies from that country.

No native Yankee could resist a temptation like that. The meaning of one dollar for every pound of that cargo caused owner

and crew alike to reject with contempt the very handsome price which the English merchants were offering them for their cotton; the characteristic disposition to risk anything for a profit prevailed. Accordingly, the *Rapid* remained at anchor until the North Sea fleet of merchantmen was ready to sail, when she joined them and started on her voyage toward Memel under a powerful British convoy, one of the line of battle-ships with them being the *Victory*, on which Nelson had lost his life four years before. With such guards the voyage into the Baltic Sea was made without danger, and off the Gulf of Danzig the *Rapid* left her companions to enter Memel alone.

But there another of those kaleidoscopic changes so common in Europe when "the emperor" was at war awaited the Americans. While the *Rapid* had been at sea the French forces had captured Memel; and as the possession of this position gave them an opportunity to prey on the commerce which entered the Niemen River, no unnecessary display of authority was made. As a result, the *Rapid* was the fourth vessel to enter this harbor under the belief that the Prussians were still in control, only to learn the truth when they were hemmed in by guns.

No sooner had the brig dropped her anchor than a harbor boat came alongside and took possession, the commander taking the captain and owner on shore but leaving sixteen guards to hold the vessel. The case was clearly against the brig. Her papers showed that she came from an English port (Falmouth), she had been convoyed the greater part of the way by English war-ships, and when the hearing before the court had ended the *Rapid* was declared a prize to the French authorities.

Perhaps the maddest man on board the brig when her fate was reported to him was William Cammett. Never before had he been compelled to surrender a vessel, and when Jewett began preparations for leaving the craft to its captors he proposed the desperate chance of running the French batteries and escaping. He argued that the seeming impossibility of such an escape was the one thing that made it practicable, and his enthusiasm at last won over the owner. As for the crew, there was no hesitation whatever on their part. In accordance with the practice of those days, each had an interest in the profits of the voyage. Therefore when

it came to a choice of losing money which they had come to look upon as already theirs, or risking their necks in an attempt to escape, they chose the alternative that at least had something to offer them.

As the cook could speak French, he proved of great assistance in carrying out the plan which Cammett revealed to him. Pretending to accept the loss of the brig as a settled fact, he paid assiduous attention to the commander of the guard, soliciting his assistance in securing a position as cook in one of the "emperor's" war-ships. He also explained that several of the *Rapid's* sailors were anxious to enter the same service — all of which pleased the officer and caused him to relax even the slight vigilance which he had at first exercised.

As the guards outnumbered the Americans, and as it was assumed that these seamen had no interest in the fate of the vessel, the *Rapid's* crew enjoyed perfect freedom, apparently deeply impressed by those heavy muskets.

Finally, the local pilots came on board with orders to remove the brig from her anchorage to a berth in the upper harbor, where she would be secure from the ice. This was the opportunity for which Cammett had waited. When all was in readiness the crew manned the windlass, only to report, as the cable "hove short," that the anchor was foul — a perfectly natural condition of things where a vessel has been lying for several days in a tideway.

After working for some time at the obstinate cable, Cammett suggested that they set the lower sails for the purpose of working the vessel clear. This, too, was a perfectly proper proceeding under such circumstances, and the pilots agreed that it should be done.

Under cover of the mixed English, French, and German being talked at one time on that little craft, it was easy for the American sailors to loosen practically all the brig's canvas and get the big topsails spread. Steadily the sailors worked, increasing the amount of sail swiftly, but with a carelessness which deceived the pilots, until they attempted to hoist the jib. Then the pilots took alarm.

With the first shout, Cammett, who had been standing by the windlass as if to watch for signs of the anchor yielding, seized an axe which he had placed in readiness there,

and with a single stroke cut the hempen cable on the wood, the jib going up on the run. Then each sailor grasped one of those heavy oaken capstan bars and followed the axe-swinging Cammett on his charge to the quarter-deck. The astonished guards rushed for their muskets, but the sly cook had removed the flints from their locks, and so those warriors, who had regaled the steward with so many tales of their achievements on the fields of Jena and Austerlitz, tumbled over one another in their hurry to reach their boat before the wild charge of those brawny New Englanders in whose hands those heavy bars became as deadly as battle-axes. The captain of the guard attempted to fight, but before he could realize the kind of contest he was entering, Cammett, who was almost a giant in size, had picked him up and thrown him overboard, sword and all. Then with the quickness born of skill and danger, the crew ran into the rigging and spread the light sails while Cammett headed the craft for the open sea. The French flag, which the guards had kept flying, still remained at the peak, and thus created an uncertainty in the minds of the gunners as to whether or not the brig was the cause of the uproar which existed in the boat she was leaving; and before the alarm could be given to the batteries, the *Rapid* was under full sail and skimming down the harbor.

Then the cannonade began, one hundred guns sending shot at that little flying craft. Around her, over her, through her rigging the iron storm swept, but still she held her course. Shot after shot pierced her canvas, but not a spar was touched. How she escaped destruction can only be explained by the fact that she was still loaded, the cargo having remained intact pending the decision of the prize court, and thus presented a low broadside, while the French, like the English of those days, had the fault of firing high. Now and then a sheet was cut, but instantly a man was in the rigging splicing the parted rope. The fresh breeze and the swell from the ocean favored the craft — she was not an easy target as she plunged on her way, and one by one she passed the dreaded batteries in safety. The frantic commander of the port ordered the one war-ship which he possessed to chase that craft and sink it; but that order only added to the number of unexecuted commands

with which men have been loaded, for before this ship could be got underway the *Rapid* was on the horizon, and an hour later had gone from the sight of her pursuer.

Then the brig took an easterly course, rounded the great cape, and entered the port at Riga, Russia, where even a better market was found for the cotton than Memel had offered.

There the vessel was discharged, her hull careened and cleaned, her sails and rigging thoroughly overhauled, a general cargo sufficient to bring the brig into good sailing-trim taken on board, and the trip down the Baltic begun. Through the straits she passed in safety, defiantly passing down the English Channel, and entered the port of London, where she discharged. Another cargo was secured, and the brig started across the Atlantic, on which voyage she proved once more her well-established title to her name, *Rapid*, by completing the trip in the then record time of fifteen days.

This adventure secured for Cammett offers of command on the best merchant vessels in New England. When the War of 1812 came on he took command of several crack privateers, winning many prizes and never losing a ship. At the close of the war he resumed command in the merchant service, which kept him employed until President Lincoln appointed him an inspector in the customs service at Portland, which city was his home until his death, in 1880 — he, like so many other lovers of perilous adventures, ending a long life in peace.

The subsequent history of the *Rapid* is well worth reciting.

In the 1812 war she was one of the first privateers to take the sea — but Fortune had forgotten her. She cruised for several months without taking a prize, and then returned to Portland to refit. When she next sailed she had a new master — Capt. Joseph Weeks. While cruising to the eastward she ran into a fog which “killed” the wind. When the fog lifted, on the morning of Oct. 18, 1812, it disclosed two English frigates, the *Maidstone* and the *Spartan*, which, all unconsciously, had drifted during the night to within about three miles of the Yankee craft. There being no wind, the crews could only watch each other from the decks of their idly rolling vessels; but at last a breeze sprang up — coming from

the direction of the English ships. Before the *Rapid* could get in motion, the *Maidstone*, a very fast cruiser, was within long cannon range — yet Captain Weeks made a desperate struggle to escape. As he could not hope to fight his heavily armed pursuer, he threw overboard eight of his then useless cannon, cut away the stern boat and finally his largest anchor; but the heavy swell bothered the little craft in that light wind, while the big cruiser moved along untroubled, so that in a few hours the *Maidstone* was in a position to sink the helpless privateer. Then Captain Weeks surrendered.

The speed of the craft, which had become well known to the Englishmen, caused the

Rapid to be recommended for enrolment as a member of the regular war fleet of Great Britain. She was accepted, her name was changed to the *Nova Scotia*, and during the remainder of that war she successfully preyed on American commerce — the newspaper reports of those times mentioning several craft as “prize to H. B. M. ship *Nova Scotia*.”

The men who knew her so well tried hard to catch her with some of their crack privateers, but none of them ever found her. Like the mate who had once commanded her, she passed through the war in safety and, so far as known, came to a quiet end in the service which had adopted her.



LOYALISTS OF THE KENNEBEC

By CHARLES E. ALLEN



IT has been said that Republics are ungrateful. When we consider the treatment accorded the Loyalists of the American Revolution, for more than a hundred years from the time of their exile, we may conclude that the people of one Republic can be cruelly and needlessly vindictive. Our sneers at them have kept us from considering their story, and for this reason our history has been one-sided and partial. And yet who were they but Americans who during the struggle for independence suffered persecution, privation, exile, and even death because of their loyalty to their conscientious convictions of duty to their king? Even if we are constrained to believe they were in the wrong, we may no longer refuse them fair consideration while we examine their motives of action; for no cause, civil, religious, or political, which claims the adherence of any considerable body of intelligent and upright men and women should ever be treated with contempt and dismissed with a sneer.

Lorenzo Sabine, Professor M. C. Tyler, and others have written dispassionately upon this subject of the Tories, as they are wrongly called, or Refugees, as they styled themselves, or Loyalists, as they really were. The terms Whig and Tory designated two political parties which existed in England and in her American colonies long before the time of the revolt of the latter; and American members of both these parties were found alike in the ranks of the "patriots" and in those of the Loyalists. For this reason we may discard entirely the term Tory when considering those Americans who all through the historic struggle remained true to the cause of the prince whom they regarded as their lawful sovereign, and who numbered at least one million out of three millions whom King George claimed as his American subjects. And they were men of all classes and conditions. This was their country, and they loved it. Some of

them had served it and their king on the field of battle, and upon the seas. They had triumphed at Louisburg not many years before. Among them were Sir William Pepperell, son of the only New England baronet created in colonial times, and members of the family of the Maine shipbuilder, Sir William Phips, New England's one colonial knight, and the first Royalist Governor of Massachusetts. In their ranks were found graduates of our colleges — Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, and William and Mary. These were not people to be dismissed with a sneer, even though they adhered to a lost cause.

The opinions of the leading Loyalists of the Kennebec section, as they will appear in the course of this article, were so nearly like those of the party of the Loyalists, as given by Professor Tyler and others, that it should be said by way of introduction that speech was very free both in England and in her American colonies at the time of the events which led up to the Revolution. And during the period of conflict the language of Pitt and Pownall and Barre and others, both in and out of Parliament, is evidence that speech remained free in the mother country; while in America, a poor clergyman of the Church of England, who prayed for his king in the wilderness of Maine, was among the many who were mobbed and maltreated, and finally driven into exile. And yet men had for years freely discussed political questions, even denouncing the acts of the king, his ministers, and the Parliament, without let or hindrance. All, including Washington, were loyal to their king until 1776; and most of them, including those who remained loyal to the end, denounced such measures as the Stamp Act, the restrictions placed upon the colonists by the Parliament and the ministry, certain tariff taxes; and they regretted the lack of representation in Parliament. But they pointed to the fact that many of the wrongs that had been complained of had been righted, and they be-

lieved that with patience all would in time be made satisfactory without resorting to revolution or rebellion.

The Kennebec region was then the County of Lincoln, with Pownalborough as its county town. The people of Massachusetts proper — the Bay Colony — knew comparatively little about this part of their domains, the people of which were largely engaged in lumbering, ship-building and navigation, and to a lesser extent in agriculture. These people were quiet, prosperous, and contented and happy while they freighted lumber to British ports and to the West Indies, where it was readily exchanged for rum and molasses. Although they had suffered at times from Indians, they were at least as prosperous as frontier communities could be in those days. Town meetings called in the name of his Majesty George III. were very like those called after 1776 in the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, or after 1820 in the name of the State of Maine — except in one particular. Before 1776 there was never any complaint about taxation, while after that year for some time complaints of distress were frequent, loud, and long-continued. The section was far removed from the more turbulent Boston; and it was not until an appeal came from the Boston Committee of Correspondence that any movement was made on the Kennebec towards aiding the cause of revolt. The appeal was responded to by the adoption by the town of Pownalborough, then the most important settlement east of Falmouth, of a lengthy response to the Boston committee. This document, which was probably written by Timothy Langdon, was adopted in town meeting in 1773, and pledged the town to support the revolt. It was forcibly written, and sparkled with eloquent passages, although it was rather needlessly long. Langdon, a brother of Governor John Langdon of New Hampshire, was then a lawyer in Pownalborough.

After this, bands of men called Sons of Liberty roved about the country, annoying those who were suspected of loyalty to their king, although they gave more attention to those against whom they held some personal enmity than they did to others. They seized tea and threw it into Kennebec River, thus following the example set by the famous "Tea Party" in Boston.

Some have claimed that the office-holders

were generally loyal, while the poorer classes espoused the cause of the colonies. This was not wholly the case on the Kennebec, however it may have been in other sections. Practically all the officers of Lincoln County joined the party of rebellion. Sheriff Charles Cushing, brother of Judge William Cushing, received his commission from Governor Hutchinson in 1772, and in returning his thanks, said: "It is not in my power to make your Excellency better amends than by endeavouring at such a life as shall denominate me one of his Majesty's faithful subjects." At the same time he subscribed the oath of allegiance and fidelity to George III. Two years afterwards, or in the autumn of 1774, the Sons of Liberty assaulted him, called him "a d—d Tory," and demanded the surrender of that commission. Cushing declared that he had not taken any "under the present government," was released, and thereafter became a violent persecutor of his Loyalist neighbors, the leading one, Rev. Jacob Bailey, once asking the question, "Will Colonel Cushing, as sheriff, dare to imprison a man for refusing to take up arms against his sovereign?"

Another Kennebec revolutionary leader was Jonathan Bowman, cousin to John Hancock. He was engaged in lumbering and shipbuilding, and was Judge of Probate and Register of Deeds. He was, however, taken somewhat by surprise, and did not join the movement until it had gained considerable strength, and after he was able to complete the lading of a brig with lumber for an English port. He then became active. Others in the Kennebec region who espoused the cause of the colonies were several judges of the Court of Common Pleas, Colonel McCobb of Georgetown, and members of the Bridge family.

On the contrary, the poor parishioners of Rev. Mr. Bailey, many of whom were the Huguenot immigrants of 1752, were, with their pastor, or missionary, firm in their allegiance to their king — that king and his successors to whom Massachusetts government bound them by solemn oath when they settled upon her soil, for at that time Frenchmen were looked upon with suspicion by subjects of the English king.

Reverend Jacob Bailey, missionary of the Church of England to the settlements on Kennebec River from 1760 to 1779, was the most prominent Loyalist permanently set-

tled in that region. His life, written by Rev. W. S. Bartlet, rector of St. Luke's, Chelsea, Mass., was published as "The Frontier Missionary," by Ide and Dutton, in 1853. It is a valuable addition to the history of "the Eastern frontier of Massachusetts Bay," as well as to the story of the Episcopal Church in New England. It also forms the first volume of "Collections of the Episcopal Historical Society." Although Mr. Bartlet gave some account of Mr. Bailey's trials and sufferings as a Loyalist, his book is chiefly concerned with Bailey's character as a missionary, and his observations and experiences as such. His troubles began before the time of the Revolution, and they came to him because he was a churchman. While the poor settlers in the Kennebec region gladly welcomed him, a Puritan element which came from Massachusetts when the courts were established in Lincoln County regarded his church as "the whore of Babylon," as Charles Cushing expressed it. Fifty-five years ago Mr. Bartlet thought it prudent to suppress many facts. He mentions Bailey's leading persecutors as "M" and "N." They were Jonathan Bowman and Charles Cushing.

Jacob Bailey was born in Rowley, Massachusetts, in 1731, and graduated from Harvard in 1755, a classmate of John Adams, John Wentworth, William Browne, David Sewall, Charles Cushing, Jonathan Bowman, and others, many of them becoming distinguished in the annals of the Commonwealth. In 1760 Bailey went to London, where he was ordained priest of the Anglican Church, the ordination oath being administered by Thomas Sherlock, Bishop of London. His conscientious fidelity to that oath became the cause of most of his trials and sufferings fifteen years later. After his return to Boston, the "Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts" sent him as "Itinerant Missionary on the Eastern Frontier of Massachusetts Bay," and he arrived in Pownalborough, on the Kennebec, July 1, 1760. Here he resided, where he ministered to the spiritual wants of the scattered settlers in the wilderness until 1779, when he fled, a refugee, to Nova Scotia. He wrote much while here, and his manuscripts, if published, would make an interesting contribution to the history of Maine, especially the political history of the disturbances which occurred in this

section during the Revolutionary struggle. His was the first permanent Episcopal congregation gathered in Maine, and his church edifice,—St. John's Church,—erected in 1769, in what is now Dresden, was the second erected in Maine by churchmen, if we except the chapel at the mouth of Kennebec River in 1607.

As already intimated, Mr. Bailey's troubles began before the time of the Revolution, but as he was supported by Doctor Silvester Gardiner, of Boston, and other powerful members of the Plymouth Company, open opposition ceased for a while. In 1772 and 1773, however, he became an object for the attention of bands of "Sons of Liberty," who were instigated in part, at least, by both Bowman and Cushing, the latter characterizing his church "a nest of d—d Tories." The mob threatened to "blow them all to the devil," and on one occasion, at least, when Rev. Joshua Wingate Weeks, of Marblehead, was his guest, one of them did actually attempt shooting members of his family, through a window of the parsonage. Mr. Weeks's sister was Bailey's wife.

Finally, in 1776, came the famous Declaration of Independence, with a requisition that it be read from church pulpits on Sunday. This Mr. Bailey quietly omitted to do; and in conducting his church services, while he omitted some of the more objectionable parts, he continued the form of prayer for the king. Then came his indictment by the Committee of Safety for "practices inimical to the cause of the colonies," and his name being placed in a list of those to be transported, his townsmen, at a legal town meeting, voted that it be stricken from the list. And then he wrote the committee assuring them that if the Loyalists of Pownalborough were permitted to enjoy their homes and estates in peace they would pledge themselves to remain quiet and orderly, and they would refrain from giving aid or encouragement to the enemies of the Congress; but they could not conscientiously renounce their allegiance to their sovereign. Of his neglect to read the Declaration, he said, "I cannot comply without offering the utmost violence to my conscience; and I solemnly declare that my refusal does not proceed from any contempt of authority, but from a sacred regard to my former engagements, and from a dread of offending that God who

is infinitely superior to all earthly power." He had already been reprimanded by his friend Doctor Gardiner for reading from his pulpit a Thanksgiving Proclamation issued by the Provincial Congress.

After this the committee — consisting of Cushing, Bowman, Hambleton, and Carlton — summoned him to trial at the courthouse. It was a stormy scene. Bailey defended himself very ably, one of the counts in the indictment being that he had preached sedition on a certain occasion. Upon the principle of presenting the best evidence, he read the sermon complained of and was acquitted on this. In response to the charge of refusing to read the Declaration, he claimed first that he had violated no law, as the requisition came from the council, which was not a law-making body. He pointed to the fact that some dissenting ministers had omitted reading it for the same reason, and that they were not molested. Then he read his ordination oath, whereupon Cushing asked him some entangling questions, among them whether if the king had violated his coronation oath that did not absolve his subjects. To this Bailey replied that the falsehood and treachery of one party could never justify the baseness and perjury of another. "No engagements are more solemn and binding than the marriage vows, and if the husband commit adultery the wife may not have liberty to commit the same crime." This defence may have been designed to hit Sheriff Cushing, who had been forced to violate the oath he had taken four years before. The offence of praying for the king was not alluded to, and Mr. Bailey was discharged.

His writings sparkle with wit and sarcasm during this period. Mr. Bartlet's book tells us that a liberty-pole was erected to annoy him, for it was placed at first in front of his church. Bartlet says nothing about that pole being cut down; and that another was set up on "the plain"—now Dresden Neck. Bailey was charged with instigating some one to cut the first pole, and he wrote to the committee expressing his regret for the cutting. He declared that he knew nothing whatever about it, that he had not the least objection to a pole—indeed, he favored it; for "if one pole gives my neighbors so much pleasure, it were better to have a thousand poles than merely one." And he added, "You are sensible, however, that

liberty may subsist without any pole at all; and if all the pines and spruces were levelled to the ground that would not elevate tyranny a bit." When raids were made on tea he expressed compassion for poor, innocent tea that harmed no one, and contrasted it with the rum used to stimulate the mob. After Massachusetts government granted him permission to quietly retire to Nova Scotia in 1778, the season was so far advanced that he was obliged to remain until the next year, and in response to the wishes of his parishioners he thought to conduct services in his church edifice. This Cushing forbade, and in no mild or gentlemanly terms. Bailey responded that he did not suppose the United States could be in great danger if he did minister to his people.

Mr. Bailey's papers, which are still preserved, contain much material of interest relating to these matters. Most of these papers are in possession of his descendants in Nova Scotia. Others may be found in Massachusetts archives. Among his correspondents were many men whose names are well known in the annals of Boston, including Rev. Edward Bass, afterwards consecrated first Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts. Bailey was for many years rector of St. Luke's, Annapolis, N. S., where he died, in 1808. His remains repose in an unmarked grave in the old cemetery adjoining the fort about which for more than a hundred years English and French contended for supremacy in North America.

The principles of this Loyalist, as they appear in his manuscripts, are worthy of further consideration. He wrote of himself and his Kennebec neighbors: "We profess ourselves both loyal subjects of King George and hearty friends to the country; and though we have no intention to oppose the present government, we determine not to take the oath provided for officers and suspected persons." Again he said: "I am a sincere friend to my country, and heartily rejoice in its prosperity. If the cause is just, I hope heaven may grant them success. I have never signed any address, nor given any assistance to government. I can neither renounce my oath of allegiance nor fight against my country." Still further, he wrote: "You know I have always professed myself a true son of liberty, and that I am disposed to execrate every American who can tamely submit to the despotic exertions of minis-

terial power." He speaks at some length of "the corrupted minions and tools of the administration, who would take from Americans those privileges which they derived from God and nature." He thought that the act whereby the East India Company was allowed to export tea to America was artfully designed as an engine of mischief. With his brother-in-law, Rev. Joshua Wingate Weeks, and others, he rejoiced over the repeal of the Stamp Act, and denounced the closing of the port of Boston. He expressed faith that in course of time all grievances would be redressed, without rebellion. While he had cause for bitterness towards Sheriff Charles Cushing, he had confidence in Judge William Cushing, who frequently visited Pownalborough after he removed to Boston, in 1772. The complaints against him, and his indictment by the Pownalborough Committee of Safety written by Sheriff Cushing, as they appear in Massachusetts State Papers, with his reply, are quite voluminous. Cushing quibbles over the fact that Bailey's oath was to King George II., and claims that it did not bind him to George III. Bailey's response is clear and concise, as Cushing's oath of 1772 bound him to George III., and his successors, and pledged him to give information of conspiracies against the crown or its dignity, or prerogatives. Passages in his defence are eloquent. He speaks of his position being one of passive obedience to authority, and says that all of his fellow churchmen except Doctor Parker (Trinity Church, Boston) neglected to read the Declaration, and also several Congregational ministers.

In closing he asks: "What have I done to injure the American cause? . . . Have I gone into any public meetings to defend or establish the pretensions of either the king or parliament? Have I prevented any one from enlisting into the service? Have I by word or writing conveyed any intelligence to the enemy? Or have I aided, abetted, or assisted the invaders of America? What is my crime? Is it those connections I cannot dissolve? Suppose I was really in my heart unfriendly to the country (which I absolutely deny), it is not in my power to injure it. Can any person without money, influence, authority, or opportunity, in such a remote corner, do anything to obstruct the wheels of government? Is it not, therefore, ungenerous, a little inhuman, to render any

one uneasy who has neither power nor inclination to hurt you? Gentlemen, . . . I am willing to submit to the authority of the present government in all lawful and indifferent matters, but to declare myself absolved from my former oath of allegiance I am convinced is neither lawful nor indifferent."

This was in 1776. After a three years' struggle against the cruel fate of an exile from his native land for conscience' sake, he landed in Halifax, ragged and almost penniless. From there he wrote to General McLean, then commanding at Castine, and gave him a list of the most prominent Loyalists on Kennebec River and in its vicinity. The names are those of the ancestors of many who still live in the region, and it is a very respectable company. It is interesting to note that while Mr. Bailey was vainly pleading his cause in the wilderness of Maine, Thomas Pownall, for whom his town and county had been named, was among those who in Parliament were pleading the cause of the American colonies. While Bailey might not use a form of prayer for his sovereign, Pownall was calling upon that sovereign to make a treaty of peace with his rebellious subjects upon the basis of their independence. And yet he was not punished for treason under English law in the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

Doctor Silvester Gardiner, Mr. Bailey's friend and patron, belongs to Boston, his name appearing in the lists of exiles from that town. He was, however, so closely connected with various enterprises on the Kennebec, as one of the Plymouth proprietors, that he should be mentioned in this connection. A wealthy druggist in Boston, he became a sort of banker for the Plymouth Company. At the time of his exile he was owner of thousands of acres of land in Pownalborough and in other places on the Kennebec. On this land he had erected dwellings, stockades, stores, and mills of various kinds, as well as a church or two. Of all the members of the Plymouth Company, among whom were Bowdoins, Bayards, Hancocks, Pitts, Valentines, Goodwins, and many other men of distinguished names, none contributed so much to the development of the Kennebec wilderness as did Doctor Gardiner, and it is pleasant to know that his son, Barrister John Gardiner, succeeded in regaining possession of much

of his confiscated property. And there is little doubt that the hint that certain active "patriots" were more eager to profit from his misfortunes than they were to serve the cause of liberty was well founded.

We have space for only very brief mention of a few of the more prominent Kennebec Loyalists. Major Samuel Goodwin, agent of the Plymouth Company, came from Charlestown and lived in Pownallborough Court House, where his descendants still live, in Dresden. John Jones was king's surveyor, whose leading exploit was capturing Charles Cushing and taking him a prisoner to the British camp on the Penobscot. Jones lived in what is now Augusta. Captain Charles Callahan, who sailed vessels from the Kennebec to Boston, became an exile in Halifax, where he lost his life when in the naval service of the king. His widow, who died in Dresden in 1816, wrote delightful, gossipy letters, which give much information concerning men, women, and things in the Kennebec region after the time of the treaty of peace. Captain Robert Twycross, ancestor of families of that name in Charlestown, Massachusetts, and in Dresden, Maine, died while serving his sovereign as Lieutenant in the royal navy. He was not a refugee, as he went to England at the beginning of the troubles. The descendants of the adopted son of Sir William Phips held the Knight's estate in Woolwich, where William was once a humble sheep tender; as Jacob Bailey wrote a Loyalist friend in that town that they wished he would, if the British force came there, be kind enough to point out the Phips farm, and ask that it be protected. They were Loyalists, David being a colonel and a refugee, who died in England. Doctor Cassimire Mayers, son of the German immigrant to the Kennebec in 1752, was from Wurtemberg. He was an exile to Halifax with Bailey, but returned and died in Dresden, in poverty. Doctor James Tupper, member of a family which had famous sons, was a Loyalist, but not active. He remained in the country, and in 1792 built on the Kennebec a craft which was locally known as "the timber ship." It was really a sort of raft of timber, and registered as the ship *Experiment*, of 500 tons. It was the design of the doctor to sail her to England and there take her to pieces and sell the timber. But she was lost at sea, and the disaster

seriously embarrassed her builder financially. The doctor's descendants trace him back to a collateral branch of the family of the author of "Proverbial Philosophy." And with him we close our sketches, although other individuals might be mentioned, were it not for the danger of conflict with the claims of members of certain "patriotic orders," which might possibly lead to controversy and ill feeling, for families were often much divided during the Revolutionary struggle. For instance, a Dresden tradition says that while Major Samuel Goodwin was a Loyalist, his son Sam, Jr., was a Whig, who upon a certain occasion called the old gentleman a "d——d old Tory." And Willis, in his "History of the Law, the Courts, and the Lawyers of Maine," repeats the story.

One incident in the history of the Kennebec section may fittingly close this article. It is an episode that is little known, and when known it appears not to be fully understood or appreciated. The people of the section were what is called "land poor" during the period of the Revolution. There was no sale nor rent for land, and taxes were very high. And the depression continued for some years after the treaty of peace of 1783. Those who obtained possession of confiscated lands found themselves burdened; and in some instances they were indifferent as to the fate of their holdings. Others sold to settlers at a nominal price. The settlers were sometimes returned soldiers, and they began at once to make such improvements as they were able. There were, also, many "squatters," as they were called, who could claim no legal title to their holdings, although they believed they were living upon public lands, which might be granted to them.

Article five of the treaty of 1783 provided for the restitution of confiscated estates to those who had not taken up arms against the United States. This was under certain conditions, one of which was that when sales had been made the former owners might reclaim their lands by refunding to persons in possession of such lands "the *bona fide* price which such persons paid for the lands," and there should be no impediment in the prosecution of the rights of the claimants.

If the confiscation acts were harsh, oppressive, and often unjustifiable, this pro-

vision was equally so. Probably the American Commissioners — Adams, Franklin, and Jay — did not realize that the enforcement of this provision would cause many an honest settler to lose his land, together with such buildings as had been erected upon it, as well as other improvements that had been made. Much had been purchased as wild land, at very low prices, and when the excitement occasioned by attempts made to enforce this provision reached a culmination, such land had begun to appreciate in value. Riot and even bloodshed followed.

Something of it appears in local histories as "the Malta War," from Malta, now the town of Windsor, near Augusta, whence companies of armed settlers marched upon the then village of Augusta, where some of their offending neighbors were imprisoned. This was in the time of Governors Sullivan and Gore. Betterment acts, as they were called, were passed by Massachusetts Legislature, and finally settlers were quieted. The Loyalists were gradually forgotten, except in memory as a hated party — usually unjustly hated.

OL' MIS' PETTIGREW

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

Ol' Mis' Pettigrew 's got a yellow hen;
Gets into our garden-patch time and time again;
All the wire that's all about
Never keeps the fool thing out.
Land knows when she does her hatchin' !
Cluckin', pickin', diggin', scratchin',
Spoilin' every livin' thing that's got a chance to sprout.
Seems that I've heard Mother say
Half a dozen times a day,
"Lawzy me, that yellow hen
Of Ol' Mis' Pettigrew's back again."

Ol' Mis' Pettigrew's got a tiger cat,
All claws and muscles, without an ounce of fat.
Leave a thing outside a minute
And you'll catch that creature in it.
Always nosein', pryin', creepin',
Always prowlin', stealin', sneakin',
Keeps you busy all day long a-runnin' to yell, "Scat!"
Hear a pan drop anywhere
And says Mother, "I declare,
Henry, if it is n't that
Ol' Mis' Pettigrew's tiger cat."

Ol' Mis' Pettigrew's got a forward chin,
Yellow-faced and waspish-like, tol-e-ra-bly thin.
No back-slidin' in this town
Ol' Mis' Pettigrew can't run down;
Always hintin', sighin', spyin',
Quite a hand at prophesyin',
Keener than a setter dog for nosein' out a sin.
So when I hear Mother say,
"Wuz you fishin' Sabbath Day?"
"I see," sez I, "the cat and hen
And Ol' Mis' Pettigrew's called again."

THE RHEUMATISM OF RAJAH

By WILLIAM ARNOLD JACOBS



MY wife's Uncle Bailey was the first visitor we had after moving into our five-room flat in Harlem; and as Uncle Bailey had travelled extensively and knew almost everything, Rose-Marie and I were both anxious to hear his opinion of this first housekeeping venture of ours. In order that his opinion might not be frustrated by an anti-climax, we received him in the kitchen, because that was the smallest room in the flat; then we showed him our bedroom, which was slightly larger; then the guest-chamber, which was larger still; then the dining-room, which appeared to be larger than it really was, because there was but little in it; and lastly the parlor, the biggest room of all, which was eight feet wide and twelve feet long, and contained the most precious of our few belongings. We looked to see Uncle Bailey completely carried away by this room, nor were we disappointed.

"Ah," said he, gazing round him with evident rapture, "this reminds me of the Far East."

Rose-Marie squeezed my hand delightfully.

"The tropical plants,"—Uncle Bailey nodded towards the potted palms on the fire-escape outside the window,— "the silken hangings,"—caressing the pink satin portières which hung in the opposite doorway,— "the alcohol lamp and appurtenances,"—indicating the chafing-dish on the centre-table,— "all these things recall to mind an experience which marks a certain vivid period of my life in India."

"Oh, do tell us about it, Uncle Bailey," cried Rose-Marie, eagerly. "I'm sure it must be a story—now is n't it?"

Uncle Bailey sank into the easy-chair and accepted the cigar I offered him. "Story?" he said, as he lighted the cigar and puffed at it thoughtfully. "Hm! Yes—it is a kind of story."

"And how long is it?"

"Oh,"—the old gentleman held his hands a few inches apart—"about so long."

"Good!" exclaimed Rose-Marie. "That's just long enough to hear before I begin to get supper." She drew me down beside her upon the other chair. "We are both ready to hear it right now," she said.

"Well," began Uncle Bailey, "it is hard upon twenty years since this adventure had its occurrence, and yet—my, O me!—I remember it all as if it had been yesterday." He paused a brief moment, smiled reminiscently, and then continued as follows:

"The second week of May, 1888, found me in Pohrsole, East India—a native village of about two hundred inhabitants, lying almost in the shadow of the great Bullyha Jungle. I was waiting there from day to day for some word from Major Murphy, who, with the rest of the expedition, had already pushed on to Dharnit.

"From Pohrsole to Dharnit is a journey of fifty-five miles through the most fearful jungle in all India. Every known tropical plant grows in rank profusion in the Jungle of Bullyha, in the very heart of which, furthermore, lies the terrible cholera-breeding swamp of Satpura. The journey can be made only by means of elephants.

"Rajah, my own elephant, was being kept in readiness for an immediate start, the large covered howdah fixed every morning upon his back, and my luggage loaded up behind. I had brought him with me from Benares, and was paying for his use the sum of eighty rupees a month—a remarkably low figure considering what a valuable animal he must have been, for he was, without exception, the handsomest elephant I ever saw. In height he measured exactly eleven feet two inches at the shoulders, he weighed a trifle over four tons, and in color he was a light greyish blue. He was gentle, obedient, patient, and wonderfully intelligent, and had no faults that I remember; but—he had one serious misfortune: he was subject to attacks of acute rheumatism. It seems that three or four years previously he had been caught out in a monsoon and contracted a heavy cold which settled

in his joints; and since then he had been susceptible to every change of weather.

"Rajah's attacks of rheumatism were usually heralded by a severe cold in his head, characterized by the most violent fits of sneezing. While he was suffering from one of these colds he could n't sleep for sneezing, he could n't eat for sneezing. He would approach his haystack, which stood in one corner of the enclosure, and just as he reached out with his trunk to pick up a mouthful he would sneeze; and the haystack would disperse in a hundred directions. He would turn then and shamble towards some little bunch of hay that he had perhaps blown clear over into an opposite corner, and would hungrily stretch out his trunk for it, when — 'hrrroof!' — and away that bunch would fly. I have seen the poor patient beast wandering round the enclosure a whole morning trying to get a mouthful of breakfast, and blowing every mouthful out of reach before he could pick it up. Now and then, however, an attack of rheumatism would come quite unheralded, and it was bad enough, in all conscience, without the hay-fever. For when the rheumatism struck him he would stiffen up right where he stood, rooted in his tracks, and would so stand, motionless, till the attack left him. Sometimes this would be three or four days; sometimes three weeks.

"Well, it was early on a bright May morning that a message finally came from Major Murphy instructing me to join him with all despatch at Dharnit. Rajah was ready and waiting. He knelt down, as elephants kneel, and I clambered up into the howdah — a gaudy little castle painted bright red and gold, luxuriously upholstered inside with pink satin, and hung with green velvet portières; it had formerly belonged to a king, but I had it thoroughly fumigated. I clambered up into the howdah, I say, and gave the signal to start. The mahout, who had by this time seated himself astride Rajah's neck, right in front of the howdah, prodded the elephant ever so gently with his iron ankus; whereupon the big animal rose with clumsy grace and started off.

"For the first half-hour we sped along at that heavy, lurching, swinging gait which is peculiar to the elephant: a gait that is not a walk or a trot or a gallop, but is a variable combination of all three. Soon, however,

we struck the jungle, and then Rajah walked. Even a slow walk shortly became difficult. Still we plunged on, crashing into the heavy underbrush, and tearing our way through the hopeless tangle of vines and foliage.

"At noon we came to the border of the great Satpura swamp, which is some eight miles wide at this point. Rajah swung straight ahead, his huge feet sinking deep into the marshy soil, and the water splashing up at every step. Now and again he would reach out with his trunk and snatch a clump of swamp-grass or a branch of a tree, which he would eat with relish; but he never halted for a moment.

"We had been splashing along through the swamp for well upon an hour, and had almost gained the opposite side, when I detected a change in our progress. Not only had Rajah's speed much decreased, but his gait had become rough and jerky. I began to fancy, too, that I could feel a kind of dull vibration quivering through his giant frame, as if his joints were not working quite smoothly. This became more and more noticeable as we went on, and when at last we reached the end of the swamp and struck into the denser jungle beyond, Rajah was barely moving.

"Gugu Gosh, the mahout, turned to me with an anxious face. 'Sahib,' he said, 'the swamp hath proven injurious to Rajah, for his feet have been kept wet so long that the rheumatism hath seized him and cometh on apace.'

"The mahout was right. In a few minutes Rajah stopped, his limbs having become so stiff that he could not move them for another step. I asked Gugu if we might alight with safety; and he asked me, in return, whether I had forgot that the howdah was over eleven feet from the ground, and that Rajah was long past being able to bend his knees to kneel down; whether, then, I desired to jump eleven feet into that treacherous tangle of brush and grass, and break my neck or light upon a nest of cobras or be pounced upon by some lurking tiger; or whether I desired to grasp in my hands yon leafy branch and be stung to death by a scorpion; or whether I desired to — 'Tut, tut, Gugu,' I said, interrupting him. 'You are an Oriental, and your tastes are extravagant — luxurious — voluptuous. I don't hanker after a fancy calamity; a plain old-

fashioned railroad accident is good enough for me.'

"He proceeded, then, to explain the situation to me in a clear, straightforward way. This attack of rheumatism, he said, would last for at least two weeks, or, it might be, three, during which time Rajah would not be able to bend his limbs, but would stand firmly planted even as he was now; and during this time we must perforce remain up here on Rajah's back. There was no alternative. And why worry? This was not our fault. It was ordained by Fate; and Fate understood her business better than we did.

"Recognizing the wisdom of Gugu's words, I straightway banished all anxiety as to the outcome of the adventure (I was already acquiring the comfortable habit of using Fate for a scapegoat), and turned my attention to the immediate present. For supper that evening I made coffee over the flame of our alcohol lamp, and toasted bread; and Gugu Gosh caught a species of partridge, harpooning the bird with a spear to which a long string was attached.

"Our location was most favorable. Only a few feet distant there ran a clear, sparkling rivulet into which we had but to cast our bucket for an inexhaustible supply of water. Partridges, kingfishers, and goshawks abounded, so that we need never want for meat; and as for Rajah, there was almost every variety of succulent vegetation within reach of his ever-active trunk, as was likewise the stream of water.

"Every night Gugu Gosh and I took turn about watching, at the same time displaying a lantern from the pole on top of the howdah, to attract the attention of any travellers who might happen to pass that way. It was imperative that I be in Dharnit at the very earliest possible moment. I ought to have been there within two days of leaving Pohrsale. Murphy would expect me within those two days, and when Murphy was disobeyed or disappointed he was liable to — to make a display of his well-known eccentricity. So it is not surprising that as day after day passed and found us no further on our way I should relapse finally into a nervous, impatient anxiety. Nor was this anxiety lessened by the fear which Gugu one day confided to me.

"The mahout feared that before this attack of Rajah's had departed the summer

monsoon would set it; in which event the animal's rheumatism would continue unabated, and we should be detained here till the monsoon broke up in October. The possibility of such a predicament filled me with despair; for in spite of our pleasant location, the lovely surroundings, the fine outlook, the refreshing shade, the beauties of the constantly changing shadows in the mysterious jungle all about us, the soothing music of the brook beneath us, and the sweet songs of the wild birds overhead — in spite of all this, and in spite of the many material advantages that the spot afforded, I was sick and tired of doing light house-keeping in a howdah: it was too much like living in a flat. I said as much to Gugu, but he knew nothing about flats. Perdition, he said, was the only modern convenience that the missionaries had told him about.

"Well, the monsoonal rains were overdue, and our situation had assumed an aspect of the most intense gravity, when, upon a morning several days later, Rajah showed signs of recovery.

"He lifted his left forefoot a few inches from the ground and put it down again; raised his right forefoot and put it down again; picked up his left hindfoot and set it down again; lifted his right hindfoot and put it down again. Several times he repeated this performance, nodding his head slowly all the while, and waving his trunk from side to side. At length he thrust his trunk aloft and sent forth his wild trumpet-cry — 'hrrroomp!' — and then, to the unspeakable relief and joy of Gugu Gosh and myself, Rajah resumed his long-interrupted march through the Jungle of Bullyha.

"Shortly after noon we emerged from the jungle, and a few hours later came in sight of Dharnit. While still some three miles from this place we were approached by a galloping horseman who seemed to have espied us from the high table-land to our left, and who proved, on overtaking us, to be no less a person than Major Murphy himself.

"We brought Rajah down upon his knees, lowered our short ladder, and took the major aboard, leaving his horse to follow after us; and as we rode thus into town I anticipated all questions by recounting my adventure from beginning to end. Murphy listened attentively. His manner at once quieted my

apprehensions, and I inwardly laughed at myself for having been worried.

"As I sat smoking with the major that evening on the broad verandah of his bungalow, he turned suddenly and asked me in a casual way if I could let him have five pounds. Supposing, for the moment, that he was merely asking a loan, I got out my wallet and handed him a five-pound note. 'Thanks,' he said, calmly folding it and tucking it into this waist-coat pocket. 'By the way,' he added, noting my look of astonishment, 'you don't know what that is for, do you?'

"I acknowledged my ignorance, upon which he produced a printed placard bearing these words:

"'FIVE POUNDS REWARD!!

The above sum will be paid for the finding, or for any information that will lead to the finding, of a certain large, pale-blue elephant, carrying a red-and-gold howdah with green curtains, and having as passengers an American gentleman and a native mahout; travelling due west when last observed, five miles east of'—etc., etc.,

concluding with a picturesque description of myself, and signed by Murphy.

"'Well?' I faltered.

"'Well,' said the Major; 'I found you.'"

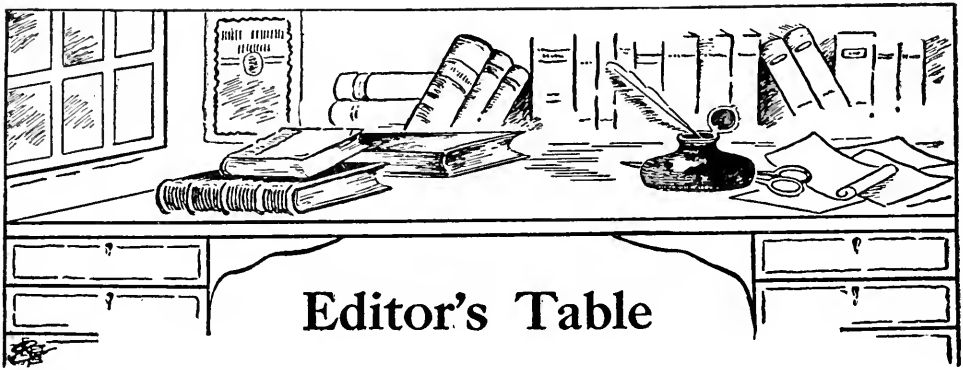
As Uncle Bailey ceased speaking Rose-Marie went over and sat down upon the arm of his chair.

"That was a beautiful, thrilling adventure," she said, "and a lot better than 'Robinson Crusoe,' because it is so much shorter. But do you know what I think? I think you deliberately made it all up—now did n't you?"

Uncle Bailey smiled across her shoulder at me, and winked good-humoredly.

"And," she continued, "I think that what you said about flats was perfectly mean. But there, there,"—she patted him reassuringly—"we'll not quarrel about it now, because I must hurry and get supper. I have to do all the cooking myself, you see, because we— we have no mahout in this howdah."





Editor's Table

A Last Stand

THIS is preëminently an age of labor-saving devices, and our leisure classes are having an exceedingly luxurious and irresponsible time of it. Besides the myriad electrical contraptions, the plutocrat finds every conceivable form of convenience in modern invention; every wish is gratified, — nay, anticipated, — till there remains for him practically no excuse whatever for taking trouble. Exertion of any kind has become fatuous and superfluous.

An electric switch-board in his splendid home commands a service compared to which Aladdin's lamp, with its attendant genii, was but a trivial and inferior affair.

He eats predigested foods. He is enabled to rebuke his confidential clerk from a distance of hundreds of miles, saying things to him as forcibly as though he had proceeded to his office and ejected him therefrom in the good old way. He may even hear his Sunday sermon, seated comfortably *chez lui*, in some expedient *lingerie* (such as dressing-gown and spats), and keeping one eye upon the lovely colored supplement of his newspaper, meantime. In fact, so exotic has his present existence become that in the way of personal endeavor there remains but little for him here below.

And now comes this newest apostasy in the form of simplified spelling. But right here some of us are determined to draw the line with considerable vigor. It looks as though all this discussion were, "*au fond*," merely another sneaking plea for that inertia already represented in pneumatic tubes, pepsin pills, and condensed food-tablets.

Our social autocrats must learn to spell, and they must put as much work into the process as the rest of us have done. Spelling seems to be about the only responsibility our multi-millionaires cannot decently evade. They may gather the trend of the world's work, its literature, and ethics from a few magazines specially edited for that purpose, but their sole vital concern in life is with the finan-

cial affairs of their offices. They have but to give their orders — their assistants and stenographers do the rest. Like the Red Queen in "Alice," their creed is "Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves."

But even Croesus cannot avoid some private correspondence; and in his exalted position any deflection from the rules of grammar and spelling is worse than a deflection from the Decalogue. He may embezzle, he may shamelessly "absorb" other people's moneys to a wholesale extent, and still remain in excellent standing in high circles; but illiteracy and bad spelling are undeniably sinful, and, worse yet, laughable.

Our grande dame must still put a "p" into pneumonia or lose all social caste. She may command rarest jewels and finest equipages; but what doth it all profit her if she betrays her helplessness over words like "pâté-de-foie-gras" or even plain, every-day "bronchitis" and "catarrh"?

The intense glee with which we have always greeted the gaucheries of some rich Mrs. Malaprop has been one of the few alleviations of an otherwise wearisome and drab-colored existence. To hear that she was troubled with "roomatism"! And, oh, the gloating sense of equality, nay, of superiority, which thrills us when she writes that her "apetite" is poor!

Now, are we to forego these humble gratifications to our primitive souls — after we ourselves have had to grapple with the same problems in the past, and are proudly conscious that these words still come within our scope? Is not the law of compensation become a hollow mockery if our society leaders are to be allowed to spell just as they're a mind to?

By all means let there still remain some thorn in the flesh. Is it not manifestly unjust to simplify anything which shall render existence any easier for our upper circles? And whoever would abolish our present nerve-racking, hateful system of orthography is, as Mr. Dooley puts it, "no frind uv the poor and downthrodden."

Complicated spelling must remain. Its toughest rigors fall upon those who, in financial parlance, are best able to stand the strain.

LAURA SIMMONS.

A New Hampshire Milton

DOUBTLESS "mute inglorious Miltons" rest in many another country churchyard than the one at Stoke Pogis immortalized by Gray. I possess an interesting relic of a native bard of this humble type, who, though, like the singer of "Paradise Lost," not "mute," was nevertheless "inglorious," except for his transient local fame in a New England rural district. In his day and generation he was more fortunate than the great majority of his class, who seldom get into print unless in the "Poet's Corner" of a country newspaper. He attained the distinction of having his lyrics collected in a book, an imperfect copy of which came into my hands more than fifty years ago.

It is a tiny volume of 252 pages (each measuring $4\frac{3}{8} \times 2\frac{5}{8}$ inches) bound in "full sheep," like an old-time pocket New Testament. The title-page reads thus: "THE FARMER'S MEDITATIONS, OR SHEPHERD'S SONGS. By Thomas Randall, a Resident of Eaton, N. H." The imprint is "Limerick, Me. Wm. Burr, Printer, 1833." Eaton is a town of about five hundred inhabitants, in Carroll County, in the northeastern part of New Hampshire.

Whether the book contained a preface or dedication I do not know, as a few pages following the title are missing. There are more than a hundred of the poems in all, and, like those of Milton, the majority are of a sacred or religious character. Others, like "Lycidas" and the lines "On the Death of a Fair Infant," are in an elegiac strain, while the rest are on subjects drawn from nature, village life, and history.

"The Ox" is the theme of "Poem XII.," and a few of the sixteen stanzas may be quoted as a sample:

"His horns we use to make us combs;
Oil is extracted from his bones.
The ox we view with great delight,
And love to taste his tender tripe.

"His liver, too, it is confess'd,
Is excellent, if rightly dress'd.
His hair, when mixed well with lime,
It plasters well on oak or pine.

"His paunch, the country women, *please*;
It's often used to fetch their cheese.
(Tho' this may make the ladies laugh,
It's not inferior to the calf.)

"The tongue, that often roll'd the cud,
Combed his hair and lick'd the mud,
(We can't reproach it for a lie)
It makes a most delicious pie."

The italics in *It* and *please* are in the original, and illustrate what the author appears to mark apologetically as "poetic license." Another instance, and a bolder one, is in these lines elsewhere:

"Their language was charming, 't was lovely and true;
Each sound was delightful, *and plain to the view*."

So also in a poem on "The Loss of Parents:—"

"Their sleep or slumber we deplore —
If sleep — *why do they never snore?*"

Certain words are used again and again in this italicized way, regardless of the sense, as in this stanza:

"The sun and moon adoring stand,
The glory both of sea and land.
The earth they ever will *convene*,
And clothe her well in living green."

And in another poem:

"He's cloth'd us with the richest dress,
In public to be seen;
The worth of learning did impress;
(In business to *convene*.)"

The following is from the elegy "On the Sudden Death of John Hern:—"

"That voice that so often has thrill'd on the ear,
By the call of his dog, *and the grasp of his gun*,
Those limbs, not oft weary, nor startled with fear,
Are cold now in death, and his voice is undone."

If our modern poetasters made such emphatic confession of words and phrases used for the rhyme rather than with reason, the printer's italic fonts would be heavily drawn upon. I will add only one more example of the kind out of many that might be cited:

"May Europe (*now in foreign lands*)
Soon burst *their* heathen, slavish bands! —"

though *their*, where *her* might have been used, was not required on metrical grounds, like the superfluous geographical information about Europe.

We may infer that the keeper of the village store is satirized in the poem on "The Subtile Merchant," of whom we are told:

"It's by his craft and subtilty,
He lives in ease and luxury;
His table *it* is richly spread,
While costly suits adorn his bed.

"His house is mounted high in air,
With carved work that's fine and fair;
Some costly paint is then applied,
It's neatly brushed on every side.

"His silver spoon, his golden dish,
All things are suited to his wish;
Rich carpets do adorn his floor,
Drawn from the simple, laboring poor!"

Very different is the fulsome eulogy on "The Tall Lawyer of N. H. (J. M.) (*written while at Court*)," which begins thus:

"There is a lion in this place
Conceal'd from many an eye;
But noble heads and generous hearts
Do view him standing by.

"Carelessly he moves about
Upon the publick floor;
And, through the assembly while he looks,
Begins his dreadful roar.

"With majesty he rears his head
Light streaming from his eye;
His passions he does well suppress
To raise his magnificent high.

"He's like a tall, majestic tree
Whose fruit is rich and rare;
He has to bow his head to see
And learn where people are!"

It would appear that there was a mining "boom" in Eaton or its vicinity at that time, though it is to be feared that its success was not brilliant. Our poet, in his "Remarks on Mining, &c.," says of the local "promoter."

"Binny's a man of piercing eye;
He cleaves the rocks, he makes them fly;
With his steel hammers and his drills,
Explores the bowels of the hills.

"Each thundering blast — does shake the sky!
While rocks in nameless ways do fly!
The shining minerals leave their bed,
Pours forth in torrents round his head!"

The poem ends with this prophecy, but it is the only assurance of "A. Binny's" fame that has come down to these latter days:

"His name will live in future times,
As an explorer of the mines —
While their rich treasure shall remain,
Time shall record A. Binny's name."

One of the elegies has the title: "Remarks on John March; a man of large stature, who weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds, and who lately died at his residence in Eaton. (Inserted by Request.)" The first two of the twenty stanzas are as follows:

"The mighty fall by God's command;
Who can secure their breath?
John March, Esquire, has quit the land,
Resign'd his life in death.

"His bulky form we did admire;
Uncommon was his weight;
A fever seized on him like fire,
And shortly seal'd his fate."

The early demise of an Eaton damsel of eighteen is bemoaned in twenty-four stanzas, of which only a few can be cited:

"Young Esther Merrow once was here,
Robust and hearty, fresh and fair;
Health flow'd in streamlets round her head,
Threw in her face both white and red.

"Fair Esther, once with wit and sense,
Whose flesh was soft, whose bones were dense,
Is gone to earth from whence she rose,
Where all her frame will decompose.

"She's met in youth her deathly fate,
And pass'd in haste death's iron gate;
She's fled and left the world behind
(To grasp at air or empty wind.)"

But the most pathetic of these lyrics is that "On the Death of Miles Shorey" — a tribute, like Milton's, to "a fair infant," but longer than his (88 lines to his 77). Here also brief portions must suffice for the present purpose:

"Miles Shorey, fifteen months of age,
In haste has quit his favorite stage,
By oil of vitriol, spill'd on him,
And was consumed in the flame.

"This child — who suffer'd by this fire,
His father's name was Nehemiah,
Who is a real friendly man,
His loving mother's name was Ann.

"Join'd in the bands of social life,
This Nehemiah and his wife
In Buxton liv'd (their residence),
Possessing there the joys of sense.

* * * * *

"But in the midst of all their care,
Death unto him was drawing near;
It was conceal'd within a jar,
His tender flesh and life to mar!

"To gratify his childish wish,
He spill'd the oil upon his flesh,
Run o'er his frame in various ways,
And swept him off within three days!

"He groan'd — he died — he quit the stage —
But only fifteen months of age —
Sunk back to earth, from whence he came —
Still on record we have his name.

"But Miles — we hope his spirit flies
In purer climes, beyond the skies,
Finds pleasure far beyond the jar,
With vitriol fire his face to mar."

It would be interesting to quote from some of the historical poems — for instance, the "Description of the Horse, with an Account of Alexander and Bonaparte," in 57 stanzas: "Bucephalus, that wondrous beast" being the connecting link between the animal and Alexander, and his famous steed suggesting Napoleon's "horse call'd Noble," that

"gave him ease
Over the Alps and Pyrenees —"

but I must end with a few stanzas referring to Boston and its history:

"Now Boston City heaves in sight,
With mounted domes and spires,
Their various colors give delight,
And kindle new desires.

"Their sounding bells are heard afar,
Sweet tuneful notes they play,
The thrilling sound salutes the ear,
And celebrates the day.

"Boston was once the torch of war,
The dawn of liberty;
Old Britain's Acts they did abhor,
And salted well her tea.

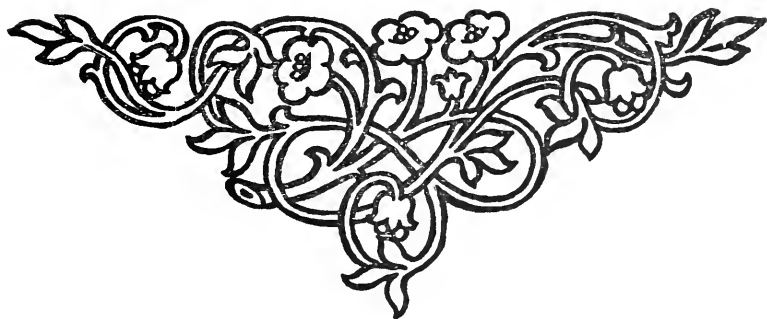
"They did declare they would be free,
And rose in dreadful haste,
And when they'd made a Dish of tea,
To right about they fac'd.

"And soon on Breed's or Bunker Hill,
They fac'd the dreadful foe,
Declar'd no teapots they would fill,
While India tea should grow;

"Not under Parliament'ry laws,
Where duties must be paid —
For they were now in freedom's cause; —
And blast the India trade!"

The spelling and punctuation of the quotations have been followed throughout.

W. J. ROLFE.





"AN Artist's Reminiscences," by Walter Crane, are interesting as almost all such recitals are; and it is a privilege to get in this way, as Mr. Crane puts it, "the direct personal impressions a writer may be able to give of persons he has met or of scenes and movements of which he has been a witness or in which he has taken part." And this is an artist's expression. "Life is a strange masquerade: as the procession passes in the full glare of the full noontide one hardly grasps its full significance, but perchance partly lost in the mist of the past, one becomes aware of larger meanings and in perspective both persons and events assume different proportions."

He has a fine succession of distinguished ancestors to be proud of, and his father, Thomas Crane, was a portrait-painter and sort of universal genius. Walter inherited the gift of painting, and when not more than six or seven used to make studies of hands which his father had used and thrown on the floor, and extend into fancy portraits, so that he was early known as "the little artist."

His schooldays were brief and not very satisfactory, as the discipline was cruelly severe, and too much ambition to keep up brought on a brain fever. As he said good-by to his schoolmates he distributed some of his drawings as mementos.

After the family removed to London the boy had unusual opportunities for copying from the masters; but he says, "I never enjoyed copying, however, and was always happier drawing direct from nature or doing something 'out of my head.'" He now made a series of drawings of "The Lady of Shalott," which received praise from Ruskin, and was a little later apprenticed for three years to a wood-engraver, the head of his craft at that time. From the windows of the office which looked out on to Fountain Court, Temple, he made a sketch of the whole scene,—fountain, rainbows, and old trees and houses,—and a well-known artist, hap-

pening to see this, said, "You'll make a landscape-painter, my boy."

A tremendous excitement was caused by the publication by Rowland Williams of a book of essays in biblical criticism and subjects of debate in the church. He dared to think for himself and even go farther and publish his reprehensible thoughts. Being pulled up by the Bishop of Salisbury for some of his sayings, the lawyer who defended him made a forcible and spirited appeal for freedom of opinion on the part of clergymen, saying, "Must the clergy be content to remain silent and neutral when questions affecting the very foundations of their faith are discussed; must they indeed become a race of neuters, without either the intellect of men or the charms of women?"

Improving constantly in his work, he did not relish the words of George Henry Lewes, who praised his illustrations "as the work of a very young artist of only seventeen."

Soon came his designs for children's books, which we all know and admire,—a "History of Cock Robin and Jenny Wren;" "Dame Trot and Her Comical Cat;" "The House that Jack Built." Also a "Farmyard Alphabet" and "Railway Alphabet."

During the year 1865 he became acquainted with the works of Ford Madox Brown and Edward Burne-Jones, whose first exhibition the critics received mostly with scoffs, "in the way an artist who strikes some new note is generally received by them."

D. G. Rossetti, whose influence inspired so largely this early work of Burne-Jones, never exhibited, on account of the abuse he knew he should get. The chapters now are full of short bits about all the noted artists of this time.

Crane has a good deal of poetical grace, and, enthused by the glories of spring, he tried to embody his conceptions both in colors and in verse, sending the latter to *The Fortnightly Review*, then

edited by John Morley. The MS. was promptly returned with an autograph line which ran, "I return your poem, which, however, I have not read; have no room for poetry." The Sonnets of Rossetti and the raptures of a happy engagement impelled him to try sonnet-writing, an accomplishment of which he was fond.

He describes William Morris as he first saw him: "A sturdy figure clad in snuff-brown, striding along in a determined manner, with an oak-stick in his hand and a soft felt hat on. He turned his head as we passed, hearing us talking, and glanced up, and we met quick, penetrating eyes set in a handsome face, and a fair beard, with grave and abstracted look, probably a little fagged after a day's toil at the works. One certainly felt that he lived in a world of dreams."

We are getting the other side of Tennyson now, and Crane testifies to his brusque, almost rough, manner and occasional growl, without, however, dwelling upon his occasional Rabelaisian plainness of speech, which Benson and William Allingham have fearlessly mentioned.

Randolph Caldecott seemed to take up Crane's idea of cheap and fascinating books for the little ones, and got a higher price, but he could never supersede Crane in his own line. Burnand, author of *Punch*, and Lewis Carroll both urged him to illustrate books for them, which his engagements would not allow. Later he did collaborate with Du Maurier. Again, Herkomer praises another child's book, "Pan-Pipes:" "Just at such a time, when such imitation as Kate Greenaway and her crew are taking away the masculine tendency you started, you are more than ever needed."

G. F. Watts purchased his "Birth of Venus" and was in ecstasies over it and said *he* "never did anything so good."

The chapter on "Art and Socialism" is too important for me to try to condense.

The artist's visit to America in 1891 was a little blurred by his free talk defending the Chicago Anarchists; some dinner-parties to have been given in his honor were "postponed," but if he offended what he styled the "gold-tipped" Bostonians, he was well received by both the Abolitionists and the Nationalists.

New York's architecture depressed him, but he made many friends there. He toured the whole country, but finds nothing very much worth while to describe.

In London Crane knew every one famous in art or letters, and his book is half a century's chronicle of all worth reporting in those departments and the doings of the Socialists. There are 123 illustrations.

More and more books for children — the most popular of all perhaps "The Baby's Opera." The first edition of ten thousand copies was soon exhausted, and many others were called for, and it is still selling. Hubert Herkomer was delighted with it, and wrote to express his great admiration: "The sweet humor, the dainty design, and the good drawing of the pictures make it a delight for every person of good taste, no matter what age he or she may be."

[The Macmillan Co., New York, \$5.00, net.]

A book of startling, engrossing interest is "New Creations in Plant Life," an authoritative account of the life and work of Luther Burbank, by one most fitted to do this, W. S. Harwood, who knows the subject thoroughly and carefully follows his marvellous progress. This is a second edition revised and up to date, so it seems like a new study. One cannot but think of the different methods of Burbank and the "promising" electrician, Tesla. One is always telling of miracles he is just about to perform and stagger the world; he will soon fly to the moon or sun, no matter to him which, on a streak of lightning, or chat easily with the Martians, be they giants or pygmies, through an electric telephone, which will take their photos as they reply; or take a pedestrian tour on Hertzian waves straight up and up on the solid ether till he arrives at Mercury, carrying with him a wonderful instrument he has *almost* perfected for instantly sending their remarks to all of our wireless telegraph-stands simultaneously! That will be dead easy for him. During these years of wild dreams Burbank has quietly been working out great problems which will benefit and enrich the whole world. Dr. Hillis of Brooklyn said in a recent sermon, "Nature waited long for this man," and added, "If this man can work all of these miracles on flowers, why should not the human race be able to work them on themselves." He even went so far as to declare that "All of the discoveries of the world have not equalled those made by Mr. Burbank."

That seems too exclusive when we think of the mighty marvels discovered by the scientists, the chemists, the electricians, the advocates of travelling through the air or combining speed with safety on the ocean. But when we read carefully, and realize the facts here set forth, we must be glad and proud to place Luther Burbank among the very greatest of earth's benefactors who have by patient study and original combinations wrested from Nature many of her secrets.

All inventors, discoverers, and workers of wonders have been pooched at and regarded with superior if not scornful smiles and even sneers. Some have been imprisoned, others declared lunatics,

and now some of the clergy denounce Burbank as irreverent for daring to improve on the original patterns! Think of the thornless edible cactus and what that achievement means to the world in a most practical way! Probably no other of his creations has surpassed this one.

"It provides for the sustenance of the race, food for man and food for beast; it utilizes the vast desert areas of the world without the intervention of irrigation, though irrigation will aid here as elsewhere; it converts enormous reaches of semi-arable land in all zones to profitable husbandry."

After ten years of breeding, crossing, selecting, Mr. Burbank now shows a giant cactus, eight feet in height, with leaves from ten inches to a foot in length, five or eight inches in width, nearly an inch in thickness, bearing fruit of large size, not a thorn on it — the bitter enemy of the desert converted into an abiding friend of man.

The Burbank potato has increased the wealth of the United States by many millions of dollars, and the new plums and prunes promise to do more. Both are being sent to fill orders in many parts of the world. He has produced what he calls "aërial potatoes," growing on a Burbank potato-vine grafted on a Ponderosa tomato plant.

Then the new flowers! The Shasta daisy, fragrant dahlias, a new crimson poppy, gladiolas, and Calla and other lilies made over; and in fruits the pineapple quince, the plumcot, the phenomenal berry, some of these nearly three inches long, and so on. Do become fully acquainted with this amazing story for yourselves.

[Macmillan Co., New York, \$1.75.]

Camille Flammarion, the distinguished French astronomer, Director of the Observatory of Jovisy, France, has all his life been a deeply interested searcher after the unknown or singular or the hidden powers that exist all about us. He says in preface to his impressive experiences related in his new volume, "Mysterious Psychic Forces:" "Are not the mysterious problems of our being such as are worthy to be inscribed on the program of our investigation, and of having devoted to them laborious nights and days?" After detailing many results of his investigations, he says: "In examining the effect of solar radiations I created the new branch of physics to which has been given the name of 'radioculture' and caused variations of the most radical and sweeping nature in the dimensions, the forms, and the colors of certain plants; when I discovered that a grasshopper, eviscerated, and kept in straw, did not die, and that these insects can live for a fortnight after having had their heads cut off; when I planted in a

conservatory of the Museum of Natural History in Paris one of the ordinary oaks of our woods, thinking that if withdrawn from the changes of seasons it would always have green leaves (a thing which every one can prove) — when I was doing these things I was working for my own personal pleasure; but that is no reason why these studies have not been useful in the developing work of science, and no reason for their not being admitted within the scope of the practical work of specialists."

You note that this all-round student has changed the forms and colors of some plants.

Burbank has written on the possibilities of bettering the human race. I would like to propose that he gives us one or two new animals for meat; housekeepers would bless him; also a boneless shad and a duck all breast.

I especially approve and agree with the quotations that introduce the experiments Flammarion and others made with unknown natural forces. Victor Hugo wrote: "A learned pedant who laughs at the possible comes very near being an idiot. To purposely shun a fact, and turn one's back upon it with a supercilious smile, is to bankrupt Truth." And Sir William Thompson declares: "Science is under bonds, by the eternal principles of honor, to look fearlessly in the face every problem that is presented to her." François Arago says: "He who pronounces anything to be 'impossible' outside of the field of pure mathematics is wanting in prudence."

The general attitude of those who publish their efforts to get messages from the dead, so called, is one of apology, and shyness if not shame. This does not give confidence to the reader. But who can find fault with that when a majority of mediums are undoubtedly fraudulent, though there are a few who are as undoubtedly sincere and reliable.

There is also the danger of insanity following too much earnestness and excitement over what is communicated. I have known three brainy and strong men who have lost control of their minds from their attempts to press beyond the veil.

Still, to me the fact seems established that some persons are possessed of a sixth sense and can see and hear what is denied us except as they repeat and describe. Flammarion with his learned and doubting friends certainly had some remarkable séances with Eusapia, the famous medium of Naples. She was invited to Paris, in 1906, by the Psychological Institute. Among these savants was the lamented Pierre Curie, the eminent chemist, to whom these amazing manifestations opened a new chapter in the great book of nature, and he "was convinced that there exist hidden forces, to the in-

vestigation of which it is not unscientific to consecrate one's self."

This book is the most satisfactory of any I have read on this theme. I am sure that all who are wanting scientific information about the manifestations that are produced through the influence of a genuine medium will wish to own Flammarion's testimony.

[Small, Maynard and Co. Boston.]

"The Old Venetian Palaces and Old Venetian Folk," by Thomas Okey, is absolutely fascinating. He writes: "If there is one experience more delightful than a first visit to Venice, it is a second;" and this volume is certainly equal in charm to a third visit to that rare and perfect Italian city. The colored illustrations are most wonderful reproductions of the exquisite Palazzos which line the Grand Canal; and the side canals with their quaint bridges, fruit-laden gondolas, and brightly clad women and children are brought back to the reader with unusual skill and art. There are gardens with the tender green of early spring, beautiful windows and arches, and the ever-present gondola in which one longs to float away, enjoying that *dolce far niente* which is the supreme sensation in gliding through those endlessly charming waterways.

The book begins with the earliest history of Venice, describes the "epoch-making revolution in architecture which is associated with the Gothic Ducal Palace." "The lightness and grace of the palaces" is compared to the heavy structures of the mainland, and Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" is frequently quoted. In its study of Gothic arches, windows, and balconies this book will prove of value to architects. Much history is attractively interwoven with description and many interesting anecdotes of men and women of the early days. Its story passes down through the Early Renaissance, describing the rulers who occupied the Ducal Palace, to tales of financial crises, revolutions, and bull-baiting — with heresy and witchcraft, the persecution of the Jews, and the sumptuary laws which wrought such great changes in the lives and habits of the nobility. The book ends with the decline of the dissolute young nobles under Turkish power, which finally "shrivelled like hollow pasteboard before the fiery breath of an armed democracy." To the scholar as well as to the tourist it is full of interest, and to the lover of Venice it is a perpetual reminder of the color, the verdure, the perfection of this

" . . . Fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water columns from the sea."

[E. P. Dutton and Co., \$6.00, net.]

Another Life to be enjoyed, — that of the lovable, tender-hearted, sparkling star of *Punch* and during his later years the editor, after the death of Mark Lemon: "Shirley Brooks" of *Punch*. The very name has a fetching and rallying quality. He was baptized plain "Charles William," which he very much disliked, so he took a name which had belonged to an ancestor. And many envied him the successful assumption. The author-artist Blackburn said one day to Burnand: "What a good name is Shirley Brooks's — a fortune! A man with such a name has only to write it up and go to bed, and people would crowd in to put gold and silver into his hand." Another thought it funny to call him "Shallow" for "Shirley;" "Shallow Brooks" is a comical twist, but Shirley never posed as being profound.

If Walter Crane seemed a bit cold, a little lacking in sympathy, magnetism, and tact, Shirley overflowed in them all. Like all professional jesters, his life was hard and at times sad, with all its brave showing of fun, wit, and whole-souled jollification. Like many another social favorite, he was eagerly sought for and dined and wineed both by the rich and dull receptive creatures who desired to be roused and amused, and by his own brilliant compeers. Naturally, he ate many good dinners and drank too much good wine; this also naturally developed frequent and distressing attacks of gout, which at last weakened his heart, causing death. It seems as if the majority of public men committed unintentional suicide. Reading various new books on health and longevity and how to attain both, I hum to myself:

Walk and chew and never whine,
Then you'll live to ninety-nine!

Shirley studied law, but had no zest in it. Yates, who knew, says that "as soon as he could swim without the corks of law he let them float away and managed to keep his head up — not, however, without more struggle than would be pleasant or even good for everybody." All say that as a young man he was singularly handsome and thoroughly English-looking, with well-cut features, fresh complexion, bright eyes, and beautiful hands and feet, of which he was very proud, and that he always dressed well.

In his twenty-ninth year he definitely adopted the profession of literature, and soon appeared a variety of uneven work: some simply "cheap funniment," most ephemeral stuff; several novels and historical tales whose only importance lies in the fact that such men as Harrison Ainsworth, Blanchard Jerrold, and their associates were not long in discovering that in addition to a promising pen he

possessed social qualities and a ready wit which made him an acceptable acquisition to their literary circles.

The various reviews and newspapers of the day were all looking for available talent, and all discovered in Shirley Brooks those qualities which they wanted. "He was prepared to do anything and go anywhere. He had a ready pen, a gigantic memory, a well-equipped brain, and could be depended on."

For *The Illustrated London News* he did everything by turn and everything well, and continued in their employ for more than a quarter of a century, and soon became a frequent contributor to *Punch* with any pen name that occurred to him at the time, which occasioned great mystification. He had been called there because he had written so wittily and severely about its failure to keep up to its first reputation.

Mark Lemon said, "That young man is formidable. He must be sought as an ally." Too long to quote, but a few verses will show how it must have cut:

"Back! foolish Hunchback, to the course that
whilom made thy fame.

Back! to thy lawful quarry, to thy Jove-appointed game.

Shoot Folly as it flies; but shoot it with the arrowy
joke —

Not with the brazen buss, all bellow and black
smoke.

"Give us the shower of quip and crank; the whimsy
and the wile;

Murder vain Fashion's shapeless brood, but murder
with a smile:

Poison the rats of Westminster with Hamlet's
jest:

And stab, as once Harmodius stabbed, with
steel in myrtle dressed.

"Then shall smart newsmen cease to curse, re-
turning half thy quires;

Then with thy sheets pale publishers shall cease
to feed their fires;

Then shall thy sale be reckoned, *Punch*, by num-
ber, not by weight;

Nor inside trunks, nor outside cheese, shalt
linger, as of late."

Shirley had a fatal facility of thinking in rhyme, and some of the rhymes were excruciatingly bad, and he loved to parody the best poems. His parody on "Locksley Hall" was attributed to Thackeray, who was not pleased; it began

"Johnson, take another tumbler; Johnson, light a
fresh cigar."

Reporting in the House of Commons, he prepared himself unwittingly for those lively pictures of Parliamentary procedure afterwards enshrined

in "Punch's Essence of Parliament," a work continued by him for twenty years "with cleverness, refinement, truth, and humor invaluable to the historian and delightful to the general reader." Speaking on this subject, he said: "No, I don't approve of stag-hunting, but I should like to see some Bore-hunting. O how the Bores have plagued me when I was a reporter! They always quoted poetry, and I had always to mend their misquotations. No, they never got so far as Greek — perhaps they did in Pitt's time. But Parliament is decadent, like prize-fighting and other fine old British institutions. But when a man's worth hearing it will always listen to him."

As a theatrical critic he was great, and his verdict regarding a new play was awaited by managers with bated breath. Dickens spoke of him as "one of the two ablest and keenest among the great army of critical writers."

In all his busy life he showed a genius for friendship. Once when a fellow worker was too ill to work and his salary stopped Shirley volunteered to do the double work, on condition that his friend's salary was continued. And this he did till the man's death. Besides, he carefully kept the secret of the friend's illness for many months. His tact was also a rare gift; George du Maurier was very sensitive about the loss of one eye, and made the staff of *Punch* uncomfortable by frequent allusions to it. "But," said Shirley, "Tenniel has only one eye left and it is really the left, for he lost his right while fencing, whilst you have your right eye left. So you see you two fellows have two good eyes between you, and a pair of good eyes are far better than a score of bad ones. In the country of the blind, you know, the one-eyed man is king, and here we're as blind as bats — to one another's failings. So I drink to your good-health, you two one-eyed royal Majesties."

And his kind-heartedness mellowed and ripened the older he grew, which is not common.

On a vacation in Scotland at the house of Frith the artist he was moved to produce this *jeu d'esprit*:

THEOLOGICAL HOROLOGY

There's this to say about the Scotch,

So bother bannocks, braes, and birks;

They can't produce a decent Watch,

For Calvinists despise good works.

He gave a ludicrous report of an epigrammatic remark made by an Englishman while they were crossing the turbulent Channel. When we were about half-way over he suddenly saw a friend on board. "Ah!" he said. "You!" Then, inspired by a happy thought, he added, "Are you going across?" which, as we were in the middle of the

voyage, seemed probable, as there were no islands to touch at. But it did as well as anything else, and the other man was worthy of it, for he said, "Well, I think so." Neither had the capacity for the smallest chaff; it was *bona fide*.

Shirley Brooks was funnily sensitive for a man of his knowledge of the world. "It annoys me," he said, "if I am discourteously treated at the threshold of a friend's door. I remember once calling on some one, and the maid in her rudest manner told me he was not in, and shut the door in my face. I felt I must be revenged on her somehow, so I returned after an interval of five minutes, rang the bell, and in my mildest, meekest manner calmly remarked, 'Did I say he was?'"

As I turn page after page of the diary records of this busy and brilliant life I want to copy too much. As "The longer I live the less safe I perceive any joke, unless you stand by the man, laugh loud, clap him on the back, and say it's only your fun."

Sharpe told me a story about Carlyle and Swinburne, not so bad. S. wished to meet C. "Well, I consider him a man who lives in a sewer and contributes to it — and so tell him that, and bring him if he likes to come."

Duke of Wellington said he voted for Wife's Sister Marriage Bill because the Duchess had a pretty sister.

"The Duchess will outlive you," said Dr. La Locock.

"Don't know that," said D.; "you attend her."

As the gout attacks gradually became more acute and dangerous Brooks tried courageously to rise superior to the depressing effects of the disease and did not hesitate to turn into a joke for the amusement of the public what was a tragedy to him. As witness his appeal in merry jingles to St. Trophimus, "whose bones are supposed to have the peculiar virtue of curing gout and rheumatism."

For the moment he changed his pen-name from "Epicurus Rotundus" into "Epicurus Arthriticus," and wrote between the twinges thus:

HYMN TO ST. TROPHIMUS

"Yes, *culpa mea!* I have loved, and fear may love again,

Hock, Sherry, Chablis, Burgundy, Moselle,
Yquem, Champagne,
Lafitte, Old Port, Noyeau, Chartreuse, Madeira,
Punch in Ice.
And golly! good St. Trophimus, ain't Mara-
schino nice?

"Yes, *mea magna culpa!* 'When the Turtle's voice is heard'

I always take three plates, not always stopping at the third.

When other soups are going, and I'm puzzled to take which,

Richesse oblige, I make a choice of that as looks most rich.

"I take but little exercise, it really seems so hard
From honest gains a cabman should unkindly be
debarred.

"And I have gout, St. Trophimus, which makes me wince and roar,

And wonder what I've done to earn a punishment so sore.

Oh, cure me, dear St. Trophimus, and send me back again

To Hock, Moselle, and Burgundy, Yquem, Lafitte, Champagne."

He died in 1874, far too early, and was sorely missed. A satirist, yet loved.

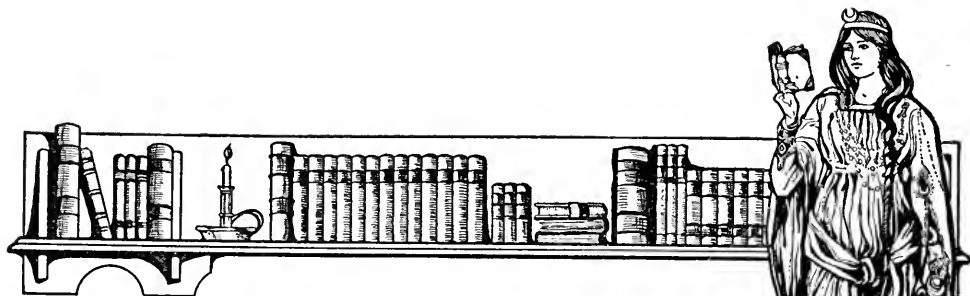
A jester, yet deeply in earnest; a man of the world, yet never coarse or blasé; flattered and a social favorite, yet not conceited; always a friend in need and in deed.

"A brilliant writer, a witty raconteur, his cordiality and heartiness had never been soured by illness or age into cynicism or disparagement. Loving applause and affection, he never lost his independence or truckled to the great and powerful. He did his wholesome part in helping the nineteenth century to laugh itself into sanity, when it was like to go melancholy mad under the teachings of its Ruskins, its Carlyles, and its other lesser pessimists."

"Whose humor, as gay as the firefly's light,
Played round every object and shone as it played;

Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade."





Book Notes

HELEN GRANT, SENIOR. By Amanda M. Douglas. Fifth volume of "Helen Grant Series." Illustrated by Amy Brooks.

In "Helen Grant" Miss Douglas created a splendid type of American girlhood, strong, energetic, intelligent, and winsome. Her progress under difficulties, and her unusual power to win and keep friends, as shown in previous books, have delighted a steadily increasing circle of readers. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. 12mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.25.)

KITTY-CAT TALES. By Alice Van Leer Carrick. Profusely illustrated by Homer Eaton Keyes and Bertha G. Davidson.

This might have been called a "Kitten's Arabian Nights," for the author most ingeniously makes use of a pet black kitten in the telling of the finest group of standard cat legends from various nations that have ever been grouped together. A charming book for young children, and charmingly illustrated by Professor Keyes, of Dartmouth, and Miss Davidson, whose very appropriate head-pieces and titles add much to a book that will be very popular with mothers and their little ones. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. 12mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.00.)

DOROTHY DAINTY AT HOME. By Amy Brooks. Sixth volume of "Dorothy Dainty Series." Finely illustrated by the author.

The usual clamor for a new "Dorothy" book months in advance of its publication has been even greater than ever, and the many who expect so much will not be disappointed. Dorothy at her beautiful country home, unspoiled by fortune, is a charming, sunny child, while in Nancy Ferris she has a most faithful friend, capable of great bravery in time of need. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. 12mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.00.)

THE WELDING. By Lafayette McLaws.

In following the eventful career of the hero, David Twiggs Hamilton, the ambitious son of a Georgia cracker, who receives his education through the generosity of Alexander H. Stephens, the author deals with many events of historical interest, and gives glimpses of such notable men as Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster,

Jefferson Davis, Alexander H. Stephens, Robert Toombs, President Buchanan, Horace Greeley, John Brown, Abraham Lincoln, Gen. Robert E. Lee, William Lloyd Garrison, Gen. U. S. Grant, and Gen. William T. Sherman.

The author notes and studies those elements in the beginnings of the Republic that developed and made inevitable the late friction and disruption culminating in the Civil War; shows the strength and weakness of conflicting sectional interests in national politics, and finally pictures the welding of those interests into the promise of a united nation. She has taken a large view of the question, and the book has the vigor and life that come from a vital personal interest in the subject. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.)

RUSSIAN FAIRY BOOK. Translated from the original Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole. With illustrations in color by N. Bilibin.

This beautiful book has many points of appeal. It is a careful rendering of folk-lore and stories which are immensely popular in Russia; it reproduces the fine pictures in color which appeared with the original text; and it shows the lighter, gayer side of a people whom we are too apt to look upon only as sombre and down-trodden.

But laying all this aside, the stories are bright and pleasing on their own account, being full of adventure, humor, mystery, and magic. Several smack of the allegorical, but this trait never interferes with a clear-cut, smooth-flowing narrative. There are seven stories in all: "Vasilisa the Beauty," "The Bright-Hawk's Feather," "Ivan and the Gray Wolf," "The Little Sister and Little Brother," "The White Duckling," "Marya Morevna," and "The Frog Queen." They are accompanied by sixteen full-page drawings and an elaborate cover-design. The style is at all times simple yet mature, the translator being well known for his work in Tolstoi, as well as original writing. Both as a novelty and as an artistic piece of work the book has especial value for gift purposes. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 8vo. Cloth. Price, \$2.00.)

DAYS BEFORE HISTORY. By H. R. Hall. Sunshine Library.

The present author chooses an excellent method for making young people acquainted with the uncouth men who lived in caves and on floating islands in the "days before history." A group of boys become interested in some flint arrow-heads and other relics of the past. To satisfy their curiosity, an "uncle" takes them on excursions to the site of ancient cave-dwellings; but, better still, he tells them the story of "Tig." Tig was a little boy of the very long ago, who was born under the most savage surroundings, yet who found a great deal of joy in life despite that fact. His father made him a bow and arrows; he went hunting and fishing; and later, as he grew older, he was allowed to go upon the warpath. His father became chief of the tribe, to which honor Tig himself was destined at some future day; for he was a manly fellow, living up to the best standards as he saw them in that wild day.

Many glimpses of home and tribal life, and of manners, customs, weapons, and implements of our "revered ancestors" clothed in shaggy skins are given through the medium of this entertaining story, which is illustrated with pictures of the weapons and tools that Tig and his neighbors must have used, as well as of their adventurous deeds. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Illustrated. 144 pages, 8vo. Cloth. Price, 50 cents.)

HOW THE RED MEN SPOKE. By Prof. James Waldo Colby.

Mr. Colby has certainly produced a novelty which will be appreciated by boys and philologists.

This is an easy introduction to the old Indian language of the Atlantic Coast, which has long been unknown. It contains a vocabulary of several thousand Indian words and fifty jolly conversations in parallel languages. It is really most entertaining—and a good reference-book for any one interested in the Indian language. (On sale at The Colby Studio, Waltham, Mass.; W. B. Clarke Co., 26 Tremont St., Boston; Red Men's Wigwam, 18 Boylston St., Boston. Price, post-paid, \$1.50.)

TREASURE SEEKERS OF THE ANDES; OR, AMERICAN BOYS IN PERU. By Edward Stratemeyer. Fifth volume of "Pan-American Series." Illustrated by Charles Nuttall.

In this tale the well-known five young travellers, with their tutor, travel up the Marañon River to the head of navigation, and then make their way to the seacoast, visiting Truxillo, Lima, and numerous other points of interest, and learning much of the various industries of the country and also something of its rather remarkable political history. From the coast the party travel again into the interior, and have several adventures while in quest of game. The information in the book is from the most reliable sources and thoroughly up-to-date, thus making the volume one of permanent value outside of its attractiveness as a bit of fiction. A reading of this book by any one in the least capable of judging from the point of view of a clean, bright boy will leave no doubt as to why Mr. Stratemeyer is the most widely read of all American

writers for boys. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. Boston. 12mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.25.)

THE KENTON PINES; OR, RAYMOND BENSON AT COLLEGE. By Clarence B. Burleigh. Third and concluding volume of "Raymond Benson Series." Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman.

"Kenton College" is Bowdoin College, beautiful in its location and famous in its history, where its author was graduated in 1887. Raymond Benson's athletic abilities insure him immediate and enduring prominence as a student, and the accounts of athletic contests will stir the blood of any one. The multitude of boys who are looking forward to college can find here a faithful description of much that they will encounter, while as a story it is well worth any one's time to read. It is, moreover, a book that rings true on every manly question. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. 12mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.50.)

GRANDMOTHER, the Story of a Life that Never Was Lived. By Laura E. Richards, author of "Captain January," "Melody," "Mrs. Tree," etc. Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill.

An absorbing story, which in freshness, delicacy, charm, and pathos seems quite the equal of "Captain January." It will, we are assured, appeal to readers of all ages.

"Grandmother always looks like a picture, I'm sure," said Anne.

"I've no special patience with Grandmother," said Mrs. Peace, "nor yet with you, Anne Peace. If the Lord had meant for us to be angels here, it's likely he would have provided us with wings and robes, 'cordin' to. When I see an angel in a calico dress goin' round askin' folks won't they please wipe their feet on her and save their carpets, I want to shake her."

"Shake Grandmother?" said Anne, opening great eyes of reproach. (Dana Estes & Co., Boston. Tall 16mo. Cloth back, cartridge paper sides. Price, 75 cents.)

SUSAN CLEGG AND A MAN IN THE HOUSE.

In Anne Warner's new book the inimitable Susan Clegg is persuaded to take a boarder, Elijah Doxey, nephew of Mr. Kimball, the village grocer. "Elijah," says Susan, "is so smart, that he'll be offered a place on one of the biggest city papers in a little while, but in the meantime he's just lost the place that he did have on one of the smallest." Elijah having been paid off with an old printing-press, his mother sends him to the country to visit Mr. Kimball, who proposes to utilize Elijah and his printing-press by publishing a village newspaper.

Elijah Doxey's novel ideas as to the conduct of a newspaper, a visit by Susan Clegg to the club women's Biennial, her views on the Democratic and Republican parties, the marital experiences of Grandma Mullin's son Hiram, and a celebration of Independence Day are among the principal chapters.

The several remarkable happenings of the story are narrated by Susan Clegg to her friend Mrs. Lathrop. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.00.)

AUNT JANE OF KENTUCKY.

This book, a picture of rural Kentucky life, will evoke the deepest sympathy from every human heart with which its characters come in contact. The author has done for life in the Blue Grass country what such writers as Sarah Orne Jewett, Alice Brown, and Mary E. Wilkins have done for similar phases of life in New England. Aunt Jane is a philosopher in homespun, and in her "recollections" we see the beauty, the romance, and the pathos that lie in humble lives. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.)

PIONEERS IN EDUCATION SERIES.

This series consists of six volumes, each issued separately, but all by the same author and treating a highly important subject,—the rise and growth of popular education as shown in the efforts of great "pioneers." The author, M. Compayré, is recognized as an international authority on pedagogical questions, and will be found at his best in these volumes, which comprise: (1) "J. J. Rousseau, and Education by Nature;" (2) "Herbert Spencer, and Scientific Education;" (3) "Pestalozzi, and Elementary Education;" (4) "Herbart, and Education by Instruction;" (5) "Montaigne, and Education of the Judgment;" (6) "Horace Mann, and the Public-School System of the United States." (T. Y. Crowell & Co., Boston. Price, 90 cents, net.)

THE LION'S SHARE. By Octave Thanet. From the author of the "Man of the Hour" comes another equally fascinating story, "The Lion's Share."

This novel marks the entrance of another popular novelist into the ranks of those who attack the ruthlessness of our modern captains of finance. Hers is a spectacular attack, emphasizing the families made homeless, the women reduced to starvation or worse, and the men driven to suicide, through the sleight-of-hand manipulation of stocks in vogue to-day. Though the plots are entirely dissimilar, we are reminded of "The Lion and the Mouse." In the book, as in the play, the Lion weakens, seeks some sort of atonement, and all ends happily for the Mouse. This ending may not be true to life, but the reality of the characters makes it seem so. (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. Price, \$1.50.)

JOHN HARVARD AND HIS TIMES. By Henry C. Shelley, author of "Literary By-Paths of Old England," etc. With twenty-four full-page illustrations from photographs.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Shelley's scholarly and attractive book, "Literary By-Paths of Old England," issued last year, will find in his new volume, "John Harvard and His Times," a book of similar interest, while for the sons of Harvard University it will have a special value. It is almost incredible, yet strictly true, that this will be the first book to be published regarding the young English minister who, graduating from Emanuel College in the English Cambridge, emigrated to America and immortalized himself by founding the great university which bears his name. Mr. Shelley has brought to light a great deal of valuable material regarding John Harvard's parents and companions, his life in Southwark, where he

was born, and in the college where he was educated; has given all the information concerning his life in America and the founding of Harvard College that can be obtained; and has furnished a fresh and vigorous picture of the people of John Harvard's times, with analysis of their motives and their acts. One of the most notable chapters in the volume is that in which Mr. Shelley elaborates a novel theory of his own to show that the parents of John Harvard may most probably have been introduced to each other by William Shakespeare. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Crown 8vo. Decorated cloth, gilt top, in box. Price, \$2.00, net.)

BOYS OF THE BORDER. By Mary P. Wells Smith.

This new volume of the "Old Deerfield Series" is a fresh reminder of the effective service performed by Mrs. Smith in giving to young people interesting stories connected with the colonial history of New England in general, and western Massachusetts in particular. The stories are not only filled with life and incident, but they give definite information concerning the period in which they are set and awaken truer appreciation for the self-sacrificing devotion of the men and women who helped to shape the character of New England. This is the story of the French and Indian War as it affected the northwest border towns of Massachusetts. (Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.25.)

THE JAPANESE NATION IN EVOLUTION. By William E. Griffis.

For the last twenty-five years Dr. Griffis has been a close student of the Japanese nation. One of the pioneers of civilization to Japan, he was one of the first American educators there after Commodore Perry found entrance to the hermit kingdom.

In this book, which is not his first about this empire, he traces the rise of the Japanese people from prehistoric times, incidentally emphasizing a curious fact upon which the author insists,—that the original stock of this people is Aryan and not Mongolian. He emphasizes this fact, that they spring from the white race, as the reason for the rapid manner in which they have assimilated European culture. Full of first-hand information, it is a valuable text-book. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price, \$1.25 net. Postage, 10 cents extra.)

THRO' THE RYE. By Herman Lee Mender.

A frivolous little pocket edition of aphorisms on such topics as "Wine, Women, and Moonshine," very daintily dressed. Among the highest toned are such as:

"Some women are very versatile, but he who demands a cook, a pianist, a valet, a sweetheart, and a savings-bank must choose between bachelorhood and bigamy."

"Some women keep a husband flush by their economy and indifferent by their appearance—that is self-sacrifice. Others keep him on the verge of bankruptcy by their extravagance, and in a continual fit of admiration over its results—that is wisdom, for they will have more frocks and also more hugs." (Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. Price, 50 cents.)

THE VALUE OF SINCERITY AND CHARACTER. Edited by Edith M. Barrows. Introduction by Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

This is a good book to have handy in any house. It is a collection of quotations on Sincerity and Character charmingly printed and bound, with a most delightful little essay on these same virtues by Thomas Wentworth Higginson by way of introduction. (H. M. Caldwell & Co., New York and Boston. Price, \$2.00.)

THE AMERICAN INDIAN AS A PRODUCT OF ENVIRONMENT. By A. J. Fynn.

This book is an entertaining and straightforward description of the Pueblo Indians and that land of abnormities and wonders. A more fascinating place would be hard to find than that of the Pueblo country in Arizona, Colorado, and New Mexico, and Mr. Fynn has caught the local color and reproduced it in this volume. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.)

CAMP AND TRAIL. By Stewart Edward White.

A practical experience-book for those who love outdoor life. The author tells just what is necessary and what is unnecessary for comfort and convenience in the camp and on the trail.

It is a book alike for the nature-lover, the summer camper, and the practised woodsman — and for every one of Mr. White's large circle of readers. (The Outing Publishing Co. Price, \$1.25 net.)

HIS WIFE. By Warren Cheney.

In this book there's a note of bed-rock motives and dominant, primal instincts that one encounters in the great Norwegian and Russian writers.

The scene is the Russian government-post in Alaska; the people, of the upper-middle class, one would judge.

The story itself is unlike anything that has been written, unless one might liken it to "Ibsen's Brand," with a dominant, modern woman in the title-role.

Mainly, the tale is a character-story; but in the secret trouble that comes between the hero and his wife — a woman strange to the settlement — there is an element of mystery which heightens the interest and gives opportunity for a big climax.

Mr. Cheney takes clever advantage of the effect of contrast by introducing the idyllic love-story of two youths — the daughter of the hero and the son of the commandant. The lightness and brightness and hope of this young love, running its course side by side with the troubled and entangled love of the older couple, gives the tale a reality that is seldom surpassed in fiction.

The women are most unusual. Fascinatingly feminine in every fibre, they are still reasoning human beings; there's a selfhood about them which gives both charm and credence to the story. (The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. Price, \$1.50.)

RHEINGOLD, WAGNER'S MUSIC - DRAMA, retold in English verse. By Oliver Huckel.

Oliver Huckel, as a translator, or one might better say paraphraser, of Wagner has filled a

long-felt want. There has been a constantly increasing demand for a good literary version of these fine stories, devoid of the poverty and harshness of the opera libretto, and Mr. Huckel has nearly approached this. In his translation he has preserved both the words of the characters and their actions, together with enough description to round out their plot.

The first one, "Parsifal," created nothing less than a furore. Then followed "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser." With "Rheingold" he enters upon the four great "Ring" dramas, and it is the hope of the public that he may complete the cycle as auspiciously as it is begun. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price, cloth, 75 cents; limp leather, \$1.50. Postage, 8 cents additional.)

MOTHER GOOSE'S PUZZLE PICTURES.

A very clever idea and a genuine novelty in juvenile books is this new Mother Goose. The child is yet to be found who does not love these nonsense jingles, with their humorously pathetic pictures. Add to this a puzzle in every picture, — that is, a hidden face to be discovered, — and what could be jollier?

In this new version we find not only the verse, "Hush-a-bye, Baby," with its accompanying picture, but the hidden face of Baby's Daddy; not only "Mary, Mary, quite contrary," and a picture of her pretty maids all in a row, but a hidden picture of another maid not shown in the row; and so on through all the well-known rhymes, to "This is the house that Jack built," with Jack's father hidden away in it.

Lest the puzzles prove too hard, there is a key to them in the back of the book, and in the front a little history of the various publications of these rhymes.

Nothing could be nicer — unless it were to have colored pictures, and perhaps that would please the children less, as now they can color them themselves. (Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia. Substantially bound in linen with attractive covers. Price, 50 cents.)

WHAT CAN A YOUNG MAN DO? By Frank West Rollins, ex-Governor of New Hampshire.

This is an important new book for ambitious boys. It is designed to aid a young man in the selection of a calling, and contains a vast amount of actual, definite advice about things one naturally wishes to know. While many books of advice have been written, this one possesses distinctive features, more especially its practical information concerning new openings for work and definite instructions about entering them. The chapters on the Consular service, and service in the Philippines, civil, mining and mechanical engineering, forestry, library work, railroading, and nautical training-school, are distinctly fresh, timely, and invaluable.

In writing on so many and such varied subjects, the author, who is the ex-Governor of the State of New Hampshire and a Boston banker, has had the assistance of specialists. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. Decorated cloth. Price, \$1.50, net.)

MYTHS OF THE RED CHILDREN. Retold by Gilbert L. Wilson. Illustrated by Frederick M. Wilson.

Among our Indian tribes still lingers a rich body of myth and folk-tale breathing all the freshness of our rugged forests and mountains.

These tales have dignity. Like every barbarian, the Indian peopled the world with wonder-folk,— gods and monsters, ghosts and spirits. His myths, therefore, give us a glimpse into his thought. They are his oral literature, the wisdom of the eldersmen handed down by word of mouth. The myths in this little volume, taken from the lore of several tribes, were chosen for their quaintness and beauty. At the same time they contain much information about Indian life and customs that is of value to an American child.

A brief note explaining some custom or belief of Indian life, or some fact of woodcraft, accompanies each story. A special feature is a supplement on handwork, which gives instructions in the making of many typical articles of Indian workmanship,— a valuable help to schoolroom study. (Ginn & Company, Boston.)

BOYHOOD DAYS ON THE FARM. A Story for Young and Old Boys. By Charles Clark Munn, author of "Uncle Terry." With full-page illustrations and chapter headings by Frank T. Merrill.

"Charles Clark Munn has his audience," said a noted author after Mr. Munn's "Uncle Terry" had reached its second season of unusual success. He has retained his audience through succeeding novels, all of which have had a wide circulation, and now offers a unique book, "Boyhood Days on the Farm," which will be welcomed at once by all the great number of country-born dwellers in the city, and will win its way among those to whom the life described in its pages is a novelty. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. 12mo, cloth. 476 pages. Price, \$1.50.)

ITALY, THE MAGIC LAND. By Lilian Whiting.

Lilian Whiting here presents a living panorama of the comparatively modern past of Rome,— that opening with the period of Canova and Thorwaldsen,— proceeds to the contemporary Rome of Vedder and Franklin Simmons, in which the writer depicts the Rome of the Hawthornes and the Brownings, the Rome of that intense artistic life attracted by the stupendous works of Michelangelo and the galleries of the Vatican. Miss Whiting discusses the two great periods of Art,— the Greek and the Renaissance. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$2.50, net.)

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER, JR. By Dwight Burroughs.

Being the thrilling adventures, authentically told, of a worthy son of the celebrated Jack the Giant-Killer.

It is most attractively printed and illustrated, and Jack Junior is sure of a cordial reception from the youngsters on account of his parentage if for no other reason. (George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.)

THE ROMANCE OF AN OLD-TIME SHIP-MASTER.

This is a collection of letters and journals written by an American sea-captain at the beginning of the last century. It reveals a most charming and lovable personality, a sort of Lord Chesterfield of the quarter-deck, and throws a curious light on life at sea at the time. (The Outing Publishing Company. Price, \$1.25, net.)

A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF SOCIALISM. By W. H. Mallock, author of "The Reconstruction of Religious Belief," etc.

An admirable discussion of the entire subject of Socialism, pointing out with thorough fairness both the weak and strong points of the doctrine as it is understood in this twentieth century. It is a book that will serve the uninstructed reader as a first introduction to the subject, and will at once put him abreast of the most recent developments and the uppermost controversies of Socialism. The subject of modern wealth is treated with keen and illuminating analysis. (Harper & Bros., New York. Price, \$2.00, net.)

BETWEEN THE DARK AND THE DAYLIGHT. By William Dean Howells.

A volume of stories which touch with subtle artistry the vague borderland of the unknown— not stories of the supernatural, but dealing with strange manifestations of mentality. As ingenious developments of psychological mystery these stories are all vastly entertaining, while in grace and charm of style they delight after the well-known and inimitable fashion of Mr. Howells. (Harper & Bros., New York. Price, \$1.50.)

PRACTICAL FARMING. By W. F. Massey.

A volume specially prepared to fill a long-felt need, by a well-known writer. The science of agriculture is made easy to every one. There are chapters on the Soil, its origin and conditions; the Plant, its structure and physiological functions; Manures and Fertilizers; Tillage; Protection of the Soil from Washing and Loss; Crop Rotation; Crops and Cropping; Practical Horticulture; Fruit-culture; etc., etc. A most invaluable book, indispensable alike to the student, the practical man, and the amateur. (The Outing Publishing Company, 35 and 37 West 31st St., New York. Price, \$1.50, net.)

SWEET ARDEN, A BOOK OF THE SHAKESPEARE COUNTRY. By George Morley.

A more desirable little gift-book would be hard to find than this beautifully illustrated one of that romantic country in the heart of Merrie England where Shakespeare lived and wrote, unless it is the companion volume, "The Auld Ayshire of Robert Burns," by T. E. Henderson. Both are published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

JOAN OF JUNIPER INN. By Emilia Elliott.

A very prettily illustrated story for young people. clean and wholesome in tone. (George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.)



John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy from 1897-1902

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NEW ENGLAND SECRETARIES OF THE NAVY

By CHARLES OSCAR PAULLIN

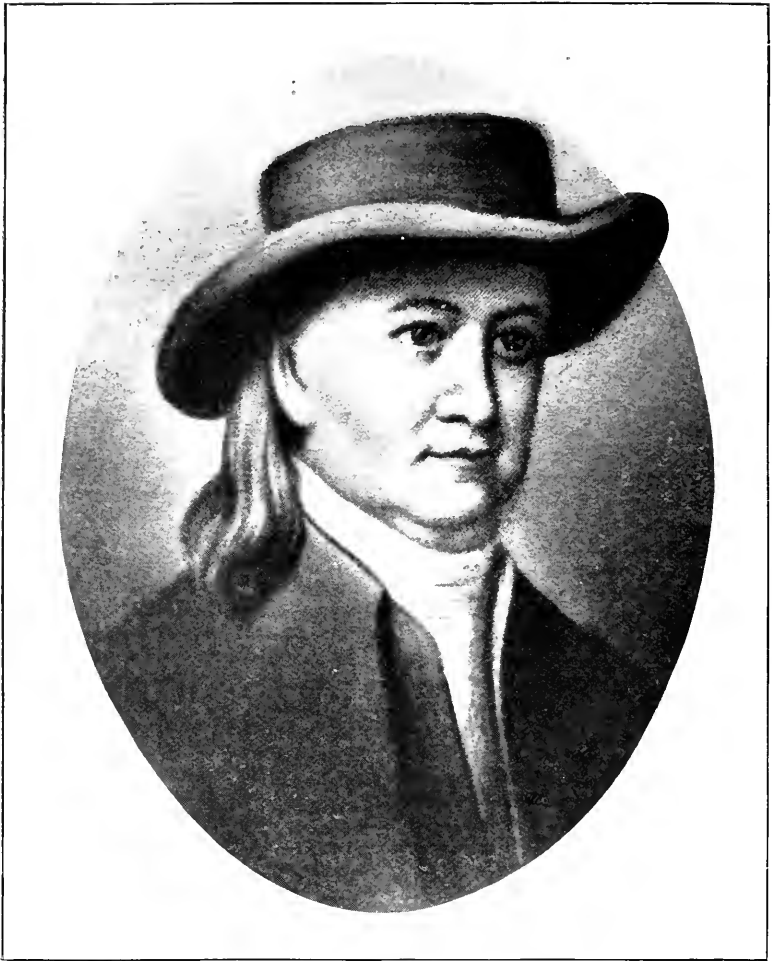


AS the most seafaring section of the Union, New England has for many years appropriately supplied the federal government with numerous naval executives and officers. In the Continental navy almost one-half of the officers of the higher ranks, and doubtless more than one-half of the seamen, came from New England. Whipple, Saltonstall, Manly, Talbot, Tucker, and J. B. Hopkins were New Englanders; as was also Esek Hopkins, the first and only commander-in-chief of the American navy. The elder Decatur and the famous naval family of Perrys, which includes especially Commodores O. H. and M. C. Perry, hail from Rhode Island. Isaac Hull, the most brilliant naval officer of the War of 1812, was born in Connecticut. Rear-Admirals A. H. Foote and C. H. Davis, two leading officers in the Civil War, are worthy sons of New England; while Admiral George Dewey, the most illustrious sailorman of the late war with Spain, is a Vermonter.

The first naval executives of our government were the Naval Committee and the Marine Committee of the Continental Congress. These committees performed duties similar to those of the present Navy Department at Washington; and their chairmen were, in a way, our first "secretaries of the navy." The Naval Committee which was organized in the fall of 1775 fitted out and sent to sea the first ships of the Continental navy. Commodore Hopkins's expe-

dition to New Providence was made under its direction. For several months, early in the war, it met regularly at its office in Philadelphia. A majority of its members were New Englanders. Each of the four States that then composed this section had a representative on the Naval Committee. John Langdon represented New Hampshire; John Adams, Massachusetts; Stephen Hopkins, Rhode Island; and Silas Deane, Connecticut. For all or a part of the time that the committee managed the navy Stephen Hopkins served as chairman. He had been Governor of Rhode Island, and his family was a noted one in that State. John Adams, who for many years, in season and out of season, advocated the building of a permanent and efficient national marine, has left us a lively picture of Hopkins and the old Naval Committee:

"Governor Hopkins, of Rhode Island, above seventy years of age, kept us all alive. Upon business his experience and judgment were very useful. But when the business of the evening was over, he kept us in conversation until eleven, and sometimes twelve o'clock. His custom was to drink nothing all day, nor till eight o'clock in the evening, and then his beverage was Jamaica spirit and water. It gave him wit, humor, anecdotes, science, and learning. He had read Greek, Roman, and British history, and was familiar with English poetry, particularly Pope, Thomson, and Milton; and the flow of his soul made all of his reading our own, and seemed to bring to recollection in all of us all we had ever read. I



Stephen Hopkins, Chairman of the Naval Committee from 1775-1776.

could neither eat nor drink in these days. The other gentlemen were very temperate. Hopkins never drank to excess, but all he drank was immediately not only converted into wit, sense, knowledge, and good humor, but inspired us with similar qualities."

In the spring of 1776 the Marine Committee took charge of the navy to the exclusion of the Naval Committee, and performed the duties of a naval executive department until December, 1779. It administered the Continental navy during the most important period of its existence. The celebrated cruises of Captains John Paul Jones, Lambert Wickes, Gustavus Conyngham, Samuel Tucker, Abraham Whipple, and J. B. Hopkins were made under the

general direction of the Marine Committee. The office of the committee was at Philadelphia, except during those times when the city was threatened or occupied by the British. Three of the committee's five chairmen were New Englanders. The first to preside over its meetings was John Hancock, of Boston, the president of the Continental Congress. Later, the chairmanship was filled by Samuel Adams, of Boston, the famous orator and agitator; and by William Whipple, of New Hampshire, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. For several years the Rhode Island member of the Marine Committee was William Ellery. He had been a merchant, and later a lawyer at Newport. He took a prominent



John Hancock, Chairman of the Marine Committee from 1776-1777

part in the Revolutionary movement in his State. He was one of the signers of the immortal Declaration. In December, 1779, Ellery became a member of the Board of Admiralty, which at this time succeeded the Marine Committee as the naval executive of the Continental Congress. Another leading member of this board was Francis Lewis, of New York. For a year and a half these two men for the most part administered the Continental navy.

The chief agent or assistant of the Marine Committee and Board of Admiralty was the Navy Board at Boston, composed entirely of New Englanders. It was created in the spring of 1777 to assist in fitting out, manning, officering, and directing

the ships that frequented the New England ports. Since the Marine Committee and the Board of Admiralty had their offices at Philadelphia relatively remote from Boston, they found it necessary to give the Boston board large powers of control over the navy in its section. The members of the Boston board were James Warren, of Plymouth, Mass.; William Vernon, of Newport, R. I.; and John Deshon, of New London, Conn. Foremost of the three men was Warren, an eminent Revolutionary patriot. He had been president of the Massachusetts Provincial Congress and also of the Massachusetts Board of War. He was an intimate friend of John and Samuel Adams, and is said to have

much resembled the latter in character. Vernon, the president of the Boston board, was one of the most distinguished of the Newport merchants and one of the most self-sacrificing of patriots. During the Revolution he advanced large sums of money to the federal government, which were only in part repaid. Before the war his trade extended to all the maritime nations of Europe, and to the West Indies and Africa. Deshon was of Huguenot descent. He was conspicuous in the Revolutionary party of New London, and was a captain in the military forces of Connecticut. He rendered much assistance in fitting out the Connecticut navy.

The Continental navy came to an end in 1785, with the sale of its last vessel, the frigate *Alliance*. In 1794 the navy under the Constitution was established. For several years it was managed by the War Department, but in 1798 the Navy Department was organized. President Adams's first choice for the new secretaryship was George Cabot, a native of Salem, Mass., a leading Federalist, an able coadjutor of Alexander Hamilton. As a youth he had entered Harvard, leaving at the end of his Sophomore year to go to sea; and he had become a master mariner before he was of age. He was a member of the Massachusetts convention that adopted the federal Constitution, and had served his State as a senator in Congress from 1791 to 1796. Cabot declined the office of Secretary of the Navy, believing that he did not have the requisite physical and mental qualifications for a naval executive. He may have fallen short of the very high standard which he set. He conceived that the Secretary of the Navy should possess "considerable knowledge of maritime affairs; but this should be elementary as well as practical, including the principles of naval architecture and naval tactics." Above all, he should possess the "inestimable secret of rendering a naval force invincible by any equal force of the enemy. Thus a knowledge of the human heart will constitute an essential ingredient in the character of this officer, that he may be able to convert every incident to the elevation of the spirit of American seamen. Suffer me to ask how a man who has led a life of indolence for twenty years can be rendered physically capable of these various exertions." For

eighteen days Cabot nominally presided over the Navy Department, although he never performed the duties of Secretary of the Navy. In 1814 he was president of the celebrated Hartford Convention, and with the aid of other conservatives succeeded in moderating the actions of the hot-headed, impetuous members of the convention.

In 1805 President Jefferson gave another New Englander an opportunity to decline the naval secretaryship. In that year he chose Jacob Crowninshield, of Salem, Mass., to succeed Robert Smith in the naval office. Crowninshield refused the proffer, since his wife did not care to leave her home and kin and live in the rural capital at Washington. In December, 1814, Benjamin W. Crowninshield, Jacob's brother, was selected by President Madison to preside over the Navy Department. He served in that capacity from 1815 to 1818.

The Crowninshields were merchants of Salem when the ships of trade of this prosperous seaport whitened every sea. For many years "Crowninshield's Wharf" played an active part in the busy life of this ancient town. The Crowninshield ships were among the first American vessels to engage in the East India trade. In their long voyages to foreign lands for tea, coffee, spices, and other tropical products they were often commanded by a member of the family. At one time each of four brothers commanded an East Indiaman. In 1796 Captain Jacob brought home from Bengal an elephant, said to be the first one ever seen in this country. It sold for \$10,000. Another brother, Captain George, was the owner of "Cleopatra's Barge," the first yacht to cross the Atlantic. With this vessel he planned to effect the rescue of Napoleon from St. Helena, but was prevented from carrying it out by Napoleon's friends, who for political reasons advised against it. Princess Murat visited the yacht and presented its owner with some valuable gifts as tokens of her regard for him. Captain George is also noted for his voyage to Halifax in the brig *Henry* to procure the bodies of Captain James Lawrence and Lieutenant A. C. Ludlow, killed in the fight between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* on June 1, 1813. He projected the undertaking, and fitted out and provisioned the brig entirely at his own expense. Rear-Admiral A. S. Crowninshield, a grandson

of Captain Jacob, served with much distinction as chief of the Bureau of Navigation during the late Spanish-American War.

B. W. Crowninshield's administration of the navy was an important one. The navy had just acquitted itself most glori-

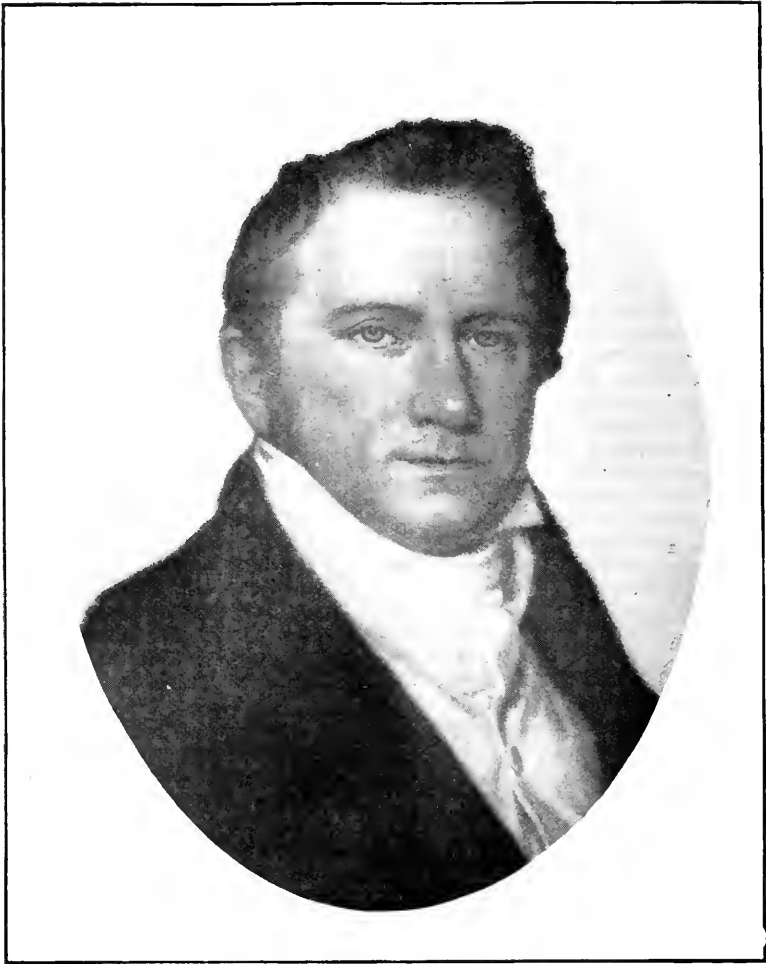
ously on the 74-gun ships *Delaware*, *Ohio*, and *North Carolina*, most noted vessels in the annals of the Old Navy. In 1815 the Board of Navy Commissioners, which for more than a quarter of a century played a most important part in the conduct of our naval affairs, was organized, with the elder John



George Cabot, Secretary of the Navy 1798

ously in the War of 1812, and for the first time it found itself in favor with both Congress and the people. Under Crowninshield the first American line-of-battleships were placed in commission, and an extensive shipbuilding program was decided upon. In 1816 Congress authorized the construction of nine line-of-battleships and twelve 44-gun frigates. Work was shortly begun

Rodgers as president. Isaac Hull, of Connecticut, was one of its first commissioners. In 1815-16 a successful war was prosecuted against the Algerines, and shortly after its termination the first expedition was sent against the West India pirates. After leaving the Navy Department, in 1818, Crowninshield served several terms in Congress. In 1830 he was defeated for re-election by



Benjamin W. Crowninshield, Secretary of the Navy from 1814-1818

the illustrious advocate and orator, Rufus Choate, also of Salem.

Levi Woodbury, who was born at Francestown, N. H., in 1789, was Secretary of the Navy from 1831 to 1834. He sprang from a prominent New England family dating from the founding of Massachusetts. He had a most notable public career. At twenty-seven years of age he was judge of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire; at thirty-four, Governor of his State; and at thirty-six, United States senator. He was then successively Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Treasury, and again senator; and at the age of fifty-seven, justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, suc-

ceeding the celebrated Judge Joseph Story. He refused the mission to Spain which was offered to him by President Jackson, and later the mission to England offered by President Polk. The latter was exceedingly important, since it involved the settlement of the Oregon Question. The former he declined because of his wife's dread of a long sea-voyage. In politics he was a Democrat, and in 1825, while speaker of the lower house of the New Hampshire Legislature, he won the sobriquet, "Rock of the New England Democracy." Early in 1850 he was mentioned as a probable Democratic candidate for the presidency. His administration of the navy was a quiet one,

since it occurred during a time of reaction against the period of naval expansion that succeeded the War of 1812, and since the country was at peace. One of Woodbury's daughters married Lincoln's Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Gustavus V. Fox; and another, Lincoln's Postmaster-General, Montgomery Blair.

Secretary of the Navy David Henshaw was born in Leicester, Mass., in 1791. From 1807 to 1829 he followed the calling of a druggist, in Boston, first as an apprentice and later as a proprietor. He was active in promoting railroads in Massachusetts, and aided in the construction of the Boston and Worcester, Boston and Albany, and Boston and Providence roads. He acquired note as a political writer and pamphleteer, urging the cause of the Democratic party. He served as State representative and senator, and from 1829 to 1837 he was collector of the port of Boston. He was commissioned Secretary of the Navy during the recess of the Senate in July, 1843. In January, 1844, his nomination was rejected by the Senate for political reasons. His case is the only instance in which the Senate has refused to accept the President's choice of Secretary of the Navy. Henshaw served as naval secretary until Feb. 19, 1844. His rejection by the Senate doubtless saved his life, for on February 28 his successor was killed on board the steamship *Princeton* while on a trip of inspection. Henshaw's administration of the navy was brief and uneventful. It occurred at the time when steamships were being introduced into the navy. About this time also the construction of first-class sloops of war was begun. These were of one thousand tons burden, and carried twenty guns and two hundred and ten men.

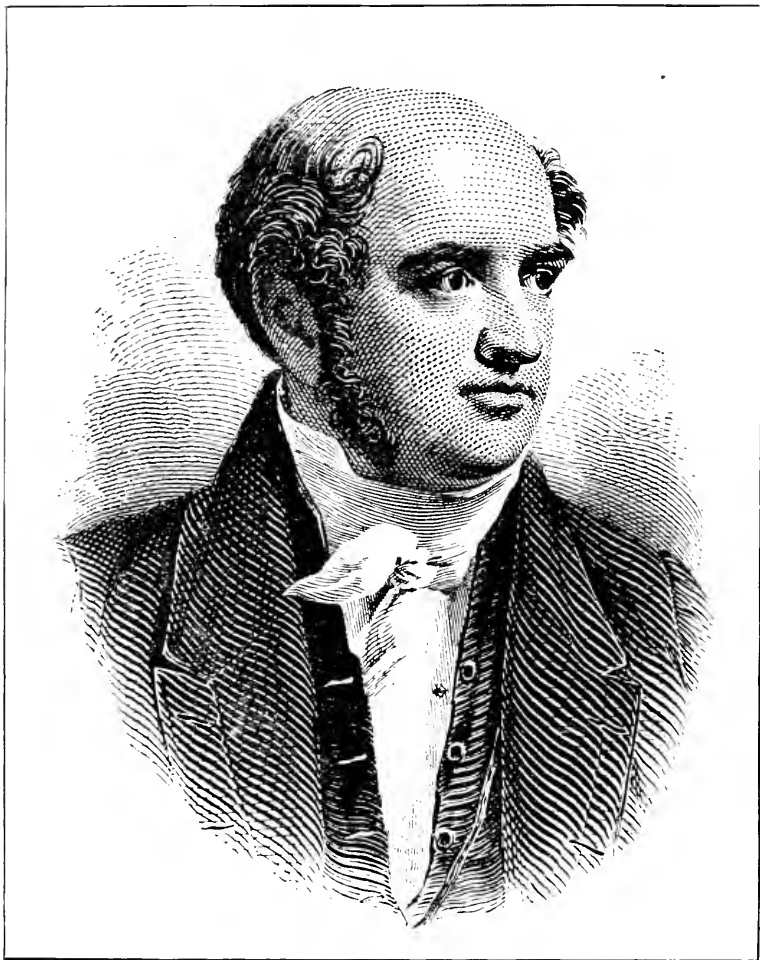
George Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy from March, 1845, to September, 1846, was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1800. He was graduated from Harvard, with second honors, in 1817. He entered the University of Göttingen, and received from that institution the degree of doctor of philosophy, one of the first Americans to be thus honored by a German university. While at Göttingen he studied German literature under Benecke; French and Italian literature, under Artaud and Bunsen; Arabic, Hebrew, and Scripture interpretation, under Eichhorn; natural history, under Blumenbach; the antiquities

and literature of Greece and Rome and Greek philosophy, under Disson; and history, under Planck and Heeren. While abroad he made the acquaintance of Humboldt, Savigny, Niebuhr, Bunsen, and Lafayette. On his return he in 1822 became a tutor at Harvard.

From 1838 to 1841 Bancroft was collector of the port of Boston; and in 1844 he was the candidate of the Democratic party for Governor of Massachusetts, but failed of election. About this time he acquired some note as a stump-speaker. We are told by a Whig contemporary that he "brought the rhetoric of his history to the platform. He was ornate, gilded, and occasionally flaming. Whatever he might be discussing — and people did not discuss much save the sub-treasury in those times — he seldom deigned to descend from his stilts. He had a favorite way of beginning these election harangues. He would look with an expression of astonishment at the audience, and exclaim, with the gesture of Hamlet at the sight of the ghost, 'This vast assemblage might well appall me.' This impressed those who had never heard it more than twice before, and it had the further effect of giving the audience aforesaid a good conceit of its own proportions."

During his long life Bancroft played many parts, and won distinction in all of them. He is now famous as an historian, rather than as a statesman; although the future will probably estimate his services as the chief founder of the Naval Academy as highly as his literary work. His first publication, rather oddly, was a volume of poems, which appeared in 1823. These are marked by smoothness of versification and felicity of expression, rather than by the higher qualities of poetry. His mature judgment did not altogether approve of them, for some years after their appearance he did what he could to restrict their circulation. Successive volumes of his history of the United States were published from 1834 until 1882. His historical writings are learned, painstaking, picturesque, and patriotic. Their style, according to present standards, is marred by a high-flown and redundant rhetoric and a forced and superfluous philosophy.

Bancroft was a radical Democrat, and a warm supporter of James K. Polk for the presidency, being a member of the conven-

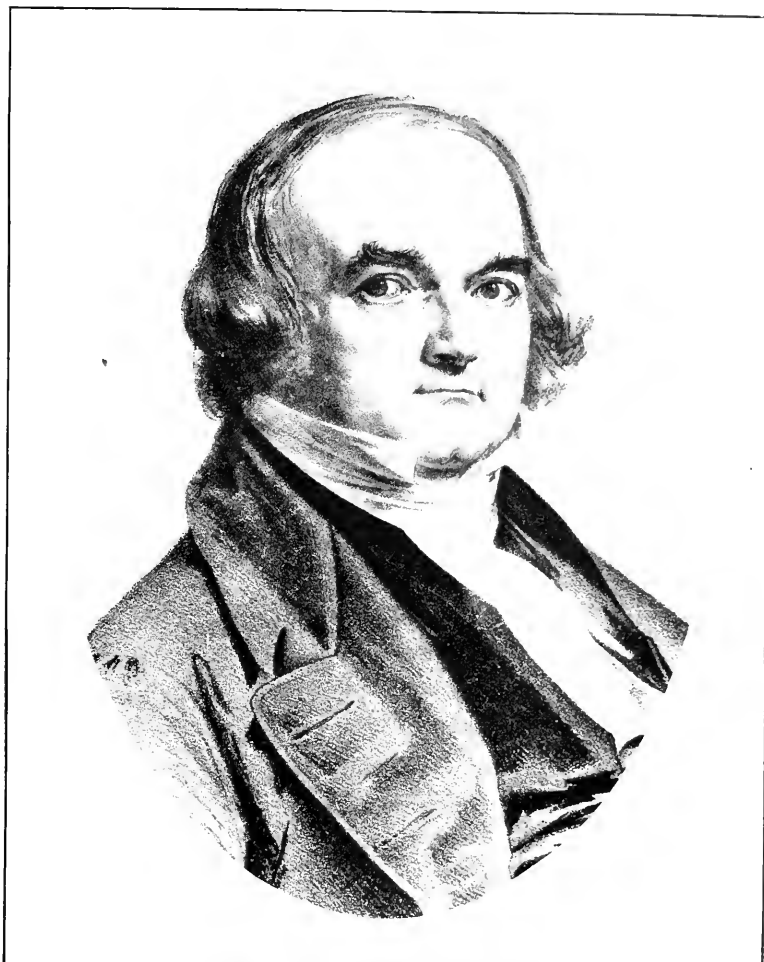


Levi Woodbury, Secretary of the Navy from 1831-1834

tion at Baltimore that nominated Polk in 1844. He was rewarded by a position in Polk's Cabinet. It is said that the President, thinking him a lawyer, selected him for the attorney-generalship, but upon hearing that he had been educated for the church made him Secretary of the Navy. The selection of Bancroft for this position was a matter of amusement to his friends, who regarded him as a dreamy man of books unacquainted with ships and a seafaring life. Bancroft's management of the navy was marked by economy in administration, a rigorous enforcement of naval discipline, and the establishment and enthusiastic support of the Naval School at Annapolis. His experiences as a student and teacher led

him to take an active interest in naval education. No sooner were its needs and deficiencies pointed out to him than he resolved to improve it. For several years a small naval school had been maintained at Philadelphia. This in the fall of 1845 he moved to Annapolis, where he had obtained from the War Department ample grounds. He increased the corps of teachers, enlarged the curriculum, reorganized the school, and laid the foundation of the present Naval Academy. While Acting Secretary of War Bancroft gave the order to General Taylor to march to the Texan frontier. He also gave orders to Commodore Sloat to occupy California in case of war with Mexico.

In September, 1846, Bancroft resigned



David Henshaw, Secretary of the Navy from 1813-1814

the secretaryship of the navy to become Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James. He retired from this position in 1849, and for many years was chiefly busy with his historical writings. In May, 1867, he was appointed minister to Prussia. In 1868 he was accredited to the North German Confederation, and in 1871 to the new German Empire. He retired at his own request in 1874. In 1891 he died, in Washington, at the advanced age of ninety-one years. Thomas Babington Macaulay, who also was born in the opening year of the century, had long preceded his fellow historian to the grave.

For twelve years, from 1857 to 1869,

Hartford, Conn., furnished the federal government with its naval secretary. Under Buchanan this official was Isaac Toucey, a Hartford lawyer. He was born in Newtown, Fairfield County, Conn., in November, 1790, and received a private classical education. He held many public offices. He served his State as State's attorney of Hartford County, representative, senator, and Governor. In 1845, 1846, and 1847 he was a candidate for Governor before the people, but each time was defeated. In 1846, there being no choice at the election, Toucey was chosen Governor by the Legislature. In 1848-49, he was Attorney-General of the United States, and for a part of the time Acting Secretary of State. After

his resignation from the secretaryship of the navy he is said to have been offered a position on the bench of the United States Supreme Court. In 1846 Toucey received the degree of doctor of laws from Trinity College, Hartford, of which institution he was for many years a trustee. On his death, in 1869, he left to this college a large share of his estate. He has been described as "tall in person, and though of slender figure he had fine features and a commanding presence. He spoke slowly, but with great precision. His diction was strong and clear, but without a particle of ornament. His private character was without a stain. He was a consistent and devout member of the Episcopal Church. In his convictions he was firm, and held to them with a strength and a tenacity of will that were never surpassed. His self-possession never forsook him, and on all occasions he exhibited the bearing of a high-toned gentleman."

Toucey's naval administration is chiefly notable for the large addition of vessels that he made to our infant steam navy. During 1857-59 twenty-one steamships were either built or purchased. Among these were the *Hartford*, Farragut's flagship at New Orleans, the *Brooklyn*, *Lancaster*, and *Richmond*. Toucey's management of the navy was much criticized, and a committee of the House of Representatives investigated it. The chairman of this committee was John Sherman, of Ohio. It examined many witnesses and made a voluminous report. The majority of the committee reported that some glaring abuses existed at the New York navy-yard and in the purchase of coal, but that nothing had been proved impeaching the personal or official character of the Secretary of the Navy. The minority, composed of the political opponents of the secretary, reported him guilty of corrupt practices and misdemeanors.

During the last weeks of Toucey's administration, in the winter of 1860-61, an incipient war existed. In January, 1861, some Florida troops, which State had recently seceded from the Union, appeared before the Pensacola navy-yard, and demanded and received its surrender. The commandant of the yard was old, slow-moving, and without initiative. He failed to rise to the occasion. Moreover, Toucey did not make it clear that the yard was to

be defended at all hazards. The Secretary of the Navy was pursuing the policy of his chief, President Buchanan, which, as is well known, was one of peace, conciliation, and the avoidance of all grounds of offence to the South. To many Northerners and Republicans it appeared that Toucey did not take adequate steps to defend the Pensacola navy-yard, and to place the navy in a condition to resist the menacing movements of the Confederacy. He was wrongly accused of intentionally weakening the navy by ordering its vessels to foreign ports. Toucey seems to have been governed entirely by his view of his Constitutional duty and by the policy of the administration of which he was a member.

On March 5, 1861, Toucey was succeeded by Gideon Welles, a Hartford journalist and statesman. Welles was the principal member of a New England trio that presided over the navy and the navy department during the darkest and most trying years of their existence. The other two members were Gustavus V. Fox, of Lawrence, Mass., and William Faxon, of Hartford.

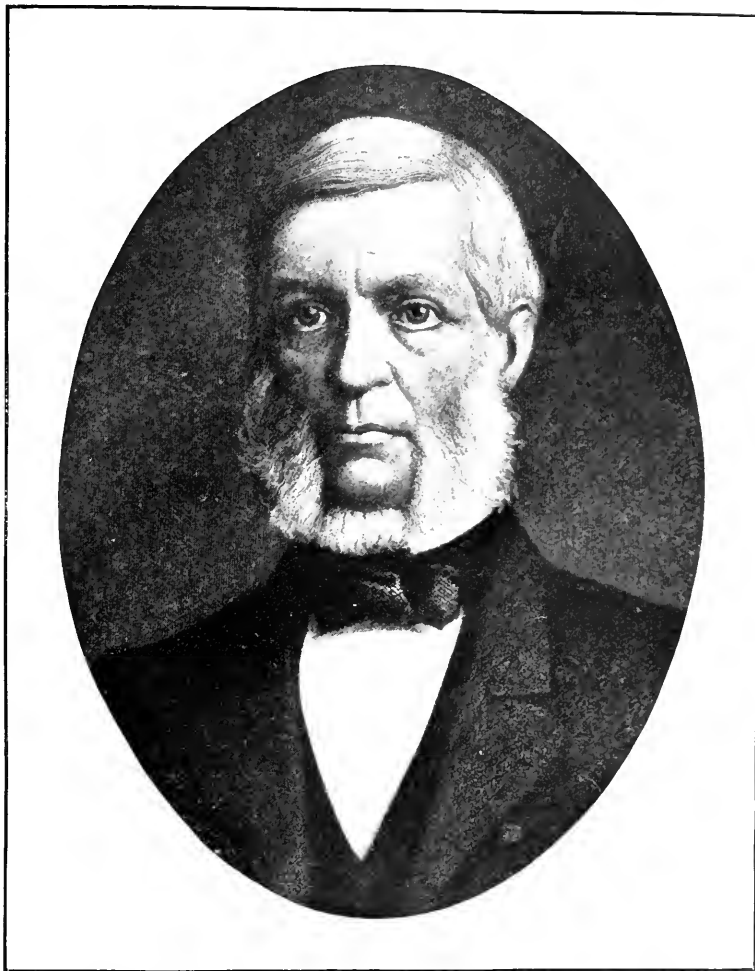
The task of Secretary Welles from 1861 to 1865 was of greater magnitude and diversity than that of any of his predecessors. For four momentous years it was his lot to work and suffer with Lincoln under the heat and burden and turmoil of civil war. Many new duties unknown to the piping times of peace fell to him; and the old and unusual duties of his office all at once became wonderfully enlarged, important, and insistent. The rusty machinery of the department had to be repaired, lubricated, and improved. The thunderbolts of war had to be forged. Officers, sailors, and ships, the staples of navies, were needed in great numbers. From 1861 to 1865 the number of ships increased from 90 to 670; of officers, from 1,300 to 6,700; and of seamen, from 7,500 to 51,500. The annual naval expenditures rose from \$12,000,000 to \$123,000,000. With Welles rested the final decision respecting all shipbuilding programs, plans of naval operations, and the general lines of naval policy. He was responsible for the blunders and failures of the department and the navy.

Gideon Welles was descended from the best stock of Connecticut. The original emigrant of his family to that State, Thomas

Welles, held many important public offices between 1639 and 1659, being twice elected Governor of the infant colony. Gideon was educated at the Episcopal Academy in Cheshire, Conn., and at the Norwich University. He read law, and at the age of twenty-three became editor and one of the

Clothing in the Navy Department, at Washington.

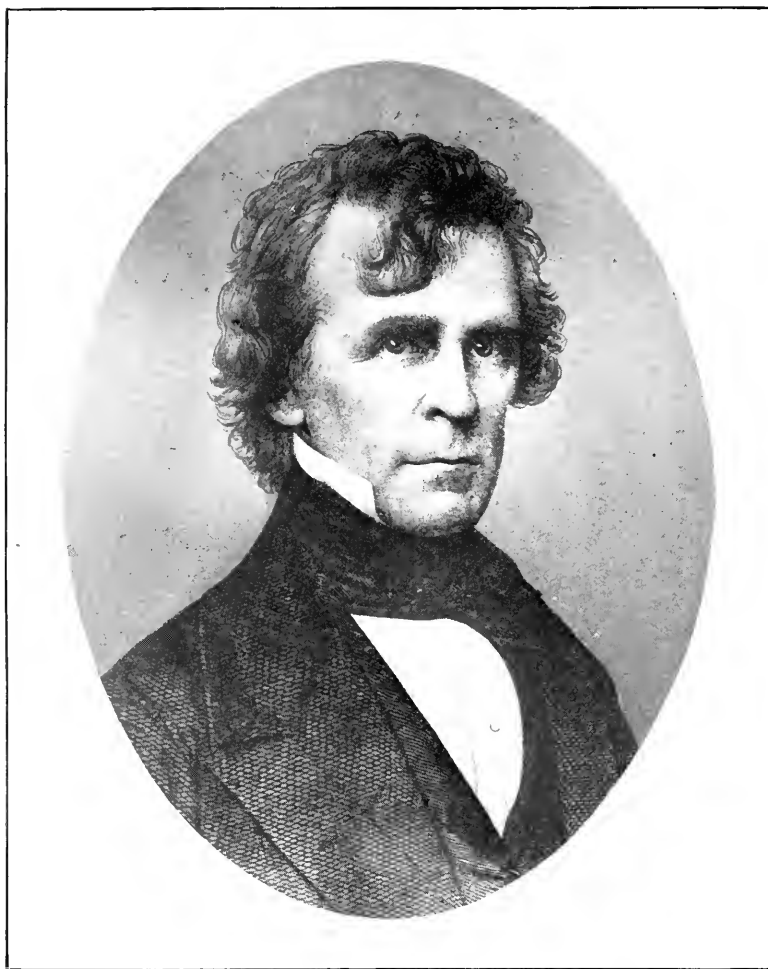
In politics Welles was for many years a Jacksonian Democrat. His anti-slavery views carried him into the Republican party when it was organized, and in 1856 he was its candidate for Governor of Connecticut.



George Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy from 1815-1816

proprietors of the *Hartford Times*. He edited this paper until 1837. From 1827 to 1835 he was a member of the Connecticut Legislature. For several years Welles served his State as Comptroller of Public Accounts. For some five years he was post-master of Hartford. From 1846 to 1849 he was chief of the Bureau of Provisions and

He was a leading contributor to the *Hartford Evening Press*, the Republican organ of his State. For several years Welles was a member of the Republican National Committee. He was a delegate to the Republican National Conventions of 1856 and 1860, serving in the latter year as the chairman of the Connecticut delegation. During



Isaac Toucey, Secretary of the Navy from 1857-1861

the presidential campaign of 1860 he labored earnestly for the election of Lincoln.

In November, 1860, Lincoln began to consider various men for places in his Cabinet. Welles's name was one of the first presented to him, and was the subject of a special consultation. Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin urged Welles's appointment. Senator John P. Hale, a New Hampshire politician, was rather earnestly pressed upon the President for Secretary of the Navy, and he was somewhat mortified that his pretensions for the place were not more seriously regarded. Other names may have been considered. Lincoln from the

first was convinced of Welles's fitness, availability, and representative character.

The assignment of Welles to the Navy Department instead of to some other Cabinet position may be ascribed to his three years' experience as chief of the Bureau of Provisions and Clothing, and to his residence in New England, whose maritime interests have given her a claim upon the naval secretaryship. In making up his Cabinet, Lincoln apportioned its members according to their sectional residence and their party antecedents. Welles was chosen as the New England member, and as a representative of the Democratic element of the Republican party, which, it is recollect-

ed, was recruited principally from the Whigs, Democrats, and Free Soilers. The Whig faction of the party was not generally friendly to Lincoln's naval secretary. Within the Cabinet no love was lost between Welles and the Secretary of State, William H. Seward. In December, 1860, Thurlow Weed, one of the leaders of the Whigs in New York, spoke to Lincoln against his choice of Welles for the naval portfolio. Weed said to the President that if he would, on his way to his inauguration in Washington, stop long enough in New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore to select an attractive figurehead from the prow of a ship, would adorn it with an elaborate wig and luxuriant whiskers, and would transfer it to the entrance of the Navy Department, this figurehead would be quite as serviceable to the navy as Welles, and much less expensive. "Oh," Mr. Lincoln replied, "wooden midshipmen answer very well in novels, but we must have a live Secretary of the Navy."

Welles's "elaborate wig and luxuriant whiskers" gave him a patriarchal appearance, which his age and vigor of mind belied. When he entered the Cabinet he was in his fifty-ninth year. Secretary of State Seward and Secretary of War Cameron were older than the Secretary of the Navy, and Attorney-General Bates was ten years his senior. Among the naval officers and sailors, his paternal and benevolent aspect won for him the familiar appellation of "Father Welles," or "the Old Man of the Sea." Mr. Charles A. Dana, for a time an assistant of Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, has left us one of the best characterizations of Lincoln's naval secretary. "Welles was a curious-looking man," Dana said. "He wore a wig which was parted in the middle, the hair falling down on each side; and it was from his peculiar appearance, I have always thought, that the idea that he was an old foggy originated. I remember Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, coming into my office at the War Department one day and asking where he could find 'that old Mormon deacon, the Secretary of the Navy.' In spite of his peculiarities, I think Mr. Welles was a very wise, strong man. There was nothing decorative about him; there was no noise in the street when he went along; but he understood his duty, and did it efficiently, con-

tinually, and unvaryingly. There was a good deal of opposition to him, for we had no navy when the war began, and he had to create one without much deliberation; but he was patient, laborious, and intelligent at his task."

Welles was sometimes unjustly regarded as a time-serving, routine-loving secretary, a friend to red-tape. It is true that he was not one of those dashing administrators who reach conclusions by intuition, put their decisions into effect with great strenuousness, and are at once the inspiration and the terror of their subordinates. Rather, he was the quiet, unswerving, fearless executive who reasons carefully from the evidence and draws temperately his conclusions therefrom, who enforces his judgments with firmness and uniformity, and who gains the esteem of his fellows by reason of his patience, integrity, and justice. His qualities were solid, and never showy. While he had his antipathies, he nevertheless administered the navy as a rule with great impartiality. That he distributed the honors and rewards at his disposal without prejudice and bias did not always appear to be true to those officers who were disappointed in not receiving their share of distinctions; and there are always many such officers during a war. Could they have known the mind of the Secretary of the Navy they would have found that his decisions were based upon just principals of administration and the information presented to him.

To a technical and intimate knowledge of the navy Welles made no pretensions. He, however, was better equipped for his duties than most secretaries have been. His three years' service in one of the naval bureaus had given him a considerable acquaintance with the business of the navy. Fortunately, the limitations in Welles's naval knowledge were adequately compensated by the extensive professional information of his assistant secretary, Gustavus V. Fox, whose selection by President Lincoln as Welles's assistant in the Navy Department was a most happy one.

At the beginning of the war Fox was in his fortieth year. He was born in Saugus, Essex County, Mass. His father was a country physician, in moderate circumstances. At the age of sixteen young Fox was appointed a midshipman in the navy, where

he remained for eighteen years. His naval career was most varied. He served in the Mediterranean, East Indian, Pacific, Brazil, and African squadrons. He participated in the naval operations of the Mexican War. For a time he was attached to the Coast Survey. In 1853 and 1854 he commanded a mail steamer plying between New York and the Isthmus of Panama and belonging to one of the subsidized steamship lines. In July, 1856, having reached the rank of lieutenant, he resigned from the navy and accepted the position of "agent" of the Bay State Woolen Mills, at Lawrence, Mass. Early in 1861 he came to Washington with a plan for the relief of Fort Sumter, and in April President Lincoln permitted him to put it into operation. In planning, promoting, and conducting this daring adventure he displayed such energy, affability, and bold initiative that the President was most favorably impressed with him. These qualities, together with the strong influence of his family connections, who stood close to Lincoln, soon brought him political preferment. On May 9, 1861, he was appointed chief clerk of the Navy Department, and on July 31 he was promoted to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy, a newly-created position.

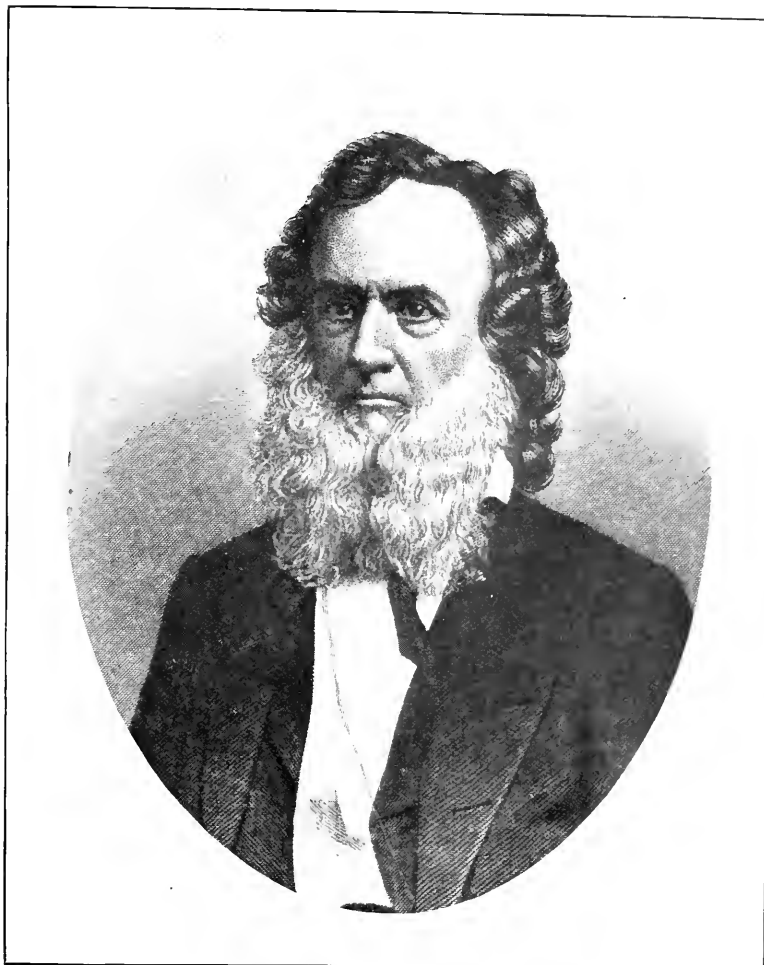
Fox's career both in and out of the navy admirably fitted him for the assistant secretaryship. His long service in the navy gave him a wide acquaintance among the naval officers. He had acquired the habit of the navy and of the sea, and knew well the practice of the naval profession. On the other hand, his experiences as a New England manufacturer had familiarized him with the currents of thought and action outside of the navy; with the methods of business, its economies and administration; with the qualities of commercial men. In the science of the naval professions, in contradistinction to its art, Fox was not especially well grounded. His knowledge of naval architecture was naturally limited, and his naval strategy proved to be at times faulty. He sometimes appeared more ready to plan than laboriously to execute. Fox was decisive, quick of mind, and self-confident. No matter how dark and gloomy were the prospects of the Unionists, the buoyancy of his spirits never failed him. He was urbane and suave, and had a most engaging personality. The amenities of so-

cial life came easy to him. His brother-in-law was Lincoln's Postmaster-General, Montgomery Blair, whose father was Francis P. Blair, one of the leaders of the National Convention of 1860. During the war the Blairs were an exceedingly influential family. Few men who in the eventful spring of 1861 came to the surface of that tempestuous political sea at Washington were so likely as Gustavus V. Fox to survive in its rough waters and ride its waves to preferment and eminence.

The third member of the New England trio that presided over the Navy Department during the Civil War was William Faxon. He entered the department in March, 1861, as a clerk in the secretary's office, and on July 31 he succeeded Fox as chief clerk of the department. He held this position until June 1, 1866, when he succeeded Fox as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Faxon, like Welles, was a resident of Hartford. For many years he had been a friend of Welles, with whom he had been associated in the work of the Hartford *Evening Press*. During the war the chief clerk of the department was an important official. He had charge of the records, correspondence, and personnel of the secretary's office, and the finances of the department.

Fox's connection with the navy terminated on Dec. 1, 1866. His last service was a most interesting one. On May 16, 1866, Congress passed a resolution of greeting to the Emperor of Russia, congratulating him on his escape from assassination. President Johnson selected Fox to carry a copy of the resolution to the Russian ruler; and in order to add some dignity and pomp to his mission a temporary assistant secretaryship of the navy was created for him. On June 1 Faxon succeeded to the old secretaryship and Fox was appointed to the new one. In June, 1866, he took passage at St. Johns, Newfoundland, on the *Miantonomoh*, the first American ironclad to cross the Atlantic; and he proceeded to Cronstadt. Fox and the naval officers of his party were welcomed with festivities and extraordinary courtesies and attentions not only at St. Petersburg, but at Moscow and other Russian cities. This successful mission made a fitting termination to Fox's brilliant career in the Navy Department.

Welles and Faxon remained in the department until the close of Johnson's ad-



Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy from 1861-1869

ministration. Welles's term of service was exactly eight years in length, the longest of any Secretary of the Navy. Welles's own words, which occur in his annual report for 1868 and which constitute his valedictory, may be taken as a just, concise, and accurate statement of the department's achievements under his management:

"It has fallen to my lot to sustain a greater responsibility, and to have a much more eventful and varied, as well as a longer experience in this Department than any one of my predecessors. While I claim no exemption from error, it is a gratifying reflection that the duties entrusted to me have been acceptably performed, and that the record which commemorates the services

and achievements of our naval heroes also bears evidence, through a most important period of our country's history, of a not unsuccessful administration of our naval affairs.

"On this Department, soon after I entered it, devolved the task of creating within a brief period a navy unequalled in some respects, and without a parallel — of enforcing the most extensive blockade which was ever established — of projecting and carrying forward to successful execution immense naval expeditions — of causing our extensive rivers, almost continental in their reach, to be actively patrolled — and finally, after four years of embittered warfare, of retiring the immense naval

armament which had been promptly called into existence, of disposing to the commercial marine the vessels procured from that service, and of re-establishing our squadrons abroad in the interest of peace.

"The waste of war is always great, but much of the expenditure of the Navy Department, which is but a small per cent of the national war expenses, is invested in navy-yard improvements, which are worth to the government all they cost, and in naval vessels and ordnance, which have at all times an intrinsic value. When the fact of this large amount of property left on hand, of the return of millions to the treasury, of the magnitude of the war, of the vast operations of the navy, and of the depreciation of the currency, and the consequently enhanced prices with which those operations were conducted, are considered, the economical and faithful administration of the Navy Department will be admitted."

President Arthur's naval secretary was William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire. In 1855 Chandler was graduated from the Harvard Law School, and for a time practised law in Vermont. Returning to his native State, he was in 1861, 1863, and 1864 elected to the New Hampshire House of Representatives. In November, 1864, he was employed by the Navy Department to prosecute the Philadelphia navy-yard frauds, and on March 9, 1865, he was appointed to the newly-created position of Solicitor and Judge-Advocate-General of the Navy. He soon resigned this position to become First Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. In politics he was a Republican, and took much interest in the welfare of his party. He was a delegate to the Republican National Conventions of 1868 and 1880, and secretary of the Republican National Committee from 1868 to 1876. From 1887 to 1901 he represented New Hampshire in the United States Senate. In March of the latter year he was appointed president of the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission.

During Chandler's naval administration the first keels of the New Navy were laid down, those of the *Dolphin*, *Chicago*, *Atlanta*, and *Boston*; and the Greely Relief Expedition was sent out. The latter enterprise was in charge of Commander W. S. Schley, whose dramatic rescue of Greely and his surviving companions of the ill-fated Lady Franklin Bay expedition is still

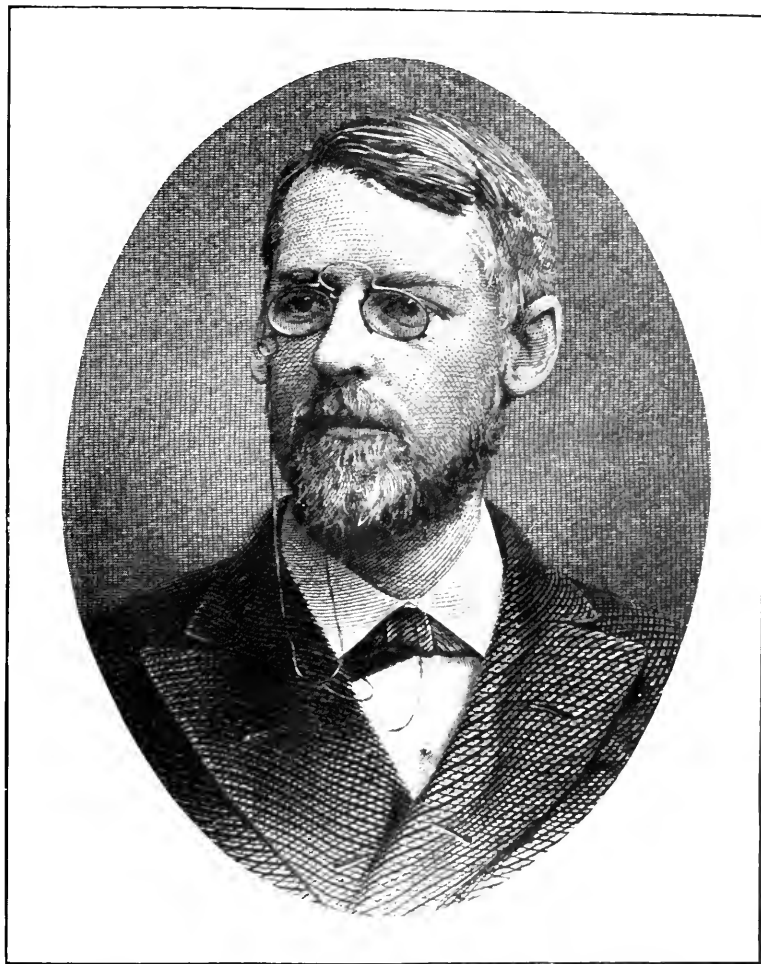
well remembered. Chandler vigorously advocated the performance by the navy of all the work of the national government of a maritime character. Among other bureaus he wished to annex to the Navy Department the Lighthouse Service, the Coast Survey, and the Revenue Marine Service. He, however, was unable to overcome the strong opposition that was manifested towards his plan. He closed several of the navy-yards, decreased the number of naval officers, promoted the reconstruction of the navy, and discontinued the extravagant policy of rebuilding old ships. As naval secretary Chandler was industrious, self-willed, and determined to rule in his department. His administration came to a close with the passing of Arthur in March, 1885.

For a little more than half of the last decade the Secretary of the Navy was John D. Long, of Hingham, Mass. Entering the department in March, 1897, he served through President McKinley's two administrations and a part of the first administration of President Roosevelt. McKinley chose Long as the New England member of his Cabinet. Long is a native of Buckfield, Me., and is a graduate and a doctor of laws of Harvard. He has had a varied political career as a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, Governor of his State, and one of its representatives in Congress. Secretary Long is conservative, steady-going, and of a judicial temperament. He is a man of solid parts, firm principles, and scholarly tastes. He has the New Englander's love of books, gift of diction, integrity of character, and ethical point of view. He has published a translation of the *Æneid* and a volume of after-dinner speeches; and, shortly after his resignation from the secretaryship in 1902, he issued a book on the "New American Navy." His habits are exceedingly democratic; and in New England, where he was for many years familiarly known as "Governor Long," he is popular with all classes. His appearance is plain, but striking; and is still vividly recalled by the employees of the department. He is short and stout, with broad stocky shoulders topped with an enormous head. He came promptly and early to office, and usually carried with him a green bag well stuffed with documents and papers. His rusty silk hat and cheap suit of ready-made

clothes contrasted oddly with the dress of his polished and well-groomed colleague in the State Department, the late John Hay. In a novel published some years ago, one of the characters, "Mr. William Shortley, commonly called Billy Shortlegs," was modelled after Mr. Long. Shortley was "very pop-

as his ideal after-dinner speaker. He made his points clearly, neatly, and with occasional vigor that was always surprising."

Long's naval administration was the most noted one since that of Secretary Gideon Welles. Its brilliant prosecution of the war with Spain, with the memorable



William E. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy from 1882-1885

ular, well up in classics, and stands a good chance of being Governor some day." He was a "short man, with a corpulent body and a large open face; but he was a born orator of a certain type. Rounded and polished, mellow and musical, his sentences rolled from his mouth in liquid cadence and perfect balance. Sir Hugh put him down

achievements of Dewey at the battle of Manila Bay and Sampson at the battle of Santiago, are still fresh in memory. After the war the building of the New Navy and the improvement of the navy-yards and the naval stations were greatly accelerated, and the naval expenditures were much increased. The reconstruction of the Naval

Academy at a cost of \$10,000,000 was begun; and the General Board, a most important administrative body, was organized under the presidency of Admiral Dewey. The Naval Personnel Act, passed in 1899, was the most significant measure relating to the personnel of the navy enacted since the Civil War. Its chief feature was the amalgamation of the engineers with the line officers.

The last New Englander to fill the secretaryship of the navy was W. H. Moody of Haverhill, Mass., He succeeded Secretary Long on May 1, 1902. He was graduated at Harvard in 1876, and studied law under R. H. Dana, in Boston. After being admitted to the bar in 1878 he began the practice of his profession at Haverhill. He was a representative in Congress from 1895 to 1902. His efficient service in that body recommended him to President Roosevelt for a Cabinet position. His administration of the navy was marked by a continuance of the policy of naval expansion. He left the department on July 1, 1904, to become

Attorney-General. Recently he has been elevated to the Supreme Bench. In this particular his career resembles those of Secretaries of the Navy Thompson and Woodbury, who also became justices of the Supreme Court.

Of the nine Assistant Secretaries of the Navy, five have been New Englanders. This office was created in 1861, discontinued in 1869, and re-created in 1890. From 1861 to 1869 there were but two assistant secretaries, G. V. Fox and William Faxon, both New Englanders, as we have seen. In 1890 James Russell Soley, of Massachusetts, was made assistant secretary. In May, 1898, Charles H. Allen, of Massachusetts, succeeded to the office. The position of the New Englanders Long and Allen during the Spanish-American War was similar to that of Welles and Fox during the Civil War. The two immediate successors of Allen were Frank W. Hackett, a native of Portsmouth, N. H., and Judge Charles H. Darling, of Vermont.

WHY?

By GRACE H. CONKLING

The night will break my heart with stars,
And there is one up in the deep
Blue dark that seems to stare at me,
And will not let me sleep.

My heart aches when the moon shines so —
The mellow light is everywhere;
Even the shadows seem less black,
And dream in silvered air.

I find no shelter in the night,
Nor any refuge in the day:
They only ask me why it is
That you have gone away.

MUSIC OF OUR FOREFATHERS

By ADELINE FRANCES FITZ



THE period of American history beginning at Plymouth Rock and ending with the Declaration of Independence is not conspicuous in the art of harmony. The hardships and privations which were endured by our forefathers while they were founding the Colonial government, and developing colonies into provinces, and adapting the land of the savage for the homes of civilization left little leisure for the pursuit of that fine culture to which music belongs.

It is a curious fact that the most refined of all arts in America should have had its origin with the stern and prosaic Pilgrims and Puritans—although their musical activity was confined to psalmody alone and was prompted by religious rather than artistic impulses. The history of music for nearly two centuries after the landing of the Pilgrims is largely the story of psalmody in its various forms. It has been said that music is rhythmical cadence expressed in sound or gesture, and no people have yet been found among the crudest of barbarian nations who have not had their war-songs and war-dances. Some even claim that the Indians were more musical than we are to-day. Their songs were not nonsensical yells and screeches, as we are apt to think them, but were all based upon some myth, the outcome of these people's close communing with nature, and are worthy in every way to form the foundation of music in this country quite as much as its foreign contemporaries, and possess a rhythm and cadence which is the admiration of modern critics. Long before Columbus first saw the new world the sun-dance always led in the festal occasions of the aborigines; and later, for our southern cavalier and his lady, the dance, developed by fine culture into graceful figures, furnished frequent joys among those people who settled in the Old Dominion.

The art of music was not strange to those early settlers. During the reigns of King

Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and James I. music, both sacred and secular, was diligently and enthusiastically cultivated in England. Metrical psalmody originated with the German reformation, but had no considerable advance in England up to the time of the revolution there which placed the government of church and state in the hands of the Puritans. These latter, in their zeal to abolish Popish practices, demolished the organ and, preventing music in churches, drove musicians from the gallery at pike's point. The rural districts in England were most ardent in this reform, and it was from them that our early settlers came with their crude ideas. The Pilgrims, landing at Plymouth Nov. 9, 1620, sang the first psalm of praise heard on the shores of New England. This psalm was a simple choral in unison, one of the plain tunes set down in Ainsworth's version framed in harmony with the Puritan's confession of faith. What more typical picture can we have handed down to us of this period than the one illustrated in the poem of Longfellow, "The Courtship of Miles Standish and Priscilla Mullins."

Our forefathers brought with them for musical possessions psalm tunes only, and their hatred for all secular music. Some maintained they should only make melodies in their hearts; others did not object to singing but thought it wrong to sing psalms. Many of the psalm tunes of the Pilgrim fathers sank into oblivion. Few congregations could sing more than five tunes, known as York, Hackney, Windsor, St. Mary's, and Martyrs, which were written out in copies and used by the congregations. The singing of psalms was tedious and unmusical in all denominations, both in England and America. New England churches loved their poor, confused psalm-singing. It is said that whenever a Puritan in road or field heard the distant sound of a psalm tune he removed his hat and bowed his head in prayer. One of the old hymns reads thus:



The Bay Psalm-book, printed in 1640

"New England's Sabbath day
Is heavenlike still and pure,
When Israel walks the way
Up to the Temple's door.
The time we tell
When there to come
By beat of drum
Or sounding shell."

In New England the Puritans were summoned, as the hymn relates, by drum, horn or shell to church service. The shell was a great conch-shell. At the appointed hour a man hired for the purpose went to the roof or belfry of the church and either blew the horn or shell, or drummed the worshippers to church. A few raised the flag or fired a gun. About 1640 "The Bay Psalm-book" was introduced into churches. This was prepared by some New England ministers, among them President Dunster, of Harvard College. Although sanctioned by the Church, "The Bay Psalm-book" did not meet with approval. It was the first book printed in the English colonies of America. Only ten copies of the original edition are

now known to be in existence, and are of great value. One is in the Boston Public Library; one in Harvard University; one imperfect copy in the Worcester Antiquarian Library; one owned by Mr. Vanderbilt; one in the Lenox Library, New York; one in John Cotter Brown Library, Providence; and one owned by Bishop Hearst, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. These copies are carefully guarded in vaults, and are of priceless value. It was the privilege of the writer to have permission from the authorities of the Boston Public Library to photograph their copy to use in illustrating this article.

The first Indian missionary, John Eliot, translated the psalms into Indian verse, and had them printed at Cambridge in 1661. The converted natives sang them with much fervor.

The birth of the church choir was the result of general discord in congregational singing of psalms; but before the choir-master came the psalm-tuner, and before the



Samuel Sewall, Chief Justice of Massachusetts

psalm-tuner, the elder or deacon who lined out or deaconed off the psalm. This practice of lining out the psalms originated with Luther, and was revised in New England probably on account of lack of hymn-books, and was confined to men who sung without accompaniments some half-dozen tunes in common metre. Lincoln, in his history of Worcester, 1779, tells how the venerable Deacon Chamberlin insisted upon reading the psalms line by line until at last, finding his voice drowned by the choir, he seized his hat and retired in a flood of tears. For this he was censured, and for a season not allowed to commune. In an address delivered in 1851, Dr. Lowell Mason says:

I have seen eight or ten persons rise when a hymn was given out and with pitch-pipes or tu-

ning-forks, and singing-book in hand, attempt what might be in truth regarded as the burlesque choral service of a religious meeting. The same defects were rife on both sides of the Atlantic; namely, singing flat with a nasal twang, straining the voice to an unnatural pitch, introducing continual brawls and tasteless ornaments. It is recorded in the annals of Boston that by a majority of written votes the great Quincy and the noted Judge Sewall were in their different parishes selected to tune the psalms; that is to say, it was their province to select and pitch the musical meter to which the psalm should be said. It is written in the Memoirs of Judge Sewall that, having pitched his tune too high, he led his congregation into a most atrocious utterance, whereat, it is said, levity broke out in the house of the Lord, and upon his knees he confessed his sin to his God in having pitched the wrong key. It was such scenes as this last that sped the time when the choir led such congregational worship. About this time the question arose as to allowing women to sing with men women be-



John Cotton

ing forbidden to speak in churches. The Rev. John Cotton argued that all should sing, women as well as men, sinners as well as saints; for are we not told in the Scriptures, "Is any among you afflicted, let him pray. Is any merry, let him sing psalms."

The opposition to the use of instruments in Puritan churches makes it surprising that so early as 1640 Thomas Lechford pleaded for it in his so-called "Plaine Dealings." One preacher of this time, in speaking of the organ, says: "Call in the machine. If it can sing and play to the glory of God, it can pray to the glory of God also."

Bass viols, clarinets, and flutes were played on at a later date to help the singing. As early as 1720, when singing by note was first adopted in Boston, the Rev. Thomas Symmes defended it in an essay entitled "The Reasonableness of Regular Singing, or Singing by Note," and recommended

opening singing-schools. The first of these useful institutions was opened in Brattle Street Church, Boston. Before 1800 singing-schools were to be found from Maine to Georgia; and music, which the teachers had proscribed as a diabolic art, then began to be part of the education. The young Colonial men and women had little in the way of diversion. There was no card-playing, theatre parties, or dancing. The solemn Thursday lecture was the mid-week gathering. No wonder they welcomed the singing-school, and found in that innocent gathering a safety-valve for pent-up longing for amusement. We can but wonder how before the days of the singing-school the young New Englanders became acquainted enough to ever think of marriage. We can almost regard the establishment of fugue and psalm-singing as the preservation of the

Commonwealth. One of the most popular hymns taught in these schools was the one written by Charles Wesley, "Rejoice, the Lord is King." This hymn attracted the attention of Handel, who wrote for it the fine melody called "Gospel." The original of this setting is found in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge University, England, together with many other of Handel's manuscripts, and is almost the only hymn to be found set to music by Handel.

It is a disputed question whether Francis Hopkinson, James Lyon, or William Billings was the first composer. Careful research gives that place to Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, born in Philadelphia, 1737. He is a unique figure in our early history. We follow him as politician, poet, humorist, lawyer, and Secretary of the Navy. Among his compositions is an "Ode to Peace," written for the Commencement at Princeton, where he graduated in 1763; also seven songs dedicated to George Washington. His satirical writings at the time of the Revolution are familiar to historians. The best known is "The Battle of the Kegs," which runs thus:

"Gallants, attend, and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty.
Strange things I'll tell which late befell
In Philadelphia City."

He is buried in Christ Churchyard, Philadelphia.

The second, James Lyon, born at Newark about 1735, is earliest known as a student at Princeton. He became a Presbyterian minister and composed a collection of psalms known as "Urania."

Each age produces its own heroes. The circumstance that enables the genius of man to manifest itself under trying and extraordinary ordeals is found in every decade.

No period of civilization is bare of illustrious participants. It is the friction or the necessity of the time which brings out the latent power. Our Revolutionary period is rich in names of men prominent as patriots and skilful as warriors. Those who were the leaders in the trying days of the Revolution are on the lips of the young scholar, and although having served their country a century and a quarter ago, are as well known as the leaders in our late Civil War.

At the close of the eighteenth century we find our third American composer, William Billings, known as "The father of New England psalmody." Billings's success was ascribed to his zealous patriotism and the

friendship and support of Samuel Adams. Billings was born in Boston in 1764, where he died in 1800, a tanner by trade. His opportunities for instruction in any branch of knowledge, particularly that of music, were few. However, he burst the chains of his occupation and poured forth his soul in music. His love of music and vocal skill led him to become a teacher at a very early age.



The old Brattle Street Church

His efforts were not beyond the imperfect musical comprehension of the times. His talents were suited to the conditions of the day. During the War of Independence Billings gave himself up to patriotic expressions. He paraphrased the psalms and transformed them into political hymns. His tune "Chester" was called "The Battle Hymn of the Revolution," and, adapted to these words:

"Let tyrants shake their iron rod,
And Slavery clank her galley chains,
We'll fear them not. We'll trust in God.
New England's God forever reigns"

was frequently heard from every file in the New England ranks, and led the way to victory on many a hard-fought field. If the American Cyclops, as he was called

from his one eye, had been a Rouget de Lisle he would have given them a very different setting, but however good a patriot he may have been, he was far from an inspired musician. "My music," he said, "has more than twenty times the power of the old tunes." Channing in describing this work says, "The chorus chewed the tune and swallowed the words."

Another writer remarks that "One part raced after the other, fearful of not winding up together." A practical illustration of the effect produced was furnished one evening by some mischievous boys, who hung a couple of cats by their hind legs on the shop sign of the composer's door. Billings's music was conspicuously inscribed. To the labors of Billings and his contemporaries American music owes a debt similar in character to that which American civilization owes to its pioneers and discoverers. They were stanch and sterling New Englanders and their work reflected their personality.

Another selection which inspired our Revolutionary heroes was "The White Cockade." History tells us that while playing "The White Cockade" at Concord Bridge, April 19, 1775, Luther Blanchard was the first American to shed his blood in actual armed aggression against the troops of George III. The Concord fifer whose patriotic fervor expressed itself in simple martial melody led the Minute-men of Acton, some of them to death, on that beautiful spring morning. He belonged to Captain Isaac Davis's company, and probably took up the study of the fife as something giving him a little more prestige than that to be gained by merely carrying a gun. "The White Cockade" was of the simple, primitive type of music at once adapted to the limited capacity of the fife and taste of the uncultured New England farmers. It is said, with slight changes, to have been used as a Scotch Presbyterian hymn early in Elizabeth's time, or about 1650, and dates from the dawn of music in England.

In this period was born Oliver Holden, the author of "Coronation," which was written just after the birth of Holden's first child, a daughter, whose advent brought joy to his heart, and his soul poured itself out in praise. The original organ on which "Coronation" was harmonized may be seen in the Old State House, Boston.

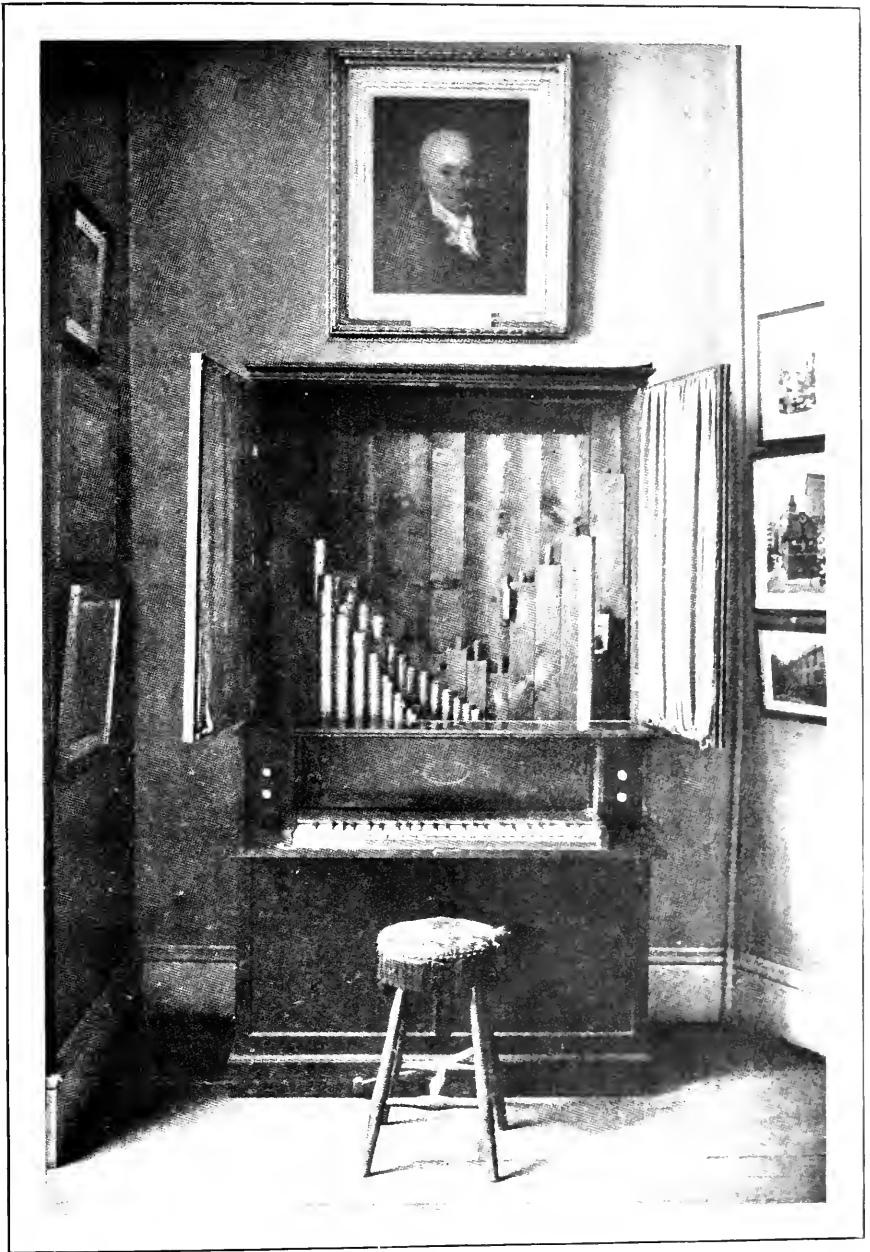
Holden was born in Shirley, Mass., in 1765, and died in Charlestown in 1831. He formed many singing-schools and choirs. It is said that when the authorities in Boston were planning for the State reception to be given General Washington, then President of the United States, on his visit to Boston in 1789, he was selected to gather and train a choir to sing for this occasion. A triumphal arch was built across the street from the Old State House, under which the procession passed. When the President reached a certain place Holden's whole choir, the Independent Musical Society, burst forth with the hymn:

"Great Washington, the Hero's come;
Each heart exulting hears the sound,
See thousands their deliverer throng,
Now in full chorus burst the song,
And shout the deeds of Washington."

The noted guest was visibly affected by the honor shown him, and tears were seen streaming from his eyes as with uncovered head he left his carriage and went into the State House to a temporary balcony, where he stood to gratify the people.

The ode to Washington was performed the second time at the World's Columbian Exposition, in Chicago, 1893. It was sung by the Stoughton Musical Society of Stoughton, Mass., the oldest musical society in the United States, organized Nov. 7, 1786.

Before passing this era we cannot but recall that name of enchanting recollection, John Howard Payne, who was the son of William Payne, a schoolmaster, known favorably as an elocutionist in New York, where young Payne was born, in 1791. Much against his father's wishes, he abandoned commerce to become an actor, receiving his early education in Boston. At seventeen he made his first bow to the public, showing remarkable talent, soon winning the hearts of the stage-loving people. His success was phenomenal. Contemporary writers speak of his personal youthful beauty, making him the Apollo of his day. He was the author, translator, and adapter of more than sixty plays. Among his best compositions is the opera "Clari; or, The Maid of Milan," in which appears the song "Home, Sweet Home," written in 1822. It is said that like many poor, unfortunate composers, his publishers became rich through his genius, having made \$10,000



Oliver Holden's portrait and organ

He was born in Shirley, Mass., 1763; died in Charlestown, Mass., 1831. He was the composer of "Coronation" (1793), and much other music. The portrait and organ were given to the Bostonian Society by the will of his granddaughter, Mrs. Fannie A. Tyler, in 1889.

in one year on his publication, while poor Payne starved in a garret in Tunis, where he died a pauper. Through the efforts of Mr. Horace Taylor, at one time Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and by President Garfield appointed Consul at Marseilles, the body of the author of "Home, Sweet Home" was recovered. Upon one of Mr. Taylor's trips across the Mediterranean he discovered Payne's grave in an obscure graveyard in Tunis, report of which he sent to Washington. The report attracted the attention of W. W. Corcoran, who came forward at once with an offer. If the Government would arrange the preliminaries, he would pay all the expenses from his own purse, and furnish a beautiful resting-place in Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington. Mr. Taylor superintended the removing of the body, which was a gruesome task. Little was left but the tinsel and the sword and stripes, he having been buried in a military uniform by his comrades. The body was received here with great ceremony. Thousands gathered around his grave and sang his grand composition, "Home, Sweet Home."

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The increase of vocal study necessarily advanced that of instrumental. The use of the violin, organ, and spinet grew rapidly. The first organ heard in New England was that bequeathed to King's Chapel by Thomas Brattle, treasurer of Harvard College in 1713, with the proviso that "if the bequest be accepted, the Elders shall, within a year, procure some sober and decent person that can play skilfully as organist." The elders at first refused the gift, there was such opposition to instrumental music. After seven months, however, it was unpacked, and Mr. Edmund Eustis, an Englishman, was appointed organist, at a salary of twenty pounds a year.

From the diary of Daniel Fisher we note that Philadelphia possessed a band of music as early as 1755; it attended, says the author, "the greatest procession of Free Masons that was ever seen in America, no less than one hundred and sixty being in the procession."

The earliest reference to musical copy-right found in the Music Division at the Library of Congress at Washington stands

on the back of the title-page of the third edition of "Andrew Adgate's Rudiments of Music" (a psalm-tune collection), dated 1790.

At the close of the eighteenth century, during the administration of Washington, there was established at Philadelphia the first theatre which drew together some English performers of whom tradition speaks favorably — among them, Incledon, the great Welsh tenor, who enlarged the popular ideas of song. He was born in Cornwall and received his early education in Exeter Cathedral, to which he was admitted in 1771. A few years afterwards he entered the navy and served until 1783. In 1817 he visited America and sang the rôle of Hawthorne in "Love in a Village" at the Park Theatre, New York City. His voice was best adapted to ballads, and it was in this kind of singing he excelled.

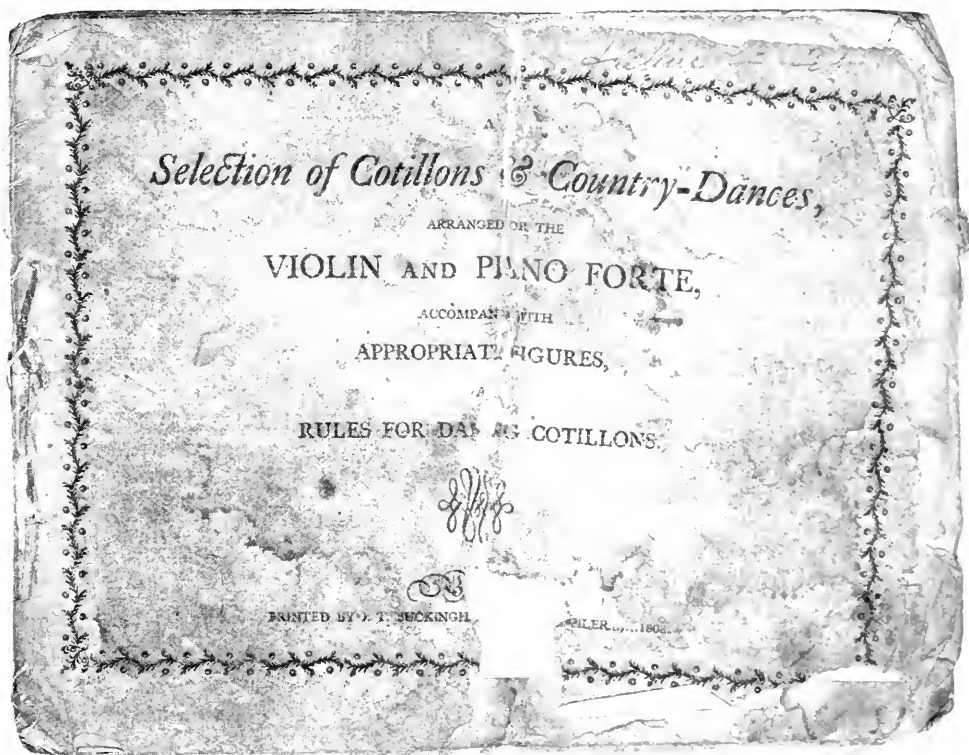
Among the songs which contributed greatly to his popularity were "The Storm," "Black-Eyed Susan," "Arethusa," and "The Dying Minstrel," about which latter piece a pathetic incident is told. When David Owne, its author, lay on his death-bed, apparently unconscious, his mother watching him and thinking that life was gone, he suddenly revived and, fixing his eyes upon her, said he had just had a wonderful dream in which he found himself in heaven, where he had heard the sweetest strains that ever fell on mortal ears. At his request, his harp was given him and he recalled the music he had heard, playing "The Dying Minstrel." Just as the last note was dying away his spirit took its flight. The air fixed itself on the mother's memory and was thus preserved forever.

Early in the eighteenth century a few spinets were brought to Boston. Harpsichords and spinets were the precursors of the piano. In 1712 an advertisement was placed in the Boston *News-Letter* that the spinet would be taught, and on April 23, 1716, appeared in the same paper: "Note, note, any person may have all instruments of Music Mended. Harpsichords, Virginals and spinets strung and tuned at a reasonable rate and likewise may be taught to play upon any of the instruments above mentioned."

The spinet, while welcomed by some of the Colonists, was especially eschewed by the Quakers, and records of the Quaker

settlement at Nantucket show how the Quakers, by expelling one of their members because he kept a spinet in his house, vented their wrath upon this instrument. The same records show the expulsion of a member, too, "for keeping a violin to play upon." The records bear frequent evidence of the sober condition of the hearts of the young Quakeresses, who admitted suffering the pangs of conscience for having been at

and in every way does honor to that artist who now carries on business at this house a few doors Northward of Dr. Clarke's, North End, Boston." This spinet is said to be still in existence in Newport. The Essex Institute owns an interesting spinet made by a Samuel Whyte of Salem. Some of these old-time treasures are still among the choicest possessions of many of New England's old families.



A century-old cotillion book issued and compiled by J. T. Buckingham

places of music and listening! to fiddling and watching the dance, though not having taken part therein.

September 18, 1769, this notice appeared in the *Boston Gazette and County Journal*: "It is with pleasure that we inform the Public that a few days since was shipped for Newport a very curious spinet, being the first ever made in America, the performance of the ingenious Mr. John Harris of Boston (son of the late Mr. Jas. Harris of London, Harpsichord and spinet-maker, deceased),

It is said the first pianoforte was brought to New England by John Brown for his daughter, and is still in existence in Bristol, R. I. The first brought to the Cape was a Clementi of the date of 1790. It is in perfect preservation, a dainty little inlaid box lying upon a slender, long table, with tiny shelves for music-books, and a tiny painted rack to hold the music. General Oliver said that in 1810, among the six thousand families in Boston there were not fifty pianos. A young maiden writing at this

time says, "I almost worship my instrument. It reciprocates my joys and sorrows and is my bosom companion."

In those primitive days people loved melody, and no scientific criticism was to be feared when young men and maidens raised a tune. Through the lapse of more than a century we seem to hear the echo of those voices rising and falling in the air and counter of the quaint old melodies.

It was interesting to note that then, as to-day, the public were able to enjoy Symphony concerts. The *Essex Gazette*, under the head of Sept. 24, 1773, announces a Symphony concert, to be held in Concert Hall; tickets, 50 cents; doors open at 6. Another to be held at the British Coffee House, to conclude with a symphony by Lord Kelley, accompanied by kettledrums.

Our country has produced many com-

posers; the home, the stage, and the public have each made their demands, and music, whether sacred or comic, in ballad or with-out, is universal. And its splendid hold on the hearts of the people is the natural development of the fostering care which was given it by its devotees among our forefathers.

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The American ancestor came from every clime of Europe, and brought with him the traits of his own nationality. The descendants of such an ancestry must possess varied tastes; yet the mingling of so many strains of different blood is producing in the American of this generation that unique taste which promises to give to this country a national music unsurpassed by that of any of the great masters to whom the world has awarded its laurels.

THOREAU'S WALDEN

By MARGARET ASHMUN

With simple skill, on every lucid page —

Fresh from the woods, and mild with mellowed thought —

The calm philosopher his word has wrought,

The utterance at once of bard and sage;

His prophet-pen has power to assuage

The eager covetings of souls distraught

With haste and greed, so well his truth has taught

A soothing gospel to a frenzied age.

Could we who read cast off our worldly pride,

From close convention seek a just release,

Make him some whit our counsellor and guide,

Awhile our harassed restlessness might cease:

Some glad content might in our breasts abide,

And life become a fair, straight way of peace.

LETTERS OF A WELLESLEY GIRL

By H. B. ADAMS

XI.

RIDICULUS MUS

"Oh, you climb on the mantel,
And I'll climb yon hall-tree,
And we'll all climb up the chimney,
Where there can't no beasties be."

—Bangs's *Collection of Plymouth Rock Poultry*.



WELL, if we did n't have the worst time last night you ever heard of! It was something fierce! I was never scared so badly and never laughed so much in my life. I'm all sore in the ribs to-day from laughing and screaming.

I'll tell you about it. Belle, you know, is the fraidiest calf that ever lived. She has a fit when she sees a worm, a woolly worm sends her into convulsions, and a mouse finishes her. Last night the Ballyhoos (that's a sort of a club we have, of half a dozen girls, who meet around and have fun once in a while) were all over in my room. It ended terribly, so that Belle could n't go

Wilder, where she rooms, as she does. At any rate, we would n't and I insisted that she stay with

me in bed, and I was sound asleep, when I was awakened by Belle giving me a punch and saying in a blood-curdling whisper:

"Edna, Edna, don't you hear that noise?" I was simply petrified.

"What was it?" I whispered in return, and very softly, for fear the burglars, or whoever they were, would hear me.

"Wait," she said. "Listen!"

We lay there still as still. I turned onto my back so I could get both ears loose to catch the slightest noise. For awhile all I heard was the terrific thumping of my own heart. Belle was holding to me like grim death to a defunct African, and breathing nervously.

Pretty soon I heard it, a sort of scroonch, scroonch, scroonch.

"It's somebody filing at the window," I breathed.

We listened again.

"No," said Belle, holding on tighter. "It's worse than that. It's a rat."

"Oh, it's just a little mouse, likely," I answered.

"But just listen. There! What's it doing now? What's that thumping noise it makes every once and a while?"

"I don't know. Is n't it queer?"

It would crunch, crunch awhile, and then give several little thumps.

"It's right under the bed," I said.

"Oh, is it? O Edna, what shall we do?"

"What do you suppose that pounding is?"

"It's its tail. It is flapping its tail, like a dog."

I could n't help giggling. The idea of a rat flapping its tail!

"Maybe it has boots on," I suggested.

"Don't laugh! What are we going to do?"

"Throw something at it and scare it."

"I'm afraid to scare it. It might jump up on the bed."

"Pshaw! It would n't. It would run away. Rats are awful timid."

"They are n't any timider than I am. I would n't scare it for the world."

"But we must make it go away."

"Then throw something on the floor and make a noise. We can cover our heads up so it can't get us."

"You throw something. Take your shoes; they're right on the floor there next to you."

"My! I would n't reach my hand down there for worlds."

"Aw, don't be so afraid. It won't hurt you."

"You do it. There's a French dictionary on the stool at the head of the bed there on your side. Drop that on the floor."

I considered awhile, and then decided that, as the dictionary was new, I might injure it.

We both tried to frighten it by saying,

"Shoo! Scat! Go 'way!" and then we miauwed like cats. But the rat paid no attention to us, and kept on gnawing with its teeth and galumphing with its tail.

Pretty soon we heard a scrambling, and we both thought it was climbing right on the bed; so we let out a duet of piercing shrieks that would have done credit to the Inquisition.

Old Slippy, the night-watchman, was passing in the hall and heard us. We call him Old Slippy, because he must be a thousand years old and wears felt shoes, and goes snooping along through the halls.

He knocked on the door and inquired what the matter was. The knock frightened us almost into paralysis, but we immediately recognized Old Slippy's voice and I yelled out:

"There's a rat in here. Come in and kill it."

He growled something in his foggy old throat and went away. Presently he reappeared with Miss Mason, the head of the house.

Miss Mason is a husky looking maiden of some forty-five springs and several falls. She has a vinegary voice, and generally wears an air of unfading disgust. She entered the room with all of her peculiarities intensified, turned on the light, and contemplated us with a contempt too bottomless for words.

"What's the trouble?" she snapped.

"There's a rat under our bed, and it was trying to get up on the bed; we heard it climbing up the wall."

"Climbing fiddlesticks!" exclaimed she. "I don't believe there was a rat at all."

Then she looked around, found a long window-stick, and stooped down and rattled under the bed. How we envied her! What must it be to be as brave as that!

And then, presto, double-quick, lightning, out runs a little mouse, and up scrambles the bold virgin with a grunt, as if somebody had hit her in the stomach, climbs up on a chair faster than a vaudeville acrobat, and holds her skirts close around her shins.

"Where is it?" she said.

But Belle and I had gone off into hysterical laughter, and could n't have told her, even had we known.

Miss Mason was mad clean through.

"Now, if you'll stop cackling like geese,

and tell me where that mouse is, we can get him."

"Don't say 'we,'" I returned. "I don't want him."

"Where is it?" she insisted.

"I don't know," I said. "How should — There! there it is!"

The mouse had made a dash from the bureau to the bookcase.

Miss Mason promptly climbed up from the chair to the window-ledge.

"It's under the bookcase. Now we can get it," said Belle.

"Yes, now we can get it," I repeated.

"Yes, now we can get it," said Miss Mason, faintly.

Then we all three laughed; for we knew we would not have approached the fastness of this marauder for any money.

Then I grew ashamed of myself, and tumbled bravely out of bed.

"There's no trouble about killing it, if we each take something and strike it when it comes out."

"Yes," said Miss Mason. "If the watchman, or some one, were here to get it out from under the bookcase, then we could kill it as it came out."

But Old Slippy had decorously disappeared from the privacy of a young lady's boudoir. I stood irresolutely. Then I said, "I'll tell you what let's do."

But I never told. Just that minute the mouse ran out and made for the sofa, and your accomplished humble servant got up on the bureau. How I got there I never knew. But I got there, and had the satisfaction of knowing I was higher up from the floor than any of them.

At the same time we emitted three of the wildest screams ever, and every girl on our floor awakened. They began to congregate at our door and laugh at us.

Then Mabel Drake came. She has no nerves and fears not vermin. She entered with an air of mastery, and when we told her where the mouse was she got a broom and went after it. Pretty soon she routed it out and it ran for the bookcase again.

Everybody yelled. The girls shut the door and ran. Mabel struck boldly at the monster with her weapon, but missed it.

Then she began rattling under the shelves, but no mouse appeared. We wondered where it could be. The girls carefully opened the door again and began giving

advice. Everybody talked at once, except Mabel, who stood like Bradamante, with her broom ready to slay the invader.

Suddenly Miss Mason screamed above the din, "There he is!"

He had climbed up to the top of the book-case and stood there in plain view, evidently bewildered.

Mabel made a swoop at him with her broom and brought down two vases and a picture.

But the mouse escaped her, and in despair leaped high in the air and landed on Miss Mason's window-sill.

"Oo-oo-oo-ee-ee!" squealed Miss Mason. "Take him away! He's running up my clothes!" and she danced from one foot to the other as though she were standing on a red-hot stove.

The mouse, not fancying Miss Mason's calisthenics, thereupon made a leap for the bed.

Belle rolled herself up into a ball in the covers. All we could see there was a round bundle of bed-clothing from which came forth a succession of squeals. The ball rolled from side to side and yelped frantically.

Mabel went to the bed and, catching hold of the ball, bade it be still, for the mouse would not hurt it. Then she raised up a pillow, and there was the mouse, who jumped nimbly to the floor and ran around the room, with Mabel pounding the floor after it. After a quick circuit of the place it darted to the door, right among the girls.

If a cannon-ball had struck amidst them it would not have created greater consternation. There was a volley of wild yells and a scampering of bare feet. Sarah Barnes tripped and fell, and about six girls piled on top of her. Old Slippy was just coming up again to see what was going on, and just as he appeared at the top of the stairs Carolyn Dowdy, who weighs almost two hundred pounds, ran square into him, knocked the breath out of him, and sent him sprawling on the floor.

Some one had turned on the lights in the hall early in the engagement, so that the course of Mr. Mouse was seen. Mabel ran after him, her hair flying and her broom in the air.

The mouse got to the end of the hall, saw no place of refuge, and doubled his tracks to return. That was his fatal mistake.

Mabel brought down her broom fairly on him and ended his small career, which had been so strangely beset with femininity.

Then while Old Slippy crept downstairs, groaning and rubbing his back, and Mabel held up the beast triumphantly by the tail and threw him out of the window, we gathered and all talked at once and all compared notes.

Miss Mason said, with an attempt at dignity:

"I was n't afraid of it at all, only I did n't want it to climb up my legs."

"No," said Belle, "I was n't afraid, either. I was just scared black and blue, that's all!"

So endeth the tail of the mouse. We never could figure out how it made that thumping noise. It could n't have been its tail. Some said it was knocking its teeth on the floor. But what would a mouse want to pound the floor with its teeth for? Others suggested it was stamping the snow off its boots.

Good-by, Daddles. Lots of love.

EDNA.

XII.

THE CONQUEST OF NEW ENGLAND

"Once we marched along in chorus
From Atlanta to the seas,
But we saw the Southern women
And they brought us to our knees."
—*Compensations of History.*

I have just returned from a most interesting visit to Martha Cutler's home. New England? Oh, it was double-dyed, soaked, woven in the goods, genuine, Simon-pure, and nothing but. I never saw the real, real article before. Those two old-maid aunts! They will stand forever in my memory, like twin pillars of Jachin and Boaz, and I will always wonder that I have looked upon the vestal virgins of Massachusetts and lived.

But I must not commence my story in the middle. So, back to the Anfang. Of all couples here at college the oddest is the one composed of Martha Cutler of Lynn, Mass. (you must say Mass., and not Massachusetts — eschew the chusetts, if you want to speak as to the manner born) and Lida Trevelyan of New Orleans; for one is New England and the other is The South, and each raised to the highest power.

It is amusing to hear them talk. Martha says mittins and Lat-in and lor (law) and idear and Emmer and riva' (river) and sista' (sister). For while a Southerner may leave off his r's, a New Englander not only leaves them off where they belong, but puts them on where they do not belong. And Lida, on the other hand, talks in that indescribable liquid drawl that sounds like lazy sunshine.

But though they're different as can be, they are both mighty nice girls, and dreadfully fond of each other. They are keenly alive to their differences and thoroughly enjoy them. Martha is trim and neat as a pin, rather intellectual looking, high forehead, precise ways, and that air of rock-rooted and mountain-buttressed self-assurance that is found in its perfect purity only within a certain radius of Beacon Street and The Common. Lida is simply a raving beauty, with the strawberries-and-creamiest complexion, and the softest, waviest, molasses-candiest hair that any blonde Aphrodite ever owned. She never sits, always lolls. Her clothes always appear as if they had been thrown on her — and they have, but somehow look stunning just the same. She is the most beautiful animal of the genus homo I ever expect to see: lazy, happy, and thoroughly good and sweet.

Martha had been at me for some time to go home with her, and so this mid-year's I went, and Lida, too. Martha's parents are dead, and she lives with two old-maid aunts in a big house at Lynn, in a great yard that overlooks the ocean, — a spacious and charming home.

"Ah 'spects Ah'll just shock those a'nts o' Marth's to death," Lida confessed to me on the train. "Deed Ah just know Ah will. They' so propah an' nice an' straight up 't Ah don' know what they'll do to me."

Martha also confided to my ear her fears concerning the coming visit. Her aunts had been dreadfully upset when they heard she was rooming with a girl from the South, and in every letter they failed not to warn her against falling into those loose, sloppy, Southern ways. She had told them how sweet and lovely Lida was, and how much she loved her; but that only served to increase their alarm, and they feared that this Louisiana siren was acquiring a sinister and fatal dominance over their niece.

"So I made up my mind," continued

Martha, "that the best thing to do was to bring Lida home with me and let them see how nice she is. I am certain they cannot help loving her when they get to know her."

And the funny part of it is that Lida told us how stirred up her own folks were for fear she should absorb some of those ridiculous down-east ways. So here was a situation: the two girls strongly attached, and the family on each side dreading the contamination of the other.

We were greeted at the front door by the two aunts, Miss Constance and Miss Prudence Cutler. They gave us each a little peck on the head (supposed to be a kiss) and sent us to our rooms to dress for dinner. That meal was served in a dining-room that would have added fame to Broek, the Spotless Town. The table-cloth was like woven snow; the silver, though it had been in the family for such time as that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, looked as if it had just come from the jeweler's; the windows were draped in lace as unimpeachable and prim as Cæsar's wife should be; the hard-wood floor glistened like Uncle Isaac's bald head; the rugs lay as precise as if each had received and, trembling, obeyed its orders; and altogether I felt that for me to get my conversation up to the level of that room was utterly impossible.

"I presume you find the atmosphere of Wellesley stimulating, Miss Trevelyan?" asked Miss Constance as she poured the tea.

"Now, my land! don't ask me about the atmospheah," replied Lida, with heaven's own smile, "because you know I nevuh could understand atmospheahs. An' don' call me Miss Trevelyan like that. It just makes me feel so fah off. Call me Lida. 'Cause I'm goin' to be one o' yo' family now, fo' a few days."

I held my breath. This was a vigorous dash at the enemy, and I trembled.

Miss Prudence, at the other end of the table, cleared her throat, and observed, dryly,

"We are hardly accustomed to address persons by their given name upon so slight an acquaintance."

"Yes, but yo' acquaintance is n't slight with me. You know me. An' if you don't, yo' goin' to. My fathah — he's Colonel Trevelyan, was in Lee's army at Appomattox — he says to me, 'You be awful nice to those New England ladies, Lida. There

was a captain or some officer from Lynn that saved yo' fathah's life once at Manassas. I nevah had any chance to repay that, an' I want you to show that whole country up theah that yo' fathah's grateful."

That was the first shot, and it went home. Miss Prudence thawed visibly, and soon Lida had swept us all into a lively conversation, and a sort of strange warmth and cheer seemed to invade the room and possess us all. I even caught the ancient domestic who waited in grim silence upon the table surreptitiously looking with hungry eyes at this foreign guest. Only Miss Constance said little, and watched the visitor with her steely eyes in a way that meant she was taking inward notes, and that she for one was not going to be moved from her principles.

We passed a pleasant evening. Martha's brother came up from Boston,—a strapping fellow with huge shoulders and a fine, clean-cut face, a Harvard graduate and a gentleman to his boot-tips. We looked at Miss Constance's collection of Italian prints—and it was certainly wonderful; she's a crank on art, and has been collecting for years, and knows art-history from Cimabue to Guido Reni, backwards and forwards—and talked travel and school, and sang. After Lida had sung a few of the usual parlor things, Martha said:

"Sing us some of those negro melodies, Lida."

"Oh, would you?" asked Lida. "I'm afraid they would hardly do."

"Go ahead," cried Fred, the brother. "Just exactly what we want."

"Well," drawled Lida, mischievously, "of course, if you insist —"

And then she sang one after another of the most killing funny things you ever heard. You could just smell the pine woods, and see the Southern moon, and feel the languor of the long evenings on the plantation, and imagine the tinkling banjos, and you were there, actually there in the sugarcane and cotton, as you heard that delicious, sweet, honied drawl:

"Fo' Ah takes life e-e-e-e-easy,
Don' take a million to please me,
An' as long as I live Ah am goin' to have a good
time,
E-e-e-e-easy!"

Fred simply roared and held his sides. We all enjoyed it. Even Miss Constance

smiled, but it was a vicious little smile, it seemed to me, that seemed to say that while this was quite amusing, delightful genre, local color, and all that, she was glad it was not connected with her family in any way.

Well, we stayed a week. Lida was never at breakfast on time, although it had been clearly hinted that punctuality at the breakfast-table was *de rigueur*. Miss Constance, going in to wake her, found all her clothes strewn around on chairs and on the floor, everything where it happened to fall,—petticoats here, skirt there, just as they had been slumped off, disorder rampant. And as she gazed in undisguised scorn about her, the big blue eyes in the bed would open, and two perfect arms would reach out, and out from the most loving smile would come the words:

"Good-mawnin', A'nty. You don' min' if I call yo' A'nty. Can't I kiss you this mawnin'? My own deah mothah's awful fah away, an' I just got to love you."

Miss Constance came and was hugged, and as soon as she could extricate herself hastened out of the room.

Fred must have neglected his business, for he was with us most of the time, and automated us, and took us to the theatres in Boston, and generally was as nice and manny as one could ask.

"I'm goin' to write my folks how good y'all have been to me. They'll be pleased to death. You know they have funny notions of you all up here. They are so afraid I'll get like New Englanders. If they could see you all I know they'd change they mind. You ah just as nice as can be."

"New England people would probably get rid of some of their prejudices, too," observed Miss Prudence, "if they could be brought into closer contact with those of the other section."

But Miss Constance's lips were tight, and she said nothing.

I was sitting in the library that last day, buried behind curtains in a window-seat, with a novel, when I heard Miss Constance come in. Then the door opened and in stepped Mr. Fred. For some reason I kept still, though of course I should have spoken up.

"O Aunt Constance, you are here? I wanted to see you a minute alone. I'm due in the city at three, and I want to speak to you before I go."

"Yes?"

"Well, Auntie, not to beat about the bush, I'm in love. I intend to marry Miss Trevelyan if I can. I have n't spoken to her at all. I don't suppose she cares anything for me. But she's the most lovable being I ever saw; and, by Jove! if I can get her, I'll have her. I wanted to speak to you about it; for you are the head of the family, you know, and I don't want to do anything underhanded."

Miss Constance sat very straight and looked into the fire.

"Fred Cutler," she said, after a pause, "you could n't do anything underhanded if you tried. That's not in the Cutler blood, and I do not like to hear it even suggested."

"Thanks!"

"Oh, it's no compliment."

"Well?"

"I don't know what to say. You won't do anything rash, of course. You will find out about her family?"

"Bother her family. I don't want to marry a family."

"No? But you will, all the same."

"Well, pass the family. Suppose it should be all right. Do you object to the girl?"

"Yes."

"Hm! I thought as much."

"She is slovenly. Her room looks as if some one had been picking geese after she has undressed. She puts on her clothes with a spade."

"But they look well."

"They do. I can't understand it."

"Well?"

"She talks like a negro."

"But it is very charming?"

"Yes. I don't understand that, either; but it is charming, for some reason."

"Well?"

"She is lazy. She never is ready on time to go anywhere. She is never down to breakfast with other people."

"But when she is ready, and comes, she brightens the life of the party with her."

"That is also true — another mystery to me."

Miss Constance stood up. "She never seems to comb her hair. She just wads it up and sticks the hair-pins in it, and yet it is beautiful when she gets it done. She is the personification of all the things I have been taught to avoid. She is not like us, not our kind."

Fred stood there bristling and mad. Miss

Constance threw her arms around his neck and began to cry.

"Come, come, Auntie, don't, don't. I am sorry you feel so bitter about it."

"O Fred, you are all the boy I have. I told your father I would love and care for you as my own. And now — now — to —" she lapsed into tearful silence.

"I had hoped —" said Fred, "that is, I thought that perhaps now that you had seen —. Well, I suppose, if I win her, we can go away and —"

"Don't you dare to do it!" she burst out, standing away from him. "You will bring her right here if you marry her. Don't you see, you thick-headed boy, that it's not she I am angry with, but myself? I am such an old fool."

Fred stood unplussed.

Miss Constance took a step or two toward the door, and then turned and said, "That girl is the most radiant thing of life I ever saw. I thoroughly disapprove of her. And I love her. And if you do not marry her, Fred Cutler, you are the biggest fool in Massachusetts!" And with that she swept out of the room.

When she had gone out Fred looked at the door a moment, in a dazed way, and then said softly to himself:

"Well, I'll be d——!"

Then he left the room.

I have n't told a soul except you, Babbo, about this, but was n't it great?

When we left, Miss Constance said to Lida:

"Miss Trevelyan, I am going to ask you to get me an invitation to your home. My sister and I will be going South next month for a little change, and we will be pleased to meet your people."

"There now," replied Lida, "won't that be grand! Mothah will be just happy to see you. And Fathah is the grandest man! They will love to have you."

Yesterday Lida met me in College Hall and asked: "Edna, do you think I shocked them all at Martha's, with my triflin' South'n ways?"

"You did shock them," I said. "But you shocked them out of themselves into loving you."

"Did I? — Say, don't you think Mr. Fred is nice?"

I gave her a hug.

Yours,

EDNA.

AN INCONSISTENT ROMANCE

By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN



CICELY had been nervously walking up and down the old-fashioned garden for some minutes before the accustomed signal came. At the low whistle she stopped by the sweet-briar bush and, gathering a fat red rosebud, tossed it over the wall. An exclamation came from the other side. Evidently the missile had taken effect. In an instant a voice whispered eagerly:

"O Lady Cicely, did that mean anything? I don't know the language of flowers."

"And he pretends to be a romanticist!" commented Cicely to herself, with a toss of the head. "You ought to know," she answered. "It means that — I am here, of course. It is eight o'clock."

"Oh, is that all?" There was disappointment in the tone. "Well, I'm coming up." In a moment a curly yellow head appeared in the old apple-tree which hung over the wall, looking down into the hitherward garden. Cicely glanced up at it, then dropped her eyes.

"Well," she said, gravely, "have you been thinking it over? I hope you are ashamed."

Guy looked down at her meditatively. "Yes, I've been thinking," he said with a sigh. "I've done nothing else all day. It was good of you to come to-night as usual. I was afraid you would n't.— Say, it looks very nice down there," he suddenly interrupted himself. "I think I'll come over."

"No, you had better not," she interposed, quickly. "After our parting last night — how obvious!"

"Hang 'obvious'! Hang 'conventional'!" spluttered the boy, impatiently. "It is spoiled now, anyway. I may as well give up and be as big a fool as the rest. It can't hurt any one but myself."

"You don't seem to consider me and my disappointment," she rejoined. "I kept to our agreement. I have n't spoiled anything, or made a fool of myself. I have n't done

the obvious and conventional thing. Stay in the tree, please, and let's talk it over."

"No, you have n't made a fool of yourself," he laughed, bitterly. "That is the maddening part of it. I could have borne *that*! But you have n't lost your head — and I have. You have done what you promised — and I have n't. You followed the cues conscientiously, and I, pretending to be stage-manager, have got the lines confoundingly mixed." He paused and looked at her again, adding, softly, "But if you could see yourself as I do you would know what my excuse is."

Cicely's color deepened and she turned away, but she did not look very angry.

"It was a good beginning," he mused, with a sigh. "I dared you, and you were game. No fuss and fiddlesticks and prudery. How I liked you for it!"

"I wonder that I could do it! I wonder! I wonder what Aunt Delia would say!" thought Cicely to herself for the hundredth time. She glanced up at the window behind which lay the invalid, all unconscious of the little comedy which was being enacted in her garden. It was a month since this unintroduced stranger had boldly penetrated that Adamless Eden, and Cicely's annually-dreaded visit to her aunt had begun to assume the colors of a more vivid experience. She had been on the verge of desperate boredom when he had dared her to the unconventional for its own sake.

"Do you remember that first morning?" he asked, softly.

She smiled reminiscently. "Aunt Delia was taking her nap. I was weeding the garden, when a voice came apparently from space where no voice should be, 'Lady Cicely, are you really dim-sighted?'"

"It was a natural remark," he asserted. "Here had I been sitting unobserved for half an hour in this tree, watching your devotion to that uninteresting poppy-bed. I had climbed up to see who belonged to the lovely name which I had heard spoken inside, and I wanted to know why that par-

ticular name had been given to any one. I found out both things."

"I had not known before what 'Cicely' meant," she said. "I wonder if I really am 'dim-sighted' in some ways."

"Well, when you saw me you did n't run away nor scream nor say, witheringly, 'Sir! Depart!' You just looked at me and laughed, till at last you said, 'How funny you look up in that tree! Like the Cheshire Cat. I suppose you will fade away in a minute, all except your grin, like Alice in Wonderland.'"

"But you did n't," said Cicely.

"Not I! I knew already that you were a kindred spirit. So I stayed. And presently I found out that you were like myself an Amateur Romanticist, tired of convention, and in search of novelty and sentiment. Oh, we began well, and I think we neither of us disappointed the other in our little game — until last night. Lady Cicely, I am ashamed. Can you forgive me for doing anything so — so obvious?"

Cicely was poking the gravel with the toe of her slipper. "I was surprised," she said, simply. "You had been so enthusiastic, so resourceful, so sure from the first that ours was not going to be like all the other summer friendships or — flirtations; and that we were going to act out a nice little drama of our own, fresh and free from the — the usual stupid details. You did so many nice, quaint, queer little things; you were so unlike — all the others, that this — this impulsiveness of last night was a shock to me. It is terrible to be disappointed in a — a friend." Her voice trembled.

"It was all on account of that confounded moon!" he said, bitterly, scowling at that serene luminary, which was just appearing above the tree.

"The conventional moon!" retorted Cicely, scornfully. "You should have been prepared for so obvious a situation. There is always a moon, if you wait for it."

"Oh, hang it! I know that. But this especial moon — and the tide coming in at the foot of the garden there — and that rock — and you, Cicely, in that gown! Ye gods! What a combination! Did n't you know I should do the obvious thing if you wore that pink thing around your shoulders? — Bah! You can't help it, I suppose. It's an old story for you. I promised you should be the heroine of a new one."

Cicely plucked a rose absent-mindedly. "After all," she said, "perhaps it is not too late. Perhaps you have thought of a sequel to this conventional chapter that will make it novel and interesting to me — to us both — and absolve us from plagiarism. I hope you have."

She looked up wistfully. The moonlight fell on her face as if caressing it. Guy shook the tree and swore softly to himself.

"No, I have n't," he said, brusquely. "I've no more ingenuity than a cat."

"A Cheshire Cat," murmured Cicely.

"When I look at you I forget all about being original," he went on. "I suppose I've fallen in love just like all the rest of them, and that's the end of it. I had no business to do that — at least not yet; not until our plot was sketched out more carefully. But I had to go and give away the whole thing last night — by the sea, on a rock, in the moonlight — same stage scenery, some properties, same calcium-light effect. Only the gallery gods were missing, with their applause."

"But the wave," broke in Cicely. "The wave-motive was unusual, you know."

"Oh, the wave was all right and unconventional enough. I don't blame the wave; it rose admirably to the occasion and almost succeeded in drowning us both. I wish it had!"

"Oh, no, you don't," said Cicely, wisely.

"I do!" he asserted. "That would have been a good end."

"You saved my life," she answered, softly.

"Oh, don't say that!" he cried. "That is too trite! Hero saves heroine's life; clasps her in his arms — rushes with her to place of safety. In stress of moment tells her he loves her and k —"

"I don't bear you a grudge for saving me, even conventionally," she interrupted, hastily. "I only minded the — the end."

"Yes! It would have been all right if I had been a graven image. You are one, I do believe! Oh, well, we may as well give up. You are too dangerous for experimental purposes. I have spoiled your plot and have ended the story abruptly enough, so far as it concerns you. You let me see that plainly last night. There is nothing for me but to clear out and give you a chance to begin another with clean paper and new pen. I shall leave town to-morrow."

Cicely caught her breath. "Leave town! Why?"

"I must get away and forget all this. I'll go where I can be prosaic and conventional and dull; where there is no moon or sea or stone wall — or you."

Cicely flushed. "I don't see why you need to go at all," she said. "Perhaps we can think of a new *dénouement*."

"There is nothing more to happen. You showed plainly enough last night how shocked and surprised and disgusted you were. You were as cold as that waxy itself. I know: your story being spoiled, you have no further use for me — and I have outgrown the story on my own account."

"But it has no end — yet," said Cicely, timidly. "I don't want to give up our story so. I don't, indeed."

"How can it end but tritely? You said you hated triteness."

"How can I tell what might happen? You have n't even proposed to me yet, you know."

"No; and I shall not. I have never yet played the conventional rôle of rejected suitor, and I never will."

"That would be conventionally unpleasant for me as for you," said Cicely, smiling faintly.

"Even if you accepted me — which you know you would n't do," he went on — "that would be conventional, too, and end the whole romance with a quick curtain. That is what you don't want; what you have made up your mind against from the first — what I was sure could not happen."

"Is there no possible alternative?"

"What, then? We began capitally. But if all that happens is my falling in love with you, where is our novel plot? Oh, you would n't have known what a fool I was but for that moon!" he groaned.

"I might have guessed." Cicely's voice was a bit unsteady.

"Yes, you might have done that," he retorted. "Even that would have opened up possibilities. You might have run away, or have told your aunt, or have anticipated me, or — but what is the use of supposing? I did not wait — and so our play is ended." He assumed a sudden austerity of manner. "Your aunt will be missing you, Miss Dale, if you stay here much longer. Let us say the conventional farewell. 'Good-night and good-bye.'"

"Not yet." Cicely was facing away from him, bending over the rose-bush. She hesitated, and the words came at last slowly. "I have myself thought of a possible conclusion, though you may not like it." She paused, trembling. The boy in the tree leaned forward and watched her hungrily, but seemed to pay little attention to what she was saying.

"Do you want to hear?" She looked up with a sudden flush of pique at his silence. He drew back into the tree with a sigh. "Yes," he said. "Yes, let's hear your novel solution."

"You have said," she went on, "that you would not propose to me. You gave me no chance to accept or refuse you because it was conventional and because you were — afraid. I am proud, too. But for the sake of our pretty little plot I could sacrifice even my pride. It was so dull here, and I was so lonesome, and you were so — nice! I set my heart on making this one — acquaintance — different from all the others. You almost spoiled it. But I will at least have an ending. I won't be cheated of that. Cheshire Cat, I'll give you a chance to — to refuse me. I ask you — what you — would n't — ask me."

With a cry he leaped from the tree to the wall and was about to spring down into the garden, when a sudden thought dulled the fire in his eyes.

"It is only for the sake of doing something unconventional," he said, sharply. "You don't mean it, of course, Cicely. You can't really mean it?"

Cicely turned and held up a pink face towards him. "I don't care about stories or plots or conventions or obviousnesses," she cried. "I only care about one thing, and that is, please don't ever fade away, as the Cheshire Cat did. Come down, Guy! Come!"

"Cicely, Cicely!" called a voice from the chamber-window. "Where in the world are you, child?"

There was a hiatus in the plot of the garden comedy, and the principals stood staring blankly for a moment into each other's eyes. Then Guy grasped the situation — and Cicely. He drew her after him down the garden path, towards the house.

"Halloo, Miss Eldredge!" he shouted. "I've come. It is I, Guy Bradley."

There was a joyful shriek from the chamber. "Guy!" cried the invalid's voice. "You've come at last! Why did n't you appear a month ago when I wrote for you? Where is Cicely?"

"Here I am, Aunt," came Cicely's stammering accents.

"I have just met Miss Dale in the garden," called Guy, gripping Cicely's hand

more tightly. "I just came over the wall."

"How unconventional!" cried the voice from above. "Just like that boy Guy! Come right upstairs this minute, you children, and let me introduce you. I *never* thought it would happen like this. How unconventional!"

But the Cheshire Cat kept on grinning.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

By CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON

Postman, postman, thou art Fate;
 Thou hast valentines, I wis;
 (Clotho, ye are out of date,
 Atropos and Lachesis);
 Not the Parcae, *thou* art Fate;
 All the Three in thee combine;
 Distaff, spindle, scissors wait
 In that leathern pouch of thine —
 Mystic symbol, mystic sign.
 Hast by moonlight, I opine,
 Hobnobbed with St. Valentine.

Postman, postman, robed in grey,
 Floating weirdly down the street,
 Spinning in thy callous way
 Joy or sorrow round our feet,
 Hast by moonlight, I opine,
 Hobnobbed with St. Valentine.

Blandly flingst thou thy decree
 With unsympathetic toss;
 (Clotho, a back number, ye,
 Lachesis and Atropos);
 Blandly flingst thou good or ill,
 Paradise or realm of Dis;
 (Clotho, Clotho, ye are *nil*,
 Atropos and Lachesis).

NICKED PLATTERS AND HEARTS

By MAY C. RINGWALT



HE spring sunshine followed Amelia through the opened door and lay upon the rag-carpet at her feet as she panted into the haircloth rocking-chair, the one concession to home comfort made by the prim officialism of the Hillsboro post-office. Her calico wrapper, a purple ground with a shower of falling black horseshoes, and her faded buff sunbonnet at first gave the impression that she looked upon this visit carelessly, in the light of a mere "dropping-in" of small consequence; but as her plump hand swayed the clumsy fan of the discarded sunbonnet to and fro, this mistaken inference was impressively set right by the discovery that the lower curve of her double chin was outlined in coral beads, while the careful beau-catchers of her thin cinnamon-blond hair bristled with invisible hairpins worn only when Amelia was "dressed." There was nobody to write her letters, but Amelia's interests had never been shut in by a fence barbed with possessive pronouns, and one of her keenest pleasures was being present at the delivery of the mail.

"This is the day for Ann Hollister's letter from Belle." Amelia's round, florid face crinkled with smiles. "I can hardly wait to see her get it! No wonder Belle means so much to Ann. Does n't it seem, Debbie, as though God dug holes in our lives just to plant his flowers in?"

Mrs. Cruthers, a tall, angular woman standing stiffly erect before a high table, cancelled the last of a pile of circulars with an emphatic stamp. "For the land's sake, Amelia,"—her voice always seemed to snap on the edges of her thin lips—"what are you driving at?"

"Ann's trouble ten years ago, when little Belle was sent her to mother."

"I was living at Centerville with Jim's folks then." Her widow's sigh clung to Mrs. Cruthers's speech with the persistency of a cobweb, although she had laid aside her mourning now that an unmarried man

was pastor of the Hillsboro church. "Afterwards I paid little attention to the gossip. I've never taken stock in stories of broken hearts."

"I don't say Ann's heart was broken," said Amelia. "But it had been living up in the clouds, swinging in a rainbow, and when the rainbow tilted and tumbled it plumb down to earth it got a bad nick—and you know, Debbie, how exasperating it is to have your best platter chipped."

"That pesky train's behind again!" grumbled Mrs. Cruthers. "There's its whistle way down at the water-tank now. It makes me nervous clear to my spinal backbone to have folks congregating in the porch before I get through distributing the mail! What came between Ann and John, anyhow?"

Amelia settled herself back in the slippery haircloth rocker, a complacent importance in her manner, from the slow lifting and falling of her eyelids to the dignified folding of her plump arms.

"A woman, Debbie—which always means two women: the one that does and the one that tells. The worst of it was, John did n't marry any one of the three—that seems so wasteful! The next winter Mollie Heath left Hillsboro to train for a nurse. As for Sarah Benson—well, I reckon the weight on her conscience worked up to her lungs, for she died of quick consumption. You see that June the girls' sewing society gave a strawberry fête to shingle the parsonage roof. Ann, being president, served out the ice-cream, and while she was tied down to the freezer Mollie Heath's dimple and Leghorn hat with pink roses—sensible men are such fools!—formed so hypnotizing a combination that John had n't any more resistance than that speckled rooster that Professor Crawley hyped with a chalk-line at the exhibition last week. I'm not excusing John. He was a sight too attentive to Mollie for an engaged man, but I know he was just amusing himself and never thought of foreclosing his

mortgage on Ann. And it would all have ended in a summer afternoon's flirtation if Sarah Benson's meddlesome fingers had n't come along and patted up the foolish little ant-hill into a whole Himalaya range of mischief. As I said, Sarah took it terrible hard afterwards, and the day she died she sent for Ann and told her the truth. Pity she had n't done it before John sold his farm and went West — nobody knows where. But I don't want to be hard on Sarah — some folks just naturally get to the station too late to catch the train."

Mrs. Cruthers turned the key in the padlock on the mail-bag with a sharp click. "I guess Ann's got over it. She seems to take as much interest in things generally as most folks."

Amelia gave a solemn shake of her head, a slim little hairpin sliding the length of a beau-catcher and precariously dangling over her left eyebrow. "It is n't her interest in things; it's her love for people. There're more women than just wives born helpmeets. Ann could n't live if she did n't lend a hand wherever there was work to be done. But, Debbie, you can go about cleaning up the world singing like a bird, or you can do your sweeping and dusting without a chirp. It's the chirp that's been nicked out of Ann — the bubbling-overness of happy folks." Again Amelia gave a solemn shake of the head, the little hairpin pattering down on her plump hand. "And have n't you noticed," she asked, in a confidential undertone, "that Ann's never brought herself to go to a wedding since she lost her own? Of course there's been precious few chances in Hillsboro, where men are as slow as molasses in January about proposing, but you need n't tell me that Ann was too sick to go to the church when Sophie Pierce was married, or that real 'business' took her to town when Lilian Burt — hush, she's coming up the path, and here's Pete with the mail."

Ann Hollister slipped into the office as Mrs. Cruthers with professional impressiveness swung to the door after Pete's exit. She was a little woman such as a man must stoop to kiss; so scrupulously neat in her trim black hat with its precise bow, and her stiff lilac percale dress — not a pin nor a ribbon-end astray — that she escaped primness only by the saving grace of her

wavy brown hair, that rippled and curled in sweet, wilful ways all its own.

Nodding to Mrs. Cruthers, she stole behind the haircloth rocking-chair and dropped a bouquet of pink geranium and mignonne into Amelia's lap. "A letter for you, dear," she smiled down at her.

Amelia took up the flowers, her face flushing with pleasure. "How did you know?" she faltered.

Ann stooped and kissed her forehead.

They were little things, — Amelia's secret longing for a letter, the bunch of common flowers tied with kitchen twine, — but just such little things made up Ann's life — the discovering of simple desires hidden in some silent heart and the fulfilling in simple tokens of love.

"In three weeks Belle will be home for her summer vacation," whispered Ann, perching herself on an arm of the rocker and resting a little hand on Amelia's ample shoulder.

"I wish she was coming for good and all," whispered back Amelia, the eyes of both women following Mrs. Cruthers's deft fingers pigeon-holing letters with a machine's accuracy.

"It would n't be for good if it were for all," sighed Ann. "Had Uncle Dan left me things for keeps, instead of just leaving them to me for life, it would be different. But I can't hand down even my doormat to Belle, and it would be so much harder for her to earn her living later on than now, when she's young! That's why I consented to her going up to town, but she does n't know my reason." Ann softly laughed. "I'm not supposed to know her reason either. She pretended that Hillsboro was 'poky.' As a matter of fact, she knew how small my income is, and would n't live off of an aged and infirm aunt of thirty-one! Bless the dear child, if I considered only myself I'd rather have her company and eat bread and water all my days!"

"It was like you, Ann, to make the sacrifice," murmured Amelia, "but your life's so lonely! You need Belle, and —"

"And I've got her still! She's mine even if she's miles away — her interests, plans, ambitions. I'm living over again in her. O Amelia, it keeps a woman young — and good — when her heart can lay its hand in the warm clasp of the future so!"

An automaton jerked into a flank move-

ment, Mrs. Cruthers stiffly wheeled from the pigeon-holes, held out a letter to Ann, and wheeled back again.

The angular dash of the address was unmistakable without the Centerville postmark. Two heads gave a satisfied nod. Two pairs of eyes danced. Ann, the letter in both hands, turned eagerly toward the door. Then she stepped back to the hair-cloth rocker and whispered, "Come to tea, Amelia, and I'll read it to you."

Ann's impatient feet hurried homeward. She was not the kind of woman that carried letters unopened to whet the pleasure of a final reading, but hers was a nature of shy reserves and she could hug neither joy nor sorrow to her heart with the possibility of the world peeping over her shoulder. Seated alone on her vine-hung porch, the air sweet with the opening fragrance of young flowers, she broke the seal. As she drew the crackling sheet from its envelope, a bird twittered to its mate in a near-by tree. The letter began:

Dear Auntie Ann,—

Do you remember when I was only a ten-year-old kiddie how I used to curl up in your lap and tell you fairy-tales by the yard? I want to sit on your lap now, to feel your arms about me tight while I tell you the most wonderful fairy-story of all. Don't groan. I'm no longer a flesh-and-blood creature of a hundred and thirty pounds, but just spirit and air—inflated air, Tiddledeewinks. As Dick would say, have you tumbled? Or must I tell you straight from the shoulder? Dearest, I'm engaged to be married! Now you know everything. Of course I need n't add it's to Dick, he being the only man in the world.

Is it a brand-new surprise, honey pie? Or did you guess when Dick dropped out of my letters—I wrote such heaps about him at first—that he'd dropped down into my heart? I was so afraid that you'd suspect that I cared for him, and I never supposed till yesterday that he'd ever love insignificant me—how could I, when he's so splendid!

I want to run home with my happiness and show it to you as I did the first prize I won at school; instead, I must keep my nose to the grind until the last of the month, for I need every cent of my salary because—but there I'll have to scramble down from your lap and stand behind you where I can hide in the shadow of the little rocker and poke your head when you're to nod "Yes"—for, dearest Tiddledeewinks, you're going to consent to our being married in six weeks. Thank you for nodding so promptly! I knew you would, even before I told you the reason. It is this. Dick has to go to New York on business,—he's such a valuable man to the firm, Aunt Ann,—and he thought the trip would be a jolly wedding journey. Think of little me, who has never seen a larger town than Centerville, being whisked

off to a big grown-up city! I feel like an excited balloon tied in a back yard, just waiting to have my rope cut to fly over the heads of all the houses.

I'll write you our plans as we make them up. One thing is settled. We renounce boarding-houses and all their works forever. Dick gets ecstatic when we talk flats. Poor boy, he does n't know what a home means—has n't a relative in the world except an adopted uncle in Denver, and he lives at a hotel.

I must say good-night now. O my auntie-mother, if your dreams could be as sweet as your girlie's!

Yours always,

ISABEL.

P.S. 1. Dick's eyes are gray, and he's training a mustache to cover a dimple he's horribly ashamed of.

P.S. 2. How many yards of muslin does it take for pillow-cases?

P.S. 3. His hair is auburn.

P.S. 4. Of course it is a *solitaire*.

The letter dropped from Ann's trembling fingers and fluttered down to the porch. She snatched it up, reading it again and again; then she slowly slipped it into its envelope and sat with her chin upon her hands, a far-away look in her wistful brown eyes. She rose at last and went inside. Opening the door of the unused parlor, she entered and flung wide the closed shutters. She lingered there, looking about her.

"The minister must stand in the bay-window," she said aloud, "and the bridal party—here." As she took a step forward, a shaft of light fell upon her white cheeks and quivering chin, and she shivered back as though struck by the ghostly blow of a dead hand. In the same room she had planned out the same details—for another bride. She sank upon her knees before an armchair—the one in which John had always sat on winter evenings—and, crushing her face against its cushions, sobbed convulsively. "I can't go through with it. O Belle, I can't go through with it!"

The following weeks Hillsboro's importance grew an inch taller. The wedding—always pronounced with a capital—was the absorbing topic of conversation, from the feminine circle of the Porch Sewing Society up to the masculine intellects that discussed the destiny of the universe in front of Higgins's grocery summer evenings. And when Belle arrived with all the shy blushes and impulsive confidences of young happiness, the excitement bubbled over, while her daily walk to the post-office after

Dick's letter became a march of triumphant smiles and nods gathered from the watching windows of every house along the route.

Linen showers were unknown in Hillsboro, where no breeze of fashion ever stirred the motionless habits of village tradition, but every one brought Belle a love-gift for her trousseau — the something new and the something blue indispensable to the good fortune of the bride. And Amelia brought herself.

"You see, Ann," she panted, as she appeared early the first morning, her mammoth work-basket held in both arms, "I could n't afford to buy anything big enough to express the size of my feelings toward you and Belle; but the beautiful part of this world is you never have to sit back in a corner waiting for money — if you're a mind to, you can always give your measure of love somehow. I've come to take mine out in sewing, Ann — to-day and every other day till the last stitch be taken!"

And Ann, who not only knew how to give but also to receive graciously, accepted Amelia's offering as simply as though it were another embroidered centrepiece.

"I suppose it's silly to be married in white," said Belle, an economical pucker in her forehead as she sat perched on the dining-room table basting insertion upon a piece of wrapping-paper cut into a yoke. "Something else would be so much more serviceable afterwards!"

"Ann," sighed Amelia, "you'll have to thread this again. It's real surprising how much smaller they make the eyes of needles now than when I was young! You're not silly to want a white wedding-dress, child. I'll be bound it is n't just hankering after fuss and feather — it's what it stands for." Amelia paused, polishing her "specs" before she began hemming the sleeve of a pink kimono. "The outward, visible sign," she continued softly, "of the white you're trying to put on your heart for the new life, pet."

Belle threw aside the crackling paper yoke and wriggled down from the table. "Miss Amelia," she cried, "I'm going to hug you for saying that!"

"The trouble is," declared Belle, once more enthroned and a little ashamed of her impulsive outburst, "I've two trousseaus to make at once — my own frivolous frills and the furbelows for that dear flat. It

does cost so to dress a house! Tiddledee-winks, do you honestly think I can cut down those curtains in the attic to fit my little windows?"

Ann nodded without speaking — her mouth was full of pins.

A snatch of song filled the room; was broken by a ripple of laughter. "Do you know," cried Belle, trying on the yoke and studying the effect in the sideboard looking-glass, "I pity the bride who misses the fun of her own dressmaking! Not every girl, though," she affectionately added, "has such helpers." Again her laughter overflowed. "After all, you two are the whole team — I'm only the little dog under the wagon!"

There was a moment's silence, save for the click of Ann's scissors on the cutting-board.

"The best of it is," laughed Belle, "I believe the team enjoys it as much as the little dog. Just look at Aunt Ann, Miss Amelia — she's growing younger every day!"

The words spoken in jest rang a deeper truth. Ann *was* looking younger — and prettier, too. One of life's sweet surprises had come to her. The outstretched hand pierced by the thorn had found the rose blossoming above it. Before Belle came there had indeed been sleepless hours in the night when Ann lay with open, aching eyes torturing her mind with thoughts of the suffering through which she must pass. But the moment she put her arms about the child and drew her close, self was forgotten, and the very things Ann had dreaded most — the coming-in of gifts, the making of the trousseau with its needle-pricks of memories — proved diversions so exciting, occupations so absorbing, that she had neither time nor desire for brooding.

The day before the wedding came at last — a whirl of excitement and work; the taking of last stitches, sewing a blue ribbon here, a pink bow there; finishing touches all over the house; the beating up of cakes in the kitchen; the opening up of wedding-gifts in the parlor; the final flurried dressing late in the afternoon before they went to meet Dick's train.

"When I wrote Dick to get off at the water-tank it seemed such a jolly inspiration," laughed Belle, clasping her glove as Ann and she took a short-cut across the

pasture; "but now I think of the poor deluded mortals waiting at the station I'm ashamed of the trick I've played them — if only I'd given Miss Amelia a hint!"

Ann stooped to tie her shoe-strings, a queer little smile twitching the corners of her mouth.

"At first, though," continued Belle, less remorselessly, "I do want the dear boy to myself. Really, Tiddledeewinks, I could n't wait another day to see him! Of course, dear, you could n't understand how hard it is to live without the man you love."

A strange light leaped into Ann's eyes. For days of uplift she had been walking on the mountain-tops, talking with the angels of renunciation, but in that instant's flash her exaltation snapped in a reaction of human weakness. At the foot of the heights lay the valley — and the mountain stream with its rapids. Her old sorrow took possession again — no longer the gentle habit of sadness that it had gradually become, but the overwhelming longing of a love that had slept deep down in her nature to spring up an awakened, passionate thing, gripping her whole being with anguish.

They walked on side by side. Above both their heads stretched the fair blue fields of summer sky. At their feet the same meadow spread its sunlit grass and radiant wild-flowers. But between their souls yawned the impassable gulf that, silent and invisible, separates light from darkness in the inner life of woman.

Suddenly a wreath of smoke swung over the trees; above the overflowing song of the birds a locomotive's whistle shrieked.

"The train!" exclaimed Belle, catching hold of Ann's arm. "Run!"

They ran with an eager fluttering of skirts; but their haste was check-reined by a nervous feminine caution in descending a hill-side, and the train had stopped at the little

platform before they reached the water-tank.

A manly young fellow sprang forward to meet them, putting his arms about Belle with a boyish laugh of exuberant content. The girl playfully resisted — yielded. Then, the two stood gazing rapturously at each other, both talking at once. The lovers had forgotten the world — and Ann Hollister.

The little woman shrank back. She was breathless from her run; her throat ached, and a mist swam before her eyes. The hasty gulping of the locomotive gave place to the clanging of a bell. With a shrill whistle, the train started on again.

"Miss Hollister!" cried a voice behind her.

She turned toward the little platform with a start — stood looking up at the tall man before her, dazed, as in a trance.

"Have you forgotten me — Nance?"

"John!" The word broke in a little sob.

He held her outstretched hand in both his own. "Did n't you know — did n't you guess, that I was Dick's Uncle Jack? The boy saved my life out in the mines — gave me something to live for afterwards. I fought against myself till the last minute, but I *had* to come to his wedding." He smiled wistfully down into her happy eyes. "You won't send me away again, will you, Ann?"

A bush by the path shook violently as if some hiding animal scurried from covert. But no one saw the beaming florid face that stole one last look over the ample shoulder of a plump figure hurrying up the hill.

Half an hour later Amelia entered the little room of the Hillsboro post-office.

"Debbie Cruthers," she panted, giving the astonished postmistress a rapturous hug, "don't you ever worry again over the Lord's china — if you give him time enough he'll mend even a nick."



THE GARDEN UNMASKED

By FRANK FROST ABBOTT



JANE and I cultivate a garden in a little New England village. We have done so for several years. She goes in for flowers, and I for vegetables. As soon as the hedgehog has come out of his winter quarters to make his annual prediction of the spring weather we bring out our last year's seed-catalogues, get new ones for the coming year, and sit in the chimney-corner planting our garden. It's glorious fun. If the dahlias, the phlox, and the celery which we have just set out don't please our fancy, we have them up in the twinkling of an eye, and put hollyhocks, larkspur, and parsley in their stead. Have you ever noticed what luscious and alliterative names the vegetable men and florists choose for their wares? Who could resist the "Cool and Crisp Cucumber," the "Bountiful Bean," the "Salvia Splendens," or the "White Cob Corey Corn"? Every new excursion through the seed-list brings to light some new treasure.

In one of his brief addresses Lord Rosebery has told us that his favorite amusement is making long journeys in railway and steamship time-tables. You can take the most attractive routes, travel on the fastest trains and biggest steamers, and visit the most delightful places — all without expense and fatigue. In the same way Jane and I plant gardens from our seed-catalogues, and we raise the most wonderful crops of peas and beans, of nasturtiums and zinnias — without pulling a single weed or sprinkling an ounce of Paris Green. One excellent feature of this kind of planting is the fact that things never disappoint you. The corn grows no suckers, the beans never blight, and the lettuce always heads. The prodigious size to which the beets grow and the resplendent colors of the peonies we can see in the catalogue with our own eyes.

But here I am talking about the delights of gardening, when I set out to show how a garden undermines the moral character. From our reading in garden-books Jane and

I had seen only the Dr. Jekyll side of the garden's character, the soothing and humanizing effect of coming close to nature in her gentler moods, and the opportunities for neighborly kindness which a garden seems to furnish. Thus, for instance, we have been in the habit of sending to our friends the first fruits of our garden in the form of peas and nasturtiums, and they have reciprocated with corn and Canterbury Bells. It seemed charming and idyllic. We were giving them something which had a personal meaning, because it had come from the narrow limits of our own garden, and had been brought to maturity by the sweat of our brows. Their little gifts to us were simple and pleasant reminders of their unselfish and spontaneous affection for us. But this year has revealed to us our hypocrisy, and shown the garden in its true character.

It was the beans which did it. You will remember that there was a heavy frost during the last week of April. Well, by a stroke of good fortune, we planted ours immediately after the frost. Our neighbors had planted before it, and so lost their crop entirely, or were made so timid by the late frost that they put in their seed in May. As a result our vines were laden with heavy pods before those of our neighbors were in bloom. We hilled them with tender care and jealously guarded them against insect and blight. Each morning we gently squeezed the pods to see if they would do, and the first day they were really ripe, filling with them a basket, which had an artfully raised bottom to increase the apparent quantity, we sent it with feverish haste to Miss Saily Brewster, the spinster who lives across the way and prides herself on her garden. When we came home and the first flush of our triumph had died out, the dreadful truth dawned upon us that in the bottom of our hearts these offerings of vegetables and flowers were not tributes of affection, but that we were gloating over our less successful neighbors, and announc-

ing to them by our gifts that they were beaten in the garden-game.

Miss Brewster's opportunity for vengeance came with the peas. Ours were struck with the blight. We knew it was coming, for she had visited our garden frequently, and, stalking by the luxuriant growth of beans, had always taken her stand before the rows of peas, and commiserated us upon their backward condition, and speculated on what could be the matter with them. I called Jane's attention to this characteristic feminine tendency to magnify one's failures by expressing an undue sympathy about them; but she insisted that Miss Brewster's malicious sympathy was less crude and offensive than Mr. Silas Wetherbee's ill-concealed pleasure at the shrivelling of our squash-vines while his next door were flourishing like a green bay-tree.

I suppose I ought to confess that we had looked over our neighbors' gardens, were familiar with the weak points of each of them, and sent our cucumbers, beets, and corn where they would hit hardest. And

so it has gone on through the summer with the succession of crops — this flaunting of success in the eyes of one another; this masking of an insolent pride in achievement and possessions under the hypocritical garb of neighborly kindness. Our pride is as swollen as our head-lettuce; our ambition to outdo others and spread our achievements before them grows as rankly as our sweet corn; and hypocrisy, like a cucumber-vine, covers it all. Who can say where this furious rivalry, fomented in a sinister way by books on the hardy garden, the flower-garden, the water-garden, and on Heaven knows what other kind of a garden, may lead us! We know what dark and baleful deeds it drove Boxel to commit in his fierce desire to anticipate his rival Van Baerle in raising the first black tulip. May it not bring us to plant the mole under our neighbor's peas in the dead of night, to put the chinchbug on his cucumbers, or the rosebug on his vines? It is time that our teachers of ethics should be aroused to the danger with which the garden threatens us.

HIS HERITAGE

By GERTRUDE BROOKE HAMILTON

O for the Heart of a Man, to be
A roamer out to the vagrant sea!
Hying to where no hearts can follow,
Swifter, sweeter, than wings of swallow.

To him the Heritage, soul-strength winning,
Sung to, signed him, from all beginning.
O for the Heart of a Man, to know
The feel of winds the Free-lands blow!

MARIETTA, THE PIONEER CITY OF THE WEST

By WILLIA DAWSON COTTON

The City Founded by the First Great Westward Trek of New Englanders: The Story of the Inception of the Idea which Resulted in the Laying of the Corner-Stone of the Great Northwest Territory: Its Picturesque Carrying Out, with Some Present-day Aspects of the City.

PART I.



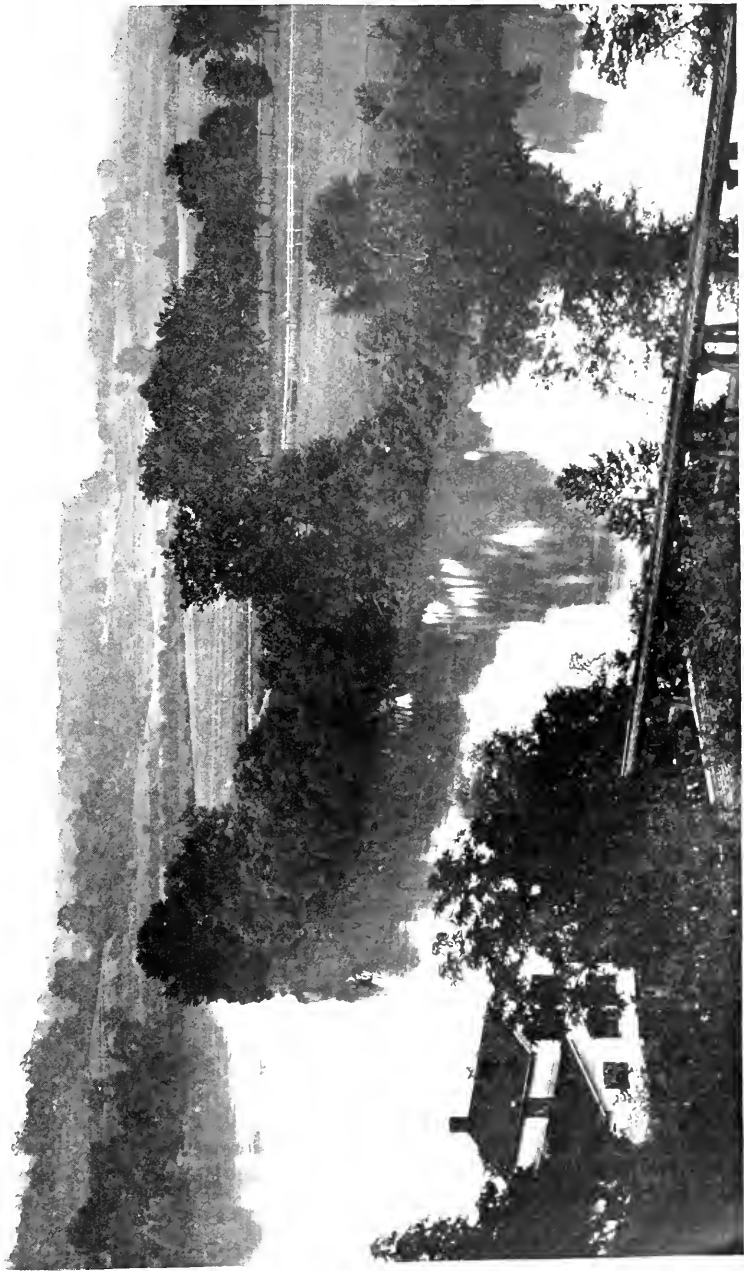
ON the broad Ohio at the point where the blue Muskingum swells the current of that River Beautiful, as it flows down between the Ohio and West Virginia hills to meet the great Father of Waters in the distant West, lies the little city of Marietta, a spot of unusual interest to the antiquarian and thoughtful patriot. Many cities in the Ohio Valley are larger, some perhaps more beautiful, but none bears a closer relation to the development of American institutions than this old town which was founded by a band of Revolutionary officers more than a century ago.

Too much praise cannot be given to those brave men who thus laid the corner-stone of the Northwest Territory. "Energetic, industrious, persevering, honest, bold, and free, they were limited in their achievements only by the limits of possibility." Their grateful descendants love to compare them to the Pilgrim Fathers, and one of Massachusetts' most honored sons has declared that the landing of the *Mayflower* at Plymouth was not more important to humanity than the landing of the second *Mayflower* at Marietta more than a century and a half later.

To fully understand the causes which led to the immigration of such a class of men, it will be necessary to review briefly a few events which took place at the close of the Revolution. After seven long years of faithful service the Continental army was left in a destitute condition. Many of the men were broken in health, and all were

penniless; for they received from Congress only certificates of settlement, which were almost worthless. Before the army left Newburgh, however, in 1783, a plan was contemplated which brought joy to the hearts of the old soldiers. It was suggested by some of the officers that a new State westward of the Ohio be formed and that the lands voted them in the way of bounty by Congress should be assigned them in this district. These ideas were embodied in a petition which was signed by two hundred and eighty-eight officers, and presented to the honorable Congress by General Washington, who was much interested in the scheme. But in spite of Washington's untiring efforts the petition came to naught, for Congress at that time did not have a clear title to the Western region.

Three years later, in 1786, when the different States and Indian tribes claiming the Western territory had made satisfactory cessions of their claims to Congress, and that body had adopted plans for surveying the land in ranges, the idea of founding a colony on the Ohio was again presented to the Revolutionary officers by General Benjamin Tupper and General Rufus Putnam, two of the chief promoters of the petition of 1783. A short notice styled "Information" was published by them in the newspapers of Massachusetts, in which all officers and soldiers of the late war, and all other good citizens who wished to be adventurers in the delightful region west of the Alleghenies, were requested to meet in their respective counties to elect delegates to a convention which would be held on the first of March, 1786, at the Bunch



Looking up the beautiful Muskingum

of Grapes Tavern in Boston, for the purpose of organizing a company to make a settlement on the Ohio.

As a result of this call representatives of eight counties came together, and after a discussion of three days an association of a thousand shares was reported, each share consisting of one thousand dollars in continental certificates, which were then the equivalent of one hundred and twenty-five dollars in gold, with a further liability to pay ten dollars in specie to meet the expenses of the agency. By the end of a year two hundred and fifty shares had been sold, and the success of the enterprise was assured. It now seemed advisable to make application to Congress for a purchase of land, and one of the directors of the company, General Samuel Parsons, was sent to New York for this purpose. He arrived on the ninth of May, the day on which an ordinance for the government of the Northwest Territory had been read for the second time.

When General Parsons presented his memorial every one was interested. In the language of Mr. Bancroft, "For vague hopes of colonization, here stood a body of hardy pioneers ready to lead the way to rapid absorption of the domestic debt of the United States; selected from the choicest regiments of the army; capable of self-defense; the protectors of all who would follow them; men skilled in the labors of the field and of artisans; enterprising and laborious; trained in the severe morality and strict orthodoxy of New England villages of that day. All was changed. There was the same difference as between sending out recruiting officers and giving orders to a regular corps present with music and arms and banners." The memorial was at once referred to a committee, and the third reading of the ordinance under consideration did not take place, as it was now felt to be inadequate.

Some weeks later a new committee reported a new ordinance, which from the time of its adoption on the thirteenth of July has been known as the Ordinance of 1787. Says Mr. Poole: "The Ordinance in the breadth of its conception, its details and its results has been perhaps the most notable instance of legislation that was ever enacted by the representatives of the American people. It fixed forever the character

of the immigration and of the social, political, and educational institutions of the people who were to inhabit this imperial region."

There has been much discussion concerning the authorship of the different clauses of the famous ordinance, but it is now generally conceded that Dr. Manasseh Cutler, who had taken General Parsons's place as agent, had made known to the members of the committee the plan of government deemed essential by the Ohio Company, and that he found many of their ideas incorporated in the ordinance when it was submitted to him for criticism before it was presented to Congress.

Two weeks after the passing of the ordinance Congress authorized the sale of five million acres of land lying north of the Ohio west of the seven ranges and east of the Scioto River; and on the twenty-seventh of October Manasseh Cutler and Winthrop Sargent, the agents of the Ohio Company, made the first payment of five hundred thousand dollars for a million and a half acres in that district.

And now for the next few months the directors of the Ohio Company were busy in Boston making plans for the new colony. Following the advice of Thomas Hutchins, Geographer of the United States, they decided to make the first settlement at the mouth of the Muskingum, where they would be protected from the savages by Fort Harmar, which had been erected two years before. From the records of their meetings it is seen that they laid out their future city with extreme care. They determined upon the number of streets, which, unlike Boston's crooked thoroughfares, were to be wide and straight, upon the size of the squares and the dimensions of the lots, and they reserved a long stretch of land on the Muskingum for a city commons. Even a name was selected,—Adelphai, meaning "brethren," a name full of significance to those old Revolutionary officers who as members of the Society of the Cincinnati were bound together by the most tender ties.

General Rufus Putnam was appointed superintendent of the little band which was to be the vanguard of Western civilization. It was composed of forty-eight men, and included, besides twenty-two members of the Ohio Company, surveyors, boat-



General Rufus Putnam, who led the great westward trek

builders, carpenters, and men for all kinds of work. Early in December the boat-builders and mechanics, under the command of Major Hatfield White, left Danvers, Mass., and after a difficult passage over the mountains reached Sumrill's Ferry, Penn., late in January. Here, under the direction of Captain Jonathan Devol, they began the construction of boats to carry them down the river. About the middle of February General Putnam arrived with the rest of the pioneers. Inspired by the presence of their leader, the men worked with renewed zeal, and by the first of April, 1788, a large boat, which they named the *Adventure Galley*, a flat-boat, and three canoes, were finished. Floating down the Youghiogheny and the

Monongahela, the little flotilla began its memorable voyage down the Ohio, and after a six days' journey reached its destination at the mouth of the Muskingum, which was almost hidden by large branches of sycamore-trees that hung far out over the water.

The guns at Fort Harmar heralded the approach of the strangers, and as they leaped on shore they were welcomed by the soldiers of the garrison, and by Captain Pipe, a noted Delaware chief, who with seventy of his tribe was encamped on the east bank of the river. Soon the sound of the axe echoed merrily through the primeval forest, and while some of the men cleared the ground, others brought boards from the boat, with which they erected a large



An old-time view of the historic "Mound Cemetery" at Marietta

marquee for General Putnam and temporary huts for themselves.

When the surveyors began to define the city plat they discovered the remains of a fortified town, but of the people who built it they could learn nothing. The Indians, being questioned, would only shake their heads and say that the mounds and elevated squares were the work of a race who had long since vanished from the face of the earth. The worthy pioneers gave evidence of their wisdom and culture by at once deciding to preserve these remarkable earth-works for public use. This was formally done at the first meeting of the directors and agents of the Ohio Company west of the Alleghenies, which was held in General Putnam's marquee on the second of July, 1788. The smaller square was called "Capitolium;" the larger one, "Quadranaw;" and the broad graded way which led from it to the Muskingum River, "Sacra Via." These names were undoubtedly suggested by the members of the Cincinnati, who were pleased with the idea of perpetuating in this new empire the sites of Rome once familiar to their exemplar, Lucius Quintus

Cincinnatus. Even the muddy little creek which meandered through the town was considered worthy to bear the name of "Tiber."

At the same meeting it was resolved that the name of the town should be changed to Marietta, in honor of the beautiful Queen of France, who by her courtesy to Dr. Franklin had manifested a kindly interest in the young republic. Marie Antoinette was much pleased by this graceful recognition on the part of the chivalrous pioneers, and she showed her appreciation by sending a bell to the little settlement, which unfortunately was lost at sea.

The first holiday enjoyed by the citizens of Marietta was the Fourth of July, which, according to Dr. Hildreth, the faithful chronicler of those early days, was celebrated with "the greatest order, prosperity, and harmony." The day was ushered in by a salute of thirteen guns at Fort Harmar, and at two o'clock a great feast was spread under a bowery on the banks of the Muskingum. The table was loaded down with venison, bear-meat, buffalo steaks, and roasted pigs, the *pièce-de-résistance* being a

great pike which weighed over a hundred pounds. Around the board gathered the officers of Fort Harmar and the principal men of the town. General Putnam was toast-master of the occasion; near him was General Varnum, who delivered a most eloquent oration on the felicities of the day; not far from Varnum sat General Parsons, one of Washington's most trusted friends and the first to suggest the Continental Congress. Among the other Revolutionary officers who enjoyed that fine dinner were brave old Colonel Meigs, the commander of the fourth division in Benedict Arnold's terrible expedition to Quebec; Colonel Ebenezer Sprout, of the Massachusetts line, the first sheriff of Washington County; Colonel John May; Colonel Archibald Clary; and Colonel William Stacy who was a captive of the Indians for four years. Majors, too, were there — William Corlis, Hatfield White, the quarter-master of the little band, and Anselm Tupper, who was probably the youngest hero of the Revolution, for he enlisted in his father's regiment when but twelve years old. The captains were Josiah Monroe, Aaron Barlow, Daniel Davis, Ezekiel Cooper, Jethro Putnam, William Gray, and Jonathan Devol, said by his biographer to be "the most perfect figure of a man to be seen amongst a thousand." The rest of the company was composed of strong, intelligent men, not so noted, perhaps, as their titled companions, but not a whit their inferior in valor or patriotism. Fourteen toasts were drunk, some of which were "The Friendly Powers Throughout the World," "The New Federal Constitution," "His Excellency General Washington and the Society of the Cincinnati," "Governor St. Clair and the Western Territory," "Captain Pipe, Chief of the Delawares, and a Happy Treaty with Natives," "The Amiable Partners of Our Delicate Pleasures," and "The Glorious Fourth of July."

Five days after this jollification General Arthur St. Clair, the first Governor of the Northwest Territory, arrived. His reception at Fort Harmar is thus described by General Joseph Buell: "July 9th Governor St. Clair arrived at the garrison. On landing he was saluted with thirteen rounds from the field-piece. On entering the garrison the music played a salute, and the troops paraded and presented their arms. He was

also saluted by a clap of thunder and a heavy shower of rain as he entered the fort; and thus we received our governor of the western frontiers."

The fifteenth of July was selected for the first appearance of the Governor in his official capacity, and on that day "amidst becoming ceremonies," his secretary, Winthrop Sargent, read the Ordinance of 1787, the commission of the Governor, of the judges, and his own. The first proclamation issued by the Governor defined the boundaries of the first county in the Territory. It was named Washington, and included more than half of what is now the State of Ohio.

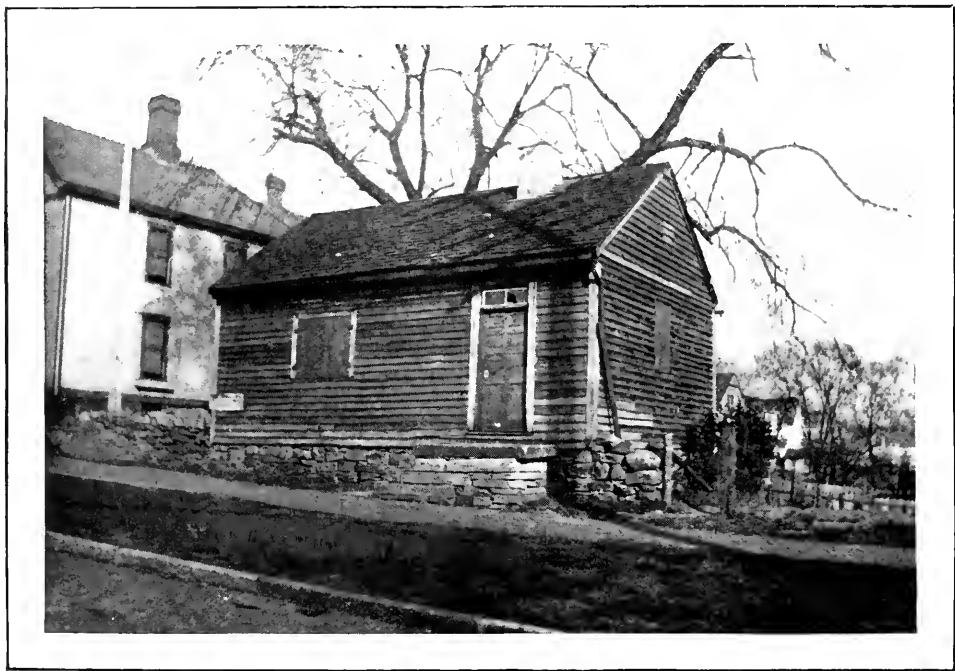
On the twentieth of July a dinner in honor of the Governor was given in the stockade which the pioneers had begun a short time after their arrival. This defence, named Campus Martius, as if in anticipation of the Indian war so soon to commence, was built on Washington Street, three quarters of a mile from the "Point," where the first houses were erected. The gentlemen gallantly said that the presence of some ladies, who had been escorted from the East by General Tupper and Major Goodale, made this dinner much more enjoyable than the one given in July. One of the guests was good old Dr. Cutler, who had driven in his sulky from his home in Ipswich, Mass., to visit the little settlement. In his journal he expatiates upon the "handsomeness of the dinner," the fine quality of the punch and wine, and above all upon the beauty and intelligence of the ladies.

It is pleasant to know that the arduous frontier life was sometimes brightened by occasions so festive. In a letter written by General Parsons to his friends in the East a pretty description of a ball is given. He considered the fifteen ladies present as accomplished in the manners of polite society as any he had seen in the old States, and quaintly added, "I mention this to show the progress of society in this distant country, and believe we shall vie with if not excel the old States in every accomplishment necessary to render life happy."

After Campus Martius was completed all the life of the little village centered around that spot. Governor St. Clair established his home in the southwest block-house, and there his beautiful daughter

Louise, held her court. In the northwest blockhouse was an assembly-room which witnessed many different scenes: here was taught the first school in the Territory; here were preached the first sermons; here was opened the first court; here was given the first ball; and here was reorganized the American Union Lodge of Free Masons, which as an army lodge had been formed during the trying days of the Revolution, and was therefore the first lodge organized in America under American authority.

The first act of hostility in the Ohio Company's purchase was in January of the following year, when, at Big Bottom on the Muskingum, fourteen people were massacred. On hearing the terrible news from Captain Rogers's rangers, many of the settlers rushed to Campus Martius, and those who remained at the Point fortified their position by building palisades and three blockhouses. The situation of the little colony for the next five years was truly alarming. For some unknown reason the



The oldest building in the State of Ohio

The Indians watched the encroachment of the white men on the banks of the Ohio with jealous eyes. They treated with the settlers reluctantly, although they soon discovered that General Putnam's followers were very different from the Kentuckians, or Long Knives, with whom they carried on a continuous and bloody warfare. After General Harmar's defeat in the autumn of 1790 the Indians became more insolent, and boasted that "before the trees again put forth their leaves there should not remain a single smoke of the white man northwest of the Ohio River."

troops at Fort Harmar were withdrawn to a post on the Miami, and only twenty-three men were left to guard the garrison — not a very formidable protection for the anxious people across the river. It did not take those old Revolutionary officers long to enlist a company. Rusty muskets were sent down from Fort Pitt, ammunition prepared, sentries posted, and soon everything was carried on with true military precision.

Restrained either by a remembrance of the friendly treatment they had received from the pioneers, or by fear of the strongly

guarded blockhouses, the Indians did not attack the little settlement with the fierceness displayed elsewhere; but there were always marauding parties about which made it unsafe to venture beyond the command of the guns of either fort. One dark night the people were aroused by the booming of the alarm-gun, and when the news spread that the Indians had just killed brave Captain Rogers and were about to attack the town, all was confusion. After the danger was over Captain Barker wrote the following description of the scene at the Point:

"The first person for admittance at the Central blockhouse was Col. Ebenezer Sproat, with a box of papers for safe keeping; then came some young men with their arms; next a woman with her bed and children; and after her old Mr. Moulton, with his apron full of goldsmith tools and tobacco. His daughter Anne brought the china teapot, cups and saucers, Lydia the great Bible, but when all were in mother was missing. Where was mother? she must be killed by the Indians. 'No,' says Lydia, 'mother said she would not leave the house looking so; she would put things a little to right.' After a while the old lady came, bringing the looking-glass, knives and forks, etc."

One little incident is related of this time, which, it is said, caused the superstitious souls of the Indians to quake with fear. Dr. Jabez True had declared that he would never consider the office in his little log cabin fully equipped until he possessed a human skeleton. One day some mischievous boys gratified his wish by presenting him with a dead Indian who had been killed in a skirmish on Duck Creek. The good doctor was delighted with this thoughtful attention. He built a great fire on the river-bank and hired a soldier to boil the flesh from the bones in a kettle. In some way the Indians heard what had happened to their former companion, and deciding that discretion was the better part of valor, they kept thereafter a safe distance from the Point.

The horrors of the Indian warfare lasted until 1794, when the victory of Mad Anthony Wayne brought peace to the Western country, and under its benign sway the little village on the Muskingum prospered.

PART II.

The dawning of the nineteenth century marked a new era in the history of Marietta. The period of storm and stress was over. Roads were opened, mills erected, and communication with the East was established by little packets which plied the river between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh.

The narrow Indian trail over the mountains, so arduously followed by Rufus Putnam and his men, had become the great highway to the West. To many weary travellers sailing down the Ohio the sight of the little village on the Muskingum proved so enticing that they decided to make it their home instead of pressing on into the wilderness. It grew so rapidly that on the first day of January, 1801, it was incorporated as a town by the act of the Legislative Assembly.

Strangely enough, one of the first industries to spring up in this inland town was ship-building. Before Jefferson's Embargo Act went into effect more than twenty vessels had sailed away from the port of Marietta to the sea. A story is told of one old captain who, after many thrilling adventures, finally landed at St. Petersburg only to have his ship seized upon the plea of her papers being forgery, as no such place as Marietta was known in the civilized world. "With considerable difficulty the captain procured a map of the United States, and pointing with his finger to the mouth of the Mississippi, traced the course of that stream to the mouth of the Ohio; from thence he led the astonished and admiring naval officers along the devious track of the latter river to the port of Marietta at the mouth of the Muskingum, from whence he had taken his departure."

The first white sail to fleck the surface of the River Beautiful belonged to the *St. Clair*, which was built in 1801. Her commander was no other than Commodore Abraham Whipple, whose gallant service during the Revolution should never be forgotten. So patriotic was he that he spent thousands of dollars in his country's cause which were never repaid. It was the hope of retrieving his lost fortune which led him to cast in his lot with the little colony in the West. The brave old Commodore was very proud of having fired the first gun on the seas at the British and of being the first to

unfurl the American flag on the Thames. A short time before his death he asked three of his friends to write his epitaph. The one he selected is engraven on his monument in Mound Cemetery, and reads as follows:

Sacred
to the memory of
COMMODORE ABRAHAM WHIPPLE
whose name, skill and courage
will ever remain the pride
and boast of his country.

In the late Revolution he was the
first on the seas to hurl defiance at proud Britain
gallantly leading the way to wrest from
the mistress of the ocean her scepter
and there to wave the star-spangled banner.

He also conducted to the sea the
first square-rigged vessel ever built on the Ohio
opening to commerce
resources beyond calculation.

In 1797 the Blennerhassetts arrived at Marietta, and many of the romantic memories of those early days cluster around this brilliant couple. Their history, so sad and strange, is too well known to be related here. By the magic touch of gold they transformed their island home into a veritable fairy-land, and there they lavishly entertained their friends. In Marietta they found many congenial spirits, who, though poorer than they in this world's goods, were their equal in intelligence and culture. While Mr. Blennerhassett was liked and respected by his neighbors, it was the mistress of the "Enchanted Isle" who won their love and unbounded admiration. Many are the legends which have been handed down concerning her accomplishments, her generosity, and her wild gallops through the forests to Marietta, when, dressed in her scarlet and gold riding-habit, with an ostrich plume of the same color floating from her white beaver, she is said to have resembled some tropical bird.

It was an unlucky day for the Blennerhassetts when Aaron Burr heard of their sequestered retreat on the Ohio, and determined to use their influence and wealth to further his deep designs. By his courtly manner and eloquent tongue he so fascinated Harman Blennerhassett and his ambitious wife that they threw themselves whole-heartedly into his scheme, which purported to be a colonization of land on the Washita River, and, in the event of war between the United States and Spain, an invasion of Mexico.

On his second visit to the island, in the

spring of 1806, he spent some days in Marietta, where he was warmly welcomed by many of the citizens, though a few of the old officers looked upon him with contempt as the murderer of Hamilton. As it was the time of the annual militia muster, a ball was given one evening at which Colonel Burr and his charming daughter, Theodosia, were the guests of honor. The wily statesman lost no opportunity of presenting his cause to the young and adventurous spirits of the town, who, dazzled by his plausible talk and promises of wealth, were eager for the enterprise. They as well as Blennerhassett were led to believe that Jefferson favored the expedition. Whatever Burr's ulterior views may have been, those men were loyal citizens of the United States, and the idea of forming a Western Empire had no place in their thoughts. A few years later they proved their patriotism by responding to their country's call, when for the second time she resisted the tyranny of Great Britain.

Burr's conspiracy, if such it was, came to an end in the following December. The exposure of his plot caused no little excitement in Marietta. The militia was ordered out by Governor Tiffin, and took possession of the fifteen boats built on the Muskingum under Blennerhassett's supervision. That unfortunate gentleman, still true to Burr, under cover of the darkness escaped down the river, and a week later Mrs. Blennerhassett, with her two little sons, bade good-by to her island home forever.

The year 1825 is memorable for two events: the granting of a new charter to the town, which provided for the election of a mayor, and the visit of General de Lafayette. During the previous year Marietta mourned the loss of her beloved leader, Rufus Putnam. "He lived to see the little colony he had founded number nearly a million of people and become one of the most powerful States in the Union." He was the first chairman of the town-meetings, and to the day of his death took an active part in municipal affairs.

It is easy to imagine the enthusiasm created by Lafayette's visit. In the eager throng that pressed around him he recognized a few of his old comrades, whom he greeted most tenderly. When the list of nearly fifty military officers who were



View of Marietta from Harmar Hill



The Mills homestead

among the pioneers was read to him he cried, "I knew them well. I saw them fighting the battles of their country at Rhode Island, Brandywine, Yorktown, and on many other fields; they were the bravest of the brave; better men never lived."

The presence of General Lafayette recalled to the minds of the oldest inhabitants the visit of another distinguished Frenchman whom they remembered as the Duke of Orleans. In the spring of 1797 that gay young cavalier, who was travelling incognito through the United States, passed through Marietta on his way to Niagara. Hearing there was a Parisian baker in town, he visited Monsieur Thierry's shop at the Point, and delighted that little baker by declaring that he had not tasted bread so good since he had left his native land. Monsieur's pride was great when he learned that he had entertained unawares the Duke of Orleans in his humble shop. How much greater would it have been had he foreseen that his noble guest was to be known to the world in later years as Louis Philippe, the last king of France!

After Lafayette's visit the next important event to be recorded in the annals of the town is the founding of Marietta College, in 1835. The causes of education and religion were ever dear to the hearts of the pioneers. Before they started westward the agents of the Ohio Company resolved "that the directors be requested to pay as early attention as possible to the education of youth and the promotion of public worship among the first settlers." Indeed, before this, Dr. Cutler, in his contract for land with Congress, refused absolutely to purchase unless in addition to the land donated for schools provision be made for a university and the support of religion. As a result of these conditions there is in each township of the Ohio Company's purchase a section known as "ministerial land" which yields a yearly rental. This is in charge of trustees who portion it out to the various churches in the township according to the number of communicants. It was thought best to locate the university land in the centre of the Ohio Company's purchase, so a place on the Hock Hocking River was selected. The

little settlement which soon sprang up there was called Athens, and most optimistic views were entertained regarding the future university. Dr. Cutler prepared its charter and thought it would become the greatest in America.

Soon after the pioneers reached their new home they engaged the Rev. Daniel Story, a graduate of Dartmouth, as their religious teacher; and when, in 1796, the first church in the Northwest was organized they showed their appreciation of his faithful service by making him its pastor. During the Indian war schools were established at both blockhouses. Dr. True guided the infant minds through the intricacies of the "Three R's" at the Point, and in the northwest corner of Campus Martius gay young Anselm Tupper wielded the rod on week-days, and on Sundays the gentle Mary Lake started unwittingly the great Sunday-school movement of the United States by holding the children of the garrison entranced for an hour or two while she told them the old, old stories of the Bible.

When the Indian war was over the citizens erected a "house suitable for Instruc-

tion of Youth and religion," and appointed David Putnam, a graduate of Yale, preceptor of the new school, which was formally named "Muskingum Academy." After thirty successful years the little academy was superseded by the "Institute of Education." This in turn merged into the "Collegiate Institute and Western Teachers' Seminary," which under the present charter of 1835 changed its name to "Marietta College." The Board of Trustees in their published statement wished it to be distinctly understood that the essential doctrines and duties of the Christian religion would be assiduously inculcated, but no sectarian peculiarities of belief taught. They elected as president Rev. Joel H. Linsley, the pastor of Park Street Church, Boston, and under his efficient leadership the college soon became the centre of culture in the West. "Each year since 1838 a class has been graduated, and the lengthening roll of alumni now numbers over eight hundred. Since that day the Faculty has increased in numbers, power, and influence, the campus has been enlarged, the buildings have been multiplied, the library, recently enriched by the magnificent Stim-



Marietta College

son Collection of Americana, has grown into one of the most valuable in the Central West, numbering over sixty thousand volumes, and the laboratories, apparatus, and general equipment have kept pace with the expansion in other lines. The old Dormitory Building supplied the needs of the College until 1850, when Science Hall was completed, and its lofty bell-tower came to be such a familiar object to the people of Marietta. In 1870 the Library Building was erected as a Memorial Hall by the alumni; and in 1891 the beautiful and graceful Andrews Hall rose to perpetuate the memory of him who was for thirty years president of Marietta."

The college is not, and probably never will be, large, but there are few institutes in our land which offer a better course of instruction. It has ever been true to the ideals of its founders, who infused into its spirit a noble conservatism which has enabled it through all these years to maintain a high standard of scholarship.

In 1861 the quiet life of Marietta was stirred to its depths by the sound of fife and drum. Intimations of the "irrepressible conflict" had not been wanting in this border-town. The baying of the bloodhounds on the opposite Virginia shore, the concealment of slaves in houses and barns, had caused many thoughtful citizens to question the divine right of that institution which denied the black man his liberty. When the call came Marietta responded most nobly, and many of her sons marched off to the war—some, alas, never to return.

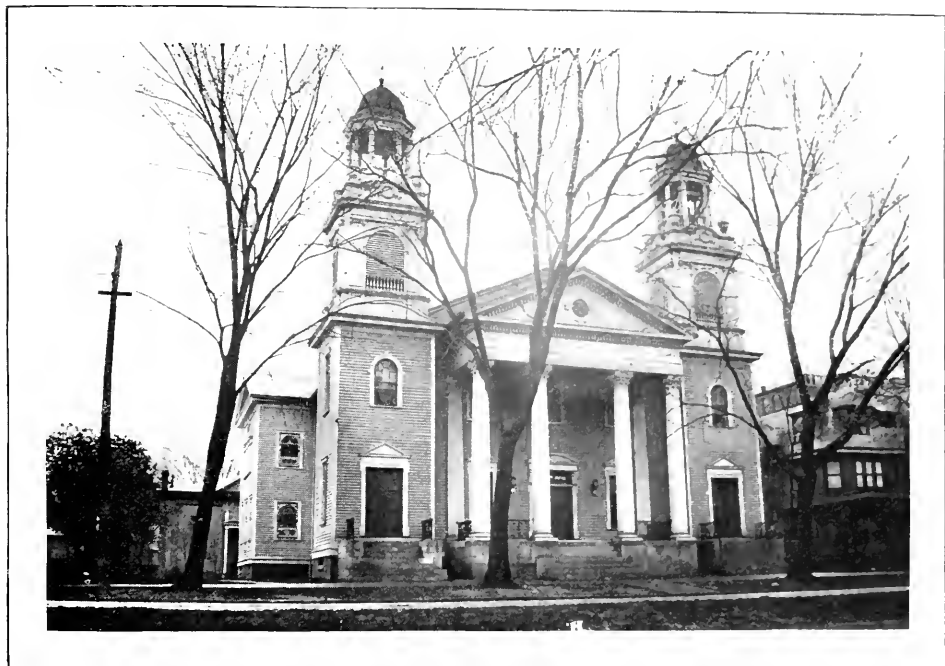
For a long time after the war Marietta was undisturbed by the restless spirit which had become characteristic of Western life. The sons of the pioneers followed in the footsteps of their fathers, and many old customs were preserved, which gave to the town a quaint and charming atmosphere. One of these which still survives is the celebration every year of the seventh of April, the day of the landing of the "Forty-eight Immortals," who seem to have fully appreciated the significance of their coming hither. With what has been called a "charming naïveté," they rechristened the rough barge which carried them down the Ohio the *Mayflower*, and resolved before they had been a year in their new home that the seventh of April be forever con-

sidered as a day of public festival in the Territory.

On her one hundredth anniversary, in 1888, Marietta shook off her lethargy and proudly proclaimed her importance to the world by two most interesting celebrations. The first was held on the seventh of April, the day of the landing of the pioneers; and the second, commemorating the establishment of civil government in the Northwest Territory, from the fifteenth to the twentieth of July. These occasions were of national interest and many of the Eastern and Western States sent representatives, who paid most glowing tribute to the founders of Ohio. Among the speakers of celebrity were ex-President Hayes, Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, Senator Evarts of New York, Senator Daniel of Virginia, Senator Sherman of Ohio, Senator Foraker, then Governor of Ohio, Dr. E. E. Hale, Dr. H. M. Storrs, Hon. Randolph Tucker, Gen. Charles H. Grosvenor, Gen. Thomas Ewing, Archbishop Gilmore, and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

The thousands of people who visited Marietta at these celebrations seemed to infuse a new spirit into the town; for when the centennials were over the peaceful existence of former days did not return. Desire for commercial progress was manifested by the organization of a Board of Trade, by which many public improvements have been secured. The discovery of vast oil-fields in the surrounding district, the erection of many large manufactories, and the introduction of electric cars have transformed the sleepy little town into a thriving business centre.

And yet, in spite of the many changes, enough is left of "Old Marietta" to recall the events and interests of those early days. Dotted here and there over the town are memorial stones erected by the New Century Society and the Woman's Centennial Association, which mark spots of local interest. One of these is placed at the corner of Campus Martius Square on Washington Street, where a part of the old blockhouse still remains, and by its very grimness speaks most eloquently of the heroic struggles of pioneer life. Across the street stands the Ohio Company's Land-office, built by Rufus Putnam in 1788, where the early maps of the Western Territory were made. Recognizing the claims of this little log



The old "two horn" church, not long ago destroyed by fire

cabin to reverent guardianship, the Colonial Dames resident in Ohio purchased it in 1890, and have restored it to its original appearance. Opposite the pretty park on the Muskingum stands the famous "Old Two Horns," the first church built west of the Alleghenies. Though lately enlarged and made more attractive by the addition of a beautiful organ, it still preserves the quaint architectural style of the New England meeting-house of a century ago.

Two doors below the church is the quaint old red brick building known as Library Hall, which was built in 1832. The library was founded by the most influential citizens of Marietta, and sustained by their subscriptions for many years. The books are not now in general circulation, as the town supports a Free Public Library which meets the modern demands. The collection is very valuable, however, and has been most carefully preserved. The library room is now rented by the Woman's Centennial Association, which was founded in 1886 for the purpose of commemorating the settlement of Marietta and the establishment of civil government in the Northwest Terri-

tory. This association has gathered together a collection of historical relics which would do credit to a much larger city than Marietta.

A walk along the shaded streets reveals here and there some fine old mansions, which seem to look down in solemn dignity on their more frivolous neighbors. Their hospitable portals have opened for many years to the wit and beauty of the town, and their broad halls and spacious parlors still echo with song and laughter, as in days of yore.

Society in Marietta has always been of the best. Refined yet unconventional, influenced less by wealth than by intelligence and culture, its high tone has made this "Pioneer City" a delightful dwelling-place. Of all the existing clubs, one is especially worthy of mention, as it has played no small part in the intellectual life of the town. This is the Marietta Reading Club, which was organized more than forty years ago, in 1864. In the words of its historian, "The like of this club in its combined literary and social character and its unvarying success for so long a period is not to be found elsewhere in the United States." Its

members do not consider high living incompatible with high thinking, and the exercises begin with a six o'clock supper in which the ladies of the club vie with one another in displaying their ingenuity in the culinary art. After the "inner man" is satisfied chairs are drawn closer together, and an article on some topic of the day is read and discussed. All are encouraged to take part, and often gray-haired wisdom and youthful enthusiasm meet in a war of words. If the wit is keen and the thrusts sharp, the conflict is always good-natured.

But the Mecca of the many pilgrims to this historic town is the cemetery which contains the great mound, as perfect now as when discovered by Putnam's little band. What resting-place more fitting could be found for the heroes of so many wars than around the base of this majestic mound, itself perhaps the lasting sepulchre of some mighty

chieftain! Here sleep more than twenty Revolutionary officers of high rank, nearly as many heroes of the War of 1812, not a few soldiers of the Mexican War, and scores of men who died to preserve the Union. Side by side with the defenders of our nation lie men who gave strength and character to the whole Northwest,—ministers, doctors, judges, and Ohio's fourth Governor, Return Jonathan Meigs, Jr.

In its early days Mound Cemetery was far removed from the noise and bustle of the little village. Now it lies in the very heart of the city; the hum of the electric cars disturbs its calm repose, and the merry voices of schoolchildren as they pass to and fro echo around the beautiful mound. But its gates seldom open to admit the silent caravan, for the streets of this City of the Dead have been thickly settled for many years.

PROGRESS

By ALDIS DUNBAR

Be thou not held in thrall of Yesterday.
 Fling off his rusting chain of tyrannies.
 Then up! Draw breath in freedom; and away
 To rule *thy* servant,—the strong Hour That Is!

THE SEA-SHELL

By VIRNA SHEARD

O fairy palace of pink and pearl
 Frescoed with filigree silver-white
 Down in the silence beneath the sea,
 God by Himself must have fashioned thee
 Just for His own delight!

But no! For a dumb, insensate thing,
 Stirring in darkness its little hour,
 He built thy walls with infinite care,
 Thou sea-scented house, so fine and fair;
 Perfect — and like a flower.

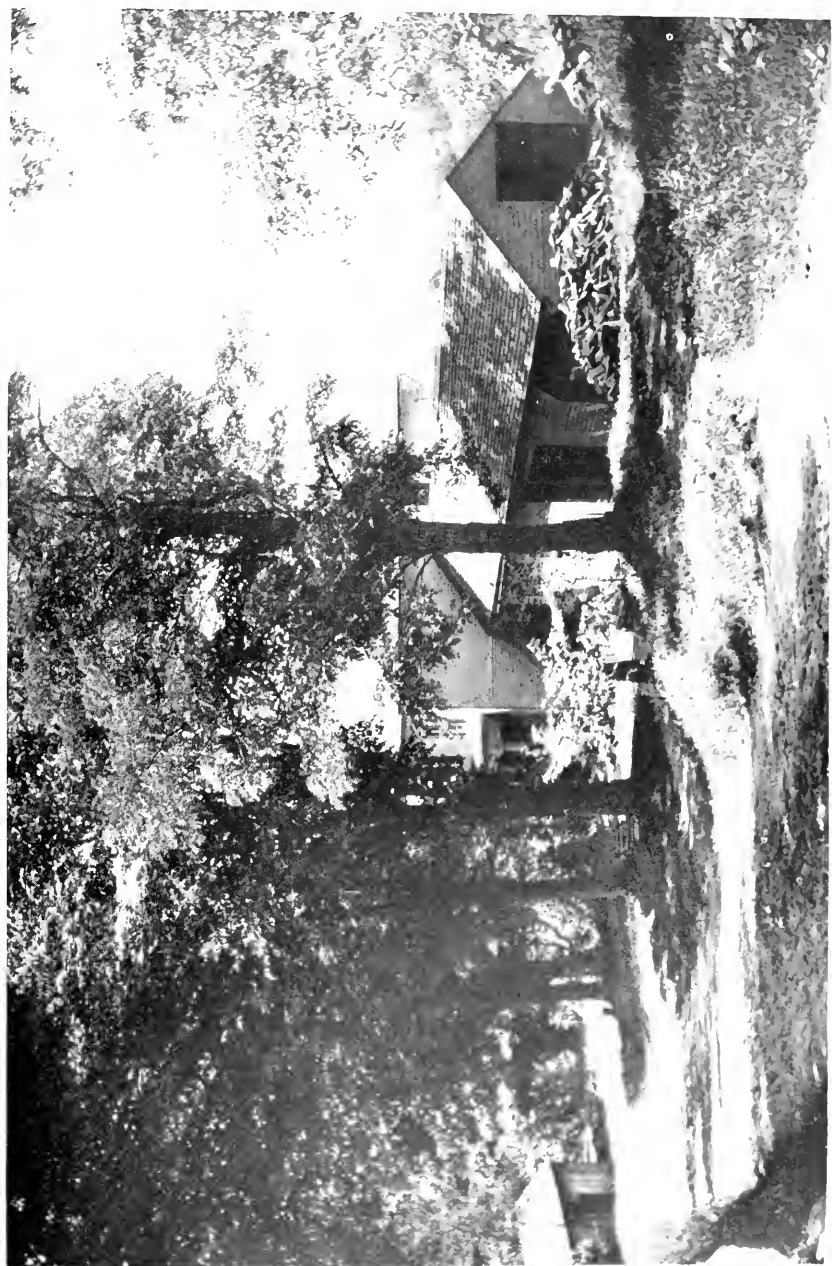
Picturesque New England

BEING a series of pictures such as linger in the minds of all who know its hills and homes, lakes, pastures, and woodland.

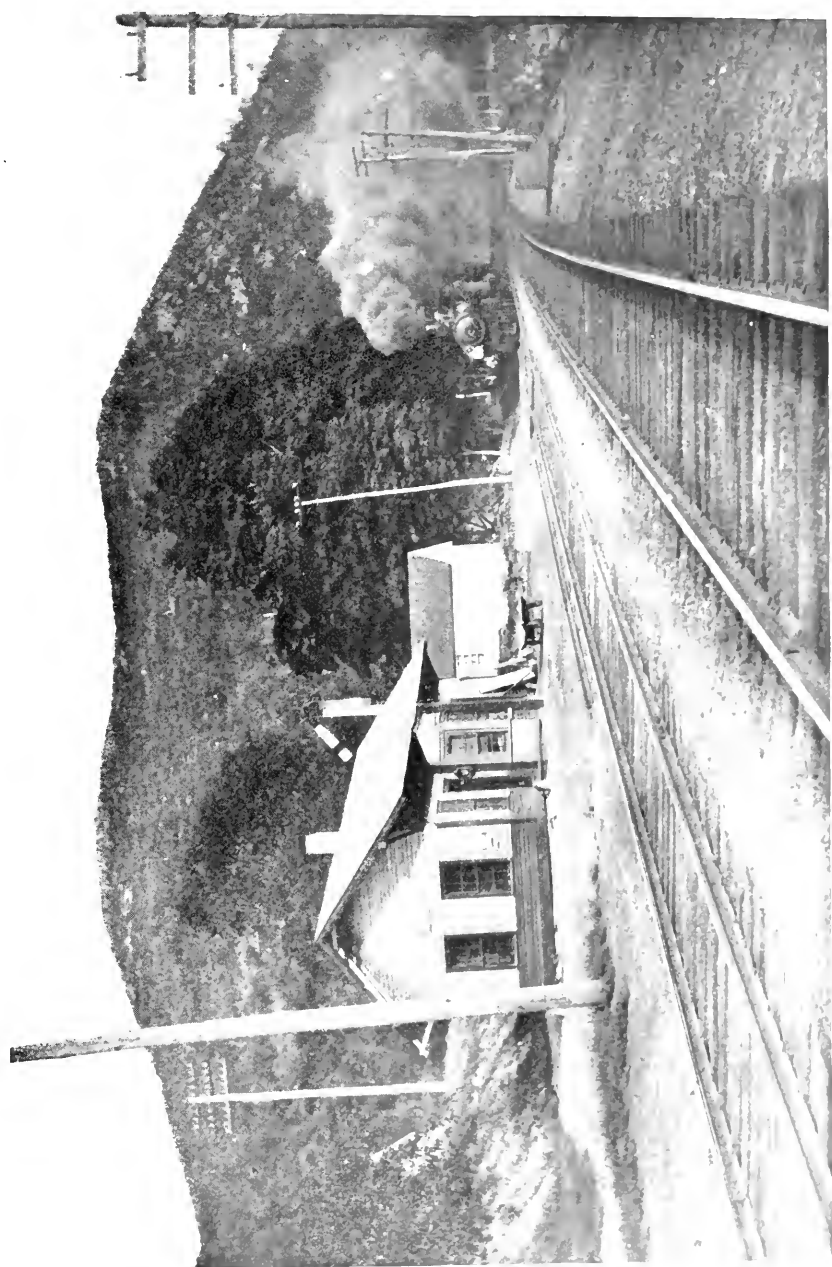
THE coming of spring in the pasture, when
the sprouting oak-leaves show gray-green,
and the apple-blossoms pink and white, only the
red cedar being prim, sombre, and bronze-green
as ever.




THE home among the hills where great
sugar-maples shade the winding road and
the eye is rested looking off to the haze of dis-
tant mountains.



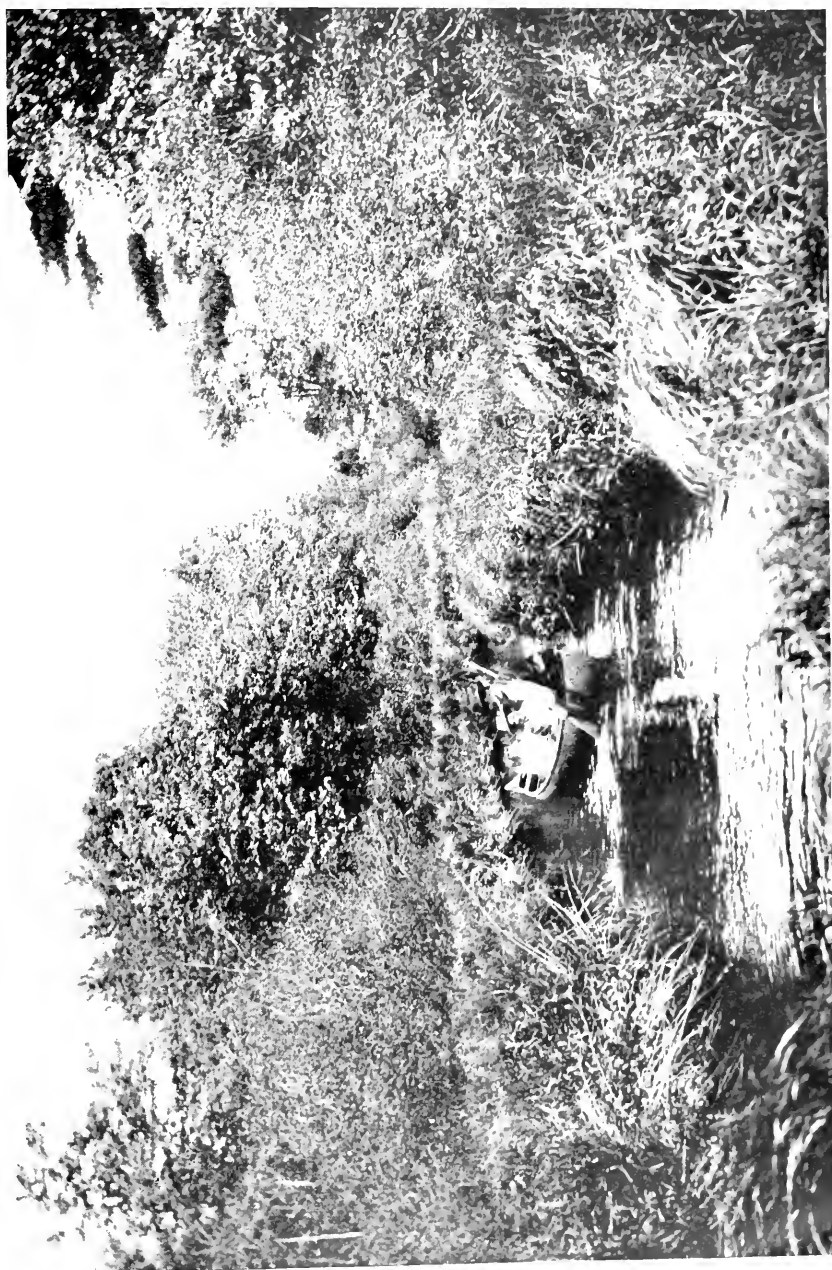
THE little station at the top of the grade,
where you may still meet the old-time
stage and take passage for some century-old
farm-home.



 NEW ENGLAND lane, the highway
for the cattle, leading between stone walls
from the great barn to the pasture.




IN a New England meadow where the
little river winds about in a tropical exu-
berance of leafage.




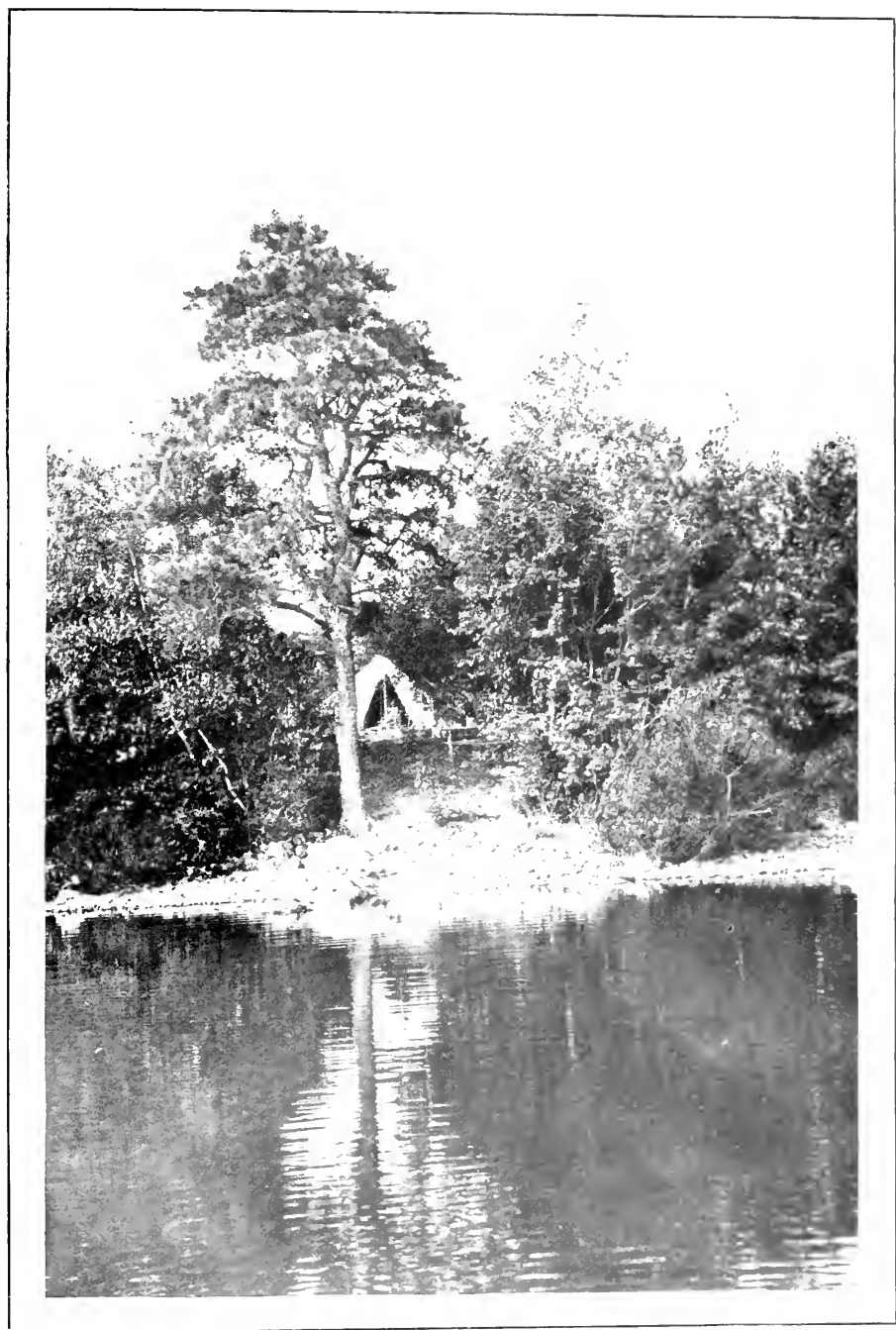
THE lake of shady margins, mottled
surface, and charming vistas be-
tween wooded islands.



 AK-TREES which were growing when the Pilgrim Fathers landed, with the historic Wayside Inn, at Sudbury, Mass., in the background.



HE summer camp on the cove
lake shore under the frag-
rance of the pitch pine and within
the cool embrace of the birches.



WHOM THE GODS LOVE

By VIRNA SHEARD



MARY ELLEN was painting out in the sun with her model before her on what was supposedly the sidewalk of the street. The street was in the bottom of the cup of the city, and into it had sunk the dregs of the human brew.

It did not worry Mary Ellen that she was a dreg — not in the least. She painted in the sun, and when she painted it was with an intensity of concentration, a soul-warming delight, an indifference to discomfort and discouraging limitations as regarded the implements of her art, that might have put many a Royal Academician to the blush.

True, there were traces of recent tears upon her face — of a storm that was past — and at intervals a fluttering sigh would shake her small frame. Yet she had apparently risen above her woes; for now she sat on the loose muddy boards, her back against the house and with what served her for a canvas propped up on her lap against the rigidity of two thin little knees, and the joy of her work cast other things in oblivion.

The kit was scattered around her for convenience' sake, and consisted of a scant half box of blacking, a mason's pencil, three sardine-boxes holding different primary colors, three lumps of yellow chalk, a ball of blueing, and a brush that she had made laboriously and painfully — laboriously for her, because it had taken time, patience, and strategy to extract the proper hairs from Stubbs, the victimized dog; and painfully for Stubbs, as the hairs were of a deeply rooted variety. If Mary Ellen had not felt that life without that brush was useless she probably would not have made it, for she was of a tender heart.

Her subject this morning being stationary and appealing, the moments flew. To be let alone, therefore, was all she asked — to be saved from her friends. She was of a mettle to deal with her enemies herself — but her friends! They were all the other-wise friendless things in the neighborhood,

— the undergrown children, the battered dogs, the bony cats, the bow-legged babies, the old and forlorn, the unlovely and neglected. All these she usually welcomed with avidity; but when she was busy as at present they bothered, and tact failed in making them understand.

For once the street was almost empty. Mrs. Mulloy's smallest-sized child, Mary Ellen's ordinary burden, slept. No smudgy-faced toddler had so far discovered the bonanza of paint in the sardine-boxes. No predatory boy bore down upon the yellow chalk.

Only Bruno Cariola, the organ-grinder who roomed across the way, took the trouble to notice what she was doing, and he came over and stood beside her quite a long time, a queer smile flashing over his old tanned face and a look of wonderment growing in his eyes.

A small care-burdened monkey, seemingly old enough to have been young in the days of the Pharaohs, sat upon the organ arrayed in a coat like to Joseph's, and the box of tunes swung from the Italian's shoulder. Mary Ellen smiled up at Bruno Cariola, tossed the monkey a peanut that she extracted from an invisible pocket, and then paid no further attention to them.

She had used the mason's pencil to her satisfaction, and now was consumed with desire to put the right color in the right place; for, though she had not heard it stated, she knew, with Millais, that this and this only is painting.

Her eyes, wonderful things of gray that was green and green that was blue, black-fringed and luminous, grew dark as she wielded the absurd brush. Her red lips puckered themselves up, two pink spots grew on her face, her yellow-white little fingers quivered.

A man who was passing glanced at the group, went on, slowed up, came back and watched Mary Ellen too.

Neither she nor Cariola noticed him. The monkey jerked off its red-feathered

hat as was its custom of salutation to the unfrayed residents of the upper town, and held out a shrivelled hand suggestively towards one it had reason to think would respond. Its appeal being unrecognized, it turned with world-weary air to other things.

The picture progressed. Presently the Italian broke into rapid speech and gesticulation. "You painta him well, Mariellen!" he said, making music of the commonplace little name. "O Carina mia! you painta him well! There is ze roll eye! — Yes! — ze stiff bended paw, — ze rough fur, where ze stick hit, — ze blood —! It make me ill to look! — Soma day you paint ze Monk for me on ze organ — so? — Eh? You be great paint some-a-day, Mariellen. Good-a-bye, so a long!"

The child looked up, but half hearing.

"Yes, I'll paint the monkey some day, Bruno," she answered. "So long!"

The man from the upper town drew a little nearer.

"Won't you please let me see?" he asked. "I like pictures."

"Sure," answered Mary Ellen, putting her work down to dry and gathering the kit into an empty peach-basket.

A woman came to a near-by window, thrust her head out, and called in a high-pitched voice. She was a pretty, frowzle-headed woman, untidy to the verge of indecency.

She called again, angrily this time: "Mary Ellen, I want you to go to Gillen's."

Mary Ellen made no response, and the gentleman beside her raised his eyes questioningly.

"I fancy she means you," he remarked.

"Yes," said the child, stowing the sardine-box with the red paint beneath the blacking, "she means me."

"Mary Ellen! Mary Ellen!" came the voice. "Say, if you don't drop that an' come —"

"I ain't goin' to Gillen's again to-day," Mary Ellen answered, calmly.

"Oh yes you are," called the woman, leaning farther out. "You'll come when I call you, an' get what I tell you, an' do it quick, or —"

Into the gray-green eyes looking up came a sudden fire, and the scarlet lips went straight.

The child pulled up her sleeves and uncovered some purplish marks that ran from

elbow to shoulder in a zigzag fashion. She glanced at them ruefully, meditatively; then replied, in a soft, disconcertingly decided little way:

"It don't matter about being hurt. That won't make me. I'll come in an' take baby if he's awake. I won't go to Gillen's — not again to-day."

The man seemed distressed, yet lingered. The picture held him. His curiosity held him. The child interested him, and he had outlived so much curiosity and interest!

"Is it anything very dreadful she wants you to get?" he asked, gently. "Would n't it be rather better to —"

Mary Ellen flashed a look at him as one fathoming the depths of his ignorance.

"It's beer," she answered, shortly.

"Oh!" he returned, feeling his inability to cope with the subject and searching his mind for the right thing to say.

Again the voice overhead came stridently:

"Just you wait, that's all! No, you need n't a-come an' take the baby. Don't you lay a finger on him after you playin' round the street with dead cats! He can cry hisself hoarse for you first."

Mary Ellen looked up, a white scorn on her peaked face.

"I've been painting it," she said. "I have n't played with it. You don't play with what's dead. It's in the very spot where it laid down and kicked when Tom Griggs lit it. It's not dirty — not dirtier than anything else. It was washing its face with its little paw out here in the sun this morning and purring, all fluffed up and pretty —" The words ended uncertainly.

"Well, I won't bother with you any more," called the woman. "Bart. Winne, can take you back to sea when he comest or send you to a home. You ain't mine, an' I ain't goin' to bother with no such obstinate kid no longer." The window slammed.

Mary Ellen took the brush and touched lightly the yellow spots on the gray-striped body she had painted. She appeared to have dismissed any unpleasantness from her mind.

The man watched her still, and on his face was the same expression of wonderment that had been on Bruno Cariola's. He was

a tall man, gray about the temples, and with the look of one who had looked far but failed to find what he wanted.

"Where did you learn?" he asked at last, pointing to the picture. "Who showed you how? Somebody must have, you know."

Mary Ellen gave a little laugh. It was the youngest thing about her.

"Nobody did n't, though," she said, sobering. "There was n't anybody who could. Nobody showed me nothing; nobody gave me nothing but Bruno Cariola. He gave me the red and green paint. He got it for painting his organ, and he gave me the paper, too. It's the real drawing kind." Then she told him the history of the brush, remarked on the usefulness of the yellow chalk, and explained the process by which she turned the blacking into gray.

The man listened well. "But," he began again, "how do you do it — really — Mary Ellen? That's your name, is n't it?"

He bent over the picture and glanced from it to the stiffening figure of the street kitten; for it had not quite reached its full growth. There was a baby look in the furry face with its wild, frightened eyes and half open pink mouth, a soft downiness in the gray fur, a glistening newness on the sharp teeth and claws.

Mary Ellen, he saw, had not missed any of the points. With few lines and little paint she had pictured a kitten just as dead as the real one. The curve of the body expressed the same agony; the eyes, the same fear.

He puzzled as to where she had learned to paint fur.

Suddenly the child held the picture out to him.

"Here," she cried, with quivering lips, "take it if you want it. I don't. Take it, or I'll tear it up. I don't want ever to see it or that poor little kitten again!"

Dropping to the sidewalk she put her head on her arms and gave herself up to an abandonment of woe such as the man had seldom seen. Holding the picture, he patted her on one shaking shoulder.

"Come! Come!" he said. "It's only a kitten, you know, and there must be lots of others. See now, tell me how you did it — got the effect — that fur now. You must

have been taught somewhere. And then I would like to see your other pictures. You have made others, have n't you?"

She winked the tears away.

"You may see them," she said, catching her breath, "only they are jest rough like this one; not framed or pretty or anything. Nobody but old Bruno looks at them. I have n't any one but Dad, and he's most always on his ship — he's a sailor, you know, and she —"

"She?"

"Yes, Mrs. Mulloy. Dad leaves me with her. Well, she makes fun of them. Yes, she does — but," with a quick clenching of the color-besmeared fingers, "I'm goin' to paint! I'm goin' to!"

"Of course," the other returned, absently. "Why, of course, you are going to, Mary Ellen. I should say that was the original intention regarding you, you understand; or perhaps you don't, but it seems so to me. So you just see things and draw them, eh?"

The child shook her dark wavy hair back and looked up with a little puzzled frown.

"Oh no!" she said. "No. I just see things an' feel them, an' then draw them."

"What sort of things?" he asked. "What sort of things usually, Mary Ellen?"

"I draw Mother Foily sometimes — just black and white, no colors. She lives over there; an' Jim Foily, that's all the son she's got. He tramps all summer, an' she nearly always thinks he won't come home any more, so when he does you ought to see her face. That's when I draw her. An' I draw Bruno Cariola when he smiles an' his teeth flash white in his brown face. Once he came in all soaking wet and cold, one winter day, an' he cried because he wanted to go back to Italy. Then I painted him that way."

"Oh!" said the man.

"Yes!" she answered. "An' you can see the pictures if you ever come back, those very ones; but they ain't framed, remember. I hear the baby, so I'm goin' in, for she'll let me take him, though she said she would n't."

With nods and smiles they parted — the child with her battered peach-basket; the man with the strange picture, daubed at the edges, half soiled, made of unbelievably

crude materials, but yet with the indelible finger-mark of genius upon it, the priceless, haunting thing that is the gift of the gods, and that they bestow as it pleases their fancy. Holding it, he swung along the street. It was his own work, the work of the pigments and the brush.

"The brush!" He smiled as he thought of Mary Ellen. Presently he turned in to his own studio and touched the button that switched on the lights.

Slowly he went from one easel to another, from one wall to the next. There was beauty of color, beauty of form, perfection of detail — and yet — and yet.

His eyes went back to the thing in his hand. Something was missing from all his painstaking work that he felt lived in the picture of Mary Ellen.

His work was as the opal without its heart of fire; his paintings, masses of dead color, beautiful failures, as little like the things they claimed to show forth as the wax figures in a museum are like the people they are modelled after.

The man sat down heavily and stared ahead. The easels and walls melted into many shades and tones, as a garden will when one turns back to look at it from the gate.

"What she sees — and feels," he said, half aloud. "And feels — and how she feels! What a woman she would make in ten years. She must be thirteen now. What a study! Her eyes are like the sea. She has that slenderness that turns to grace. Her skin will be creamy and her lips scarlet. That type develops those colors — besides, she will have the gift."

Suddenly a thought came to him, and he started to his feet, pacing up and down, up and down, and talking as though to the picture-hung walls.

"Why not?" he exclaimed. "In Heaven's name, why not? Who wants her? A sailor who is always at sea, who leaves her to be neglected? That wretched shrew? I will take her from them if there's a way, and have her from them. What I have not done she shall do. I will bring her away from the squalor and reek, the horrors of sight and sound, the brutality. She shall wear purple and fine linen, little Mary Ellen." He smiled at the name, then walked the floor up and down again.

At noontide of the next morning he went

up the street toward the house where Mary Ellen lived.

It swarmed with people to-day, he thought. They seemed excited, horribly noisy. The squalor on every hand was unbearable.

There was a knot of men and women around the door he sought. They, in contrast to the others on the street, were oppressively still. There was something about their faces that made his own go white.

He touched one of them, an old, bent woman, but his voice did not answer his bidding. Then he heard it as though from far off.

"What is wrong?" he said. "What has happened? These people, are they waiting for anything?"

"It's Mary Ellen," she returned, quaveringly, "little Mary Ellen, God rest her. She went a message for Mrs. Mulloy an' got struck by something swift at the crossin' — one of them autos, belike, or mebby 't was only a bike. Sure, it's all one now. The child fell wid her head agin the curb."

Listening, the man loosened the tie at his throat. Then he pushed his way through the people and into the house.

An Italian, old and weather-beaten, and holding a small monkey on his shoulder, was standing beside a sofa. The woman with the frowzled hair stood beside him, her roughened prettiness blanched by fear. A baby played on the floor contentedly, and Mary Ellen lay on the sofa.

She, with the little dead kitten, would never know any more of the trouble of this tear-stained world.

The man who was a stranger stood looking down for longer than he knew, but neither the frowzled woman nor Bruno Cariola appeared to notice.

The monkey chattered low in its wrinkled throat, monotonously, knowingly, as one who had seen many things.

The man raised one small hand gently from where it had slipped over the edge of the sofa. There were flecks of gray and yellow, he noticed, on one of the fingers. His lips moved, and he spoke as half to Mary Ellen, half to himself, though he may not have known he was speaking:

"And each," he said,
 "And each, in his separate star,
 Shall draw the thing as he sees it
 For the God of things as they are."

AN ENGAGING MISSION

By FLORENCE MARTIN EASTLAND



RS. MORRILL, with a comfortable sigh, stated the problem exactly: "Given a daughter of impressionable temperament, with a tendency toward reforms, what would be the result if her periodical attacks were not allowed to run their course?"

Truman Wright drew down his brows disapprovingly.

"Well," he answered, firmly, "when the reforms, as in this instance, lead her into questionable friendships, the result is likely to be a series of complications."

The lady's eyes twinkled, and she lifted her plump hands in affected surprise.

"Questionable friendships! Surely you do not mean her pastor, the Rev. Benjamin Tripp?"

"Yes; I do. Confound him! I believe he wants to marry Maylita."

"It would n't be surprising," returned Mrs. Morrill, calmly. "But I think matters have not reached that state yet."

"And her other associates, her latest converts?"

"I cannot vouch for anything warmer than deep gratitude on their parts,—which of course often evinces itself in an offer of marriage when the reformer is young and pretty,—but I am sure Maylita's feeling is only tender solicitude for their moral welfare."

"But —"

"My dear Truman," interrupted the matron, "I have absolute confidence in my daughter. When she is married her excessive enthusiasm will find its proper channel in domestic and conjugal duties. Meantime, why not humor her a little and further your own cause by a course of reformation?"

"I beg your pardon?" gasped the young man.

"Confess your besetting sin — which, by the way, I have never discovered — and slowly, very slowly, conquer it with her help. I hear her coming," she concluded,

in a lower tone. "Excite her sympathy, demand her assistance, and you stand the best of chances to win."

As Maylita drew aside the silken drapery and stood for an instant framed in the doorway Truman admitted to himself that a man should not be condemned for using the details of his past life — some at least — to arouse the interest of such an exquisite maiden. Her bronze hair fell in soft waves from the broad parting and clustered in tiny rings about her white forehead and neck. The brilliant eyes and perfect features enhanced her matchless Northwestern complexion, while her graceful carriage and purity of soul, revealed in every movement or expression, charmed intangibly.

"Such a lovely meeting!" she exclaimed, after greeting them. "I felt above earthly needs till I smelled your tea, Mumsey."

Mrs. Morrill glanced meaningly at Truman as she rose to go.

"I must make a few calls, if you will pardon my absence."

"Won't you take some tea, Truman?" inquired Maylita. "Did Mumsey overlook you?"

"With pleasure. No; your mother never overlooks any one. I waited for you."

She regarded him searchingly. "I thought you did not drink tea."

"That is true," he answered, "but I am going to begin. I want the luxury of imagining this is our tea-table and my wife is presiding. Another cup, dearest."

"How absurd you are!" she replied, with a trace of annoyance. "I feel that my life holds more serious duties than pouring tea for a single man."

"I would n't be single," he argued. "Nor would I expect you to pour tea all the time. You might find that tedious. I would offer no objection to your giving during our first month of housekeeping a dinner to a dozen of our friends, and I cannot conceive a more serious undertaking. Only," — he paused impressively — "there

won't be among our guests the Rev. Mr. Tripp, Mr. Wilder, nor Mr. Maydew. Maylita, are you going to marry Tripp?"

"No," came the prompt yet troubled reply.

"Or Jeffries Maydew?"

"Of course not," she answered, indignantly. "And his name is Jefferson, not Jeffries."

"Oh! I suppose I made the mistake from knowing he was once a pugilist."

"And if he was," Maylita demanded, "has n't he repented and is n't he trying to live a respectable life?"

"Possibly. And Frank Wilder — are you engaged to him?"

The anxious frown returned as she rose and walked hastily to the window. "Why do you question me as if I were a naughty child?"

"Because, dear," Truman replied, as he softly laid a caressing hand on each shoulder, while his lips touched the silky hair above her ear, "because, light of my life, I love you and need you."

For a moment she stood unresisting. Truman felt the strong tide of her emotion in the rapid movement of her shoulders. He was about to speak when she freed herself from his detaining hands and faced him, the light of renunciation shining in her face.

"You are mistaken, Truman; you do not need me. Your character is so strong, your principles so firm, that you are a light not only to yourself, but to others. My poor rays are needed to guide some shipwrecked soul to a peaceful haven. Don't think," she concluded, dramatically, "that my choice is easy. It is dreadfully hard."

In the light of his years and experience he catalogued her speech as melodrama. He decided the situation called for firm handling.

"Women indulge in generalities," he remarked. "Just what will you renounce in order to marry some derelict man?"

Maylita's eyes grew reproachful.

"I thought you would understand. I will never marry; and — and it was love that I renounced. How much nobler" — her eyes glowed divinely — "it will be to sacrifice our love on the altar of duty than to spend our lives selfishly together."

"So will she look," thought the man, with a throb of tenderness, "when mother-

hood transfigures her face at the sight of her first-born."

But aloud he agreed: "Very true. You have a most convincing way. Your suggestion has disclosed my path of duty. I will act. I will uplift; and I don't know of a better start than with the Herbert girls, particularly the one with the receding chin and the wart on her eyelid. Her dejection must be dissipated. I feel a call to make her happy."

Blankness replaced the radiant expression on the girl's face.

"Lacking religious enthusiasm, you see," he explained, "my work would necessarily form only a preparatory course. Since she does not care for music, I might begin uplifting by taking her to the Eames concert. As I had intended asking you, both of us, you at prayer-meeting and I beside a tiresome girl, can feel the joy of a noble sacrifice."

There was no reply, and Truman prepared to go. He soberly shook her hand, but his heart throbbed at the sight of an unmistakable pout on her lips.

In the evening, as Truman left the car he found himself enveloped in a dense fog, a Puget Sound fog, which dimmed the lights and shut out ghost-like pedestrians. Cautiously picking his way, he was startled to hear a voice seemingly from nowhere:

"True, Miss Maylita; but you forget that two persons imbued with a desire to reform humanity will accomplish twice as much as one, particularly if they are united for a common good. Doubly fruitful will be their harvest."

The words seemed fairly to slap Truman's face. He gave a contemptuous snort upon recognizing the Rev. Mr. Tripp's smooth tones. "Now why did n't I think of that?" he angrily reflected. He lost Maylita's reply, but Mr. Tripp's voice, trained to reach the farthest in his congregation, rolled back distinctly:

"True, also; but you do not understand how I need you."

Truman winced. "Her lovers are a needy lot," flashed through his mind.

"There are times," resumed the divine, "when even I am tempted, and only the memory of your face has swept me back from the brink. Then have I grown strong again and able to say — *run!*" he concluded with a startled yell, while the clatter of his

feet on the asphalt demonstrated his sprinting abilities.

Pressing forward, Truman almost stumbled over Maylita, who stood paralyzed with fear. "A robber!" she gasped. "He's pursuing Mr. Tripp."

A series of irreligious whoops located the parson, and Truman rushed to his rescue. "Hold on to him, Tripp; I'm coming," he shouted. Before he ran another yard he bumped into a slender fellow whose arms gripped Truman's neck.

"Sh!" admonished the newcomer, "let him go. I recognized your voice, Truman. It's only a joke."

"Frank Wilder, what does this mean?"

"Not so loud, old fellow," came cautiously. "You don't know who's near in this beastly fog. I heard him proposing to Maylita, and, damn him! the puppy was using my arguments to win her. It was up to me to do something quick."

"It was," affirmed Truman, with a momentary cessation of hostilities toward the vanquisher of the preacher. "Meantime Miss Morrill is standing back there unprotected."

"That's so," agreed Wilder, turning hastily.

"Not so fast, boys; I want to interview you."

The hand of a policeman fell detainingly upon each coat-collar, while the officer called over his shoulder, "Here you, which one of these is the hold-up?"

"I — will — see," came between breaths from Mr. Tripp. "These are — ah — friends," he stated, after a hasty glance with the aid of the officer's bull's-eye. "Where is Miss Morrill?" he asked, excitedly.

"Probably where you left her," answered Truman, "when you ran —"

"In pursuit of the highwayman; yes, no doubt," interrupted the divine. "Miss Maylita," he anxiously called.

"Yes, Mr. Tripp," came in relieved accents as Maylita appeared.

"How close to the man were you when you ran into me?" asked the officer. "And if you were chasing him, what did you bring me back here for?"

"The fog caused me to confuse localities, I presume, and the robber has doubtless escaped. Let us be thankful my prompt action prevented the commission of a crime."

"What action?" demanded Wilder.

"Why — er — frightening him away and — er — seeking assistance."

"Oh!" was the sceptical response.

Truman stepped to Maylita's side. "With the officer's permission I will take this lady home. Mr. Wilder and Mr. Tripp will, I am sure, assist in the search for the hold-up."

"I like your nerve," growled Wilder, in a fierce aside; while Mr. Tripp, with a preliminary cough, explained that owing to a tendency to bronchial trouble he would be obliged — in the midst of which Truman and the girl walked away.

"Where had you been?"

"At the reading-room of our church, where I made an address to working girls."

"Mr. Tripp, I suppose, fathered the occasion."

"Well, he introduced me and added some complimentary remarks when I closed."

Truman repressed an inclination to say that a girl of her position and prettiness required a chaperone whenever she felt compelled to make speeches; and that only a cad would use a public occasion as an opportunity to pay compliments. Instead, he observed irrelevantly:

"I saw Belle Herbert this evening, and my mission was successful. She will accompany me to hear Eames. Of course you note my heroic promptitude in following your suggestion."

"Ye-es," she sighed.

"And have you," he continued, "decided which derelict needs you most? I find upon reconsidering my case" — he spoke deliberately — "that, unlike your other admirers, I do not need you as much as you need me; and if I may presume to advise I would choose Maydew."

"Mr. Maydew?"

"Yes; he needs your help to knock out his execrable English. It would be well to go after that without gloves. Even then I predict defeat."

"How can you be so unkind? Of course I am merely interested in his spiritual and moral welfare. He has had everything to overcome —"

"Surely; a rule of the game if he would wear the belt."

"— And his aspirations are high," she continued, stiffly.

"Deucedly high," he coincided.

They reached the stone steps to Maylita's home, where she bade him a dignified good-night, and he turned again toward his rooms.

The fog was stifling. Deep in thought he plowed his way through its murky layers until, as he supposed, he had reached his destination. The steps, however, appeared unfamiliar. As he stopped irresolutely a deep voice sounded above him: "An' so, Maylita, I have come to tell you how bad I need you."

Truman started back, thunderstruck.

"Great heavens! I am losing my mind," was his horrified thought; but as quickly he detected the trace of cockney accent as the Voice went on:

"Huh-uh; I've left out a piece -- where I need 'er don't come in till later. Oh! I got it straight now. So bountiful has been your affluence over me 't I'd defeat ever' temptation 't challenged me if us two was joined together an' no man could put us asunder. Nevermore will I think of the ring except the one I hopes to put on your finger. An' so, Maylita, I have come --"

"Pardon me," spoke Truman, angrily. "Can you tell me in which block I will find number 827?"

"827 is in the third block back," returned the Voice from the porch above.

"Thank you; and if I were you I would express my thoughts on paper. That would save comments from passers-by."

With a loud "Nobody did n't ask you for no advice," the Voice's departure was evidenced by the slamming of the porch door.

The following evening Truman with a determined hand rang the Morrill's door-bell. His lips scarcely relaxed their firm line when he inquired for the lady of the house.

"Here, Truman," responded Mrs. Morrill from the stair-landing. She descended quickly and took his hand. Observing her evening costume, he said:

"Do not let me detain you. Where is --?"

A humorous uplifting of Mrs. Morrill's eyebrows and a nod toward the library was sufficient answer.

"Which one?" he whispered.

"The p.-f.; she's giving him a grammar lesson."

Truman frowned, but Mrs. Morrill laughed.

"You will be glad he was here when I tell you two other admirers called and insisted upon a private interview. She had left instructions not to be disturbed till time to start for the Woodrow's ball, so of course --"

"Of course," he amiably agreed, "and I will go at once, since it is now time to call her. My errand will keep."

"Have you decided to adopt my suggestion?" she asked, abruptly.

"To enlist her sympathy by parading my unworthiness, and deceive her by allowing her to think she is making a man of me? No; I cannot. If I have not the manhood to be the best I can without her help I am entirely unworthy of her; and I will not forfeit her respect by assuming vices I am thankful I do not possess."

The mother grasped his hand impulsively.

"I wish Maylita could have heard that speech," she murmured. "I think," she added, confidentially, "that affairs are approaching a climax. I am certain, however, that my advice will be superfluous."

"Have I deserved that?" was his reproachful inquiry.

"But," she merrily finished, "I will inform you if a crisis seems imminent."

"Thank you; now I will go, that the grammar lesson may be ended."

He had just reached his office the next morning when a messenger appeared with a scented note. Its brevity did not exceed its welcome, although a single sentence greeted Truman's eye: "Maylita's birthday has precipitated the crisis."

He sat down in his private office to consider the case. After steadily regarding one corner of the Turkish rug for fifteen minutes, he rose triumphantly and took down the receiver of the telephone.

"Hello; Dalmo's? This is Truman Wright, who placed an order this morning for two dozen roses to be sent to Miss Maylita Morrill. Not gone? Good. I wish to change the order to a shower bouquet of bride's roses to be sent in an hour."

The receiver clicked into place, but after an instant's pause was again pressed to his waiting ear.

"White's. This is Wright in the Alaska Building. Have you sent that box of bonbons to Miss Morrill? Messenger just starting? Tell him to wait. Have you a fine wedding-cake? What? Oh! any size

— the larger the better, only be sure it's good. Well, I guess a twenty-pounder will do. Send it with the candy in an hour. Why of course it's the same address. Good-by."

Two more messages were despatched by telephone before he walked to the front window and inspected his tidy business suit. "It will have to do," he grumbled, "for I have n't time to change."

Leaving brief instructions to his book-keeper and the stenographer, he paid a hasty visit to a jeweler's and boarded a James Street car. An errand at the court-house detained him twenty minutes; yet not two hours had elapsed between the receipt of Mrs. Morrill's note and the moment he was ushered into that lady's reception-room.

"Mrs. Morrill is out," the maid said, "and before Miss Maylita went to her room she gave strict orders to say she would see no one."

Truman laid a dollar beside his card on the maid's tray. "Tell her I will wait in the library till she comes."

He crossed the wide hall to the library door, which was slightly ajar. Without waiting, after a light rap on the panel, he pushed open the door, and then stopped astonished. From the pillows of the low divan in the corner came the sound of smothered sobs, and he saw a blue skirt trailing on the floor, while a slim hand and arm lay above a bronze head in a position of grievous abandon.

In an instant he was kneeling by the couch, pressing his face close to the hot one buried in the pillows.

"Maylita, dearest, tell me what has happened. I have come to help you."

The flushed, tear-stained face was suddenly transferred to his shoulder, and her arms clung to his neck appealingly. With unusual masculine judgment he let her cry, although he felt his collar melting beneath her moist grief. At length he wiped her eyes and smoothed her tumbled hair. Seating himself on the divan, he drew her down beside him. After an interval he said:

"Now, dearest, what is the matter?"

With a final sob she sat erect and pointed an accusing finger toward the library table, where lay a jumble of flowers, notes, ribbons, and tissue paper.

"That!" she exclaimed, dramatically.

"Birthday gifts from your friends?" he

asked, but a frown darkened his forehead.

"Proposals! and rings! three of them," was the tragic answer.

"Well, that need not cause such grief. All you will have to do is to answer them."

"But I don't want to accept any of them, and I can't honorably refuse them. Oh! oh! it's an awful responsibility to be a moral prop. I've been leaned on till I am worn out."

"Why can't you honorably refuse them?" Truman demanded.

"Why — because — there! just read Mr. Tripp's letter." She selected from the jumble and thrust into Truman's hand several sheets of pearl-gray note-paper adorned by neat writing.

"It's hardly honorable of me to read this," he remarked, toying irresolutely with the letter. Maylita blushed as the significance of her hasty action dawned upon her.

"You can't understand it if you don't read it," she protested, "for I cannot state its contents accurately."

"Then I will act as your legal adviser, and in that capacity it will not be indelicate to read this."

"You don't think it might come to that?" she asked, in fresh alarm.

"One can never tell."

His face lost its pleasant lines while he glanced through the note. Sternly indicating a paragraph on the first page, he said:

"What does he mean by this? 'Desiring that our conditional engagement be merged into a formal one — with the earnest hope that a speedy marriage will render it perpetual — I have selected this auspicious occasion to present an engagement-ring which I trust will encircle your finger when I meet you at prayer-meeting to-night!'"

Maylita hung her head.

"I never supposed it was an engagement. He said I helped him to be a better man, and asked if that were not a higher mission than to be a social butterfly."

"And you said it was?"

"Ye-es; and he told me how much he needed me —"

"I know."

"And how he would fail in his work if I did not encourage him. I only said I would consider the matter, for it would be dreadful to see him make a failure."

"Where is his ring?"

She tossed over the flowers and produced a band of gold set with pearls.

"And the case? Thank you. These," he remarked, "will form Exhibit A. I will attend to their return."

"These are from Frank Wilder," she admitted falteringly. She handed Truman a beautiful diamond ring and a scrawly letter on thick creamy stationery. Truman stared incredulously when he read it.

"It's remarkable," he commented. "Was there any truth in this? 'I hope to see you wearing my ring at prayer-meeting to-night. I have not been satisfied to be half engaged to you; and now that I have mended my evil ways I am sure you will live up to your part of the contract and have the engagement made public.'"

"I — I never made any sp — special contract with him," she objected. "I — I think I told him if he'd be good for six months I might c — care for him. When I found I could n't I did n't tell him for fear he would b — backslide. I was trying to get him to fall in love with the minister's sister."

"Exhibit B," remarked Truman, grimly.

"These came from Jefferson Maydew," she apologetically announced. Truman disgustfully examined the bright blue note and the bright red ring.

"He is right, Maylita, when he says, though in shocking English, that if a girl smiles upon a man so far beneath her and displays such an interest in him, he feels at

liberty to ask her to marry him. But what is this? Great Cæsar! he too hopes to see his ring on your finger this evening at prayer-meeting."

"I never thought of being engaged to him," she declared, indignantly. "They are all so quick to take things for granted. I just do not dare think of him. He will act worse than the others; he will go right back to prize-fighting."

"Is Exhibit C the last?"

"Is n't that enough?" was the dejected response. "What can I do?" Again the tears rose in the beautiful eyes.

A discreet tap sounded at the door. Truman, stepping forward, took from a maid's hands a bouquet of bride's roses and a card.

"Tell the minister we will be out presently," he said to the maid, who at once departed.

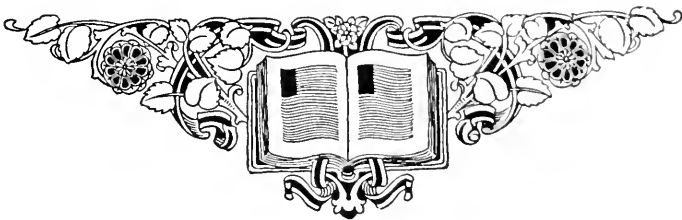
Maylita's eyes portrayed her dismay.

"The minister! I cannot see Mr. Tripp."

"You need not, sweetheart. He is not here. It is my clergyman who has come to perform our marriage ceremony. As your legal adviser," he explained, as she started back in amazement, "the only course I can recommend to quash the proceedings is to make a defence unnecessary. You can't marry them all, you know."

"Not even if I wanted to," she assented.

"Then if you have no objections you will wear this ring"—producing a plain gold band—"when I accompany you to prayer-meeting to-night."



WHAT MAY THE SCHOOLS DO TO ADVANCE THE APPRECIATION OF ART?

By PROF. H. LANGFORD WARREN



FOR those of us who are keenly concerned as to the future of artistic attainment and artistic appreciation among our people there is perhaps no more encouraging sign of the times than the frequent evidences of an earnest, and, as I believe, increasingly sincere desire to know more of art and to penetrate what to some still seems the Mystery of Beauty. Everywhere associations for the study or advancement of the fine arts are springing up, and the demand for trained teachers is constantly on the increase. There is indeed something almost pathetic in this eagerness for guidance—an eagerness which unfortunately sometimes follows in mistaken paths; for though the desire to learn, the desire to advance, is evident enough, leaders of real insight, adequately trained for their task, are difficult to find. As so often happens, in the varied fields of human endeavors “the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.”

The spontaneity of this movement is one of its most encouraging features, and should prove an earnest of its permanence and success. As the result of this spontaneous demand, classes, privately supported, were formed at the Museum of Fine Arts. Simmons College later undertook these classes, and finally a committee, on the utilization of Museums of Art by Schools and Colleges, was formed, with the purpose of still further organizing and strengthening the movement.

The purpose which this committee has in view is clearly stated in its title: to encourage the utilization by schools and colleges of the rich resources of our museums of fine art—especially, of course, of the greatest collection of our neighborhood, the Museum of Fine Arts of Boston; but including also, not only the other museums

of the Metropolitan District (the collections, for instance, of the Boston Public Library and the several collections of art treasures of Harvard University), but generally throughout New England—ultimately throughout the country—we hope that this movement will lead to a more vital use, especially in connection with the schools, of the resources of museums of fine art, wherever located.

The immediate purpose of the committee rests, however, on a purpose and a belief which go deeper: the *purpose*, namely, to effect, if it be possible, through the schools the taste of the rising generation; to awaken in the children, who will presently be the active public, a keener appreciation, a more vital and truer love, for the higher forms of beauty; the *belief* that this awakened love of beauty will make their lives richer, their characters finer, and thus cause them to make their country more beautiful and still more worthy of their devotion.

The committee believes that its underlying purpose may best be furthered by bringing about a closer relationship between the schools and the museums, helping the museums more completely to fulfil their function; the schools to make use of the opportunities presented to them. But first I wish to consider with you the broader and deeper question which underlies the policy we are suggesting; namely, “What can the schools do to advance the appreciation of art?” and having considered this general question, we shall, I think, be able to see more clearly how the museums may contribute to this purpose: how best to make use of their resources to this end.

Before directly attacking this question it will be necessary for us to examine somewhat narrowly the environment in the midst of which we work. As teachers, in order to make our teaching effective, we

must know as clearly as may be the conditions which we have to meet. We must, especially, appreciate as precisely as possible the difficulties to be overcome; we must know the nature of the obstructions that block our onward road, that we may remove or circumvent them. We must be able to discontinue the discouragements we are sure to meet, lest we lose hope and courage. As teachers I need hardly tell you this; still less that we must further consider carefully the nature of the child's mind, his interests and prejudices at different stages of his advancement. If we are to reach him and affect him we can do so only through his sympathies.

In the first place, then, before asking what the schools can do to advance an appreciation of art, let us ask how it is that we come to be asking this question at all. I doubt whether until the nineteenth century such a question was ever asked during the whole course of development of the world's civilization. How comes it that we find it necessary now to take earnest steps for the advancement of art? The very question we are asking, the very movement we are engaged in, is a confession that art is, if not in a dying, at least in a very sickly condition. As we look about us we shall be forced still further to confess that most people in the community are perfectly content with this condition; it is only the minority of us (an increasing minority, I am happy to think) that are disturbed and restless. Even many who are not quite content are still unwilling to make sacrifices in the cause of Beauty, though here again there are signs of awakening. Quite recently in the laying-out of some of our cities, private interests and mere considerations of material profit have had to give way to the public demand for beauty. But it still remains true that probably at no time and place in the world's history was so much prosperity and comfort combined with so much unutterable ugliness—for the most part smug, contented ugliness.

How comes it—again we ask—that with all our civilization and prosperity and the mechanical skill of which we are so proud, we have so little of beauty in the things we make; that the fine arts are in such a state of decline? The question is obviously too large to enter upon here with any fulness. Some answer, however, we are bound to

make, for a true answer to this question will help us in the task before us, though such an answer is needed especially by those of us who are engaged in teaching any branch of the fine arts with a view to productive effort. The causes are of course manifold and complicated. Briefly, I think we may say that our present situation is the result primarily of that break with tradition which began with the Renaissance, which, first affecting architecture, as time went on affected more and more all the handicrafts which are dependent upon architecture and so destroyed by slow degrees the soil, the atmosphere, the environment which is essential to the production of great results in the arts of design. Since the Renaissance there has been great production at times, but it has been—and increasingly—sporadic and occasional. In a broad view, since the Renaissance there has been gradual decline and diminishing artistic power and artistic appreciation down to our own day. Simultaneously with this change came another which, productive of wonderful and beneficial results in other directions, has been detrimental to artistic development. The great awakening of the Renaissance resulted in turning the activities of humanity more and more away from the arts of design and guided them into other fields. The centuries since that great time have more and more become coldly intellectual rather than emotional. This was already to some extent the case with the seventeenth century; still more so with the eighteenth. Not only is such an atmosphere in itself unfavorable to great production in the arts of design, but it has led the greatest intellects of the time to turn their powers into other channels. Thus from a variety of causes we have been led in the nineteenth century to an astonishing scientific and industrial development. The spirit of enquiry and analysis, the scientific research, the wondrous inventions that have resulted from it, the mechanical development with its accompanying mechanical ideals, the industrial organization, the subdivision of labor, the very prosperity that has resulted, the sudden diffusion of well-being among the uneducated,—all these things have been adverse to the development of the fine arts of design. I do not wish to be understood as implying that the fine arts are undemocratic; they are essentially democratic,

in that they demand for their best results that the people as a whole shall be sensitive to them, shall be keenly interested in them, shall to a very large extent be in one way or another occupied with them. But our industrial and scientific development has turned our people away from all this beauty. We have a community which on the one hand is coldly intellectual and on the other extremely crude. Mechanical and machine-manufacturing occupations are not the soil out of which spring great artists, nor do the newly-rich make good patrons of art.

In addition to these conditions which to a greater or less extent affect all modern communities, we find in our own country all these conditions exaggerated. Our rapid material expansion has engrossed our energies and led us away from the things of the spirit; led us away even from our own earlier and nobler *ideals* to merely material and grossly utilitarian preoccupations.

In education, the tendency to force into the schools a merely practical and utilitarian training is at least as much in evidence as the movement toward a more generous enlargement of the mind of the pupil. Too much attention is often given to training merely in order to earn a livelihood without thought of giving the child a capacity, in any noble or uplifting way, to enjoy the livelihood when it is earned. I know no more pathetic figure than that of the rich man who from lack of early education is without resources save of vulgar enjoyment in the further piling up of useless wealth. Surely — as Mr. Wm. Winter has said in the preface to his "Gray Days and Gold" — "The supreme need of this age in America is a practical conviction that progress does not consist in material prosperity, but in spiritual advancement. Utility has long been exclusively worshipped. The welfare of the future lies in the worship of Beauty."

But, further, if with regard to development in the true arts Europe suffers from the break with tradition, still more are we, by our very situation, cut off from the past and its rich artistic inheritance. This break with the past, which results from our situation, is unfortunately emphasized by the unreasonable way in which history is taught to our schoolchildren, who are too apt to get the impression that the world began in 1492 and that nothing in particular happened until 1620. And yet perhaps no peo-

ple stands in such great need of the right kind of historical study in order to understand its own past that it may rightly use its present. And here our art museums come in to help us fill the gap. They are more essential to our development than are museums of art to artistic development in Europe; and the increasing richness of our collections brings to our doors beauty of the highest value, full of delight and stimulus and suggestion. We need to bring this valuable material into close touch with the lives of the people. We need to show them how it may be enjoyed, how it may serve as the inspiration for production of our own, and that works of art are not to be regarded as objects of idle curiosity.

It is well indeed to remember that in the great epochs of art there were no art museums. In those days, in the house, in the public buildings, in the street, were the works of art to be seen and enjoyed of all. It is only now, when art has all but left us, that we are gathering its smallest relics into storehouses, lest we lose it altogether. It is worth remembering also that in the great periods of the past the art by which the people were surrounded was all their own: their own or that of their immediate forebears. It was all substantially of one character, of one style. Contrast this simplicity with the complexity and confusion of our artistic inheritance such as it is. All styles, all epochs, are brought together in our museums, and presented to us in photographs. How are we to use all this heterogeneous material? The only way, it seems to me, is first through historical study, then through analysis and criticism. The forms will be misunderstood except in so far as we grasp the spirit that gave rise to them, and the variety becomes confusion unless we are able to analyze its elements and discern the common underlying principles. The dangers and the difficulties of such a process are numerous, but in our circumstances it is the best if not the only road to any ordered development.

Our condition is altogether anomalous and exceptional, and demands methods adapted to this condition. It has long seemed to me that having lost tradition, the art of the future is only to be built up through scholarship — not the scholarship mainly concerned with the discovery or marshalling of facts or the discussion of philosophic conceptions; but the scholar-

ship which shall penetrate for us the spirit of the past and show the relations between that spirit and its artistic attainment; the scholarship which shall analyze for us the great works of art of all time and, by showing us the fundamental principles which perhaps unconsciously guided their production, enable us to use these principles as a basis for further advance. As Matthew Arnold has said with regard to literature, "For the production of a master-work two powers must concur: the power of the man and the power of the moment." The gift of genius "lies in the faculty of being happily inspired by a certain intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, by a certain order of ideas, when it finds them,—‘of ideas *current* at the time, not merely accessible at the time,’—of dealing divinely with these ideas, presenting them in the most effective and attractive combinations; making beautiful works with them, in short. But it must have the atmosphere, it must find itself amidst the order of ideas in order to work freely."

It is for us to endeavor to create this atmosphere, and I have attempted to give reasons for believing that under existing conditions the arts of design must look in the first place to criticism and analysis, which, again to quote Arnold, "tends at last to make an intellectual situation of which the creative power can profitably avail itself."

I trust these considerations will enable us to see how it is that we come to be asking, "What can be done to advance the appreciation of art?" And it is an encouraging sign that we are more and more earnestly asking this question. We begin to see, I hope, also in what direction we must in the first place look for answer to our question. But while calling criticism to our aid, we need to be carefully on our guard against some of its vagaries. It is another of the difficulties of the situation which we have to meet that there is much superficial and mistaken criticism, and that the false and the true are often intermingled. If we are to get any value from art criticism we must cultivate our own sense of beauty, we must learn to discriminate for ourselves, we must in the end make our own judgments, if they are to have any value whatever either for ourselves or for others.

I have said that there is much that is encouraging in the increasing interest in art —

and I have no desire to belittle or detract from this encouragement; but candor compels us to confess that much of this apparent interest has very little real basis. There is very much talk about art but very little art. There is indeed altogether too much talk about art unaccompanied by serious study of the objects of art themselves. Nothing could be more utterly futile, so far as any question of artistic development is concerned, than talk about art except in the presence of the objects or of good illustrations of them. The arts of design are to be appreciated only through sight, not through words merely; and if just now — somewhat to my dismay — I find myself adding to this talk about art, it is in the hope that words will be followed by the study of the objects. Even with regard to criticism of the highest value, there is too much tendency — at least among the readers — to substitute merely literary ideas about art for art itself: to imagine, for instance, that we are appreciating a painting, when perhaps our appreciation is really of a beautiful piece of writing about a painting. This is something that teachers need especially to guard against for themselves and for their pupils: *not to substitute a literary conception, still less a literary formula, for appreciation of the work of art itself.*

It should be an obvious consideration that to appreciate a work of architecture, sculpture, or painting we must first learn to see truly: to be sensitive to impressions of form and color; and yet so far as any real insight into beauty is concerned most of our people go through the world unseeing: blind.

Moreover, in calling criticism to our aid we need to remember, as Walter Pater has said, that "beauty is relative; and the definition of it becomes unmeaning and useless in proportion to its abstractness. To define beauty, not in the most abstract, but in the most concrete terms possible; to find not a universal formula for it, but the formula which expresses most adequately this or that special manifestation of it, is the aim of the true student of aesthetics." — "What is this song or picture to *me*? What effect does it produce on *me*? Does it give *me* pleasure? and if so, what sort or degree of pleasure? How is my nature modified by its presence and under its influence?" If we frankly ask and answer these ques-

tions, we shall at least avoid one of the most baneful of dangers: the pretence of an appreciation or feeling which does not exist. None are more quick than children to feel and to be repelled by such pretence. And in dealing with children it is especially important that our instruction shall be definite, concrete, as well as sincere; that it shall deal chiefly, not with an abstract definition of principles, but with their concrete application to particular objects. The vitally important thing is to help the child, in such ways as he is capable of, to feel the beauty of the particular natural object or the particular work of art under discussion.

Even with the object before us we need to be sure that we treat of it in such a way as to stimulate and not to chill the sense of beauty in the child. As Professor Norton has so well put it: "The difficulties in the use for instruction of a collection of works of art of ancient or modern times are such as to require from the teacher, not merely a special discipline, but special qualities of perception and intelligence. The right lessons to be drawn from the fine arts are in many respects the same and closely analogous to those which are to be drawn from the study of poetry in literature. What gives the essential value to a work of either fine arts or literature is the poetic element embodied in it: the element, that is, which makes it an object of beauty, whether of form or color or words. Now the risk of study in a museum is that, instead of leading to the perception of beauty, the highest object it can have, it is too generally directed to merely scientific ends; that is, to the attainment of knowledge about the object, instead of to the perception and appreciation of that which makes the object in itself precious or interesting." And again, "in the study of the fine arts, however pursued, it must be remembered that the end is not the accumulation of facts, but the cultivation of the poetic imagination and the sense of beauty."

I have spoken of the danger of mistaking a literary interest for interest in the arts of form and color; of substituting literary ideas for ideas of form. But there is another danger against which we must be on our guard which has arisen out of the natural reaction against this merely literary view of art. As a protest against merely literary

conceptions of painting, especially in mistaking an interest in the mere story of a picture for interest in its artistic beauty, the misleading cry is raised of "Art for Art's sake." We are not, we are told, to think at all of the subject of a picture or of the relation between the subject and its expression; we are to consider arrangements of form and color merely in themselves. It is as if in poetry we were asked to content ourselves merely with harmonious metre, with an agreeable flow and swing of the verse, with the sonorous juxtaposition of words without any vital thought. In poetry we call this bombast; it is equally obnoxious in painting. It is great thought expressed in beautiful form which makes poetry, and not the one without the other; and it is great thought (of a somewhat different nature) which, expressed in splendid compositions of color and shape and light and shade, makes great painting. Would Tintoretto's great painting of "Paradise," or Leonardo's of "The Last Supper," or Michelangelo's story of the Creation, be just as great if they were merely splendid arrangements of form and color? It is to be observed that this cry of "Art for Art's sake" is usually applied only to painting. If the notion had any value it should be equally applicable to all the fine arts—to poetry, for instance, as well as to painting; for nothing becomes clearer as critical analysis is pushed farther than the fact that the fundamental principles are the same in all the fine arts: in literature, music, architecture, painting, and sculpture. It is only in the application of these principles to the widely differing materials with which these arts deal that we find differences. It is the thought or feeling and its expression—the one growing out of the other—which make the great work of art. If we are fully to appreciate a painting, for instance, we must perceive the beauty of its color and its form, its delicate gradations and juxtapositions of light and shade, both in themselves and in their relation to the thought which they express, whether that thought be a great imaginative and philosophic conception like the Paradise or the sentiment of an autumn day. Great art never has existed, never will exist, except as a means of expression. Its glory is that it is not altogether independent. The whole history of art shows clearly that wherever artists have

concentrated attention on the method of expression and the neglect of the thing to be expressed, on the merely sensuous beauties to the exclusion of intellectual relations, on the outward form rather than on the inward thought; whenever they have taken the shallow *technical* view, art has rapidly become trivial and has declined, the very form itself suffering decay as if for lack of an inward soul.

In what I have said thus far I have spoken with the teacher chiefly in mind. I have pointed out some of the difficulties we have to encounter and I trust have already to some extent indicated in what ways these difficulties may be met. I have tried to show why it is so essential to us in these days, on account of our broken tradition, on account of the complexity and confusion of our resources, to call to our aid historical study and careful, critical analysis. I hope I have shown also that it is essential that this criticism should deal directly with concrete examples, with the works of art themselves; that it should be constructive rather than destructive; that its object should be to help us to realize the beauty, the poetry, of such great works as may fortunately come within the range of our study: to learn to appreciate the works of art for ourselves, not merely to become familiar with facts or opinions about them. It is clear that the teacher will be able to communicate only what he has possessed himself of — I am inclined to say only what thoroughly possesses him.

Let us now look at the other side of this question and see what can be done to affect the child: to help him in developing the sense of beauty. Let us return to the question with which we began: "What may the schools do to advance the appreciation of art?"

Here it seems to me that the very characteristics of childhood will come to our aid if wisely taken advantage of. Most children are naturally sensitive to the simpler kinds of beauty, especially the beauty of natural forms. They are fond of color, and quite small children will enjoy making color arrangements of any kind. They are especially fond of flowers and especially of all forms of animal life, and are quickly responsive when their beauty is pointed out to them. Boys, it is true, are sometimes apt to get the queer idea that it is unmanly to care for beautiful things, and they will often

carefully hide their real feeling for beauty, as if they were somewhat ashamed of it. But this attitude is after all not difficult to overcome — especially if it is quickly assumed that of course they do care. I am glad to believe that this simple love of beauty is generally encouraged in our schools, and much more than formerly, and it has seemed to me that this has tended to an improvement in manners. I have no doubt, however, that by giving thought to the matter teachers might in countless ways do more than is now done, and might help in preserving this infantile love of nature, which is too apt to be lost or covered up and smothered as the child grows older. It was Emerson who said, "The lover of nature is he who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood." The fundamental thing is, I believe, to surround the child with objects of beauty which are not beyond his capacity to appreciate, and gradually to lead him on to wider views and deeper appreciation. Beginning with his simple love of natural form, cultivating and expanding his sense of beauty in nature, we may gradually lead him to that appreciation of beauty in art, and he will then find his joy in natural beauty wonderfully deepened.

I have said so much with regard to the value of criticism and analysis to the teacher, to the older, serious student of art, that I ought — lest I be misunderstood — to say as strongly as I can that all this has in my opinion absolutely no place in the school. Criticism and analysis is not only valueless to children; it is likely to be repellent, and so harmful. They have not until they are close to adult years reached the stage of mental development when such criticism can have any vital significance for them. Any apparent success which may follow such methods in teaching children, whether in the study of literature or of painting or architecture, is sure to be misleading. It is likely to involve a lack of sincerity on the part of the child, and to lead to that most deadening thing, the pretence of an appreciation that does not exist. Let us bear in mind always that our object is to help the child to develop and enlarge that sense of beauty which is his, to sharpen his powers of observation, to stimulate his imagination, to help him to feel beauty for himself. A teacher sensitively alive to this fun

damental purpose will be carefully watchful not to impose his own opinion and feeling on the child; above all, he will avoid giving the child the impression that he *ought* to like such and such things. If he show a liking for that which is inferior or in bad taste, show him something better: see if he cannot be led to prefer the better thing. Guide him, influence him, in the right direction; but be sure you leave him in perfect freedom to think his own thoughts, to have his own feelings, and to like or dislike without interference. I am firmly convinced that sophistication warps the child's mind away from beauty, never toward it; and that if allowed to develop naturally and wholesomely he will generally find his own way toward such appreciation of beauty as his capacities make him capable of. The important thing is that at each stage of the child's development his love of beauty shall have worthy objects within reach on which it can exercise itself. As in the case of every other faculty, the power of appreciation of beauty grows by what it feeds on.

It seems to me therefore of the utmost importance that the child's immediate surroundings in the school should be beautiful and should be such as to stimulate his imagination. In the first place, the school building itself should be beautiful. The child spends more waking hours in and about the school than anywhere else, and the building and its surroundings are always remembered. Association plays so large a part in our likes and dislikes that it is important that the child's pleasantest associations should be with beautiful things. Here of course the simple and ordered beauty of the home is of prime importance. But this we can directly affect, in the first instance, only each one individually for himself. We may perhaps, however, by degrees be able to affect the home through the school. By cultivating in the child the love of simple beauty we shall find that by degrees the homes are affected. As soon as people really begin to take thought with regard to beauty much is already accomplished. The adoption of William Norris's rule, "Have nothing in your houses that you do not either know to be useful or believe to be beautiful," would send quantities of useless bric-à-brac and ugly so-called ornaments to the rubbish-heap. Our houses themselves — those of the well-to-

do quite as often as of the poor — are so ugly that they are a constant injury to the child's sense of beauty. In spite of the great improvement in our domestic architecture there are still built in our suburbs streets upon streets of houses vulgarly ostentatious, painfully distorted, and fantastically theatrical, without simplicity, without dignity, without beauty, and without any real home-like quality. It is impossible that children living in the midst of such surroundings should remain unaffected by them; hardly possible that in such surroundings any real sense of beauty should survive. Yet this deadly ugliness is encouraged by many of the popular magazines devoted to house-building. Fortunately, of late, magazines of a different type have sprung up, and are doing most praiseworthy work in cultivating right ideals of home-building and in showing what excellent domestic architecture large and small is really being done in different parts of our own country, besides publishing also from time to time good examples of English work old and new.

As the influence of these magazines is considerable, it seems worth while to name some of the more excellent. I should mention especially as deserving of recognition, the Philadelphia publication *House and Garden*; a magazine published here in Boston, *Indoors and Out*; and in this connection I might mention also *The Garden Magazine* and *Country Life in America*, which are of value especially as cultivating a love of flowers and gardens. The growing interest in gardens is one of the encouraging signs on the horizon. As Bacon has said, a garden "is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks." Every school ought to have, beside its playgrounds, its beautiful school-garden, in which the children should be encouraged to take an interest. Such a garden might become a refining influence which would affect their whole lives.

Next to nature, I believe children are most easily interested in each other's homes. The growing custom of hanging in our schoolrooms large photographs of great works of art, of sculpture, painting, and architecture, is most helpful. Familiarity with representations of these great things cannot fail of its influence on the child's

mind. It is one of the readiest and one of the most helpful means of helping to make the child's immediate surroundings in the school beautiful. But among these I should like to see pictures of simpler things which will come nearer to the child's life — especially photographs of beautiful homes. And, besides these pictures on the walls, I should be glad to see in our schools some of the periodicals I have mentioned, and above all the English magazine *Country Life*, which the children would be sure to enjoy, and from which they would gain much. The child will be interested to see where other children live, and he will gradually appreciate that a home, no larger nor more elaborate than his own, may be a wonderfully beautiful place. Nor am I in the least afraid of breeding a spirit of discontent. The beauty of these pictures in the schoolroom will add to the child's happiness, and if, in the end, as he grows older, it leads to a feeling of discontent with his surroundings as he finds them, this should be the beginning of better things. A spirit of noble discontent is what the community most needs.

It will be clear, I think, from what I have said already, that it seems to me that children, younger children at any rate, are best helped toward a fuller appreciation of beauty, not by direct instruction, but incidentally and indirectly. Whatever brings beautiful things under their direct notice, whatever in any way adds interest for them to any beautiful thing, is so much gain. As they are likely to be interested in homes that have particular associations, I would, in selecting photographs to be hung in the schoolroom, choose especially such as were connected with the lives of great men in whom the children are likely to be interested. Mount Vernon, Ann Hathaway's cottage, Wordsworth's house in the English Lakes, the Longfellow house, the Old Manse at Concord, the Wayside Inn at Sudbury, are among the houses that at once occur to one's mind in this connection. Then some of the larger historic houses might be included, and the delight of the boys in everything military, in knights and tournaments and sieges, might be gratified by one or two photographs of the fine old castles, especially of such as have notable historic associations.

The teaching of history affords a most

important means of bringing the child into contact with works of art, and in a way most likely to interest him. To see the works which have been wrought by men of the epochs under consideration; to become familiar with their costumes and their handicrafts, with their houses, their castles, their temples, or their cathedrals; to see statues or paintings which represent the men of the time, will make the study of history in itself more vital and more interesting, and will at the same time bring the child in contact with great works of art, and in such a way as will be most likely to quicken his imagination. For the sake of stimulating an interest in form and color I should be glad if good illustrations of historic events and costumes could be introduced into the schools. I have in mind such illustrations as those of Boutel de Monville, that most charming illustrator of children's books, whose pictures of the story of Joan of Arc are familiar. The series of illustrations of English history by James Doyle, which were published in 1863, is another example; a series which might to great advantage be republished. Perhaps I may be permitted to say that this is a book of which I speak from personal experience, for it delighted my own boyhood and is now being enjoyed by my children. Such illustrations mounted on cards to be hung in the schoolroom would (with their additional attraction of color) add point and value for the children to the photographs of great buildings or great pictures connected with historic events. Such things would perhaps serve also to turn the children's minds away from the baneful influence of the Sunday illustrated papers, which are doing so much to vitiate taste, and which ought not to be permitted to enter any home where there is any love or respect for beauty.

Works of art should be introduced into the child's life incidentally rather than directly; not only because in this way will the sense of beauty develop most naturally, but also because if we wish the appeal of beauty to be felt we must for the child avoid connecting it directly with any task, especially with any task beyond the child's real grasp. Many a noble poem has been permanently ruined for the individual by having been made the subject of a wearisome school exercise. The illustrations of history should be brought in as a refreshment

of the task, a reward of the labor. The paintings or the buildings which the child has come to know through seeing them on the school walls, though at the time he may not fully realize his interest in them, will permanently affect his life; and, if their use in the school has been of the right kind, they will in after life always be thought of with pleasure, and when seen again will appear as familiar and loved friends.

Another and doubtless the most obvious aid to a development of interest in the fine arts is the teaching of drawing. Fortunately, this is coming more and more to be regarded as an important element in education, but it is still far from being accorded the recognition it really deserves. It is the essential means of properly developing the faculty of observation, the faculty of sight. It must be clearly borne in mind, however, that drawing is not fine art any more than writing is literature. It is the means of conveying, definitely and precisely, such ideas as are expressible in terms of form and color; just as writing or speaking is the means of conveying ideas expressible in terms of language. The aim of the teaching of drawing in the schools should be that of accurate representation of visual facts. And it would be well if drawing were more frequently used as an aid in the teaching of science and of history. While the aim of drawing in the schools should be representation, the teacher should see to it that the objects the children are asked to draw are such as each child is interested in and which are beautiful, and this beauty should be constantly pointed out to the pupils. As drawing encourages accuracy of observation, it will tend to develop the appreciation of beauty; for, as Ruskin has said, "It is only by the habit of representing faithfully all things that we can truly learn what is beautiful and what is not." It is greatly to be regretted that while drawing is often well taught in the primary and grammar schools, it is neglected in the high schools just at the time when its practice would be of the highest value.

There is another matter apparently unconnected with fine art, and which might be regarded in this connection as trivial, which nevertheless I am impelled to emphasize as of prime importance, and this is the development of a sense of order. "Order is heaven's first law." It lies at the foundation of beauty. Indeed, beauty might

perhaps be defined as the highest expression of order. It must be confessed, I fear, that we are in some respects a slovenly people. We insist upon cleanliness, but do not appear to be in the least disturbed by the litter of our disorderly roadsides. Everywhere in our suburbs scattered papers — a series of untidy white spots — disturb the ordered beauty of our parks and hedgerows, and the staring ash-heap with its tattered rags and skeddaddled tomato-cans is not unknown even along the banks of our rivers. The nuisance of littered paper the influence of the teachers can do much to abate; and if they to any extent accomplish this by encouraging the feeling that it is an offence against beauty, they will be helping the child as well as improving the neighborhood.

All that I have thus far suggested — the appeal to the love of flowers and of gardens, the appeal to the child through his childish interests, the cultivation of associations with beautiful things, the display on the walls of the schoolroom of photographs, the use of illustrations in connection with the teaching of history, the teaching of drawing and its use in connection with other studies, the cultivation of a sense of order — all these things apply to all the grades of school life in their degree. It is not until we reach the high school that, except for an occasional visit perhaps, during the later years of the grammar school, the use of the museums of fine art can have any place. Even in the high school the use of the museums ought, I believe, to be chiefly incidental to the study of history. The history-teaching ought now to include some study in a systematic way of the art of different epochs, singling out the finer epochs and concentrating attention on a few of the most beautiful objects. A few things carefully selected and seen well will be of more value than an attempt to see many, which will be likely only to burden and weary the mind. Nor do I think that set visits to the museums ought to be very frequent. They ought to come rather as a rare treat than a constant experience. On the other hand, the children should be encouraged to go when they feel like doing so to enjoy such things as may have appealed to them. Such visits, however, are not likely to be more than occasional. In insisting that this contact with the beautiful objects of our art museums should be incidental, I do so because

I feel that in this way the appeal will be most vital. While the object apparently in view may be the study of history, the sympathetic teacher will know how to point out the beauty, by imparting to the child something of her own enthusiasm.

As the young people begin to evince a distinct artistic interest, a desire to know more, much can be gained by some fuller consideration of the works of art as such — always with the aim to point out the elements of beauty, and to help the pupil to open his eyes to the similar beauties in the world about him. Such instruction as this must, however, be based on clear insight and sympathetic analysis, and must be in the hands of teachers thoroughly trained in the knowledge of the fine arts.

While, then, I believe that in the later years of school life some direct use of the museums by the schools is earnestly to be desired, I yet think that the chief use of the museums will be directly for the teachers, indirectly for the scholars. How much the pupils can with advantage make direct use of the museums will depend more upon the quality and capacity of each teacher, who must in the end judge what use can be made of resources ready at hand.

In making these suggestions it is clear that we are making great demands on the already overworked teachers; and as I hinted in the beginning, I doubt whether such suggestions would ever have been made had the impulse not come in the first place from the teachers themselves. The task is an important one, and one of immense possibilities and promise if the opportunity can be rightly used. In our new interest in art we have been too apt to consider only the flower: we demand all at once the completed result, the great work of art. We have been impatient of the needed means, the slow growth, the painstaking endeavor, by which alone the flower can be produced. I have endeavored herein to point out some of the ways in which, as it seems to me, we may till the soil, plant the seed so that the tree may grow from which in the end the flower and the fruit may spring forth. If this is necessarily slow work, arduous and often discouraging work, there is nevertheless this of compensation. In endeavoring to prepare for this task the teacher will find delight in the enlargement of his own powers of appreciation; in the keener sense of

beauty and the greater capacity for enjoyment which will surely result from the sympathetic study of the fine arts. Only through such study can a teacher hope to do much to help the children; only through his own vital appreciation of beauty can he hope to awaken the sense of beauty in the child.

As we are touched with the color of great painting, our eyes will open to new color in all the things about us. Not only the flaming sunset and the blaze of autumnal glory will appeal to us, but the softer harmonies of field and hill, the reflections in the leaves, the tender lights and shadows on the snow, the myriad delicate tints in common objects, will be full of beauty and of meaning as never before. As we learn to feel the poise and swing, the stately lines and ordered masses, of great sculpture we shall look with new delight on the movements of men at work in the streets, the mighty horses drawing great burdens to the warehouses. As more and more we feel these beauties, more and more we shall demand the same beauty in the things we use, and more and more of us will be impelled to create beauty for ourselves and others — not only in pictures and statues and palaces, but in the common things of every-day life: the dishes on our tables, the vases we use for flowers, the fences and gates that bound our enclosures, our furniture, our houses. More and more we shall see that this beauty in the work of our hands is to be had only through simple and sincere adaptation of means to ends, through ordered arrangement, through subtle harmonies of form not copied from nature but built on nature's laws.

As our analysis of great works in painting, sculpture, or architecture enables us to grasp to some extent the fundamental laws on which they are based, we shall see more clearly that these laws are the laws of nature's harmony; and nature's beauty will open to us in new ways and lead to new creative effort. If our whole community or any large part of it could be thus affected, if the workers could feel that their joy was shared by their fellows, we should begin to get the atmosphere in which flourishes great art, and we might hope with Emerson that the time is at hand "when the sluggish intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill."

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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Editor

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A Word with You

THE first NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE came from the press of Benjamin Me-com of Boston, in the year 1758.

A century and a half of history-making — with interruptions it is true — but a century and a half — from King George II. to President Roosevelt — what a heritage!

Next month, with the first issue of a new volume, we shall celebrate this remarkable anniversary. But we shall not celebrate in the usual way, by canonizing the past. Instead, we shall try to take a step into the future.

New England's traditions are dear to us — and may we live up to them! But twentieth-century New England calls for a twentieth-century NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE — the best that the twentieth century can give.

Look next month for a magazine reborn from the experience and traditions of a century and a half.

For 1908

WITH this, the February number, we close Volume Thirty-seven of the present series of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. During its issue we have steadily sought to realize an ideal, and an ever-

widening circle of readers cheers us toward it with kindly and appreciative words.

"We take many magazines, but we consider the NEW ENGLAND the best of them all" is the story that comes to us almost daily now, in varying phrase and from far distant readers as well as from those nearest home.

"The NEW ENGLAND is most read and oftenest taken out of any magazine in the library" is a common report from librarians.

These are pleasant words to hear, and they help to give us strength of purpose. One thing of course is certain beyond a peradventure. It is the plain duty, as it is the earnest purpose, of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE to serve New England, and all that is highest and best in it. We are proud of our section of the country. We believe it to be the very best part of the world on which the sun shines. From the day the Pilgrims first set foot on Plymouth Rock to this it has stood for the noblest idealism and has sent forth its clarion call to all sections of the country, indeed to all corners of the world, for men to stand true to that which is highest. The New Englander has taken with him to the remotest places the leaven of righteousness, of education, of honesty of purpose and obedience to law and order. He has sent it out from the home section with every mail, and shipped it with every bill of goods.

The magazine, during all its career, has dwelt much on New England's storied past. It has found favor with scores of thousands of readers through its celebration of New England history and its gleanings in rich fields for ever new phases of it.

We feel that this side of the magazine's life is a worthy one and will continue it.

We have felt also that, rich as is the past of New England, she has a present that is still more worthy of the attention of our readers. The New England of to-day seethes with change. New thoughts, new plans, new methods, and new results crowd the deeds of the fathers into second place in the world's eye. To truthfully depict the New England of to-day as well as the New England of the past is at once an added task and an added benison to the staff.

And now again our ideal grows clearer. Abating in no wise our reverence for the storied past and our record of its achievements, in no wise removing our finger from the throbbing pulse of the present, we set

our faces toward the morning and make reverence to it. New England's future is to be greater than its mighty present or its noble past. To this too we invite the close attention of our readers during the coming year. We hope to be a definite force in the ennobling of that future, and we invite you to help us. The NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for 1908 will be wiser, better, more entertaining, and more valuable than during 1907. We ask you to read it, and we want you to help us make it better.

There is new blood in the business staff of the magazine, red blood, and it is going to put the magazine before you as vigorously and persistently as courtesy will allow. Watch out for it. Meet us half way and we shall be mutually pleased and mutually benefited.

A Novel Philanthropy

WE doff our hat to Matilda Zeigler of New York and her magazine for the blind. Portions of the Zeigler fortune have been expended in many avenues of philanthropy and public spirit, but surely in none more worthy of our admiration than this. The blind, whose eyes are in the delicate nerves of their finger-tips, read, after they have been taught how, by touching raised letters that have been made by printing wet paper and then hardening it to withstand the pressure of finger-tips. The printing problem is thus a difficult and expensive one. Books for the blind are common, but of a cost so great that it is almost prohibitive. For instance, you may buy "Ben Hur" properly printed and bound for your eyes or mine for a dollar. Done for the blind, it costs over ten.

There are in common use two systems of raised letters by which the blind read. One is New York Point, the other is known as Braille. Hence to reach all the blind who can read an edition is printed in each type. The magazine is a gift to the blind of the world, and yet a subscription price must be charged in order that, by the ruling of some third assistant Solomon of the United States Post-Office, it may be entered as second-class postage. Therefore, though the magazine actually costs the donor three

dollars per year for each issue, it may be subscribed for at the rate of ten cents per year. Thus do we whip the devil about the stump in the publishing business.

There are in this country now some seven thousand blind persons who read and who are receiving the magazine regularly. If you have a blind friend who can read and who is not receiving this magazine, send his name with ten cents to Walter G. Holmes, 306 West 53d St., New York City, and be rewarded in the consciousness of a good deed done.

The Matilda Zeigler Magazine for the Blind aims to furnish good literature which will appeal to all the blind, whether of great culture or not. It contains short stories, a continued story, news of the month condensed, poetry, and articles by successful blind people telling of the work in which they are engaged.

The blind, as Helen Keller pithily puts it, "are not specialists, interested only in blindness." They want a magazine which treats of general topics and is of worth equal to those published for people whose eyes are in their heads instead of their finger-tips. This is the aim of the publishers.

It is good to have money and a kind heart. It is also good to have ideas; and the idea in this case originated with Walter G. Holmes, a former newspaper man of Memphis, Tenn. Mr. Holmes has a blind brother who derives great pleasure from reading. For years he has endeavored to interest some person of means in the matter of printing literature for the blind. A communication to a New York paper two years ago called Mrs. Zeigler's attention to the matter, and the deed was done. Presses which print for the blind are few, and it took a year to get the matter started, but the first copy was issued in March, 1907, and now Mr. Holmes is the head of an establishment which owns its own press and which employs many blind people in the getting out of the magazine, thus making the philanthropy as practical as possible.

The NEW ENGLAND extends its congratulations to Mrs. Zeigler on a year of success in a noble philanthropy; to Mr. Holmes on a year's enjoyment of hard work in the realization of an ideal; and to the blind of the country, who thus have one more avenue of usefulness and enjoyment opened to them.

A Little Lesson from New York

SURELY we learn by doing. Some of us sometimes feel that we learn by being done. That's the humorous side of it, and it is well that we can see it, for it is all in the day's work. It is not so long ago that Boston hailed its Moon Island sewer plans as a grand step in a noble direction, whereby all the waste of the city was to be pumped into the inner harbor at the turn of the tide and floated on its outgoing currents, to disseminate itself in infinitesimal atoms along the slimy brother ooze at the bottom of Massachusetts Bay. Surely it was a great advance to thus get rid of the old-time cess-pool system, whereby the sewage was deposited in one corner of the back yard while oftentimes the family supply of water was drawn from a well at the other corner. Experience, however, has taught many defects in the present system. We have learned that to throw away waste is to be wasteful in the extreme; for the waste is fertilizer, oil, fuel, and many other things of which civilization stands in need and which modern science has taught us to extract from the refuse of cities. Worse than this: the wasted waste has failed in a large measure to disseminate itself on the high seas. Instead, it has made port along the beaches, where people bathing in summer have also found themselves bathing in other things, and has topped the under-water banks of mud along the harbor channels till ships wonder why they stick on bottom where the chart shows sailing-room. Moon Island and the Calf Pasture are no longer looked upon as the abiding-places of the evidence of man's wisdom and skill. Instead, we look upon them askance, and wonder how long we must endure their pollution of our noble waters and their filling up of our already-none-too-deep harbor. It's a pretty how-d'y-e-do with the State and the nation spending millions on dredging at one end of the harbor while we pump sludge into it at the other.

But there is worse and more of it. The present method is not only wasteful in the extreme, and conducive to vexation to bathers, sea captains, and people who have charge of river and harbor bills, but it is a menace to the public health. New York has just proved this very conclusively, for New York does much as we do. It shoots

its sewage into the Hudson, and it comes home to roost. The Merchants' Association of New York has had a committee investigating the conditions around and about its wharves at low tide and has found them to be such as are not mentioned in polite society. Moreover, and herein is the part that is worse and more of it, everywhere was pollution and in equal measure swarms of flies which the investigators proved carried disease germs from the water-front into the families of New Yorkers. The bond was found to be a close one between the garbaged and polluted water-front and the locations where deaths from typhoid prevailed all through the summer of 1907, and the nominator of the bond was the common house-fly. The sequence was a simple one, once it was fully worked out: sewers discharging into river; a polluted water-front; swarms of flies; typhoid fever.

We had no commission to make a similar investigation here in Boston last summer. How could we? Was n't Old Home Week trouble enough for us? But no doubt similar causes will produce similar results. As the New York Committee reports, if we would stamp out typhoid and similar intestinal diseases we must get rid of flies.

So this is the lesson which we may learn from New York, which New York has learned by doing and being done, and which applies equally well to Boston and all other New England cities which have a harbor or river front. It is criminally wrong to so dispose of sewage that it is deposited, undestroyed, near the homes of people. It breeds flies by the million, and these in turn spread contagion. Dispose of sewage by destroying instead of scattering it and you will have few flies in your community and be free from the intestinal disorders which they carry.

A Simple Test of Honesty

THE Boston and Albany Railroad, once the pride of Massachusetts, known in days gone by as the most reliable, most palatial, and best equipped road in the State, since those days leased to the New York Central and now known as something different, is still a target for objugatory elo-

quence and ingenuity of anathema. There are people and institutions which seem to thrive on the curses of people who should, in the natural course of properly ordered events, rise up and call them blessed. People along the line of the Albany have been rising up indeed for several years, but they have not called the road blessed. The trouble is, and has been for a long time, that the natural course of properly ordered events seems to have been dammed also. It is not conducive to serenity of spirit to have your Christmas goods arrive at Easter just because a railroad cannot live up to its (on paper) carefully formulated freight schedules. It is no incentive to the leading of a Christian life to go to an eight o'clock train in order that you may keep an appointment in the city at nine and then have the eight o'clock train come at 9.30 and miss a thousand-dollar transaction just because a railroad cannot live up to its marvellously accurate and systematic (on paper) time-table.

Yet there are many temperate and honest men who will tell you that events of this nature have, in times not long past, been a common occurrence on the Boston and Albany.

It is a year or so ago that all this began to be widely discussed in the newspapers of Boston, this openness of criticism on the part of the untrammelled press coming by a singular coincidence just about the time that free passes were abolished. Before that time you might search in vain for adverse criticism of any railroad running out of Boston, search from the rarefied atmosphere surrounding the pearly peaks of virtue where tiptoes the *Transcript* down to the vaporous depths where the "Unamerican" manufactures *ignes fatui*, you would not find it.

However, this criticism came, a perfect

storm of it. Then came mass-meetings, citizens' committees, appeals to the Railroad Commissioners, and an investigation by the Commission.

All of which has finally resulted in much good — we hope. Certainly there came many promises on the part of the railroad and certain measure of performance which seems to have allayed much of the active criticism. How far the reform is real and how much of it is merely on paper remains to be seen. The Railroad Commission is a power in the land, and we believe it can even make the New York Central behave if it will set earnestly about it. A recent official utterance from it is encouraging. It notifies the Boston and Albany that "It is as much a fraud on the public to issue time-schedules that cannot be maintained as it is to advertise a commodity that cannot be delivered. If the management of the Albany does not honestly believe that its trains will substantially correspond with its time-tables, it should seasonably arrange to have its time-tables conform to the trains."

This is a simple test of common honesty which the road should fulfil with dispatch. It does n't depend on new equipment or new trackage; it simply depends on the honest intent of the officials to deal justly with the people of the towns along the line which have been filled with commuters and others depending on the railroad to make good its time-tables.

Will the Albany maintain its schedules? Will it change them to conform to its power of maintenance? Or will it continue to "deny the allegation and defy the alligator"?

Can the Massachusetts Railroad Commission whip the New York Central in a fair fight? We shall see. At any rate, it seems to be about to prove that the officials who have charge of the time-schedules are honest — or otherwise.



A LAST DISCIPLINE

By JEANNETTE MARKS



BARBARA, the flummery's sour!" Samuel pushed back his dish and dropped his spoon.

"Aye, tad, a bit sour; I'm sorry."

"A bit sour!" exclaimed the husband. "A bit sour! Twt, *more 'n* a bit sour, whatever!"

Barbara looked at him, the corners of her sweet old mouth trembling. "Father, I'm sorry; I thought it was better nor usual."

"Better nor usual! Ye're full of fancies, Barbara, a-runnin' round nursin' other folks, an' takin' other folks' troubles, all except your own. Yesterday ye made broth for the servant-men an' it was every bit meat, not a particle of meal in it; cawl like that'll ruin my pocket, an' anyhow we aren't providin' for gentlemen's families."

"Aye, Father dear, but it's a long while since they've had an all-meat cawl, an' there was a little extra meat in the house an' I thought —"

"An' ye thought! Ye need n't think, Mother. Such thinkin' as ye do is ruinin' my prospects."

"Tad dear, I'll not do it again if ye say no."

"I did not say 'no.' I said yesterday ye gaveth the men an all-meat broth an' it was no holiday." The old man's voice grew petulantly angry; the childlike appeal of his wife's eyes, the trembling lips, her gentle sweetness, irritated him.

"Very well, dear."

"Mother, they've milk on the farm, which is more'n they'd have in their own homes; if they lived at home they'd be scramblin' with their children to suck herrin'-bones. Stirabout with plenty of milk is good for any man, an' it's especially good for a workin' man. They have all the stirabout they can eat here, an' some kind of meat broth an' tart every day."

"Very well, dear; I'll see that it no happens again."

"Aye, an', Mother, I found one of the tubs of butter in the dairy touched; there was

most a half a pound of butter taken out. Do ye know who took it?"

"Tad, I took it for Mrs. Powell *the carpenter* who's ill."

"For Mrs. Powell *the carpenter*? An' then how are we goin' to pay the landlord, think ye, if ye go takin' the butter to sick people?"

"She's very sick, Father, an' they're very poor, an' I thought it would be such a nice to her just now; an' she did relish it so!"

"Relish it! Aye, soon ye'll be distributin' the sheep to the neighbors. An', Mother, I found some broken crockery in the garden out by the corner of the hedge. It looked most as if it had been hidden there. Do ye know anythin' about it?"

"Aye, I know somethin' about it."

"An' what do ye know?"

"Father, that I shall not be tellin' ye, whatever."

"Not be tellin' me, not be tellin' *me*?" he exclaimed, hotly. "Twt, Barbara, what's come over ye?"

"No, Father, not be tellin' ye," answered Barbara, with gentle deliberateness.

"Indeed, we'll see. Maggee, Maggee," shouted Samuel. "Maggee, come here."

Maggee came hurrying to the door, anxiety in every feature of her face.

"Maggee Morgan, what do ye —" began Samuel.

"Father, that will do," interrupted Barbara. "Maggee, ye may go."

The girl turned and went. Speechless, Samuel regarded his wife.

"Father," she continued, gently, "I broke it an' I hid it. I was—mixin' oat-cake in the bowl, an' the bowl was on my knee an' suddenly, it slipped an' fell onto the flaggin's an' broke. Then I hid it 'cause —" the quiet voice faltered, "'cause — why, 'cause of course, Father, I thought ye'd be troubled over it if ye saw it an' ye'd no miss it if ye did n't."

"Alack, Mother!" There was genuine astonishment in the husband's exclamation. "Barbara! to think we'd be livin' to-

gether forty-five years an' ye deceivin' me at the last like this. I've just one thing the more to say to ye. There's no cause for makin' a duck-pond out'n the kitchen floor, an' if —"

"But, Father," interrupted Barbara, wiping her eyes with her apron, "Father dear, the lads was just foolin' a little an' they spilt a bit of water on the flaggin's an' before Maggee could mop it up ye came in."

"Tell them an' such as them to go live with the pigs!" And Samuel, pushing back his chair, rose hastily to his feet and left the room.

"Father, Father dear!" called Barbara.

There was no answer, and she was alone.

"O Father, if ye but loved me as ye used to! There were never any words then. O lad, lad!"

There was no reproach, no bitterness in her voice, only longing. She loved him so, and their time at best was short, and she could n't manage to please him in anything. And perhaps this was their one chance — a few years at best, perhaps a few weeks, and it might be only days. She cried patiently, as if she had lost something irrecoverable — an ideal, a hope, a child. Their past, the past of their youth, lay before her now in its human romance and young love like something perished, and, wistful, she dwelt in its memories, on its common human beauty. Suddenly she ceased crying.

"Aye, but I lied to him, an' I never did before, indeed. I was afraid Maggee'd lose her place if he knew she broke it. An' to think that I hid the pieces from him! O Sammee, Sammee! I'm deservin' what's come to-day, deservin' it," she concluded, with satisfaction, "for sinnin' so against conscience."

She sat up straight in her chair as if to receive punishment.

"An' I'm more blessed than most. Samuel's a good man an' well respected — no man better respected. He's honest in his dealin's, he's more generous than some to his men. There was Eilir's little lad he paid the doctor's bill for an' Morgan's old mother he buried an'" — Barbara was sitting very straight in her chair now, with one wrinkled hand spread before her, telling off on its fingers Samuel's good deeds; her eyes shone joyously, there were so many, and in their numbering she forgot a sore

heart, a cap askew, a kerchief wet over the bosom, and a wrinkled apron, — "an' there was old Silvan he'd partly fed an' clothed these ten years, an' an old crot no one would do anythin' for an' Sammee helped her, too. An' there was the dress he brought me from the fair, an' the gold-rimmed spectacles from Liverpool, an' the beautiful linen for caps, better nor any one else in the valley has. An' he's done everythin' for the children, an' one of them's fine a scholar as any in Wales, which is sayin' much. Aye, he's a good man an' I'm a wicked woman to be dreamin' so; but O lad, lad dear," she ended, lamely, "if ye'd only love me as ye used to!"

Samuel went out onto the farm with irritable thoughts, indignant against extravagances which he laid to Barbara and which meant a slender purse even in their old age. He was willing to admit that she was a good woman, aye, a more than ordinarily good woman, but where she fell short, he thought, was in managing. Yes, he had prospered a little; for an instant he had an uncomfortable sense of owing this prosperity in part to the efforts of some one besides himself. But there was this constant leakage, and again his mind flamed up over the broth and the broken pottery. It was the woman's business to see to it that no ha'penny was wasted; he failed to recall a certain rusted spade, some moulded straps, and a snapped fill in the year's calendar. And then at last, manlike, in the midst of the work out on the farm he not only washed his lungs with the keen mountain air, but he washed his mind of the whole difficulty, straightway forgetting it.

When once more he entered the house for his tea he found Barbara in the kitchen knitting before the fire — knitting socks for him. There was no trace of what had passed — no trace of her care, her grief. Her cap was fresh and tied with new ribbons, her kerchief was folded neatly over her shoulders, her apron clear white and starched, and out from beneath the short skirt peeped two brass-toed shoes bright-eyed as mice. Samuel did not know how quaint and sweet she looked. But then, why should he? She had been always just so. He took her, all of her, for granted, — the bit of red in her old cheeks, red that matched the bright cap-ribbons; the soft white hair, the tender eyes, the kind, tired mouth, the little figure,

dainty as the sweet alyssum in their garden — in short there was nothing to be remarked upon. He took her simply for granted, as he had done always, or as, for example, one takes the fresh air till one is in prison, or the sky till one goes blind, or love till it is gone. The tea and bread and butter were upon the table. Barbara poured out his cup, put in the sugar, the top of the cream, and passed the cup to him as he sat toasting his feet before the fire. Then she handed him the bread.

"Well, Father," she said, patting him on the shoulder, "did ye have a successful afternoon?"

"Aye, Barbara," he answered; "fine."

Without touching the tea she took up her knitting.

"Are the lambs comin', dear?"

"Aye, Mother, they're most as big as yearlin's now. Are ye no goin' to take tea?"

"No, I've a bit distress — no more'n I have often."

"Have ye tried the peppermint?"

"Aye, but it's no good. Did Eilir say what the shearin'd be?"

"He did; it'll be heavier nor usual. It'll make a big shipment this year."

"Dyn, Father, we'll be takin' a trip to the lad's college yet, what with the lambs comin' fine, the wool heavy, the calves double the number they were last year. Father, do ye think the boy'd be ashamed of his old mam?"

"Ashamed? He's no lad of mine if he is. Wel, Mother, if it's all really comin' as well as it seems to be we'll be takin' that trip to see the boy."

"O Father dear, 't would be grand, what I've dreamed of these many, many years!" Barbara dropped her knitting and clasped her hands in childlike abandonment of pleasure.

"Twt, mam," added Samuel, his face lengthening, "it's no absolutely certain; what with waste in the kitchen, the breakin' of crockery, an' the men eatin' themselves out'n house an' home, it's no tellin'. It might be an extravagance, but we'll see."

"But, Father," exclaimed Barbara, impulsively, and stopped.

"Wel, mam, maybe it'll be; maybe we'll see the boy an' see him a great man in his college; aye, a most successful man, as good's the best."

"O dearie, to think we'll be seein' him

— perhaps! But, tad, do ye think he'll forget he's my boy?"

"Why should he? Mother, if we're goin' it'll be in six weeks."

"Aye, but, Father —" Barbara paused, her head reflectively to one side, "there's the shoes. I'll have to be havin' shoes; these clogs'll no do for the lad's college."

"No matter, Mother," replied Samuel, thrusting his hands into his pockets with boyish energy. "We'll have proper shoes for ye, an' we'll go first to Liverpool for a travellin'-suit for ye an' a proper bonnet for me an'—"

"Bobol anwyl, listen to what ye are sayin' — a bonnet for ye!" And Barbara laughed merrily.

"Ow, Mother," laughed Samuel, slapping his knee, "I mean a proper bonnet for ye, an' for *me* a proper suit of clothes. Aye, we'll afford it all if the lambs keep comin'."

"Dearie, it'll be most too much happiness — the boy, the trip, an' all the clothes. I'll be takin' him some socks an'—" Barbara gasped and touched her side with her hand.

"What ails ye, Mother?"

"It's just a stitch in my side." Samuel did not notice that Barbara had turned white up to the very edges of her cap.

"An' what'll ye be takin' him, dearie?"

"Dear, dear, I'll bring him a — a — wel, Mother, what 'll I take him? He's such a great man 't would n't do to fetch him a cheese or eggs or a fowl, now would it?"

"That's so, Father," replied Barbara, reflectively. "Aye, he's a great man, an' 't would n't do, whatever. I have it, tad. We'll be buyin' him books in Liverpool."

"Good, so we will, mam, as many books as we can afford," and Samuel thrust his hands still further into his pockets, pursed out his lips, spread his legs apart, and contemplated the fire earnestly. "Aye, Mother, books is the very thing. The lad'll be more'n pleased to have them an' to think I thought of them."

"Aye, that's so, dearie."

"Wel, I'll be goin' now; we'll have to be makin' haste to have all done in six weeks — an' we'll go, Mother; we'll go if we can afford it."

Samuel strode out of the room. He was over seventy, but he walked with youthful elation; indeed, in some marked fashion, despite white hair, wrinkled skin, and limbs that were beginning to bend with years, he

was still a boy. Barbara looked after him, sighing wistfully as he left the room:

"It seems a bit like bein' young once more, a bit like old times." She caught her side again. "This stitch is worse than common. Aye, dearie, I was unjust to ye the mornin', an' I'm a bad old woman."

When Samuel came in for supper he found Barbara lying down. Nothing was the matter, she assured him, "just a stitch worse than common; aye, an' they'd be goin' to Liverpool the same." But as the night wore on it grew worse still, and by morning she was a very sick woman, suffering what even his man's eyes could see was intense pain. The old cheeks had shrunk in the night, the face blanched to an ashen gray; only the eyes remained unchanged and shone sweetly and serenely upon him. The physician was sent for, and while one of the men was fetching him Samuel told Barbara at least fifty times that she would "be better the morrow," and each time Barbara, too weak for speech, nodded, as much as to say that she certainly would be. When the doctor came he saw her extremity and sent Samuel and Maggee from the room. A quick examination followed.

"Samuel," said the doctor, stepping into the kitchen, "Barbara is a very sick woman."

"Aye, Sir, but she'll be better the morrow."

"No, Samuel, not to-morrow."

"Not to-morrow, Sir? Then next day?"

"No, man, nor the next day."

"But, Sir, Barbara's never ill."

"She can never get well here."

"Not the week, Sir?"

"Samuel, ye do not understand. *Barbara will never be well here.*"

"Och!"

"She's dying, man; there's nothing to do for her that could be done out of Liverpool."

"Liverpool," said Samuel.

His thoughts seemed to be somewhere in the back of his mind, inaccessible, walled up from contact with the reality of what he heard and saw. He appeared unable to grasp what had happened, what was coming. Surely he was walking in a dream, and every minute there was the chance, so he thought, that he might awake from it. What was this that had come upon him in a night? Certainly not the reality, for with that he had been living for years—that was life. Barbara was dying; the words rang

oddly in his ears without reaching his mind. Some stranger was speaking with him; he did not understand. Barbara was dying; no, not Barbara, somebody else; other people *did* die. Barbara was dying. Not his Barbara, not the mother of his children, the wife of his fireside, his companion during a lifetime. Somebody *was* dying; no, not his Barbara, but somebody else; just give him time to think. Barbara was dying—he was thinking—could it be his Barbara?

"Dyin'?" asked Samuel, aloud, "*Barbara* dyin'?" He repeated the words as if questioning and testing them.

"Aye, man," replied the doctor, sharply, "she's dying; she's caught herself lifting something. With an operation there might be some chance; but there's none here in this place—only in Liverpool."

"Aye, Liverpool," answered Samuel. "We're goin' to Liverpool soon."

The doctor glanced at him keenly; before this he had seen childishness with some shock of grief take a sudden, unrelinquishing hold on old age.

"Wel," continued Samuel, still as if talking to himself or to some one outside the room, "we'll go now; aye, we'll take the chance."

"But, man," replied the doctor, "it'll cost more money than ye spend in two years."

"No matter, Sir; we'll sell the sheep, if need be. Aye, dearie," he added, gently, "we'll take the chance."

"There's no time to spare, then," said the doctor, looking at his watch.

"Aye," replied Samuel, "we'll be ready."

"Then, be sharp about it," said the doctor, alert for the one chance of life.

"Aye, Sir." And Samuel went into the room where Barbara lay.

He looked down upon her lying in bed; he could see that her strength was slipping, slipping away. He dropped on his knees beside her. He patted her hand; he smoothed her forehead.

"Mother," he called.

Her eyes smiled confidently, reassuringly, up at him.

"Och, Mother, I never thought of this."

There came a feeble answering pat from her hand.

"Mother, we're goin' to Liverpool; aye, dear, they're goin' to make ye well."

Barbara moaned, and her eyes brimmed with tears.

"Father *dear*," she whispered, "let me — O Sammee — let me die — here."

"Twt, mam, ye're no goin' to die — aye, they'll be makin' ye well in Liverpool."

"Tad *dear*," she plead, "let me — die — here."

"But, mam," argued Samuel, "the lad'll be there waitin' for us — an' — an' to see ye," he ended, weakly.

"Sammee, Sammee," she begged, "let me die here — not — away — from — home. The lad — will — understand."

"Barbara, there's a chance for ye to get well," answered Samuel; "will ye no take it for me, dearie — aye, will ye no do it for me, Barbara, for my sake?"

The big eyes that had looked into his without anger, without selfishness, through all the circumstances of life, smiled now with sudden sweetness. The hand lying in his hand tightened, her lips trembled:

"Aye, Sammee, lad, I will."

"Dearie, Barbara, my Barbara!" he exclaimed, struggling to control himself. "Oh, mam, I do love ye so, and I've no been good to ye!"

"Sammee, no been good to me? But ye have been, lad, an' I'm a bad old woman, an' before I leave the house —"

"Mam *dear*, ye're no to say such things. I've found fault with ye an' neglected ye, but ye do know I love ye?"

"Aye, lad *dear*, I know — ye — love me, but I'm a bad — old — woman, an' I must tell ye before — I — leave the house —"

"Twt, Mother, Mother, ye're no to say such things — I'll do for ye now. Oh, I will. Mam, I'd never thought of this."

"But, lad," she persisted, "I'm a bad old woman an' —"

"Twt, dearie, no, no," he silenced her. "We've just a little while, an' I must see about some things. I'll call Maggee an' she'll have ye all ready, dear."

Preparations were soon made, and when Maggee had her mistress wrapped up for the journey Samuel and the doctor hastened into the room. It was evident that Barbara's strength was ebbing more and more rapidly away. After she was lying on the stretcher she reached out a hand to Maggee.

"Good-by, my dear," she faltered. "Be — a — good — girl."

"Och, mistress, please let me tell —"

"No, Maggee, no; not — a — word," she answered. Then suddenly Barbara cried out, "Sammee!" the first terror of death in her voice.

"There, there, mam *dear*; aye, dearie, I'm here."

"O Sammee, to die — away — from home — aye, once — over — the thresh-old," she murmured.

For an instant her eyes tried to smile into his; then consciousness slipped away, and a wing swept over them, — they fluttered and they closed. The doctor's stern, "No matter; she will recover in the air," checked the sobs of Maggee; and so they bore her, still and white, over the threshold of her home, past the farm servants, to the carriage.

Fields, hills, buildings, flashed by, seeming with their shadows and forms to flick the windows of the railway-coach. The doctor and Samuel sat side by side, and opposite on the long seat lay Barbara, quiet and semi-conscious. The half-day's journey to Liverpool stretched out interminably, even now that most of it had been covered. Samuel was thinking, thinking, thinking, as he had never thought before, and the discipline of these thoughts was biting into him like acid. There were lines graven on his face which years alone could never write there. Aye, to learn a lesson like this in a few hours which should be learned through a lifetime — to learn it thus in one last brief discipline. O Barbara, Barbara, what had he done for her, what had he been to her? And now, *if* — the thought strangled him — where, where was she going? Then came to him the years when he might not be able to tell her any more how he regretted the selfishness of weeks and months; aye, of half a century. Even now the separation had begun; she was too weak to listen to him; he could not tell her, and in a few hours the one chance might be gone. Already, as she lay there hovering between life and death, she was no longer his in the old substantial way, but merely a hostage, fragile, ethereal, of a past life. If he had loved her every hour of those days that seemed so lastingly secure, if he had tried in every way — all the little ways — to show her how tenderly, how deeply, he really loved her, the years would have been too short. And to-day, at the best, there was the one chance growing less certain every

minute; there were but a few years at the most when he might try to make her know what she was to him. Then with a revulsion of feeling the little commonplace joys dear to them both crowded in upon him; he felt benumbed in their midst, helplessly conscious that the heart of them all was slipping, slipping away. The road of their life flowed swiftly behind him, receding ribbon-like, as the hills and trees and fields past the coach window, into indistinguishable distance. Their tea-time with its happy quiet, their greeting at night, their rest side by side, their good-by in the morning, Barbara's caps, Barbara's knitting, the shining eyes, the smile,—each daily, commonplace thing a part of his very being. He had a sickening sense of having the roots of existence torn out. With a pang came the thought of that other trip to Liverpool they had planned to take. What would the boy say now? And he must know how that mother-life had been wasted, neglected. And the books they were going to bring the lad, and the socks Barbara had made, and the shoes that were to delight her, and the new clothes for both, and the bonnet over which they had laughed so merrily—the agony of these simple things, remembered, ate at his thoughts like fire. They were so little; he had never known before what they meant, or he had forgotten; now, surely, they could not be taken from him. Samuel's mind prostrated itself in petition to that Inexorable in whose power lay these little joys, his, his only, of account only to him, sacred to him only, that he might be allowed to keep them.

His face was gray with the battle of these hours when the doctor spoke, telling him that they were almost in Liverpool and must move quickly. Their voices aroused Barbara, her eyes sought Sammee's and smiled faithfully into them.

"Dearie," he said, leaning forward with such an expression that Barbara, if she saw it clearly, could never doubt his love again.

"Lad!" she whispered in reply.

But Sammee's eyes shrank when he saw the ambulance at the station, waiting. The doctor was going in it with Barbara. Oh, this cut; cut as that knife would cut Barbara. Already they were being separated. They were taking her out of the train, away

from him, and he was looking around the great station blindly when he felt a strong grip on his arm and heard the word, "Father!" Nothing else seemed clear after that, and the way, the long way, rumbling through those streets, was like a narrow lane in the night. Barbara was in the streets, alone, without him; or she was already at that place where lay the one chance for him.

"There, Father," the lad was comforting him, "there's no better place for her; you did just right."

Samuel sobbed convulsively, tears rolling out of his eyes unnoticed, his hands clenching the chair.

"Father, Father, don't; we shall know soon."

But the old face over which he leaned paid no heed to what was said; nor did Samuel hear the quick entrance into the room, and the whispered words.

"Father, do you hear? Mother's safe."

Then Samuel rose to his feet, started forward, and swayed uncertainly. The lad took his arm:

"Father," he said, "Mother's very weak, and we must be careful; we can see her only a minute, that is all, the doctor says."

When they entered Barbara lay on the bed smiling. The nurse stepped outside. Ah, she had seen so many, many moments like this! And yet her heart ached for the old man coming through the door, coming through to take into his arms the few precious years that were left.

"Mother!" he said, simply.

"Sammee dear!" she answered, her heart shining in her eyes.

Then she espied the lad standing behind his father. Samuel watched their greeting, his lips twitching.

"Lad, lad," he cried, unable to withhold the words, "I've no been good to mam."

A flush overspread Barbara's face.

"Twt, Sammee dear, ye never—" she commenced, indignantly.

"Taw, Mother, I'm goin' to say it now; ye know I've no been good to ye. Lad," he continued, turning to him, "when ye marry, as ye will, don't think any way is too little to show her that ye love her."

"Twt, twt, Sammee dear," insisted Barbara, "ye *are* good to me, an' I lied to ye an'—"

"It's time to leave," said the nurse, coming in.

"But I'm goin' to have one word more," Barbara replied, the life springing into her eyes with this gentle defiance. "Sammee, Sammee *dear*," she called, as the two men were urged through the door, "I lied about

the bowl—I did n't break it, but I did hide it. Maggee broke it, an' I was afraid she'd lose her place, so I hid it. Father, did ye *hear*?"

"There!" said the nurse, shutting the door.

MY VALENTINE

By RUTH WHEATON WATERS

Little maid in the lilac gown,
 High-heeled slippers and dainty lace,
 Merry, laughing eyes of brown,
 Bewitching dimple and fair young face,
 If I were a youth of the long ago
 I'd glide with you through the solemn grace
 And the stately step
 Of the minuet.
 Would you answer my question by yes or no?
 Would your answering glance be a smile or a frown,
 If I were a youth of the long ago,
 Fair little maid in the lilac gown?

Little maid in the lilac gown,
 A bunch of violets on your breast,
 From your golden frame you're smiling down
 As if you would speak. Hair quaintly dressed —
 You were my grandmother — years ago —
 Never a woe on your heart impressed
 In the misty haze
 Of the olden days.
 Tell me, tell me, grandmother mine!
 If I were a youth of ancient renown,
 Would you be my own sweet valentine,
 Dear little maid in the lilac gown?

KEIFER'S RAISE

By ELLIOT WALKER



"WHAT'S on his mind, I'd like to know?" queried Evelina Merrifield, sitting down to supper. "I hope he is n't going to strike for more pay, though to be sure —"

"He gets little enough." Her husband finished the halting sentence. "That's right. Still, Adolph knows how it is with us."

The Merrifields talked over every little thing after business hours, closing the small variety store promptly at six o'clock. Recently, the demeanor of Adolph Keifer, their capable assistant, had grown to be a puzzling topic. Evelina had always given a portion of her day to helping at "the shop." Now, age was telling. The silent, alert clerk, engaged without recommendation at a busy period when no one else answered their purpose, had proved a blessing.

Orrin Merrifield's benevolent countenance beamed with good nature. His wife's duties behind the counters had materially lessened. While Adolph remained they would not think of selling out.

The old woman sighed, softly.

"He's been a mighty help, relieving us of no end of work and fuss," she said.

Orrin nodded, replying slowly:

"The weeks have gone easy since he came. He's the greatest figurer I ever saw. It did n't take him three days to get posted — stock, cost and selling prices, books, everything. His figuring caught me at once, that day he applied. Says he, 'The little room over the store, that's yours, you say. Clean out the rubbish, put in a bed; I'll sleep there. Eating's cheap on meal-tickets. Let's figure a bit. I can live on three fifty a week with that room. I've got clothes enough. No bad habits. Don't even smoke. An early riser. Why! I'll be up, fix my room, get a good breakfast, have things in business shape for the very first customer on the street, and save eight dollars a month, even if you can't pay more than six a week. I'll allow fifty cents a week for trifles: laundry, an occasional haircut, and repairs. Work is

what I want. I'll manage to keep healthy on six per and no room rent. I shave myself, black my own boots, do my mending. Where does any expense come in? Besides, I'm handy; can watch the place, and a fellow takes more interest if he's close to his business."

Mrs. Merrifield was smiling. "That certainly *is* figuring," she affirmed. "Go ahead and eat, Orrin. I'm way in advance on these griddle-cakes. That is exactly what Adolph has done, come to think. He's stood it for three months, and saved on less than a flighty girl or a careless boy would call decent pay. Made money for us, too, being so polite and attentive. Yes, sir; he has had the shop ready to catch the early birds, and we getting later and later."

"And never anything but respect towards us," said Mr. Merrifield. "'T is a comfort after what we've suffered."

"Every girl we ever had has been impudent beyond bearing." His wife's placid face reddened at certain recollections.

"Boys are worse," commented Orrin. "I'd rather deliver goods myself, leaving a fool girl in the shop, than to put up with a boy. Adolph is a splendid deliverer."

"And a good collector," added his spouse. "He's got in some old accounts. My! the time I've had for the house, since he arrived! I'm glad I have sent him a pie once a week. He gets a taste of every good cooking I do, if it is n't more than a dozen doughnuts; helps him out, you know."

"I wanted to remember his birthday, but he put it so far off that I gave him a bit of a gift — a pocket Testament — with some of my favorite verses marked," observed Mr. Merrifield, rather guiltily. Evelina laughed comfortably.

"I'm afraid some of 'em may pinch his conscience," said she. "He certainly lied about his age and being from New York, Orrin. Those are the only things I have against him."

"Well!" the old man spoke indulgently, "I suppose he did n't want to appear too

old, and New York is a big place to hail from, and sounds distinguished. Adolph was put to it for employment. 'T was only a business lie. Little he dreamed that I'd been to New York four times. All other ways he's honest and trustworthy — a nice, quiet, kind-feeling man, if he can't say he is only thirty-two years old and say it in bright sunlight. Funny, fine little wrinkles he's got. And queer eyes. You might as well stare at blue china for all those eyes of his tell a body."

Evelina laughed again.

"I've seen a strange softness in 'em just twice," she said: "once when I gave him a punkin pie, saying it probably was n't up to 'what his mother used to make,' and the other time, bandaging the finger he cut. I sort of patted it when I got through, and I says, 'There, my boy!' same as I would to any man so much younger. 'T was like the look of a girl in love, only quick-like. I guess the hardness on his face is a habit. His kind of mouth makes the whole phiz sort of stern. He smiles pleasant. But, Adolph's got something bothering his mind; that's certain."

They glanced at the clock on the old-fashioned sideboard, ate steadily for several speechless minutes; then Orrin pushed back his chair.

"Hum!" he said, thoughtfully.

"He is worth it," said Evelina.

"Seven or eight?"

"Eight," boldly. "Eight dollars for all he does is n't a penny too much, my dear."

"I know it."

"Then he'll get it?"

"Of course." Orrin inflated his chest, grinning with generous impulse.

"When will you tell him?" Evelina's eyes shone.

"To-night. Right away. I'll walk over town. It's not yet half-past seven. Adolph shall sleep on his raise, Evvy. I know how it feels to drop off, thinking yourself lucky and grateful. I would n't deprive him of it."

The woman came around the table. She kissed both rosy old cheeks.

"That's like you, Orrin," she murmured. "I declare, you *are* the best man."

"Pooh!" protested Merrifield, thinking that he *was* a pretty good sort. "I'll get started. Sooner gone, sooner back to tell you, my dear."

As he marched on in the crisp November

air the face of Adolph Keifer haunted him. All that day the man had worn a peculiar look, an expression of indescribable uneasiness. He had worked as if trying to drown a grief. Orrin let him alone. Of late Keifer had seemed disinclined to talk. A growing grimness was about his lips. His smile appeared to lack sincerity.

"That looks like a strike for higher wages," his employer had sagely decided. "He likes us, hates to ask, is afraid of refusal."

Now he was chuckling to himself. "I'll soon fix that Peter-grievous countenance. I'll have him fairly grinning. Two dollars more a week. Jolly! He'll be tickled off his feet."

So, smilingly, Orrin went along, rubbing his fingers, for the night was cold. He thought of many things: of Keifer's once speaking of his father, of the mother in Maine, of his being a half-orphan. There the man had stopped. He seldom spoke of the past, checking himself suddenly when he did, as if reminded of some bewildering errand, momentarily forgotten. Then he was off at work, all in a moment. They had never heard him utter a word of German, despite his name. He had the Yankee twang, the language of the ordinary American of fair education.

Orrin thought of the few times Adolph had really laughed — a hearty ring were those surprises. Perhaps he would laugh to-night. The raise ought to fetch it. Evelina liked to hear of Keifer's laughing.

A friend, a real-estate agent, almost ran into Merrifield.

"Hullo, Orrin," he accosted. "I've been meaning to see you. When will you sell that little building of yours? The bank wants it. Right next, you see, and they've got to have more room."

"I know it. They can't buy it, Means. I'm going to keep shop yet awhile."

"Oh! Come, Orrin. Here is a tiny two-story structure sandwiched between the blocks. It's in the way, interfering with progress, an eyesore. Long ago it should have come down. I can get you \$12,000 for the plot; maybe more. You don't do enough business to pay for holding on."

Merrifield's gorge rose at hearing his beloved establishment termed "an eyesore." To him the ancient sign of Orrin Merrifield dignified the street. He had received many

offers for the property, and some day it would pass from him — not while he could manage to hang on, though. The value was increasing.

"Not at that price," he sniffed. "If my trade is small, it's established. I'm well fixed to continue. I've a tidy bit saved, a comfortable house unencumbered; I make sufficient for a living and taxes. No use, Calvin. Good-night."

The other laughed, clinging to the old man's sleeve.

"I'll talk with the bank," said he. "We'll fetch 'em up to a fancy sum. You think it over. By the way, Orrin, I've lost my fountain-pen. Send that sphinx of yours over to my office early in the morning. Let him bring three or four. I'll pick one to suit."

"He will be there," returned Merrifield, restored to amiability by an order. "Much obliged, Cal."

Reaching the well-lighted streets, he heard the clocks striking.

"Eight," he chuckled. "Adolph's lucky number, eh!"

Crossing the thoroughfare, Orrin spied his man standing in the doorway of his store. To the right was a short passage leading to a stair-flight by which Keifer mounted to his room. Separated from the store space by a wooden partition, it bricked against the block north. On the left the low building hugged the north wall of the prosperous National Bank. Behind Adolph's chamber ran a long, dim apartment, used for storage. The cellar was a gloomy hole. This was the "Merrifield Block," sitting on the best bit of land in the city, a relic of village days and dear to the hearts of Orrin, Evelina, and other conservatives.

The old man walked up to his assistant with a cheery salutation. Full of his errand, he failed to note Keifer's start and surprised grunt. The clerk's hat was pulled low on his forehead; his hands were deep in his pockets.

"Adolph," said Orrin, heartily, "Mrs. Merrifield and I have been talking. We wish to show our appreciation of your excellent services, as well as our personal regard for an honest and reliable man. We have decided to raise your wages. Beginning tomorrow, you will get eight dollars a week — and — and —" here Mr. Merrifield's carefully concocted speech failed him. He

stuck out his hand. "Shake, my boy," he added. "I thought you might like to sleep on it. That's why I'm here."

Keifer gave a strangling gasp, shrinking away as if struck at. His right hand came from its pocket, draggingly, to clutch in a slow grasp at his employer's fingers. Orrin, enjoying these signs of surprise, saw his whole face quiver, then harden to a look so strange, so desperate, that the white-haired man felt a quick pang of alarm, trying to withdraw his fist.

"Don't — don't let go — I — I'm over-come." Adolph's stammer was husky. "Stand by me, sir. I — I'll be myself, directly. I can't talk, somehow."

"I can," cried Orrin. "I know how it is, Adolph. A fellow's words tie up when he'd like to say a lot. 'Tis n't the money; it's the feeling behind the giving. 'Back of the gift stands the giving. Back of the hand that receives are the sensitive nerves of receiving.' Ever hear that? It's so. I've been there. You've got sensitive nerves, I guess, if you don't show 'em to everybody."

"My God! I believe you're right," muttered the man, drawing closer, his grip tightening. A passing automobile's lamps shone for a second upon his face. Orrin saw that in his eyes which Evelina had observed, although Keifer's lips were locked like iron clamps.

He did not see two men whisk noiselessly into the passage, nor hear soft footsteps mount the stairway. The nod of Adolph's head meant only agreement to his chattering.

"Well, I must be trotting home," he smiled. "My wife is waiting. I'll say you're going to sleep on your raise, and felt so fine you could n't laugh. That will please her. She proposed making it eight dollars. I was thinking of seven, but I agreed mighty quick."

To his amazement Keifer laughed loudly, with a real ring of amusement.

"I'll sleep all right," he said, strangely. "Tell the dear lady I laughed, if I did feel so fine. Good-by, sir. You'll understand."

He wrung Orrin's already aching fingers, and watched him go. Then, with a curse, he moved to the entry and whistled two notes.

Merrifield was half-way home when he thought of Mr. Means.

"Plague it!" he exclaimed. "I'll have to go back. Adolph must know about those pens. Pshaw! this sort of spoils my mood."

There was a light in the little room. Orrin fumbled up. He paused before the closed door. What was going on? He heard voices, plainly in sullen dispute. One, Adolph's, was decidedly immovable.

"I made no definite promise. I said I would consider the chances. That I've done. I'll not take 'em."

"They're big," said another man, significantly.

"I know that. But, one shot will bring the police before you get to the street. I've a handy gun, myself, but I'd rather be killed than have blood on my hands, even in self-defence. That's not yet against me, if I did serve a term for coming near it."

"Softly, softly," came a third voice. "Look here now, Keifer. The matter was as good as understood, all around. Don't be a fool. We can tunnel through that cellar in three nights, fix the watchman, reach the vaults, and the rest will be done properly. All you have to do is to hide and feed us. You get a third. It's a rich haul. Three weeks ago the idea of looting a bank did n't scare you. What's struck your nerve?"

"None of your business. I changed my mind. I'll say this. I've no charge against me. I've a job, and I got it honest. I'm living straight, under my own name. I'm known. The bank robbed and I missing, who did it? Ain't that bad chance enough?"

"Softly! You're talking too loud. Same old nose twang, ain't it, Fred? You'll come to us, Adolph. This is all rot. You're not a bit scared. The honest little job racket won't go. 'T was n't fussing you when we talked before. Slide us into that shop and down cellar to-night. Then sleep on it — and —"

Keifer interrupted, fiercely, as if stung:

"Dry up your soap-dish. My mind's made."

"Hush! Keep your temper. Let us know what the real objection is. Be open to reason, with a gentlemanly tongue."

The old man in the narrow hall, too astounded for speech or action, merely listened with a round mouth, not daring to stir. Dimly, he comprehended a rejected scheme of theft, his possession of an important secret, and the near proximity of dangerous company. He would hide in the shadows when these strangers left, then interview Adolph as to the best course to

pursue. Why did n't Keifer answer? Was that noise hard breathing? Orrin's heart thumped.

Presently, the clerk spoke, his tone determined:

"I'll make this final. The man I work for is the best friend I have, except his wife. That's it. You fellows can go, safe and quiet. No one will be the wiser. I owe something to these old folks. I'll never use their property for purposes of robbery. Never!"

Merrifield's ears caught the sound of chairs pushing back.

"They're going," he thought, in great relief, and the soft voice came again:

"Then you don't see it?"

"I don't see it," returned Keifer. "I'll die first!"

"Die, then!"

All happened so suddenly that the eavesdropper realized only his backward spring to the wall opposite, the quickly opened door, forms rushing by him in the darkness to vanish down the stairs like fleeing spirits. The sounds shocking his brain formulated slowly. There had been a stamp of feet, a queer thud, a groan, an overturned chair, a couple of dull blows. That was all — nothing loud about it; but in the little room the one gas-jet was turned off, and Orrin knew a man lay on the floor, silenced, huddled limply in the gloom.

Instinctively, the horrified Orrin did the wisest thing. He groped his way to the street, entered his store, telephoned three doctors whom he knew, and waited at his door. Two of the physicians responded quickly, arriving almost at the same moment. Merrifield led them to the stairway.

"I'm afraid it's murder," he quavered. "Here are matches. The room at the left. Dr. Harley is coming, too. If the poor fellow is dead I'll call the police. If not, let me know. I will stand here."

The five ensuing minutes seemed hours to the shaken old man. He cried a little in his woeful thinking. What would Evelina say? How should he relate this awful tragedy to others? Could any one imagine that he might be guilty? This thought staggered his wits.

Then Doctor Jelliper came down, and Orrin braced for the worst.

"In a short time the man can be taken home, or to the hospital," said the physi-

cian, tersely. "A close shave, but not so bad. Got a long, glancing stab in his left side. A book — a little Testament — saved his heart. Unconscious from head wounds; kicks, I think. He's pulling to, but is badly weakened. Lots of blood on the floor, Orrin. Well?"

"He goes to my house," cried Merrifield. "I'll get the ambulance. A row, Doctor, between him and — and callers. I went to give him an order. They were arguing, so I did n't go in. No fault of his. He is my clerk, you know — Adolph — Adolph Keifer."

"Oh! A German."

"No, a Yankee, I guess. He talks through his nose. I never heard him say a word of German."

"I did," smiled the doctor. "He opened his eyes — I suppose he thought he was going — and says he in the slightest whisper, 'Auf Wiedersehen, Evelina und —' then he grew faint and did n't finish. That means a

good-by — you understand. Probably a farewell to his sweetheart."

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed Orrin, and laughed in a most unseemly manner. "He'll get the best of care from us, Doctor. Charge everything to me and hush this up. I'll tell you about it some day. Here comes Harley. You three look after him. I'll run home and prepare her."

"Who?" asked Jelliper, absently, as he greeted his contemporary.

The old man laughed again.

"Evelina," said he.

Adolph Keifer still "tends shop" for the Merrifields. The stubbornness of Orrin in refusing to entertain offers of purchase for the coveted site is sometimes ascribed by Mr. Means and the bank people as due to the advice of the quiet man who is so devoted to the old couple's interests. This does not please them, but they don't know what the bank owes to Adolph.

NOCTURNE

By ALDIS DUNBAR

The music of the spheres is writ
On fair, transparent, wind-swept skies.
The moonshine is its melody;
The stars in harmony arise.

In deepening twilight, symphonies
Are born where parting day hath been.
Then moon-dawn comes, with unisons
From Dian's heavenly violin.

Slowly they soften, still sublime,
As o'er their cadence, silver clear,
Wild storms drive past, obscuring all:
Remains a broken chord to hear.

Through silent nights we dream and wait.
Hath music fled, beloved, so?
When — Hush! 'Mid sunset clouds is caught
The first gleam of a lifted bow!

EARLY MORNING AT MARBLEHEAD

By EDITH DE BLOIS LASKEY

Is it a mist that will not pass
 From the high old brow of the Burying-Hill,
 That clings to the graves reluctant still,
 And trails its fringe o'er the dew-hung grass?

Or are there ghosts at gaze o'erlate
 On the sleeping town and the rugged shore,
 On the deep blue bay they knew of yore
 Before they lost in the chance of fate?

Is it the wind's Æolian play,
 Or voices so spirit-fine and rare
 That they faint like sighs on the tranquil air,
 Yet seem with the ebbing breath to say:

"Out on the breast of the moving tide
 What are the shapes of grace and light
 Agleam all spotless, silver bright,
 There where our fleet was wont to ride?"

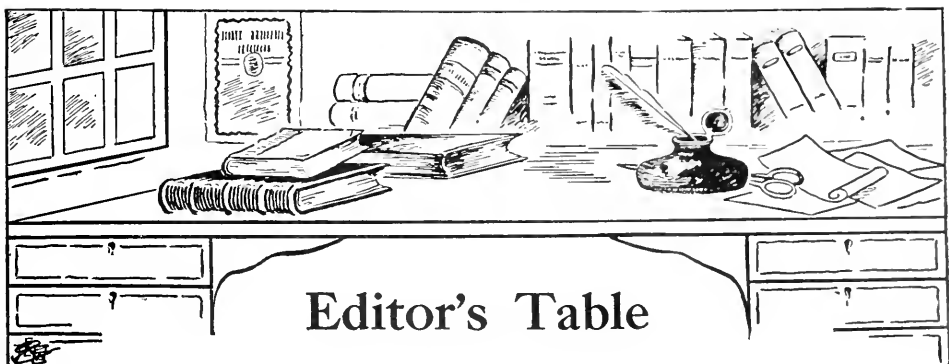
"How they braced to the mighty seas,
 The dauntless barks we sailed of old,
 Guarding the fish in the close-shut hold,
 Trembling deep to their oaken knees!

"Maybe now, for their work well done,
 These spirit forms of slender line,
 With rigging taut and cobweb-fine,
 Are meeds our loyal crafts have won.

"*Betsey* and *Hannah*, *The Silver Swan*,
 Pure white, freed from their hulls assoiled,
 May glide at ease where once they toiled —
 While we lie down in the shivering dawn!

"Better for ships than for men," they say.
 "Hard we labored, year by year;
 But thou, O God, hast bound us here!"
 Pale in the morn they fade away;

Yet through the mould their spirits strain
 (Waiting the call that shall come at last),
 Long for the touch of the stinging blast
 And the strong, wild life on the sea again.



Editor's Table

The Fascinations of Boston

[The following reference to Boston's crooked streets, which are said to be the grown-up cow-paths of Colonial times, will be plain to every one who has ever heard of that city. There are two other peculiarities, not so well known, because they have been brought into prominence within a few years by the adoption of modern modes of local travel. One is the irregular boundaries of the suburban towns; and the second, the great number of small localities, merely parts of towns, which have separate names of their own. These two conditions are, probably, more pronounced in Boston and its vicinity than in any other of our large cities; and they result in the curious combinations of street-car routes described in this paper.]

DEAR old Boston! How gladly one greets it upon coming back after years of New York, —with something of Philadelphia thrown in,—and of San Francisco, and of the sunny mountains of Mexico. How things remembered crowd in upon one, and things forgotten awake from their sleep to join the throng. The delicious sunshine of the autumn days has a coolness which rouses one's vigor, a fine contrast to the languorous Mexican atmosphere. The brilliancy of the ripened leaves is even richer than one used to recall, longingly sometimes, amid the perpetual greenness of the great tropical hills. As the leaves fall, the delicate twigs and boughs against the sky make lines of beauty unlike those of any Mexican trees, and banish regret for the lost colors of summer. Even the brown meadows of the country around, with their dry stalklets just reaching above the light fall of early snow, fill one with a renewal of childhood's welcome of the coming winter.

The forgotten things that begin to awake in one's memory have a unique charm. One had almost come to believe that the humorous stories about the queer streets of old Boston which those foreign people, the New Yorkers and Philadelphians, are so fond of, were all fiction; and now one sees that they are founded on fact. Those old streets are certainly remarkable. Their fine subtlety calls into play a higher intelligence than ordinary highways and byways can develop. You were walking up Congress Street one day, lately, in search of the office of a friend. As it was on Congress Street, and you were on Congress Street, with the numbers running in the right direction,

you naturally supposed that by going straight ahead you would get there. Suddenly, you found yourself on Pearl Street. In genuine amazement you exclaimed, mentally, "Now *where* have I mislaid Congress Street? I had it properly in place a moment ago." You had forgotten that in old Boston, if you want to keep on a street after you have taken it, you must turn off.

The foreigners never can understand the charm of those cityized cow-paths. A Philadelphian on a visit to Boston was quite inclined to be facetious over the direction an inhabitant gave him, to "bear around" to the right, and then "bear around" to the left. His plain Philadelphia mind could not grasp the artistic value of the idea. The grace of the waving, swaying motion in "bearing around" was wholly lost upon him. He knew nothing better than turning square corners.

Equally fascinating are the street-cars, with their mode of motion, as one might say. A singular caution must be observed in regard to them, and if you neglect it you are lost. It is: beware of taking a car labelled with the name of the place where you want to go! You remember how, years since, when you were on a visit from New York, a relative said, "Our new home is in Dorchester. You can come by train, but the street-cars are better." "Oh, yes!" you exclaimed, "I know those Dorchester cars. I have often seen them pass." An amused smile played over your friend's face, in which compassion for your New York limitations politely endeavored to hide from sight. "Oh, no," she answered; "you must n't take a Dorchester car. You will never get to our house if you do. You must take one marked 'Milton.'" You remember how, as you waited your means of conveyance, you held yourself by sheer force of will on the sidewalk while all the Dorchester cars passed, and then with uncertainty finally embarked upon your novel journey; and how the conductor's easy assent to your project of alighting at Bailey Street did not more than half reassure you. You thought he must have misunderstood

what Bailey Street it was that you wanted, because to your mere New York intelligence it did seem such a curious arrangement; but when you unerringly reached the house your admiration was inexpressible for the Boston intellect which could invent such a system and actually make it work. You find it still working. Only a short time ago you saw a letter in which was this sentence: "We live in Brighton. Take a Watertown car and get off at the street near the station at Faneuil."

You had almost forgotten these peculiarities, which to a stranger are confusing, but to one native born have the charm always inherent in the things of childhood. The same interest attaches to the New England language compared with that of the Latin-American. The smooth Spanish tongue, even in its corruptions, invariably flows with gentle ease and beauty. The ear, become accustomed to the soft sounds, finds a rough picturesqueness in the old-time familiar dialect. With the rhythmic Spanish still making music in your brain, there was the keen enjoyment of contrast in the reply of the man who was asked the times for the starting of the cars from a certain suburban station: "They go at quarter arter, half arter, quarter to, 'n' *at*."

The manners of the New Englander, as is well known, are as strikingly different; and the contrast is in nothing more marked than in their attitude toward hired service. While the Mexican is much more friendly toward his servants than the other, he accepts their attendance as his birthright. The New Englander, beginning his national life as he did, amidst the most adverse circumstances of climate and other conditions, and with the native energy and independence of the Saxon race, learned to be proud of his skill in supplying for himself all his own wants. As life became easier, he still, to a large extent, cultivated the pride, so that even now he is often awkward in accepting attendance, although it may be such as he is obliged to command. There is an apologetic or a defiant air about him, in such a case, unwarranted by the situation. One day, there was crossing the common a little woman accompanied by a man carrying an unwieldy piece of carpentry. She could not, by any exertion of strength, have carried the thing herself. None the less, her every step had in it a kind of defiance. Her gait denoted a determination to have that taken home for her, whoever criticized her for it. Her face seemed to say, "Well, I guess I have a right to get him to do it if I pay him for it, and a right to pay him if I want to be so extravagant!"

The little incident recalled a scene quite different: of the manner of a Spanish-American in ac-

cepting a much slighter service — one, indeed, which she could easily have done herself. An adobe house in a Mexican mining-camp consisted of two small rooms and a lean-to kitchen. The lady of the establishment was an educated Mexican, whose large person and cultured manners, one would say, would seem entirely out of place in so small an abode; but, instead, they gave largeness to her surroundings. She sat by the table standing between herself and the door, and she was talking with a visitor. A *mozo* (servant) came to report upon a small purchase made. "Here is the change," he said, holding out some coins. Many an American woman, of perfectly good breeding, would have taken the coins and placed them on the table herself, and would, perhaps, have asked some questions about the errand, and all in a manner of necessary attention to a transaction, rather than of the reception of a duty done for her to which she was entitled. The Mexican lady met the matter differently. She did not speak, or move a finger. She gracefully bowed, giving by that one gesture three intimations, — a gentle rebuke for the interruption; a hint that money, much or little, is not of the least consequence in the presence of a visitor; and an acknowledgment of a service which belonged to her by every law of God and man. The *mozo* understood. He laid the coins upon the table and departed, with a bow no less graceful than hers, although he was an unlettered peon; and with an "Adios" which unobtrusively included the visitor as well as the lady of the mansion.

One loves to consider the origin of these wide differences in manners and customs of the two races. It is found, primarily, in the impelling motive. The Anglo-Saxon is a thinker. All the fascinations at his command are from his fine power for thought. His great intellect has filled the world with wonders. He does not always think wisely or well, but he always thinks. He thinks of the greatest things, and of the least. Especially is this true of the New Englander. His love-affairs and his necktie receive their due attention. He may fall in love spontaneously, but he thinks out afterward just how fitting the alliance will be; and if it does not seem so at first, he thinks into it as much suitability as possible. He may choose his necktie by artistic instinct, but he soon has it all understood with himself why it was just the thing. He thinks much of how he appears to others. If a new courtesy presents itself to him, he immediately thinks how he shall appear if he adopts it. Nine out of ten of him will declare that the manners they learned in childhood are good enough for anybody. The tenth may consent to take on

the new; but he will do it with some effort, for he cannot forget himself in it until the novelty is worn off. The New England woman is no less self-conscious, although she is not as awkward as her brother in unaccustomed situations. However, she rarely forgets herself entirely; consequently, she is cool when she feels warm, distant when she feels near; for the question is seldom absent from her mind, "What will they think of me if I act as I feel?" It is often an unconscious query, but it is nearly always there. She has been created with the kind of mind that thinks about everything; and herself being inevitably at hand, it is hard to forget so obvious an object.

The Mexican has a different character because his impelling motive is feeling. When he falls in love everything is taken for granted. He selects handsome clothes because he is an artist through and through; and once arrayed in them, he thinks no more about them, and gives himself up to other emotions, especially to intercourse with fellow men. In their presence he forgets himself and lives in the exchange of human sympathy, or, if the emotion turn wrongly, of human enmity. He never thinks whether a heretofore unknown courtesy will become him. He loves courteousness and takes a new form of it upon himself as easily as the hen-bred duckling takes to the water. The children are no exception. A baby of two and a half years will approach one, pulling off his little "sombbrero" with one hand and extending the other for a "Buenos días," with a kind of grace an Anglo-Saxon courtier may envy but never can acquire.

Nevertheless, the fascinations of the New Englander need not confine themselves to picturesque roughness. The cultured Northerner is as charming as the native of the South. He has equal grace, although it is entirely different. That of the Spaniard reminds one of his own Moorish architecture — its wondrous richness of form, its beautiful lines, its dainty colors. The culture of the North is, in comparison, like the beauty of the Parthenon, which is so satisfying in its exquisite simplicity, so enchanting in its perfect harmony, so restful in its quiet dignity.

JANE DEARBORN MILLS.

The Old Scholar and His Schoolbooks

IN no line of work has time so thoroughly altered the "tools" as in school-teaching. Provide the capenter of to-day with the tools of sixty years ago and he would get along very well, but the modern teacher would stand bewildered at the

schoolbooks of the forties. And quite as great is the bewilderment of the old-time scholar when he glances at the "home study" implements of his grandson. This was especially brought to my mind by the comments of a brisk old fellow "seventy years young"

"Well do I remember," he said, "'The Child's Guide,' through the aid of which I pursued the first of the 'Three R's.' It was a neat brown-covered book, adorned on the cover with a picture of a very small schoolhouse and a number of very large boys, who, in white trousers and top hats, were playing ball. In the distance several pairs of girls are modestly sinking into the background. A peculiarity of 'The Child's Guide' was its use of italics. Thus Lesson III., a moral story concerning 'The Girl Who Ate Too Much,' opened thus:

"'Bess was a fine girl of eight years old, who could *run* and *jump* and *play*, for *hours*. She was strong and well, and might have done so for a *long time*, if she had been *good*, and done as she was *bid*. But she was too fond of *cakes*, and would eat all she could *find*, and she would eat *fruit* that was not *ripe*.'

"I remember a picture of Bess, sitting on a bench, and holding a large basket of fruit, while her mother near-by is bidding her 'Not to *eat* so much,—but Bess would not *mind* her.' On the same page, too, I think there was a picture of Charles, who said, 'I will not go to school, I will play with the *cat* at *home*.' Charles was a young villain in a tail-coat, and the cat—a ferocious animal—stood nearly as tall as Charles, and his head was to the shoulder of the maid who stood meekly offering the youth his hat, and seeming to urge him to reconsider his rash decision.

"'The Child's Guide,' you will observe, sweetened learning, being full of what to-day calls 'fiction stories.' You could not, however, escape from the moral, even in those that started off the liveliest. For instance, there was the tale beginning in this way:

"'Major Wilson had a son, named *Isaac*, about ten years old, and Isaac was inclined to be quite *idle* and *childish*.'

"Isaac, it was further explained, 'seemed to have no manly ambition.' He would, in winter 'sit *moping* in the corner, without reading so much as the *newspaper*, or caring whether *Canada* was *north* or *south* from the United States.' A facetious character is introduced for the apparent purpose of comparing Isaac to 'the jockey's *horse* that had two *failings*.' One was 'the horse was bad to *catch*' and the other 'when they had *caught* him he was *good* for nothing.'

"Isaac is given manly ambition by being brought

into contrast with a lad named Jack, who did chores in the hope of getting schooling. Observing Jack, Isaac 'began to wake from his babyish dreams, and to think of becoming a man of talents and merit.' This achievement of Isaac, at ten, helps us to understand how, not so very many years previous, a member of the Mather family was enabled to die an old man at the age of sixteen, as one may read to-day upon the stone above his grave in the Charter Street Burying-Ground in Salem.

"Possibly the most ponderous moral attached to 'The First of April,' a 'piece' wherein two characters, Charles and Joseph, learned the evils of April fooling. It was in dialogue form, and closed in this way:

"Joseph — For my part, I am resolved never to play "*April Fool*" again; for I think it the *worst kind* of lying. Here we see old age made sport of; human life put in danger; a poor widow deprived of her sustenance; and a drunken man provided with the means of getting drunk; — all *this*, and a great deal *more*, to gratify the *sport of children*.— Now, Charles, who are the greatest *jools*, the boys who tell the *lies*, or those who are *deceived* by them?

"Charles — *Well*, Joseph, I am of your *opinion*. I never before knew the evils to be so great.

"Joseph — Let us both, then, set our faces *against* this vile practice. Let us do all we can to put a *stop* to it.'

"Several conjectural questions at the close of this dialogue indicated a peculiar connection between April fooling and the unrighteous consumption of strong drink, the scholar being presumed to make reply to

"Who *succeeded* in getting away his half-dollar? What did the man do with the money? What do you suppose he drank? Why do you suppose so? Would it have been better to throw away the money? Why? How many persons in the United States become drunkards every year? Ans. *More than thirty thousand*. How may you be sure of not becoming one?"

"Next I graduated into 'The Intelligent Reader,' a self-confessed sequel to 'The Child's Guide.' This had a green cover, with a schoolhouse depicted on it that always seemed to me like the one on 'The Child's Guide' grown up. The first story in 'The Intelligent Reader' concerned 'Idle Robert.' Robert, I recollect, went to 'the training,' where he stole gingerbread. He also, later on, took the melons of Harry Barton. Harry was a good boy, and kept away from 'the training.' Of him it was discouragingly remarked that 'the quiet and industrious, who stay at home and mind

their own business, have seldom any adventures to relate.' Before he was twenty, Robert, who was by no means idle in his chosen profession, underwent conviction for burglary, and was sentenced to the State prison. Harry, who had no adventures, learned the sad news one delightful summer evening, as he sat in his mother's neat parlor, reading aloud to his sisters.

"Aside from the fiction stories and their moral lessons, we became intelligent readers by perusing 'The People of New England; Their Character, Manners and Customs, Amusements, Education, &c.' Here we learned that 'The Governor is called His Excellency, the Lieutenant-Governor is addressed as His Honor, and to thriving people generally is tendered the title of Esquire.' We also found out, of New England, that 'the dress of the females, even in remote villages, is neat and showy,' but that 'in general, the country houses of New England are too much devoid of shade.' And I fully recollect calling my mother's attention, for an easily understood reason, to a paragraph reading, 'The breakfast, which in the country is held at an early hour, and often by sunrise, is no evanescent thing. In a farmer's family it consists of little less than ham, beef, sausage, pork, bread, butter, boiled potatoes, pies, coffee, and cider. Few people are so poor as not to have animal food at least twice a day; on Saturday it is usual to have for dinner salted codfish.'

"Another article, even more curious, dealt with 'People of the Western States; Their Origin, Dress, Food, Modes of Travelling, &c.' Of the West we learned that 'the two great articles of food are bacon and Indian corn,' and that 'the rifle forms a part of the amusements of the West.' Of course the word 'West' did not then apply to the Pacific Coast. What was then the West? Don't laugh — it was Kentucky. I can prove it by the words of 'The Intelligent Reader' — 'As the character of Kentucky seems to be the pervading one of the West, it is proper to describe its prominent points.'

"After studying through the book the presumably intelligent reader was warned not to say 'Ameriky,' or 'drownded,' and was told that bellows was not properly 'bellowses,' nor were boce, coce, hoce, poce, and roce the same as boasts, coasts, hosts, posts, or roasts; also that hoists should not be spoken of as hice, nor nests as neasts. Among grammatical improprieties and vulgarisms against the use of which a special warning was considered necessary, I recall 'She enjoys a bad state of health' and 'Will school keep to-morrow, sir?'

"There was no uniformity in schoolbooks when

I was a lad. While I was learning the first 'r' through the agency of 'The Child's Guide' and 'The Intelligent Reader,' having inherited both from an older sister, my seat-mate sought the same goal with the aid of 'Juvenile Lessons,' which was thus introduced:

"I am very glad, my child, that you can read so well. You have read in the spelling-book till you can read it quite well. Now you must have some other book to read in. This book is on purpose for you — it is full of pretty stories and verses and pictures.— I wish you to try and read it well."

"I used to enjoy 'looking over' with my seat-mate, for the 'Juvenile Lessons' were quite sprightly. There was one, I remember, that concerned 'the useful boy who could not tell a lie.' He was more entertaining than Harry Barton, for he got the laugh on his brother, who told him all the good he could do was 'to keep the bread from moulding.' Another youthful prodigy, however, was Charles, captioned 'Idle Charles' and thus described:

"Charles was a fine boy of four years of age: his cheeks were like two red apples. He spent a great part of the day in the garden, roaming about and rolling on the grass."

"I always thought of Charles as the younger brother of Isaac Wilson, previously mentioned, who at ten sat by the stove without a newspaper in his hand. When advised to be fond of his book the ruffian Charles replied that he would learn his lessons 'when he could find time.' The hope of getting a jacket and trousers, however, made Charles a scholar 'like boys of his age.'

"Mention was made, you recollect, of learning to read in the spelling-book. What spelling-book? Presumably Webster's. I recall my little sister heroically beginning her education with the first lesson in that famous speller:

"She fed the old hen. The hen was fed by her. See how the hen can run."

"And how proud she was when she got into words of two syllables and gabbled out:

"Bakers make bread and cake. I like to play in the shady grove. Some fishes are very bony. I like the young lady that shows me how to read."

"By and by my seat-mate and I graduated into 'Russell's Primary Reader,' which was mainly notable for its warning against

"1. The local error of New England.

"2. The local error of the Middle States."

"The selections were from Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Edgeworth, Mary Howitt, and Hawthorne, and included, I remember, that cheerful poem, Wordsworth's 'Idiot Boy.' A peculiarity of Russell's was the placing of a parallel in places where the

pause was supposed not to require a comma. I don't think Russell taught us very much; our school, I think, adopted him because they got him cheap — his binding was put on upside down.

"Along with him we had 'The Only Sure Guide to the English Tongue.' There were moral tales in the back of this book, of which I seem to remember only two. One was about 'a certain hermit who had scooped his cave near the summit of a lofty mountain, from which he had an opportunity of surveying a large extent, both of sea and land;' and the other was the astounding one of 'The Child and the Serpent,' which started thus: 'A child, playing with a tame serpent, said to it, "My dear little animal!"—' In 'The Only Sure Guide' we got also a smattering of grammar and some geographical information. We had both grammars and geographies, of course.

"I studied first 'Smith's First Book in Geography.' There was a picture of a girl on the cover — she had on a sort of Scotch cap and a low-necked and sleeveless gown. I used often to wonder what was her connection with the study within the covers. The frontispiece was more to the point. It showed a giraffe partaking of the leaves of a tree on which disported monkeys, a peacock, birds, and a snake. In the background was a volcano in full action, an elephant standing in the way of a waterfall, while a lion and a crocodile reposed peacefully beside a rabbit. The book was full of questions with attached answers, like this:

"Q. What form the surface of the earth?"

"A. Land and water."

"In the second lesson some free advertising is given.

"Q. For what are some springs celebrated?"

"A. For the improvement of health. Of this kind are the springs at Saratoga, in the State of New York, and the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia."

"The volume abounded in pictures, such as of a gentleman shooting birds in the Dismal Swamp of Virginia, and scattered through its pages were such nuggets of information as 'Arabia is inhabited by a wandering race, the descendants of Ishmael,' and 'The creation of the world, reckoning up to the present time, 1847, took place 5,851 years ago.'

"I also studied for a time a leather-covered copy of Woodbridge's 'Rudiments of Geography on a New Plan.' This book started off heavily, with much reference to astronomy, but soon got more interesting. To it I owe my knowledge that 'New Hampshire is a cold but productive State, remarkable for the White Mountains, the highest in the United States,' that 'Ohio is a fertile State, remarkably free and level from stones,' and that

'Norway is remarkable for the Maelstrom, a dreadful whirlpool, which draws in ships, and even whales, from a distance of several miles.' There was a picture of it drawing in both.

"Along with these geographies I had Noah Webster's 'Elements of Useful Knowledge.' The elements varied from 'Of the Remote Causes of the Revolution' to 'Of Domestic Fowls' and 'Of the Canker Worm.' There was some curious information concerning Boston:

"Of the State-house. The State-house on Beacon Hill is a very large and elegant building, finished with great taste. The dome is one hundred feet in diameter. It serves as a land-mark to mariners, and on the top is a very extensive, and the richest prospect imaginable. The harbor and its islands, the town of Boston, and especially the neighboring towns, and villages, spread along the shore around the bay and rivers, in the form of an amphitheatre, adorned with spires, churches, colleges and private dwellings, with the verdure of luxuriant farms and gardens, present an animating view of the industry, ease and affluence of the inhabitants.'

"This book was looked upon as out of date by a teacher who came to our school when I was about twelve, and he introduced 'A History of the United States of America on a plan adapted to the Capacity of Youth and Designed to Aid the Memory by Systematic Arrangement and Interesting Associations.' Perhaps it did all this. I only seem to recall that it told me of the Indians that 'Their language, though energetic, was too barren to serve the purposes of familiar conversation;' and that my seat-mate and I nearly came to blows through trying to decide in what form, failing their own language, the Red Men were given to expressing 'familiar conversation.' The questions in this history were massed at the rear, 'the more important' in Roman letters. I do not recall ever learning the answers to any but those so distinguished. At the end of the book was a prophecy:

"As years pass by we shall enjoy peace with nations abroad, and tranquillity at home.'

"Little did we dream that some of us would follow Scott to Mexico, others be with McClellan in Virginia, and a few live to see their grandchildren return from Cuba longing for canned peaches.

"In grammar we studied the abridgment of Lindlay Murray prepared by William E. Russell. We were first assured that 'The Masculine Gender denotes animals of the male kind, as a *man*, a *bull*,' while the 'Feminine Gender denotes animals of the female kind, as, a *woman*, a *girl*, a *cow*.' From this promising beginning we pro-

gressed until we could repeat (without a glimmer of understanding) the lucid description of versification:

"Versification is the arrangement of a certain number and variety of syllables according to certain laws.'

"Lindlay Murray never paid youth the doubtful compliment of writing down to it. There was the reader which he got up, with this introduction:

"The present work, as the title expresses, aims at the attainment of three objects: to improve youth in the art of reading; to meliorate their language and sentiments; and to inculcate some of the most important principles of piety and virtue.'

"In a foot-note the proper pronunciation of virtue is said to be 'ver'tshu.' The selections in this reader varied from 'narrative' and 'argumentative' pieces to 'promiscuous pieces,' also 'pieces in poetry.' Classed as 'promiscuous pieces' we had 'Letter from Pliny to Marcel-li-nus, on the death of an amiable young woman,' and 'Schemes of life often illu'sory,' while 'The Cuckoo' and 'Address to the Deity' were considered 'Promiscuous Poetry.'

"But I have wandered from the first class in grammar. In that I studied a nice new green book, entitled 'The First Lines of English Grammar, being a Brief Abstract of the author's larger work designed for Young Learners by Gould Brown. Its character was denoted by one of the quotations on the title-page, Goldsmith's grim opinion that the rudiments of every language should be given as a task, not as an amusement. In his preface Mr. Brown politely refers to his book as 'The following epitome,' and declares that the only 'successful method of teaching grammar, is, to cause the principal definitions and rules to be committed thoroughly to memory, that they may ever afterwards be readily applied.'

"Than either Lindlay Murray or Mr. Brown we preferred Peter Bullion's grammar, mainly because it had a fascinating list of improper expressions, which we were never, never to use, and which we did use so persistently that to this day I catch myself remarking 'I should admire to go to sea,' and 'His discourse was approbated,' or observing 'It is a clever house.' I also say, to my grandson's amazement, 'Curious apples, curious cider' (curious then stood for excellent), and I know what I mean when I cry, 'He is a springy man,' even if those do not who had not Peter Bullion in their youth."

EDITH MINITER.

The "New Hampshire Milton" Again

ALADY in Brooklyn, N. Y., who saw the notice of the "New Hampshire Milton" in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for January, and who has a perfect copy of the book, sends me a transcript of the Preface, which was written by Benjamin R. Jordan, and which explains the use of italics in the poems. The preface is as follows:

PREFACE TO "THE FARMER'S MEDITATIONS; OR,
SHEPHERD'S SONGS"

Candid Reader,—As the author of this work has not been privileged with that branch of literature which is so necessary a requisite in order to prepare a work for the press, but has been under the necessity of employing another for that purpose; he may be considered by some as incapable of imparting any useful instruction to the *literati*. But let the reader of these poems be careful, and judge not rashly concerning this work. Let him first represent to himself an illiterate farmer supporting his family with the labor of his hands; occupying those scanty moments that naturally intervene the fatiguing hours of labor, even those moments wherein the "drowsy world lies lost in sleep," to publish to the world the meditations of his fruitful and sagacious mind. His genius exerting itself under the disadvantages of illiterature is seen laboring *alone* in the "greatness of its strength," to perform, as it were, "a new thing under the sun." He darts, as it were, into the ethereal regions, and there beholds the hosts of Heaven, the sun, moon, and stars exhibiting the praise of their Creator! He ranges the earth, and explains the great abyss, and tunes his verse to the respective

employment and condition of the things and inhabitants of earth and sea.

With a pleasing variety of metre, our author has composed this volume of poems which cannot fail to amuse both the aged and the youth and to lead the candid reader to admire the productions of the *Etonian Farmer's* unpolished pen.

In transcribing this work for publication I was requested by the author to make corrections no farther than it regarded the orthography and punctuation: for which reason the reader will perceive the measure and sentiment of the author's poetry (without essential alteration) in his own style and language. He, however, requested me (as far as I saw fit) to mark such words as I considered as being used in an improper *form*, and such also as were used (in a strict sense) *unnecessarily*. I have therefore marked the ungrammatical and expletive words to be printed in *italics*.

And now while you this little book peruse,
The prime perfection of a farmer's Muse,
Seek not his "Meditations" to revile;
Scorn to condemn the author or his style;
Look to thyself, nor give thy passions scope,
But learn the words of Alexander Pope —
"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be!"
Benjamin R. Jordan.

It seems, then, that Mr. Jordan (was he the village clergyman or pedagogue?) supervised the publication of the book; and that, as the closing lines of his preface indicate, he was something of a poet himself, and a critic withal.

My Brooklyn correspondent says that William Randall "called himself, and was called in his own and the adjacent towns, 'The Etonian Bard.'"

W. J. ROLFE.

THE SAMARITAN

By STEPHEN TRACY LIVINGSTON

Midnight, the priest, had come — and journeyed by,
And one by one his brother hours had passed;
Not till the worldly break of day drew nigh
Was healing proffered to my heart at last.

The daybreak, alien unto rest, with whom
The hallowed dark no fellowship doth keep,
Tossed his bright coin, and lo, my sunlit room
Became a chamber in the inn of sleep.



I WILL first mention briefly a few books left over from the last chat, which deserve mention.

One is the first part of Volume Second of "Trees and Shrubs," being descriptions and illustrations of little known ligneous plants, prepared chiefly from the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University and edited by Charles Sprague Sargent.

One page regarding a rare rhododendron will give an idea of the whole:

"The Rhododendron Kaempferii was figured and described by Kaempfer in 1712 in his *Amœnitates Exoticæ*; it is one of the last of the plants related to *Rhododendron Indicum*, introduced into cultivation, and it was not until 1892, when Professor Sargent brought seeds of it to the Arnold Arboretum from his journey in Japan, that this beautiful shrub became an inmate of American and European gardens. It has proved in New England the hardiest of all the species and varieties of this race, and has not been hurt by the severe winters of Eastern Massachusetts. You will find them in May in the Arboretum at the northern base of Hemlock Hill, covered with rich orange-red and pink flowers, a fine contrast to this dark background. They grow best sheltered against the rays of the midday sun."

Twenty-three other choice trees and shrubs are described in this accurate, scholarly manner in this division of the subject.

[Houghton and Mifflin.]

"The Gardens of England in the Southern and Western Counties."

Edited by Charles Holme. Offices of "The Studio," London, Paris, and New York.

The cover is of an appropriate color, a dark green. The photographer of these gardens was permitted to study and photo an extensive and unique series of garden subjects, 136 in all—eight in color from water-color drawings.

"A Grand Duchess and Her Court," by Frances Gerard, in two volumes, is an interesting study. A *jemme savant* of the eighteenth century, she was

married at sixteen. After the death of her husband, and left with two boys to bring up, she resolved to make herself and her little Duchy a feature of the country. To achieve this, she studied day and night to make herself mistress of her new duties and qualified to carry out her new ambitions.

[E. P. Dutton Co.]

In "Eben Holden's Last Day A-Fishing," by Irving Bacheller, there are two touching portrayals—one his final fishing on a summer's day; the other, a Christmas in Eben's old-fashioned home.

[Harpers, 50 cts.]

"A Horse's Tale" is another simple story with mingled humor and pathos, so affecting at times, especially at the ending, that I'm not ashamed to own to tears—something Mark never caused with me before.

[Harpers, \$1.00.]

"Human Bullets," a soldier's story of Port Arthur, by Yadayoshi Sakusai, Lieutenant I. J. A. Introduction by Count Okura, and edited by Alice Mabel Bacon.

The story was told originally, not for a foreign audience, but to give his countrymen a true picture of the lives and deaths, joys and sorrows, of the men who took Port Arthur. It was read enthusiastically in Japan, where forty thousand were sold within the first year. It is the work of a man of twenty-five, full of the glow and courage of youth.

"The great new lesson set for the twentieth century is to be the meeting and the mutual comprehension of Eastern and Western Civilization; and there can be no better text-book for us Americans than 'Human Bullets,' a revelation of the inmost feelings of a Japanese soldier of remarkable intelligence, spirituality, and power of expression.

"No better opportunity can be found for the study of Japanese psychology and for gaining a

sympathetic insight into the spirit of old Japan."

[Harpers, \$1.25.]

"Historic Buildings of America, as Seen and Described by Famous Writers." Edited by Esther Singleton. Writers quoted range from Dickens to Iza Duffus Hardy.

Faunce's Tavern, corner of Broad and Pearl Sts., New York City, was Washington's headquarters when the British troops evacuated, November, 1783.

A list of the members of the Social Club, which passed Saturday evenings at Sam Faunce's, contained the names of many of the representative men of the city. Most remarkable of the events connected with the history of the house is the fact that here Washington virtually resigned his command of the army; overtures had been made to elect him king, which he also declined.

"Sam" was devoted to Washington, and one morning set a fine shad, the first of the season, before his hero at breakfast. But when the general found out that two dollars had been paid for it he refused to encourage such extravagance.

"Take it away," he exclaimed. "I will not touch it!"

Sam had the best of it, making a hearty meal on the fish at his own table.

Two or three excellent books for children must have recognition; as "Fifty Flower Friends with Familiar Faces, a Field Book for Boys and Girls," by Edith Dunham. Little talks easy to understand and Botany on the left page.

[Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, \$1.50.]

Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia, finds time in the midst of his historical researches, essays on various themes, and conducting a magazine devoted to reviewing and discussing new books, to prepare a book for children, presumably from a study of his own daughter, entitled "Hilda and the Wishes," a very naturally told and interesting story.

[Dodd, Mead and Co., \$1.00.]

Nora Archibald Smith relates "The Adventures of a Doll" in such a captivating way that even a grown person may read every word about Betty, Muff, and Bettykins and enjoy it. I can vouch for this statement from a pleasant personal experience.

[Macmillan Co., 75 cts.]

Not only the children, but the mothers of this country who are real mothers, who love to read to their little darlings, are greatly indebted to both Miss Nora Smith and her sister Kate Douglas Wiggin for much of just the kind of stories, their own and collected from other sources, that satisfy

and hold the real children of the day. The poetry and the fairy books are decided favorites. The second group of fairy-tales is called "Magic Case-ments," and was edited by both sisters.

In the preface an allusion is made to the Prince of Serendib, who in quest of a certain treasure discovered a hundred other objects of infinite value which he had not been looking for. Later on I want to talk about this Prince, a new acquaintance of mine who has been called twice to my notice within a week.

[McClure, \$1.00.]

The Harper Bros. publish another group of "Favorite Fairy Tales," the world's best known and loved; each has been the childhood favorite of some eminent American man or woman of to-day.

"Jack the Giant-Killer" is the choice of President Hadley of Yale, Dr. Butler of Columbia, and Mr. Alden, the editor of *Harper's Magazine*.

Hon. John Bigelow, the author and publicist, now over ninety, prefers "Cinderella."

The children of Grover Cleveland also like best the ever-fascinating story of the little slipper.

There are sixteen full-page illustrations in tint from drawings by Peter Newell.

A book which I find boys especially want is "The Boy's Book of Locomotives," written by an Englishman, J. R. Howden, who is thoroughly familiar with his subject.

The book is made doubly valuable by over one hundred illustrations from photographs.

As I know nothing about the engine-drivers, except that Roosevelt appreciates their faithful and illy paid service, I want to give a few sentences from the author:

"Boys often envy an engine-driver; but as they grow older, they are indifferent to the humdrum, prosaic, and dirty occupation of managing a soulless mass of machinery. To the railway shareholder, he is too often a mere mechanic or artisan.

"To the traveller, the resplendent guard or the porter are the men to be tipped. The oil-stained, silent, watchful men on the engine are not often thought of.

"The engineer is really fulfilling a dual position,—as captain of the steamer on the navigating bridge and the chief down in the engine-room. Much, too much, care is placed wrongfully on him. In truth, locomotive-running demands some of the highest qualities of a man's soul.

"The real engineer gives of his own nerves to his engine, and anything amiss with it hurts him. When a man has worked his way up to stand the foot-plate of a big express-engine he is a man to be reckoned with."

[McClure, \$2.00.]

A man of this noble type who holds the lives of thousands in his hand and never loses self-control or permits an accident he can possibly avert, even by risking or even losing his own life, surely should be paid as well as a hotel chef. But alas, in contrast the best receive only a paltry pittance.

I have been told lately by a most reliable authority that some of these heroes are cruelly overworked and have been obliged through the illness of another to work forty hours without sleep or rest. If I could get possession of a thousand hundred-dollar bills I'd like to shake as many grimy hands, leaving in each honest palm something besides a cordial pressure!

Next come two popular novels of the season. "The Fruit of the Tree," by Edith Wharton, is a powerful, realistic, and extremely depressing presentment of a much-talked-of problem of the day. Is it ever allowable and right for a person, physician or nurse, to shorten the existence of a patient who is enduring inexpressible suffering? The frequent appeal for relief may be piteous and heartrending when the nurse has been a lifelong friend and there is not the slightest hope of recovery, but very few would dare to take the responsibility. The painful, harrowing revulsion of feeling in all whom the quieted martyr and her friendly nurse were associated with when the secret was at last disclosed is clearly brought out.

I still think that in some extreme cases there is good reason for shortening the dying agonies, but we are not ready for this yet. The greatest kindness seems like downright murder. I know a devoted wife and mother whose husband at last died of consumption after a prolonged fight with hideous pain. I have heard him cry out desperately for some one to shoot him, and he would tear his vest open and beg relief.

In a few years their son lay dying in the same agony of the same white plague, and after the doctor had told him he could last but a few days there was a consultation, and with the eager approval of her darling boy she placed sufficient chloroform over the pitiful face to still the weary heart forever.

It was a desperate course to take, but no one could have the courage to blame her.

[Scribners, \$1.50.]

"The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman," Hopkinson Smith's latest story, is a prose poem, and must help the most cynical reader to believe a little in old-fashioned love, and honor, constancy, chivalry, and self-denying heroism.

An artist is naturally the principal character; but it is not kind to even hint at the plot.

[Scribners, \$1.00.]

Do you know a more versatile man than this Hopkinson Smith, and never a failure? Artist, contractor, novelist, traveller, lecturer, club man — sought for everywhere by everybody.

Clifton Johnson is another writer who always pleases me; wherever he may wander he always describes with pen and photographs so truly, with such a refreshing simplicity of style, that it is restful to take up any of his many books.

Lately he has gone back to the days of his youth and pictures the homely experiences of "The Farmer's Boy" in a New England town and "The Country School" as it used to be: "the salient features of the schools of the last century in their more picturesque and poetic aspects." His endeavor is most perfectly realized, for he "makes the mystic and delectable past alive once more."

Some of the experiences were his own, others belong to friends now no longer living, and he gives much valuable material which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to duplicate.

He tells real anecdotes, gives actual happenings, and at the close real dialogues and queer little plays for entertainment on special days at the old schoolhouse.

Sometimes in arithmetic class, the teacher tested their capacity by giving a few problems not in the book. Among the rest was this: "How many years have passed since our forefathers landed at Plymouth?" Soon most of the class had finished, and some had the right answer and some had not. There was one little girl, however, with her nose to the blackboard, standing first on one foot and then on the other, who was making no progress. She had the date 1620 written down and under it a figure 4, and that was all.

"Well, Katy," said the teacher, "what does the one thousand six hundred and twenty stand for?"

"That was when they landed," was Katy's reply.

"Very good," answered the teacher. "But the 4 — what is that for?"

"That," said Katy, fingering her chalk nervously, "is for our four fathers; but I don't know whether to multiply or divide."

Clifton Johnson's style reminds me of a river I love which flows along in a leisurely way, peaceful and clear; and in the autumn the brilliantly tinted leaves and the trees they adorn are so exactly repeated in the quiet stream that it is hard to decide which is the more beautiful, the shore or its reflection.

Both the books are from the publishing-house of T. Y. Crowell and Co. I long for a few new and desirable adjectives to use in speaking of books

that are worthy of praise. The old stock is scanty and worn, and every one seizes on the new ones like "ill-minutive" and "final," so they are too much in evidence.

Why can't each one coin his or her or *hizer*, as some philologist once seriously suggested, assortment of needed adjectives? They could n't be more absurd than some of the modified spelling. I always liked Miss Burney's made-up word, "agreeableish." You can see the person she so mildly approves. To my mind, "obstinacy" has more hold-hard and stick-to-it-bull-dog-ative-ness than the established "obstinacy," but I have never dared to introduce it as my very own till now. Pardon this meander, for I must say one thing more. A witty critic said to me last week, "Your book reviews sound as if you really read the books, but that can hardly be possible." I thought of his remark on coming across a brief notice in our best Boston daily of a book I am very fond of, written by a charming and most womanly woman, who with her sympathetic husband found an ideal spot for a country home by the border of a lake in a Western State, and she has given the various methods by which at last they realized their ideal.

But this reviewer, who evidently has only glanced over the book, speaks of its creator as "he;" never mentions the lake, the plan of the house, the list of flowers cultivated, and the weeds they allowed to flourish; does not allude to the bewitching photos. Instead "he" discusses a water system and land grading, and then reveals "his" real conception of extensive culture by stating that "all shrubbery must be selected with direct reference to the needs of birds, every bush must be fruit-bearing, in order that a constant succession of berries may be harvested."

Read "Our Country Home," by Frances (not Francis) Hutchinson and judge for yourselves of the correctness of this estimate.

Katharine Lee Bates, Professor of Literature at Wellesley College, is well known as a teacher, traveller, and author; a woman of unusual culture, faultless taste, and rare discernment in her selection of sights to describe, or poetry to quote, or novel incidents of the trip.

Her latest book of travel (she allowed us to share her delightful vacation in Spain), "From Gretna Green to Land's End, a Literary Journey in England," is a most valuable anthology of the best poetry associated with the literary landmarks of the trip. She says while in the "Lake Country," "We come as Pilgrims to a Holy Land of Song. We depend perhaps too little upon our own immediate sense of grandeur and beauty, and look per-

haps too much to Wordsworth to interpret for us 'Nature's old felicities.'" History also is carried along with the daily record as naturally as if it were an easy matter to have such a wealth of information at command and given without a suggestion of teaching or heavy unloading, as is often the case. Nature's attractions are fully appreciated, birds and flowers are not overlooked, yet there is never one word too much or an iota of fulsome praise.

The chapter on "Three Rush-Bearings" is a series of pretty word-pictures; the sheep and their shepherds are not neglected, nor even the cow, "that homelike beast who favors you in her innocent rudeness, from the gap of a hawthorn hedge, with that same prolonged, rustic, curious stare that has taxed your modesty in Vermont or Ohio." Flowers gain due recognition, and there is a gentle or gentewomanly humor running through in a quiet undercurrent, now and then sparkling forth as in Cornwall, where she says, "The Brownies, who used to be so helpful about the house, have grown shy of late and can be depended on for assistance only when the bees are swarming. Then the housewife beats on a tin pan, calling at the top of her voice, 'Brownie! Brownie!' till she sees that he has heard her and is persuading the bees to settle." Possibly they became tired of housework and are trying a new vocation. You remember Stevenson insisted that his best plots "came to him" through their intervention.

Are you interested in epitaphs? A new one to me she found in an old church at Stoke, which "the white-bearded verger, whose rolling gait betrayed the sailor, read in stentorian tones, punctuated with chuckles."

"Here lies I at the church door.
Here lies I because I's poor.
The farther in, the more to pay;
But here lies I as well as they."

Wilson Barrett once described to me, at a luncheon, the irrepressible "*Booing*" of the boys, or boors, in the upper balcony of an English theatre, and how quick in good-natured repartee an actor must be not to get next a bouquet of aged vegetables or a pelting with still more venerable eggs.

Miss Bates admirably repeats the witty impudence of the "undergraduates" in their special gallery on some solemn public occasion.

Usually the unfortunate victims gave in at once, as the man standing on the floor accompanied by a woman friend, when he heard this personal appeal:

"I don't like your bouquet, sir. It's too big for your buttonhole. If the lady would n't mind —"

The roses disappeared in a general acclaim of "Thank you, sir."

A certain square-jawed Saxon wearing a red tie put up a stubborn resistance until all the top-most gallery was shouting at him, and laughing faces were turned upon him from every quarter of the house.

"Take off that red tie, sir."

"Indeed, sir, you don't look pretty in it."

"It does n't go well with your blushes."

"Will you take off that tie, sir?"

"It's not to our cultured taste, sir."

"It's the only one he's got."

"Dear sir, *please* take it off."

"It gives me the eye-ache, sir."

"Have you paid for it yet?"

"Was there anybody in the shop when you bought it?"

"Are you wearing it for an advertisement?"

"Hush-h! she gave it to him!"

"Oh, *She* put it on him for him."

"You're quite right, sir. Don't take it off."

"We can sympathize with young romance, sir."

"Be careful of it, sir."

"Wear it till your dying day."

"It's the color of her hair."

At last, with a flaming face, the persecuted fellow jerked off the offending tie, and flung it to the floor amid thunders of derisive applause.

And yet some insist that the English are deficient in humor.

In closing this book I again suffer from new adjectives. It is the graceful, finished work of a highly cultured and appreciative scholar, who is always free from pedantry or artificiality.

[T.Y. Crowell and Co., \$2.00, net.]

Critics on both sides of the "ferry" are complaining of a depressing lack of original work and too much attention given to biographies of celebrated authors, with notes, commentaries, and elaborate introductions to their work. The London *Graphic* inquires, "Why should this state of things exist? Is there no demand for original literature? or works of humor? Or is there no supply of such writing to be obtained? And has education but little sympathy with originality?"

On this side Gertrude Atherton laments the absence of elemental fire in current American literature.

Well, I don't know; with Bernard Shaw and Elinor Glyn in England and Mrs. Atherton, Jack London, and George Viereck here, we are not entirely stagnant.

About that mysterious Prince of Serendib and what Horace Walpole called "Serendipity;" both seem to refer to the subliminal self and in connection curious coincidences, "coincidental sagacity," and the old saying "More servants wait on man than he'll take care of." I leave the problem in your hands.

SONG

By GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

The wonder of the sunset dies,
The river dreams into the west;
And oh, the nightingale will call
My heart out of my breast!

The darkness steals across the plain —
Only the river holds the light;
From the dim garden-spaces drift
The fragrances of night.

And still that voice of ecstasy
And yearning from the convent-close!
The nightingale speaks to my heart
Of you. He knows — he knows!

